EASTON GAZETTE.

WHERE THE PRESS IS FREE—"Literature well or ill-conducted is the Great Engine by which all Popular States must ultimately be supported or overthrown—RELIGION purifies the Heart and teaches us our Duty—Morality refines the Manners—Agriculture makes us Rich, and Politics provides for the enjoyment of all."

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Advertisements

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NEAR THEE, STILL NEAR THEE.

THERE is probably no other English writer of occasional verses whose productions have so much sweetness and elegance or are so remarkable for an exquisite and inimitable delicacy, as the poetry of Mrs. Hemans. The following lines, however, add to these great merits a tenderness and loftiness of feeling and an ethereal purity of sentiment, which could only emanate from the soul of a woman.—*Exchange paper.*

Near thee, still near thee! o'er thy pathway gliding,
Unseen I pass thee with the wind's low sigh;
Life's veil enfolds thee still, our eyes dividing,
Yet viewless love floats round thee silently!
Not 'midst the festal throng,
In halls of mirth and song;
But when thy thoughts are deepest,
When holy tears thou weepest,
Know then that love is nigh!

When the night's whisper o'er thy harp-strings creeping,
Or the sea music on the sounding shore
Or breezy anthems through the forest sweeping,
Shall move thy trembling spirit to adore;
When every thought and prayer
We loved to breathe and share,
On thy full heart returning,
Shall wake its voiceless yearning;
Then feel me near once more!

Near thee, still near thee!—trust thy soul's deep dreaming—
Oh! love is not an earthly rose, to die!—
E'ven when I soar where fiery stars are beaming,
Thine image wanders with me through the sky;
The fields of air are free,
Yet lonely, wanting thee;
But when thy chains are falling,
When Heaven its own is calling,
Know then thy guide is nigh!

From Sharpe's Magazine.

THE WILL;

A TALE OF THE LAST CENTURY.

The old lady who related the outline of the following singular story, heard it told, in her youth, by no means as a fiction, but as a real occurrence. She even once knew the name of the old northern family concerned in it, but that, with the exact dates, she has now forgotten, if she ever knew the latter; and having never written down the story, she has no means of recovering them. However, from her express mention of a tight wig, worn by the benevolent old hero of the tale, we have fixed the strange occurrence not earlier than the last century.

Towards the end of a gusty October day, about the year 1730, a barrister of the temple was sitting reading, when the opening of the door, and his servant's announcement of "a gentleman," interrupted him. He rose to receive his visitor, who proved to be a perfect stranger, a person of very gentlemanly, but extremely old-fashioned appearance. He was dressed in a grave-colored suit, of antique cut; a neat, tight gray wig surrounded his serious, and even solemn, physiognomy; silk stockings, rolled at the knee; enormous shoe-buckles of gold; a cane, headed with the same metal, and a broad-brimmed and uncocked hat, completed his equipment, which was in the fashion of the last years of William the Third, or the first of his successor.—Having stiffly bowed, in the exact way prescribed by the etiquette of the era to which he seemed to belong, he took possession of the chair offered him by his host; and, after a preparatory *ahem*, thus began, in a slow and serious manner:

"I think, sir, you are the lawyer employed by the S—— family, whose property in Yorkshire, you are, therefore, aware is about to be sold."

"I have, sir," answered the barrister, "full instructions and powers to complete the disposal of it, which, though a painful duty to me, must be performed."

"It is a duty you may dispense with," said the visitor, waving his hand; "the property need not be sold."

"May I presume to ask, sir, whether you are any relation to the family? If so, you must be acquainted with the absolute necessity of selling it, in consequence of the claim of another branch of the family, just returned from beyond sea, who, as heir-at-law, is naturally possessor of the estate, in default of a will to the contrary; and who desires its value in money, instead of the land. The present possessor is unable to buy it; and must, therefore, depart."

"You are mistaken," replied the old gentleman, rather testily; "you seem not to know of the will of Mr. S——'s great-grandfather, by which he not only left that, his estate, to his favorite grand-son, this gentleman's father, but even entailed it on his great-great-grand-son.

"Such a will, sir," said the barrister, "was, indeed, supposed, for many years, to exist; and, in virtue of it, Mr. S—— has, until now, peaceably enjoyed the property; but, on the claimant's application, a renewed search having been made for it, either the belief proves wholly unfounded, or it has been lost or destroyed. Cabinets, chests, every room, inhabited and uninhabited, have been ransacked in vain. Mr. S—— has now given up all hope of finding it; the sale is to be completed in the course of the next week; and the fine old place must pass into the hands of strangers."

"You are mistaken once again, young man," said the stranger, striking his cane on the floor; "I say, sir, the will exists. Go, immediately," continued he, in an authoritative tone; "travel night and day.—You may save an old family from disgrace and ruin. In the end room of the left wing, now uninhabited, is a closet in the wall."

"We have looked there," interrupted the barrister.

"Silence, sir; there is a closet, I say. In that closet is a large chest; that chest has a false bottom, and underneath that is the deed. I am certain of what I say. I saw the paper deposited there; no matter when, or by whom. Go; you will find it worth your trouble. My name, sir, is Hugh S——. I am not now personally known to the proprietor of S—— Hall; but I am his relation and have his welfare at heart. Neglect not to follow my advice.

So saying, the old gentleman arose, again bowed, and at the door put on his hat, in a fashion which would have enchanted an *elegant* of Queen Anne's day; and sliding the silken string of his cane on the little finger of his right hand, on which the lawyer had remarked a very fine brilliant ring, he descended the stairs, and departed, leaving the barrister in the utmost astonishment. At first he felt half inclined to consider the whole as a hoax; then again, when he thought of the old gentleman's grave manner, and the intimate knowledge he must have possessed of the house, to be able to describe the room so exactly in which the chest was, he could not but believe him to be sincere.

At length, after much deliberation, he decided upon immediate departure; and arrived, on the evening of the fourth day, at S—— Hall. The sale had been the only theme of conversation at every place he had passed through, within twenty miles of his destination; and much and loudly was it lamented, that the squire should be leaving his house forever, and that poor Mr. John would never enjoy his *rights*, as they persisted in calling the possession of the estate. On his entrance into the mansion, signs of approaching removal everywhere met his eye. Packages filled the hall; servants, with sorrowful countenances, were hurrying about; and the family were lingering sadly over the last dinner they were ever to partake of in their regretted home.

Mr. S—— greeted his friend with a surprise, which changed to incredulity when the barrister, requesting his private ear, declared the reason of his appearance.

"It cannot be," said he. "Is it likely that no one should ever have heard of the hiding of the deed but the old gentleman you mention. Depend upon it, you have been deceived, my dear friend; I am only sorry you should have taken so much trouble, to so little purpose."

The barrister mentioned the name of his visitor.

Hugh S——!" exclaimed the gentleman, laughing. "I have not a relation in the world of that name."

"It is worth the trying, however," said the lawyer, "and since I have come so far, I will finish the adventure."

Mr. S——, seeing his friend so determined, at length consented to satisfy him, & accompanied him towards the apartment he specified. As they crossed one of the rooms in their way, he suddenly stopped before a large full-length picture. "For heaven's sake," cried he, "who is this?"

"My grand-uncle," returned Mr. S——. "A good old fellow as ever lived. I wish, with all my heart, he were alive now; but he has been dead these thirty years."

"What was his name?"

"Hugh S——. The only one of our family of that name."

"That is the man who called upon me. His dress, his hat, his very ring, are there."

They proceeded to the closet, lifted the false bottom of the trunk, and found the deed.

The kind old uncle was never seen again.

ST. GEORGE THE DUELLIST.

He died in a state of poverty in 1799, at the age of fifty-four. He was justly considered the first swordsman and the best shot of his time. One of his feats was throwing up two crown pieces in the air and hitting them both with his pistols. He was an excellent musician, amiable and polished in his manners, and of a most agreeable conversation; his humanity and charitable disposition were universally acknowledged; and although engaged in many duels, he had generally been the insulted party and was never known to avail himself of his reputation to insult any one less skilled in the science of destruction. He was often known, however, to give a salutary lesson to quarrelsome young men, and an instance is recorded of his meeting at Dunkirk, in the company of several ladies, a young officer of Hussars, who, not knowing him, was boasting of his skill as a swordsman and asserting that no fencer in France was a match for him. "Did you ever meet the famous St. George?" asked one of the ladies. "St. George! many a time: he could not stand a moment before me!" answered the hussar, twirling his mustachios. "That is strange," observed St. George, "and I should much like to have a trial of skill with you, young man. Possibly the ladies could procure us foils, and an *assaut d' armes* might entertain them." The young officer assented to the proposal with a smile of contempt; foils belonging to the brother of the lady of the house were produced; and without hesitation the hussar was preparing to shame his aged antagonist, who politely addressing the ladies, asked them to name the buttons he should touch on his adversary's doliman. The delighted women, glad to see a coxcomb corrected, named the number of the buttons, which St. George touched, one after the other, and then whipped the foil out of the inexperienced hand of boaster, who, infuriated by rage and shame, wanted immediate satisfaction; when St. George quietly observed, "young man your time is not yet come. You may still live to serve your country. But remember you have met St. George, for I am that very person who could not at any time prove a match for you."—*Millingan's History of Duelling.*

DEATH OF DOCTOR CHALMERS.

It is with feelings, to which we can give no adequate expression, that we have to intimate to our readers the death of this super-eminently great and good man. Dr. Chalmers died at his residence, at Morningside, on the morning of Monday, the 31st.

The Doctor retired to rest at an early hour on Sabbath evening, in perfect health as it appeared to his family, and to a brother clergyman, who was living under his roof. Next morning, Professor Macdougal, who expected to have received a packet of papers from the Doctor, sent, at about twenty minutes before eight, to inquire whether the papers had been left out.—The house-keeper knocked at the door of the Doctor's bedroom, but receiving no answer, and concluding that the Doctor was asleep, sent to the professor a reply, intimating that the papers would be sent as soon as the Doctor should awake. Half an hour later another party called, when the house-keeper knocked as before, but still received no answer. This, taken in in connection with the fact that the Doctor had not rung his bell at six o'clock, for his cup of coffee, as was his wont, awakened the fears of the domestics, who agreed to enter the chamber, and ascertain if all were well with their revered master. On entering, they were horror struck on discovering that the Doctor, partly erect, partly reclining on his pillow, had fallen into the sleep of death. Not venturing themselves to communicate the mournful intelligence, the Professor hastened to the Doctor's residence, and entering his sleeping apartment, and drawing aside the bed curtains, saw, alas! the lifeless form of whom he had so deeply revered, and with whom he had conversed but the day before. The Doctor, it appeared, had been sitting erect when overtaken by the stroke of death, and he still remained in part in that position. The massy head gently reclined on the pillow. The arms were folded peacefully on the breast. There was a slight air of oppression and heaviness on the brow, but not a wrinkle, not a trace of sorrow or pain, disturbed it smoothness. The countenence wore an attitude of deep repose.—Professor Macdougal grasped the hand. It was cold as marble. Life had been absent for several hours; and the air of majesty on the countenance, greater than he had ever perceived on the living face, seemed to say "I am gone up."

No conflict had preceeded dissolution. As a proof of this, we may mention that the bed clothes were gathered about his person, and had plainly not been disturbed by any struggle at the moment of departure. On the forenoon of Monday, the Doctor was to give in the Report of the College Committee to the General Assembly of the Free Church; and in anticipation of that event, his papers and writing material lay beside him in bed, so arranged that he might begin his work so soon as he should awake. "Blessed is that servant whom his Lord, when he cometh, shall find so doing."

It was only on Friday evening that Dr. Chalmers returned from London, where he had given evidence before the Site Committee. He preached on three several Sabbaths in England, and with all the fire and vehemence of his former days, and to crowded audiences, including the Prime Minister, and other influential members of the Legislature. On his way home, he visited his sisters at Glostor, and in doing so, fulfilled the purposes and longings which he had cherished for years. On arriving in Edinburgh, his family and friends found him, as it appeared to them, in excellent health and spirits. On Sabbath afternoon he attended public worship, in company with Dr. Cunningham, in the Free Church of Morningside. His friends observed nothing about him of an unusual kind, save perhaps that he was gentler than before more benevolent than before—that, in short his temper and talk seemed more that of one already translated, than of one still walking on the earth.

The announcement of the melancholy event made a profound impression on the members of the Assembly. They had met expecting that day to see him amongst them, but were called, alas! to listen to the mournful announcement of the Moderator, that "he was not, for God had taken him." Many of the members were in tears and there was not one present whose feelings could be adequately expressed, save in the words with which Elisha gave vent to his sorrow, when told that his master was to be taken fom his head—"My father, my father; the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof."

Not the Free Church only, but the whole Christian world will deplore his loss. It is the foremost champion of Christianity who has fallen—it is the mind that acted with the greatest power on society that has passed so unexpectedly from amongst us. To estimate the character and powers of the illustrious dead, and the service he rendered to the world, would require greater equanimity than it is possible at present to command. The manner of his death bears a striking resemblance to that of some of his illustrious predecessors—Dr. Andrew Thomson and Dr. M'Crie. These men went to the grave in the full vigor of their powers; they were cut down, as it seemed to us, in the very midst of their usefulness; and yet we must acknowledge the wisdom of that arrangement which permitted them to prosecute their departure, and thus made that departure nearly as conspicuous and striking as was that of ancient prophets, who ascended in a chariot of fire and made it speak with just as emphatic a voice to the Churches amid which they labored, and the nation in which they lived.—*Edinburgh Witness, June* 1.

VALUABLE KNOWLEDGE.

Professor Gillespie says in his book on Roads:—"A *straight* road over an uneven and hilly country may, at first view, when merely set upon the map, be pronounced to be a bad road; for the straightness must have been obtained either by submitting to steep slopes in ascending the hills, and descending into the valleys, or these natural obstacles must have been overcome by incurring a great and unnecessary expense in making deep cuttings and fillings.

"A good road should wind around these hills instead of running over them, and this it may often do without at all increasing its length. For if a hemisphere (such as half a bullet) be placed so as to rest upon its plane base, the halves of great circles which joins two opposite points of this base are all equal, whether they pass horizontally or vertically. Or let an egg be laid upon a table, and it will be seen that if a level line be traced upon it from one end to the other, it will be no longer than the line traced between the same points, but passing over the top. Precisely so may the curving road around a hill be often no longer than the straight one over it; for the latter road is straight only with reference to the vertical plane which passes through it, and is curved with reference to a horizontal plane; while the former level road, though curved as to the vertical plane, is straight as to a horizontal one. Both lines thus curve, as we call the latter one straight in preference only because its vertical curvature is less apparent to our eyes.

"The difference in length between a straight road and one which is slightly curved is very small. If a road between two places, ten miles apart, were made to curve so that the eye could nowhere see further than a quarter of a mile of it at once, its length would exceed that of a perfectly straight road between the same points by only about one hundred and fifty yards.

"But even if the level and curved roads were very much longer than the straight and steep one, it would almost always be better to adopt the former; for on it a horse could safely and rapidly draw his full load, while on the other he could carry only part of his up the hill, and must diminish his speed in descending it. As a general rule, the horizontal length of a road may be advantageously increased, to avoid an ascent by at least twenty times the perpendicular height which is to be thus saved: that is to escape a hill a hundred feet high, it would be proper for the road to make such a circuit as would increase its length two thousand feet. The mathematical axiom that "a straight line is the shortest distance between two points," is thus seen to be an unsafe guide in roadmaking, and less appropriate than the paradoxical proverb, that "the longest way around is shortest way home."

"The gently curving road, besides its substantial advantages, is also much more pleasant to the traveller upon it; for he is not fatigued by the tedious prospect of a long straight stretch of road to be traversed, and is met at each curve by a constantly varied view."

A NICE HOUSE.—"Mamma," said a little fellow whose mother had forbidden him drawing horses and ships on the mohogany side board with a sharp nail, "Mamma, this ain't a nice house. At Sam Racket's we can cut out the sofa, and pull out the hair and ride the shovel and tongs over the carpet, but here we can't get any fun at all."

GEOLOGICAL FACTS.

SOME twenty or thirty feet below the level of the plain around Richmond, Virginia, occurs one of the most remarkable deposits in this country, or in any county. The place in which we have found it most fully developed is where the small brook at the east end and on the north side of Clay street empties into Shockoe Creek. On the bank of that brook will be seen a stratum from ten to fifteen feet thick, which most persons would call white clay; but Prof. W. B. Rogers, of the University, (the State Geologist,) has ascertained that it is made up almost entirely of the skeletons of *animalculæ* or *infusoria*—that is, microscopic animals. These skeletons, consisting of silex, are incredibly small, so that each cubic inch of this infusorial earth contains many thousand millions of them: How inconceivably numerous, therefore must they be, to form a deposite at least ten feet thick and extending many miles over the adjoining country! It has excited great interest among the learned naturalists of Europe as well as of our own country, and henceforth none of them will visit Richmond without searching at once for this deposit. Professor Ehrenberg, of Prussia, the most eminent of living microscopists, has examined specimens from this place, and discovered at least one hundred and thirty species (I state from recollection only) of these minutest of animals in them. To discover them in this almost impalpable dust requires a powerful microscope: and doubtless, therefore, many who look at specimens with the naked eye will be very incredulous as to these statements. But they are considered as established facts by the scientific world.

The substance may be distinguished from clay by being much lighter when dry. It is not, indeed, much heavier than magnesia, when pure. In other parts of the world it is sometimes used for polishing powder. From a slight trial, I judge that the Richmond deposit would answer the same purpose.

Beneath the infusorial deposit is a greenish or bluish clay, containing numerous sea-shells, or rather casts and moulds of them, with sharks' teeth, &c.; but these, although of the deep interest to geologists, will not excite much attention from others.

It can hardly be doubted that, when this region was covered by the ocean, the waters swarmed with microscopic animalculæ whose skeleton, as the animals died, dropped to the bottom and in course of ages accumulated prodigiously. But when we recollect how astonishingly fast they multiply, we need not suppose many centuries necessary to produce even this extraordinary thickness.—*Christian Watchman.*

AMUSING SCENE IN THE NEW YORK LEGISLATURE.

The Subterranean, Mike Walsh's paper, gives the following account of an amusing interlude to the grave duties of Legislation which occurred in the New York Assembly a few days ago. It illustrates the absurdity of a red head man's doing violence to nature by wearing a black wig. It is said that Mike Walsh, (who by the way appears to be a useful as well as ornamental member,) is an uncommonly grave joker.

ALBANY, April 21, 1847.

By far the richest and most graphic scene which has ever taken place in any legislative body, was that in which Mike Walsh and Bob Watson figured as principal actors.

Bob Watson, who is a lawyer, represents the city of Albany in the Legislature. He is somewhat vain of his abilities and personal appearance, though with al a pretty clever sort of a fellow. His hair being, as he alleges, rather thin, he concluded, some two weeks since, to get his head shaved, and esconced himself in a wig until a new and more vigorous crop of the natural developed itself. That this was his sole and only object, however, has been rendered somewhat doubtful, notwithstanding his professions to the contrary, by the form and color of the artificial covering which he has selected, as a temporary shield, to preserve his bald knob from the inclemency of the weather, and the rude gaze of the thoughtless, vulgar and quizzical rabble. His own hair was light sandy, and perfectly straight; and the wig which flows in a luxuriant profusion of glossy ringlets, is as black as the plume of a raven. By this you can easily judge how great was the alteration produced in his personal appearance. It was very evident from the arch manner in which Mike gauged him on his entrance, that there was some fun in embryo, and accordingly the whole House was on the *qui vive*.—The House having resolved itself into Committee of the Whole, Mr. Blodgett, of Genessee, in the Chair, the suspense in which all the members had sat during the whole morning was suddenly broken by Bob's rising in his seat, which is some distance from that of Mike, and bawling out at the top of his voice, "Mr. Chairman, I rise, sir, with the vi-i-iew of making a few remarks upon this ——." Here he was brought to a dead stand still by Mike, who, jumping up, exclaimed, with the most imperturbable gravity, "Mr. Chairman, I rise to a question of order."

CHAIRMAN—(Scarcely able to suppress his laughter)—The gentleman from New York.

MIKE—(Looking over at Bob, whom he wildly scrutinized from head to foot, with great seeming amazement, and considerable indignation)—I would like to know, sir, by what right individuals who are not members of this House can be permitted to take part in its debates; where, sir, are we to stop, if the floor of this House, with all the rights of membership, is to be thrown open to the public at large?

At this, the whole House, galleries, members, officers, reporters, Chairman, and in short, all but Mike and Bob, were absolutely convulsed with laughter; many laughing until the tears rolled down their cheeks. Not a shadow of a smile, however, was to be seen on the countenance of either of the two actors in this most admirable farce.

Mike's eye, as he leaned over, rested steadily on Bob, and the latter gentleman seemed perfectly paralyzed with the unexpected, and to him inexplicable course matters had taken. He seemed rivited to the spot, and remained perfectly speechless. At length the Chairman became sufficiently composed to drawl out in a very indistinct manner, that he was "rather inclined to the belief that the gentleman was a member."

MIKE—Not having before had the pleasure of seeing the gentleman, sir, I would inquire of the Chairman at what time he presented his credentials, and what particular section of the State he has the honor to represent?

The second roar of laughter, if possible more boisterous than the first, succeeded this inquiry, and Bob, who is notorious for his *cheek* and self complacency, seemed on the verge of fainting, when the Chairman announced that "he believed the gentleman was from Albany."

MIKE—(with increased surprise)—*Albany?* I thought Mr Watson represented Albany.

It is utterly impossible to give even a faint idea of what followed; suffice it to say that Bob sat down, Mike followed, and the whole House roared until they almost fell helpless under their desks, from the exhaustion produced by excessive mirth.

AN INGENIOUS CONTRIVANCE.

Somebody is at present adverti-ing an article which purports to combine twenty-four shawls in one; so that a husband may make his wife a present of four new shawls per annum for six years, without ever going beyond his first outlay. This extraordinary wrapper reminds us of the cap made of a "single sheet of paper," which was capable of being twisted into six-and-twenty different forms—from a church window to a curry-comb. A new shawl for every day in the week—at no other expense than the trouble of folding—must be indeed a blessing to mothers, an economy to husbands, and a source of satisfaction to all parties.

We wish some ingenious tailor would invent a wrapper for gentlemen, to answer the purpose of some ten or a dozen coats instead of one, to which necessity sometimes restricts us for a long period. We throw out the following hint to Court, of some other ingenious member of the fraternity; and, if he can make anything of it, we will give him the benefit of the patent on condition of his rubbing off all old scores, and clothing us gratuitously for the remainder of our mutual existences. The following is our design:—

Make a good easy paletot, with double skirts—a pair of long skirts outside, and a pair of short skirts under them.

1st. Let down the long skirts, and you have a great-coat

2d. Fasten them up, and let the short skirts fall down, when you will have a dress coat for evening parties.

3d. Pin the long skirts together, and you will get a cloak.

4th. Pin up both pairs of skirts, and you will have a comfortable spencer.

5th. Throw one of the long skirts over your right shoulder, and it will make a Spanish cloak.

6th. Take your arm out of the arm-holes, pull the sleeves inside, and you get a cape.

7th. Pin up a portion of the long skirts into the shape of a Newmarket cutaway, and you will be able to turn out in a sporting-coat of the first quality.

8th. Turn the long skirts half up, but leave the lappets of the pockets visible, and the shooting jacket thus formed will challenge any comparison.

9th. Let down the long skirts entirely, pin them over in front, and a dressing-gown is achieved instantly.

10th, and lastly, put your legs through the arms of the coat, and there you are in a first-rate pair of trowsers.—*Punch.*

An editor of a country paper thus affectingly bids farewell to his readers: "The Sheriff is waiting for us in the next room, so we have no opportunity to be pathetic. Delinquent subscribers, you have much to answer for."

FIRE NEAR CAMBRIDGE.—We learn from the Cambridge Democrat, that the dwelling and smoke house on the farm at present occupied by Nehemiah Lecompt near that place, was entirely consumed by fire on Wednesday morning last, together with all his household goods, with the exception of two beds. His loss is estimated at about $4,000. The farm belonged to a couple of young gentlemen living on Taylor's Island.

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