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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A DEEP AND A MIGHTY SHADOW.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

A deep and a mighty shadow
Across my heart is thrown,
Like a cloud on a summer meadow,
Where the Thunder-wind hath blown!
The wild-rose, Fancy, dieth,
The sweet bird, Memory, flieth,
And leaveth me alone,—

Alone with my hopeless Sorrow:
No other mate I know!
I strive to awake To-morrow;
But the dull words will not flow!
I pray,—but my prayers are driven
Aside, by the angry Heaven,
And weigh me down with woe!

I call on the Past, to lend me
Its songs, to soothe my pain:
I bid the dim Future send me
A light from its eyes,—in vain!
Nought comes; but a shrill cry starteth
From Hope, as she fast departeth;—
"I go, and come not again!"

From the St. Louis Reveille.

SPECULATION IN WHISKERS;

OR, SHAVING IN A BROKER'S OFFICE.

BY SOL. SMITH.

There lived in Milledgeville, in 1832, a dandified individual whom we will call Jenks. This individual had a tolerable favorable opinion of his personal appearance. His fingers were hooped with rings, and his shirt bosom was decked with a magnificent breastpin; coat, hat, vest, & boots were made exactly to fit; he wore kid gloves of remarkable whiteness; his hair was oiled and dressed in the latest and best style; and to complete his killing appearance, he sported an enormous pair of *real whiskers*. Of these whiskers, Jenks was as proud as a young cat is of her tail, when she first discovers she has one.

I was sitting one day in a broker's office, when Jenks came in to inquire the price of exchange on New York. He was invited to sit down, and a cigar was offered him. Conversation turning on the subject of buying and selling stocks, a remark was made by a gentleman present, that he thought no person should sell out such and such a bank, at that time, as it *must* get better in a few days.

"I will sell *any* thing I've got, if I can make any thing on it," remarked Jenks.

"Oh, no," replied one—"not *any* thing; you wouldn't sell your WHISKERS!"

A loud laugh followed this chance remark. Jenks immediately answered:—"I would—but who would *want* them?—Any person making the purchase, would lose money by the operation, I'm thinking."

"Well," I observed, "I would be willing to take the speculation, if the price could be made reasonable."

"Oh, I'll sell 'em cheap," answered, Jenks winking at the gentlemen present.

"What do you call cheap?" I inquired.

"I'll sell 'em for fifty dollars," Jenks answered, puffing forth a cloud of smoke across the counter, and repeating the wink.

"Well that *is* cheap; and you'll sell your whiskers for fifty dollars?"

"I will."

"*I'll take them!* When can I have them?"

"Any time you choose to call for them."

"Very well—they're mine. I think I shall double my money on them, at least."

I took a bill of sale as follows;

"Received of Sol. Smith *Fifty Dollars* in full for my crop of whiskers, to be worn and taken care of by me, and delivered to him when called for. J. JENKS."

The sum of fifty dollars was paid, and Jenks left the broker's office in high glee, flourishing five Central Bank X's, and telling all his acquaintances of the great bargain he had made in the sale of his whiskers.

The broker and his friends laughed at me for being taken in so nicely. "Never mind," said I, "let those laugh who win; I'll make a profit out of those whiskers, depend on it."

For a month after this, whenever I met Jenks, he asked me when I intended to call for my whiskers.

"I'll let you know when I want them," was always my answer. "Take good care of them—oil them occasionally; I shall call for them one of these days."

A splendid ball was to be given to the members of the Legislature. I ascertained that Jenks was to be one of the managers—he being a great ladies man, (on account of his whiskers, I suppose,) and it occurred to me that before the ball took place, I might as well call for my whiskers.

One morning I met Jenks in a barber shop. He was adonizing before a large mirror, and combing up my whiskers at a great rate.

"Ah! there you are, old fellow," said he, speaking to my reflection in the glass. "Come for your whiskers, I suppose."

"Oh, no hurry," I replied, as I sat down for a shave.

"Always ready you know," he answered, giving a final tie to his cravat.

"Come to think of it," I said, musingly, as the barber began, to put his lather on my face, "Perhaps now would be as good a time as another; you *may* sit down and let the barber try his hand at the whiskers."

"You couldn't wait until to-morrow, could you?" he asked, hesitatingly.—"There's a *ball* to-night, you know—"

"To be sure there is, and I think you ought to go with a clean face; at all events I don't see any reason why you should expect to wear my whiskers to that ball; so sit down."

He rather sulkily obeyed, and in a few moments his cheeks were in a perfect foam of lather. The barber flourished his razor, and was about to commence operations, when I suddenly *changed my mind!*

"Stop, Mr. Barber," I said; you need'nt shave off those whisker just yet." So he quietly put up his razor, while Jenks started up from the chair in something very much resembling a passion.

"This is trifling!" he exclaimed. You have claimed your whiskers take them."

"I believe a man has a right to do as he pleases with his own property," I remarked, and left Jenks washing his face.

At dinner that day the conversation turned upon the whisker affair. It seems the whole town had got wind of it, and Jenks could not walk the streets without the remark being continually made by the boys —"*There goes the man with old Sol's whiskers!*" And they had grown to an immense size, for he dared not trim them. In short, I became convinced Jenks was waiting very impatiently for me to assert my rights in the property. It happened that several of the party were sitting opposite me at dinner, who were present when the singular bargain was made, and they all urged me to *take the whiskers* that very day, and thus compel Jenks to go to the ball whiskerless, or stay at home. I agreed with them that it was about time to *reap my crop*, and promised that if they would all meet me at the broker's shop, where the purchase had been made, I would make a call on Jenks that evening after he had dressed for the ball. All promised to be present at the proposed *shaving operations* in the broker's office, and I sent for Jenks and the barber. On the appearance of Jenks it was evident he was much vexed at the sudden call upon him, and his vexation was certainly not lessened when he saw the broker's office was filled to overflowing by spectators anxious to behold the barberous proceedings.

"Come, be in a hurry," he said, as he took his seat, and leaned his head against the counter for support, "I can't stay here long; several ladies are waiting for me to escort them to the ball."

"True, very true—you are one of the managers—I recollect. Mr. Barber, dont detain the gentleman—go to work at once."

The lathering was soon over, and with about three strokes of the razor, *one side of his face was deprived of its ornament!*

Come, come," said Jenks, "push ahead—there is no time to be lost—let the gentlemen have his whiskers—he is impatient."

"Not at all." I replied, coolly, "I'm in no sort of hurry myself—and now I think of it, as *your* time must be precious at this particular time, several ladies being in waiting for you to escort them to the ball, I believe *I'll not take the other whisker tonight!*"

A loud laugh from the by-standers and a glance at the mirror, caused Jenks to open his eyes to the ludicrous appearance he cut with his single whisker, and he began to insist upon my taking *the whole of my property!* But all wouldn't do. I had a right to take it when I chose —*I was not obliged to take all at once*—and I *chose* to take but *half* at that particular period—indeed I intimated to him very plainly that I was not going to be a very hard creditor; and that if he "behaved himself," perhaps I should *never* call for the balance of what he owed me!

When Jenks became convinced I was determined not to take the remaining whisker, he began, amidst the loudly expressed mirth of the crowd to propose terms of compromise—first offering me ten dollars, then twenty, thirty, forty—fifty! to take off the remaining whisker. I said firmly, "My dear sir there is no use talking; I insist on your wearing that whisker for me for a month or two."

"What will you take for the whiskers?" he at length asked. "Won't you sell them back to me?"

"Ah," replied I, "now you begin to talk as a business man should. Yes, I bought them on speculation—I'll sell them if I can obtain a good price."

"What is your price?"

"One hundred dollars—*must* double my money."

"Nothing less?"

"Not a farthing less—and I'm not anxious to sell even at *that* price."

"Well, I'll take them," he groaned, "there's your money; and here, barber, shave off this infernal whisker in less than no time—I shall be late at the ball."

The barber accomplished his work, and poor Jenks was whiskerless! Jenks went to the ball, but before the night was over *he wished he hadn't.*

GIBBON, THE HISTORIAN.

The external appearance of Gibbon was extremely ungraceful and forbidding.—In his early years his figure was very small and slender, but his head, disproportionately large. In after life his whole form was changed, and his large head and barely human features seemed better adapted to the bulk into which his body had swelled. By far the best picture of him, and of his conversation, is given by Colman, which Mr. Croker copies in a note in his invaluable edition of Boswell's Johnson, (vol. I. p. 121:) "The learned Gibbon was a curious counterbalance to the learned (may I not say *less* learned?) Johnson. Their manners and tastes, both in writing and conversation, were as different as their habiliments. On the day I first sat down with Johnson, in his rusty brown suit and his black worsted stocking, Gibbon was placed opposite to me in a suit of flowered velvet, with a bag and sword. Each had his measured phraseology; and Johnson's famous parallel between Dryden and Pope might be loosely parodied in reference to himself and Gibbon. Johnson's style was grand, and Gibbon's elegant; the stateliness of the former was somewhat pedantic, and the polish of the latter somewhat finical.—Johnson marched to kettledrums and trumpets; Gibbon moved to flutes and hautboys. Johnson hewed passages through the Alps, while Gibbon levelled walls through parks and gardens. Mauled as I had been by Johnson, Gibbon poured balm upon my bruises, by condescending once or twice in the course of the evening to talk with me. The great historian was light and playful, suiting his manners to the capacity of the boy; but it was done *more suo*; still his manner prevailed, still he tapped the snuff-box, stilled he smiled and rounded his periods with the same air of good-breeding as if he was conversing with men. His mouth, mellifluous as Plato's, was a round hole nearly in the centre of his visage."

Lord Brougham.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AND MISS COUTTS.

"From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow."

The marriage of the old Duke of Wellington, now in his seventy-ninth year, to Miss Coutts, heiress of the Duchess of St. Albans, and the greatest fortune in the world, is spoken of in the London papers as a "fixed fact." We are at a loss which most to admire: the doting folly of the octogenarian, or the shocking depravity which would induce a young woman to link herself to him for the little residue of a life already drawn out to its longest span. We hope, for her punishment, he may live to the age of Parr or Jenkins. It is revolting to think on what the false notions of society will do towards corrupting the soul, and making the most serious obligations of life a matter of simple bargain and sale.

Old Coutt's fortune has taken a singular round since it was acquired by the first owner. He himself, when a young man, it will be recollected, married a servant girl, one Susan Starkie, by whom he had three children—all daughters. One of these married the Earl of Guilford, another the Marquis of Bute, and a third Sir Francis Burdett. Miss Coutts is a daughter of this last marriage, and of course a granddaughter of the old banker. Coutts having lost his first wife in 1815, married, in three months after her death Harriet Mellon, an actress of some celebrity, on whom he had several years before settled £100,000 sterling, and with whom his relations were by no means equivocal.—He died about twenty years ago; and as he had already made what he deemed an ample settlement upon his daughters, he left the whole of his enormous property, valued at £90,000 *per annum*, to his widow. She did not wear the willow very long, having, in a few years, again entered the bonds of matrimony with the Duke of St. Albans, a young nobleman of two or three and twenty, of high rank being related to royalty itself, and of a very badly filled purse, being the poorest man of his rank in all the kingdom. This match, very unsuitable in point of years, for the gentle Harriet was not only "fat and fair" but "forty," and the rise, was for many months the subject of ridicule in all the prints of the British metropolis, Whig, Tory and Radical. The Duke cared little for that, however, but gave loss to his natural propensity for dissipation with so much earnestness that his career was soon brought to an end, and the weeping widow was left with the title of Duchess of St. Albans and £90,000 a year to console herself as best she might. She never married again, but left all her enormous estate to Miss Angelina Burdett, one of the grand children of her first husband, on condition of her taking the name of Coutts. This is the young lady who is about to become Duchess of Wellington.

This is the truly what Byron calls "making the *tender* passion tough."—*Richmond Whig.*

BUYING WIVES.—A Massachusetts volunteer, writing from Monterey, makes the following statement:

"The mothers, here, have a great practice of *selling* their daughters to the soldiers. I saw two beautiful girls, one 18, and the other 16, sold last week, the first for 64, and the last for $60!"

THE CONSTANCY OF LOVE.

The Glasgow (Scotland) Examiner chronicles a marriage, and the history of the courtship, too illustrative of the constancy of man's love to be lost sight of—especially as such instances are rarely made public, it being the province of the other sex to take all the glory of such unchangeableness of heart. Moreover the gallant bridegroom is a New Yorker, a Mr. Archibald Campbell, of Colchester, Delaware county, in that State. The lady of his long remembered first love was Mrs. Janet Edmiston of Carmunnock Scotland. The Examiner says:

"The united ages of the venerable couple are upwards of 110. The young gudeman is in his 71st year, the young gudewife three or four years older, both being natives of Scotland. On leaving this country, about forty years ago, he wanted his then blooming love to join hands and go with him, but a refractory father compelled her to remain at home, and she got married to another. The then young man followed the same plan in the New World, but both becoming single about the same time, he renewed his suit by letters, being then about twenty years absent, but she refused; and being again disappointed, he married a second wife, with whom he lived nearly twenty years. On becoming again a widower he seemed determined not to be deprived a third time of the object of his early affections, but crossed the Atlantic, arrived at Carmunnock on the 1st of July, was proclaimed three times on Sabbath, married on Monday, and has captured the betrothed of forty years."

It may well be doubted whether any of the loving, and undeniably loveable sex, can compete with Mr. Archibald Campbell for the honor of constancy—barring the episodes, which it seem were mutual on the part of his lady-love and himself.

A WILD MAN.—The Halifax (N. S.) Herald of the contains the following singular narrative:

Considerable interest has been created within the last few days past, by the arrival in this city on Thursday last, of a wild man, who had been discovered in the woods at Cape Benton, in a state of nudity. For the short time this strange individual has been in the Poor's Asylum, he has received numerous visits, and, although in a condition of complete barbarism, begins to afford encouragement that attempts to civilize him, may not be altogether hopeless.

He is both deaf and dumb; and his appearance is extremely haggard. He remains generally, whether awake or asleep, in a sitting position. His skin is considerably shrivelled, from constant exposure to the weather, and his whole deportment resembles more an inferior animal than a human being.

When food is offered him he seizes, and pressing it into his mouth with both hands, devours it ravenously. He is remarkably fond of salt, which he eats in large quantities. The first steps toward civilization have been partially successful; he having learned the use of a spoon, and to a limited extent allowed his body to be covered with light wearing apparel.

It is said the parents of this singular character emigrated some years ago to Sydney, from Scotland, and having permitted him in his juvenile days to range the woods at pleasure, he acquired a habit of leaving his parent's residence for a number of days at a time, until compelled, for want of food, to return home; and on the death of his parents he took up his abode in the forest altogether, until the time of his capture.

RUSTIC PONTENESS.—The father of the present Lord Abington, who was remarkable for his stateliness of manner, when riding one day through a village in the vicinity of Oxford, met a lad dragging a calf along the road, who when his lordship came up, made a stop, and stared him full in the face. His lordship asked the boy if he knew him. He replied, "Yes."

"What is my name?" inquired his lordship.

"Why, Lord Abingdon," replied the lad.

"Then why don't you take off your hat?"

"So I will, zur," said the boy, "if ye'll hold the calf."

☞Do well while thou livest; but regard not what is said of it. Content thyself with deserving praise, and thy posterity shall rejoice in hearing it.

☞There is a place in Dutchess county, N. Y., where the children are so fat and greasy, that they have to be rolled in the sand to keep them from slipping out of bed!

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.—The rumors of the abdication of the Emperor Nicholas are regarded as certainly correct. The Havre Journal of the 2nd instant, connects the abdication with recent financial transactions on the part of the Emperor.—It is asserted that he will remove to Italy and be succeeded by its regular heir. The cause assigned for the act is domestic suffering and unhappiness.

The Union heads its last leader—"The Madness of the Whigs." We must say in reply—"They are not mad, most noble Festus, but speak the words of truth and soberness."—*Alexandria Gazette.*

SPEECH OF MR. CLAY.

A committee of a hundred and upwards was despatched from the city of New York to Cape May, during Mr. Clay's sojourn there to invite him to their city. The following account of their interview with him is taken from the N. Y. Mirror.

"At 11 o'clock we assembled at the Columbia, and proceeded by a band sent by Mr. Ludlam of the Mansion House, walked in procession to that Hotel. The large saloon contained some 2 or 300 persons, a portion of the body of the room and the galleries being filled with ladies. Soon after our arrival, Mr. Clay entered accompanied by his physician and travelling companion, Dr. Mercer. He was clad in deep mourning, but looked better in all respects, I think, than when he last visited New York. He was greeted with loud and continued applause, the company rising, as he passed up the room, and took his place on the platform.

Nicholas Dean, Esq., then came forward and addressed Mr. Clay as follows:

Through the unexpected kindness of my friends, I am the honored instrument of expressing to you, sir, briefly, sentiments which are common to all of us.

You are surrounded by a few of your fellow-citizens from the city of New York; not the result of political association, not the offspring of party organization, but who had individually learned from the public press that you were adjourning in their vicinity, and who by one simultaneous impulse threw themselves on board a swift means of communication, and hastened here to grasp you by the hand, and offer to you the homage of their warm imitations. (Great applause.)

But, sir, we have another and more important duty to perform; we come in the name of 400,000 persons, to ask you once again to visit our metropolis (immense applause)—once again to permit us within the circle of our own corporate limits to express to you our deep appreciation of the eminent services which you through a long series of years have rendered, not to us only, but to our whole country (immense applause)—once again to furnish us the opportunity of expressing to you our undiminished confidence, and the esteem, the love, the reverence with which we regard you, (applause.)

These, sir, are no ordinary sentiments, nor are they felt in any ordinary degree. They are the warm and hearty expressions of a generous and grateful spirit.—Suffer them not to be chilled by deferred hope, or in any degree repressed by present disappointment.—Permit us, we pray you, sir, to announce to our expectant friends, with the speed of lightning, that HENRY CLAY WILL COME TO THEM—(loud and prolonged cheering.)

A hundred thousand tongues are waiting to spread the glad intelligence, and the great aggregated heart of our entire city is throbbing to bid you welcome—*thrice welcome* to its hospitalities. (Cheers.)

Mr. Clay, who evinced much emotion during the delivery of this speech, replied in nearly the following terms:

Gentlemen of the Committee from New York, and I may add, of other committees who, like yourselves, have come upon a like occasion—gentlemen of Trenton; of New Haven and of Philadelphia, for there are Committees from all these places, and I don't know but from some others also—fellow citizens, the eloquent address which has just been delivered, has had the effect almost to induce me to adopt the language which was used on a more solemn occasion, "Thou almost persuadest me to"—go to New York. (Great applause.) But in all that uprightness of my nature which I have ever endeavored to practise, I must tell you the object and motive which have brought me to the shores of the Atlantic. I returned to my residence after passing the winter at New Orleans, on the 23d or 24th of March last, and a day or two afterwards melancholy intelligence came to me. I have been nervous ever since, and was induced to take this journey, for I could not look upon the partner of my sorrows without experiencing deeper anguish. (Here Mr. Clay was completely overcome with his feelings, & covering his face with hands remained silent several minutes. At length he continued). Every thing about Ashland was associated with the memory of the lost one—the very trees which his hands had assisted me to plant, served to remind me of my loss. Had the stroke came alone I could have borne it, with His assistance and sustained by the kindness of my friends and fellow citizens, with meekness and resignation—but of eleven children four only remain—of six lovely and affectionate daughters, not one is left. Finding myself in that theatre of sadness, I thought I would fly to the mountain top, and decend to the ocean wave, and by meeting with the sympathy of friends, obtain some relief to the sadness which encompassed me. I came for private motives alone. I have not desired those public manifestations, but desired rather to escape them. My friend and travelling companion, Dr. Mercer, will tell you that in every section of the State of my birth, I have been implored to remain, if only for a few hours, to exchange congratulations with my friends but invariably refused, & only remained in each place sufficiently long to exchange one vehicle for another. You may imagine that I made a visit to Philadelphia, but I was accidentally thrown into Philadelphia. When I arrived in Baltimore, I learnt that the most direct route to this place was by the Delaware. I had no public object in view in taking that route; yet indifferent I am not nor cannot be to the honor, welfare and glory of my country—(great applause.)

Gentlemen of the Committee of New York—I have truly and sincerely disclosed the purpose of the journey; but I can not but deeply feel this manifestation of your respect and regard—it is received with thankfulness, and excites the warmest feeling of my heart, that I, a private and humble citizen; without an army, without a navy, without even a constable's staff, should have been met at every step of my progress with the kindest manifestation of feelings, of which a President, a Monarch or an Emperor might well be proud. (*Great applause.*

No—I am not insensible to those tokens of public affection and regard. I am thankful for them all.—(*Applause.*)—To you, gentlemen of the Committee of New York, who in behalf of 400,000 individuals whom you represent, have taken so much trouble, I am deeply thankful for this manifestation of your regard, but I must reluctantly decline the honor of your invitation; and, gentlemen, of Trenton, New Haven and Philadelphia, to your fellow citizens I must beg of you to excuse me and trust to their affection to do so, for if I do not place myself on the affection of my countrymen, whither should I be—on the wide ocean without compass and without a guide (*Applause.*)—I must beg of you gentlemen of all these committees, to retrace your steps, charged and surcharged with my warmest feelings of gratitude—go back charged with warm thanks from me, and tell my friends that nothing but the circumstances in which I am placed, nothing—for we may as well mingle a laugh with our tears, and borrow the words of the Irish ambassador, "situated as I am, and I may say circumstanced as I am," —prevents the honor of meeting you, (*Laugh.*) Tell them—and I hope this general response will be considered as a specific answer to each of the Committees, (for if you could see how my time is occupied here, you would know that it is impossible to write it,) that you are charged with the expression of the best feelings of my heart. And you, gentlemen of New York, be assured that it will be long before this evidence of your regard will be forgotten—among the recollections of this journey this visit will be paramount, and the circumstances which led to it. I wish you an agreeable voyage on your return, and pray make my apologies for being constrained to decline your kind invitation. (*Long continued applause.*)

READ AND REFLECT.

Col. Benton, in one of his recent speeches in the West, made the declaration—that, *if he had been appointed Lieutenant General, the armies of Generals Taylor and Scott would then* EACH *have had a column of* 20,000 *men.*

We are willing to make many allowances for the bombast and egotism of Col. Benton, who, as all do know, cannot make a speech of ten minutes without seasoning it with a very copious sprinkling of self-adulation; but if we have read this declaration of his correctly, we are disposed to think that its purport goes beyond the natural disposition of this gentleman to hold himself up upon all proper and improper occasions, as "a marvellous proper man"—an exemplar for all others. We believe that it goes to prove this—that *Mr. Polk*, to revenge himself upon Congress for not passing the bill authorizing the appointment of a Lieutenant General, had purposely omitted to raise troops for the armies of Taylor and Scott, thereby neglecting to fulfil his whole duty to his country. This, in our opinion, is the only *legitimate construction* which can be put upon the declaration of Col. Benton, for every one who knows any thing about Constitutional law, must be aware, that the Commander of the army has no power to raise troops except such power be delegated to him by the Executive, and that Col. Benton, though he had been Lieutenant General, could not, of his own volition, have raised a single regiment. If then Mr. Polk, from such selfish motives, as are indicated by the declaration of Col. Benton, has withheld the reinforcements necessary to enable Generals Taylor and Scott to prosecute the war with efficiency and win a peace, he has assuredly acted a treacherous part to the country, for which he should, and doubtless will be, held responsible.

Since May, 1846, the President has had authority to raise an efficient army; but instead of using it to the extent called for by the exigencies of the war, he has *doled* out a few regiments now, and a few then, so as to endanger the success of our arms, upon more occasions than one. Every one will recollect, how near he was of sacrificing the army of Gen. Taylor at *Buena Vista*, by his injudicious withdrawal of the regulars under Worth and Twiggs, and leaving Gen. Taylor to contest the day, with some 4000 volunteers and less than 500 regulars, with the well appointed army of 22,000 men under Santa Anna—and all will recollect, that Gen. Scott, *for want of troops, was compelled to halt on his march to Mexico, and await the arrival of reinforcements.*

Such facts as these, are calculated to make patriots *doubt* the intentions of Mr. Polk and his administration—but doubt is resolved into certainty, when the declaration of Col. Benton is fairly construed.—*Rough and Ready.*

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