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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THE MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.

BY REV. JAMES GILBORNE LYONS, LL. D.

Along the smooth and slender wires,
The sleepless heralds run,
Fast as the clear and living rays
Go streaming from the sun:
No peals or flashes heard or seen
Their wondrous flight betray,
And yet their words are quickly felt
In cities far away.

Nor summer's heat, nor winter's hail,
Can check their rapid course;
They meet unmov'd the fierce wind's rage,
The rough wave's sweeping force:
In the long night of rain and wrath,
As in the blaze of day,
They rush, with news of weal or wo,
To thousands far away.

But, faster still than tidings borne
On that electric cord,
Rise the pure thoughts of him who loves
The Christian's life and Lord,—
Of him who, taught in smiles and tears
With fervent lips to pray,
Maintains high converse here on Earth
With bright worlds far away.

Ay! though nor outward wish is breath'd,
Nor outward answer given,
The sighing of that humble heart
Is known and felt in Heaven:
Those long frail wires may bend and break,
Those viewless heralds stray,
But Faith's least word shall reach the throne
Of God, though far away.

From the Model Amer. Courier.

THE NOTARY
AND THE
MISER OF RUE MISERICORDE.

BY PHIL BRENGLE.

Imagination or reality can present no more unnatural spectacle than a man, outside of the human family insensible to mutual joys, who owns no share in others' pains and whose only hold upon the earth is a clinging grasp on the chain of gold which binds him in the social circle. To him, the world with its inner wealth, and a richer, more gorgeous covering, is only a mine of precious metal, encased in hard rock and senseless earth. But this is the miser in his last stage, when coldness has crept up to the heart and frozen its very life. The long process until death has entered life and strangely exists within it, cannot be thoroughly described in few words. Carleton, the Irish novelist, in his character of Fardorougha Donovan has truly traced the whole disease, and we shall only atempt here to depict a few natural scenes in the life of a man, whose avaricious desires have outlived his affections.

The meanest house in the mean Rue Misericorde one night had three strange occupants. In a corner lay a dead woman, sharply distinct in form through the thin coverings of the bed. A child, just breathing, and more dead than alive, was huddled up in a coarse blanket before a scanty fire. The third was a man with forty years upon him, pacing stealthily up and down the room and occasionally casting strange glances upon the corpse and the child.

"She is gone at last," muttered he, half-triumphantly, "she, who so artfully enticed me into marriage, when I was young and extravagant; she who has always been a burden upon my back, striving to drag me down to poverty. Gone, indeed! No more whining or moaning or wasteful sickness. Yet she was beautiful and humble; but curses on her!—there is her cub to drain upon me, and steal the last means of life from my pocket. She prayed for it too—a fine legacy to bequeath a poor man! And years will pass before he can earn a living for himself. The world has already more of such useless things than it can well feed." He stopped and gazed on the motionless infant with a sneer almost devilish. "Poor little wretch! he may be dead even now, but then there are the funeral expenses, and for such a senseless object. He would be better in the street where some soft-brained fool might have compassion upon him, and then he would be buried at the public charge. Brat! do you dare to moan? If the street will not do, there is the Seine—but, no! I will not kill it. The world owes us all a living, they say:—then let it give one to this little wretch.—Some people like children. A fine idea!"

He wrapped the child closer in his blanket and carried him out carefully, for the miser was never hasty or careless in his movements. A few corners were turned and coming upon a lonely spot, he softly laid his burden upon the paved walk and turned to retrace his steps, but then he heard a heavy tread accompanied by a light pattering sound advancing towards him, and withdrew into the shade of a building.

A laborer was returning home at that late hour of the night, whistling right merrily from his heart, as he walked along with his favorite dog at his side. He passed by carlessly, but the animal's senses were more acute. The master looked back and saw his dog eagerly turning over something on the pavement.

"How now, Carlo! Come here sir."

Carlot seized the blanket between his teeth and caried the child to the laborer's feet.

"Poor thing!" cried honest Jules Beret, "what cruel wretch could have done this? Some poor man, perhaps—but the Saints know you have fallen on a poorer. But what is the difference! I will take this gift of God;—it will only be a little more work and a happier home every night when I come back."

The miser heard this poor man giving thanks for something that would make him poorer but happier, and his heart smote him keenly. But the feeling of his better days vanished, when the laborer disappeared with the child, and habit again chilled all within him. He returned home rid of a burthen.

The miser and the poor man were both thankful.

Twenty-one years from this time, the persons who habitually walked through Rue St. Honore, in Paris, saw painted in modest letters on a sign, the words: "JULES BERET, *Notary*," and passed on without enquiry. But this young Notary has been already mentioned as the child, long since deserted by the miser of the Rue Misericorde. He had of course, taken the name of his adopted father for want of any other, though many years had elapsed before he learned that he was not son to the honest old laborer. With this knowledge came the ambition which always fires those of unknown birth, of rising in the world to a rank that his real parent, if ever discovered, could not despise. Fortune favored him, even in what he deemed his heaviest calamity. At fifteen, when he had just lost old Jules Beret by a fall from a scaffolding, a kind neighbor, the Notary of the vicinity, immediately took him into his own office, and as soon as the lad had arrived at a proper age, retired from the profession with sufficient interest to have Jules appointed his successor.

The young Notary was busily studying in his office one fine afternoon, with old Carlot lying at his feet. Happening to look down, he saw the dog's dim eyes blinking wistfully towards the open door, and at once interpreted the gaze.

"Come, good Carlo, we are both tired of this—now for a walk on the Boulevard."

The dog followed him out with a playful leap, to which his aged limbs had long been unaccustomed.

The air was delightful, and Jules' elastic spirit rose as he came to the Boulevards and saw many familiar friends walking there. Two persons entered at the same time, and his whole attention was instantly drawn to them. One—his eye rested on her first and longest—was a young girl, seemingly about eighteen, and dressed neatly, though in very coarse garments.—It was not her beauty that first caught Jules' eye, though he soon remarked it, but a singular mingling in her features of high nobleness and unobtrusive, sacrificing devotion. Her mouth was ripely shaped, but the whole of her beautiful face seemed overcast with a cold, proud sorrow. Yet love might find an appropriate home in those tempting lips, or in that eye, which now glanced so timidly, yet firmly, around. Upon her arm leaned a withered, scowling, old man. He seemed infirm, for his body was contracted, and walked partly supported by her arm and partly by an old stick. Jules knew him only by his common title, "the Miser of Rue Misericorde"

As the pair moved on, Jules enquired their names of a friend, who stood near.

"What!" said the other, "have you never heard of the miser of———"

"I have seen him before!" cried Jules, impatiently: "but who is that lovely girl at his side?"

"Ah! now there is some reason for your question. She is a niece of the miser—his brother's daughter, I believe, who has come under his roof, partly to nurse the old curmudgeon in his last sickness, and chiefly, I suppose, because she has no other home, and is willing to endure a little while for the sake of his property."

"*That* could not have been her motive," said Jules, indignantly. "Only look at the expression of her face."

"Very well; smitten, no doubt. You will be fortunate if you can obtain her—after the old uncle dies."

"Good evening."

Jules cut off the conversation abruptly, and moved after the objects of his interest. Never before, in drawing a deed or will, had the young Notary exerted as much ingenuity as he now showed in placing himself so as to look upon the fair girl, as often as posible, without his attention being noticed. But her eyes were quicker than his motions, and at last, when he met the pair full in his path, she cast a glance of surprise and half-indignation upon him. But it was impossible to look thus on the manly youth, whose admiration was so evident, and when she withdrew her eyes, they were beaming softly, and a blush was on her cheek Shortly afterwards, the two quitted the Boulevards.

Every day, for a fortnight, saw Jules in the same place, only manœuvring a little more openly than before. He evidently grew in her acquaintance. The miser indeed never looked at him, for his head was always bent, but that was of little matter. His niece, however always recognized Jules, by an involuntary blush, though no formal salute every passed between them. But the young man was happy, for he felt that she understood the affection into which his previous admiration had grown.

At last Jules ventured on direct communication. He prepared a bouquet, carefully arranging the flowers in the language of love, and presented it to her. She was evidently taken by surprise, and hesitated a moment, but then declined it, so quietly and firmly that Jules dared not offer it again. He was retiring in confusion, when the miser, whose quick eye had lost nothing of the scene, stopped him.

"Take the flowers, Emilie, and thank the young man. Never refuse a gift—every thing has some value. Take the flowers, I say," added he, harshly, as she still hesitated.

She received the bouquet almost tremblingly, and with an imploring glance at Jules, who understood it, and after a parting bow, retired. But he had gone scarcely a dozen steps before a hand touched his shoulder, and the miser's grating tones sounded in his ear.

"My dear young man, you seem to love flowers, and maybe you buy many of them. Are they expensive?"

"Sir!" stammered Jules.

"Yes—yes, you do. Listen to me now."—His voice quivered with eagerness, as he proceeded—"We have some very nice little flowers: Emilie takes care of them, but they are mine, for they grow in my ground, and if you ever wish to buy any come to me, and I will sell you some very cheap. But you must not be too hard on the price for we are poor people, and must earn a few *sous*."

Jules listened no longer, but flung away in disgust, and strode homewards.

He came next day, and the next, but the miser and his niece were not to be seen on the Boulevards.

Jules was in despair. He hovered day and night about the wretched house in Rue Misericorde, but for some time without success. At last, however, as he was returning home late in the night, weary and sad from his vigil, he heard a loud voice in the next street, and turning the corner, saw a man holding a girl by the arm, and insulting her with drunken words. One blow sent the wretch reeling against the lamp-post, and before he could recover himself, a watchman's tread was heard, and he staggered away. The mutual recognition between Jules and his companion was instant. He enquired the cause of her venturing forth at that time, and she replied, with much faltering, that her uncle was dying, and had sent her for the nearest Notary, M. Beret.

"I am the Notary Beret," said Jules.

There was an awkward pause for a moment, but Emilie then spoke calmly:

"Will you have the goodness, Monsieur le Notaire, to come and take the will of my dying uncle?"

Jules offered her his arm, and she took it instantly, with perfect composure. So confounded was he by her self-possession and cool propriety of manner, that he dared not say a word, and they walked back in silence.

The miser was tossing feverishly upon his bed, and peering around into the gloom, against which a feeble light seemed contending for existence. His son now stood by his bedside with folded arms, in the full pride of youth and strength. It was twenty-one years since they were together in that room. Then, a puny infant, hardly alive, lay shivering upon the hearth, and one in strong manhood looked upon him in bitterness and fear.

Their entrance quieted the dying man.

"Why did you leave me alone, Emilie?" he said, fretfully. "Never do that again. Ah! here is the notary. Ciel! it is the young man of the flowers. Good sir, I am very sorry, but that perverse girl destroyed all the flowers I promised to sell you.—But I am about to die, and wish to award every thing that she has done for me.—You brought pens and paper with you, I hope. We are very poor people, Monsieur, and there are none in the house,"

"I have them here," said Jules, drawing out his pocket writing apparatus.

"Well then, that is right. Mons. Notary, I have ninety thousand francs, the fruit of many years toil, all secured in a secret place. You will find a paper on my body describing the spot, but it must not be read while I am alive. This is all my property. Write it down."

"It is written," said Jules. "I do hereby give and bequeath ninety thousand francs, in lawful money, to my niece, Emilie———,"

"Villain!" screamed the miser; "to Emilie, no, no! Ah vile girl, this is your work. Did I not tell you, when I took you in your poverty, that not a *sou* of mine should ever encourage you to hasten my death—no not a *sou;* that all your interest should lie in the lasting of my life? Ha, did you not consent never to claim any thing?—Devil, you poisoned that last cup of water, so there should be no will. Speak, did you not do it?"

"I will not write this will, old man," exclaimed Jules, rising in uncontrolled rage.

"Write it," said Emilie, with inexpressible dignity, and tone of command that Jules could not resist, "Write it. He told you truly that he had expressly barred my inheritance long since; and more, I ask no wealth from him. I have remained here thus far only to close his eyes in peace. Money is useless to me: to-morrow I enter a convent."

"Yes, yes, it is true," cried the dying man. "She has been a good girl; but write it down, for if I make her my heiress, she will smother me after you have gone."

Jules started again, but kept his seat.

"What name shall I insert?"

His enquiry was in a tone of contemptuous disgust.

"Aye, that's it. I can think of nobody, but that girl is always in my mind. Some one of my friends, I suppose. Let me consider."

He strained his mind for some time on this singular quest for an heir, but a thought suddenly seemed to flash upon him, and he turned eagerly to Jules.

"Mons. Notary, your fees for drawing and recording this will are five francs. It is too much to pay out at once before I die. You shall have the whole ninety thousand after I am dead, and you can pay yourself out of that. Take good care of the money, and don't waste it in extravagance. On that condition, fill up the will with your own name."

This singular command struck Jules with astonishment. He seemed undecided what to say, but his eyes suddenly met Emilie's; a happy smile lit up his countenance, and he bent forward to insert his name.

"Stop!" yelled the terrified wretch; "what noise is that?"

"Only the howl of my dog. I left him outside the door."

"A dog! yes, I saw it then—I see it now."

He sat upright in the bed.

"Fill up that blank. I give this money to my son—the whole of it—and the lost one will torment me no more. Find him out, and he will pay your fees," he added, with a ghastly smile.

Jules seized the pen again, which had dropped from his hands.

"What is his Christian name?"

"I know not. Fill it up—my only son."

The will was soon completed, and presented for his signature. He put it back.

"Not yet, wait till the moment of death hath come. You must search for my son. Alas! he may be dead. Long years ago I left him in the streets—a poor laborer picked him up, and blessed heaven for a godsend. There was a dog too."

Jules walked to the door and let in Carlot.

"The same! Oh, who are you?"

"Your son!"

The miser covered his face. Then he drew the will towards him, and signed his name in bold letters.

"I am dying. This money is all yours, my son. But you must pay yourself, or lose your notary fees—ha! ha!"

He fell back and died.

There was a long silence, broken only by the sobs of Emilie, as she kneeled by the bed. Jules clasped her hands in his.

"Emilie, my cousin, tell me now, by this bed of death, will you not be more unto me?"

She arose and looked into his face timidly; then pointed to the corpse.

"There is your father's body. Say no more now."

"My father!—no, *he* was a stranger. But, God forgive me, you are right. Emilie, we are alone to each other in the world, and this solemn place has been made the fittest to pledge an eternal union. Say, sweet cousin, shall it not be so?"

Emilie still wept, but now her tears were falling upon his bosom.

SCENES IN IRELAND.

A Horrible Story. The following is copied verbatim from the Limerick and Clare Examiner, Ireland:

"A singular instance of maternal affection and melancholy misery occurred in this city a few days since. A widow, who, unfortunately for them, was the mother of six children, found refuge in a dilapidated dwelling in one of the lanes. The youngest of her children fell ill and died. The whole family were in a state of the utmost destitution, and the disease rapidly mastered the young orphan's energies. A coffin was begged. Coffin and corpse would have been borne, perhaps, without the mother's assistance, to some graveyard near. But she had lived at a distance of many miles from this city, and in the burial ground of her native place her friends were interred. The distance was far; and as few would consent to carry a coffin so far unnecessarily, the poor mother resolved to bear it herself. She actually did so; she had it placed on her back, and slowly and wearily she bore it away, reached the graves of her kindred, scraped a trench, we have heard, with her open hands, and thus consigned to the earth, where she wished they should rest, the remains of her offspring. She returned to her orphans. A second took sick, died quickly, like the other; like the other was placed in a charity coffin, and conveyed in the same way, by the unfortunate mother, to the same place of burial, and buried in like manner by her own hands.

She returned again. A third child took sick; died speedily also; was stretched in a coffin procured from the charitable; borne away as before by the sorrowing mother, and interred near to the other two, by the hapless poor poor creature's almost excoriated hands. She returned a third time.—A fourth child was ill; fell a victim as quickly as each of the others; was coffined by charity, and carried off and laid by the mother beside her three other children,—She came back to her wretched apartment. A fifth child was seized with the malady; a fifth coffin procured a fifth wearisome journey made alone by the mother; and a fifth body consigned to the earth, there, at all events, no longer to feel the pangs of disease, or the slow wasting progress of unalleviated hunger. These facts were told us by a clergyman who had them from personal knowledge. We state them, heart-rending and appalling as they are, without the slightest exaggeration.

There were four corpses lying uninterred some days past in the parish of St. Mary's in this city. Life had departed in one or two cases some days before; the bodies were almost putrid, certainly incipient corruption had begun. They lay exposed because coffins could not be had; the paupers died perfectly penniless. One body was removed from the miserable tenement where death had occurred, and was stretched on a frequented pathway, with a sheet for a shroud, an object of horror."

ADAMS AND METTERNICH.

The New London News tells the following interesting story:—When the Congress of Emperors and Kings met in Paris to settle the peace of Europe, the two most influential and prominent characters were Mr. Canning, (who was called among the French, "King of the Emperors,") and Prince Metternich, who was styled "the great Diplomatist." At one of the meetings of the great assembly of crowned heads and ministers, Prince Metternich, being absent, was highly complimented, and pronounced "the greatest Diplomatist of the age." Mr. Canning united in this testimonial of respect to the great Austrian Ambassador: but added, "There is a greater man than he," "Name him! Name him!" was heard from every quarter. Mr. Canning replied, "A man but very little known to this assembly—John Quincy Adams, of the United States of America." No comment can add to a compliment like this: language can never convey more, for Canning no longer lives. If any are curious to know how Mr. Canning so well knew Mr. Adams, we refer them to the correspondence between Mr. Adams, when Minister of the Court of St. James, in 1815, and Mr. Canning, then at the head of the British Ministry."

LIVERY OF SEISIN.—When it was understood that Mons. Guizot had escaped from Paris in the disguise of a servant, there was not a flunky in livery who arrived at any one of the English ports, who was not waited upon by the landlord with peculiar respect, and who did not receive most cordial greetings from all the tradesmen of the neighborhood. We understand that several footmen, taking advantage of the mistake, availed themselves largely of loans placed at the service by the noodles in the provinces; and there is still an unprincipled scamp going about Margate in a magnificent suit of livery, borrowing money in all directions as the Ex-Premier of France, upon the strength of his velveteen smalls, and a tremendous *aiguilette* made out of a bell-rope pulled down from the coffee-room of the Sow and Sauce-boat, from which he decamped, quitting the family in whose service he was, for the prospect open to him in assuming the character of Guizot.

A HARD CASE.—The Boston Saturday Rambler tells the following good one:—A poor, but jolly weaver, in this city, not many years ago, had a fortune left him by a distant and wealthy relative, who went "off the handle" in England, rather unexpectedly. When the news came to the poor fellow, as he sat *clicket-te-clacket* at his loom, he *stopped*, stock still, and exclaimed—

"Well, now, I suppose I must spend the money *straight*."

The fortune, some twenty odd thousand dollars, was duly realized and duly spent. For, two brief years did the job, and he returned to his loom poor as a church mouse, but merry as a cricket, and worked away again for his daily bread, perfectly satisfied with the "good time" he had had, while his fortune lasted. His friends called him *green*, but he laughed at their gibes, and worked the harder. In a twelve-month's time, off popped another rich relative, and the news, post haste, came to the jolly weaver, that he was again the possessor of a handsome fortune. Stopping his loom, and looking sorrowfully at the letter, he despondingly said—

"Good gracious! is it possible *that I must go through all that again.*

TAKING IT COOL.—"Your house is on fire, sir," said a stranger rushing into the parlor of a sober citizen.

"Well, sir," was the answer of the latter, "to what cause am I indebted for the extraordinary interest which you take in the affairs of my house?"

A person inquired of Rothschild how he contrived to accumulate so large a fortune. "By buying," said he, "when everybody was selling, and selling when everybody was buying."

The present population of the United States, according to the Commissioner of Patents, is 20,748,100.

AGRICULTURAL.

For the Easton Gazette.

NO II.

FARMS AND FARMING IN PERU.

The soil of Peru is naturally rich and of a dark moal. Farmers do not manure their lands as heavily as we do, and the greater number of them plough the land without any preparation save that of burning the weeds. The labor of ploughing is performed by oxen, whilst mules perform all the duties of carrying flour, sugar, wines, &c. One mule will carry two bags of flour, two hundred pounds each, from Callao to Lima, a distance of six miles, and make two or three trips daily. I have seen as many as sixty at one time on the Callao road. Sugar is packed up in straw shaped like our loaves, weighing upwards of one hundred and fifty pounds each. A large quantity of this article is made and of a superior quality. It is one of the principle export articles—it is not white but of a light brown color, and very hard. The best commands eleven cents per pound, whilst a good quality is purchaseable at seven cents.

In the vicinity of Lima and Callao the haciendas (estates) are large and of great value These are enclosed by brick walls made of square pieces of four feet. A ditch is dug, and the dirt thrown aside is moulded into squares and dried in the sun.—There are no fences as in our country. I have visited an estate of fifteen hundred acres, which was surrounded by a wall computed to have cost two hundred thousand dollars. In some places it is twenty five feet high and and five thick. Its location is close to Callao, and was rented by Messrs. Velasquez & Brolaski, at three thousand per annum. Vessels of war and merchantmen in the harbor of Callao were supplied with fresh provisions and vegetables from this estate.

Cattle are brought from Columbia into Peru. When two years old they are taken to Piura; here they are kept six months—they are then driven several hundred miles, and again detained to graze another six months. This system is pursued until they reach a place called Santa. The cattle by this time is six years old, and ready for the Lima market The beef is very tender and equal if not superior to that of any other country.

The alfafa (lucerne) is cultivated to a great extent; it yields a crop every two months during nine months of the year, but the months of January, February and March constitute the dry season, and during this season the crops yielded are interior. One seeding lasts seven years—the best seed comes from San Pedro in the interior. At every seeding the seed is procured fresh. In the cultivation of lucerne, when it is six or seven inches high sheep are turned in upon it to eat it down. The object of this is to destroy the weeds, which are of rank growth. The root of the lucerne being much deeper in the ground than that of the weeds, is not injured by this process, whilst the latter are effectually expelled. The farms are irrigated by water which flows from the mountains; a greater part of the year the mornings and nights are damp with heavy mists. This contributes greatly to the growth of the vegetable kingdom. The city of Lima is at an elevation of four hundred feet above the city of Callao, by reason of which water can be conveyed with every facility to all parts of the farms located on either side of the road to Callao. Narrow canals are dug, which are closed up at such points, when it may be desirable to turn the water off. Farmers pay yearly for the privilege of using this water, from which accrues a large revenue to the city of Lima. Few of the improvements of other countries have been introduced, so wedded are the inhabitants to their old style of things.

Researches on the fattening of Cattle, and the formation of Milk—by three among the most distinguished men of the age—Dumas, Boussingault, and Payen.

The result of their investigations is thus summed up. We have found by experiment that the *hay* contains more of the fatty matter than the milk which it goes to form, and that it is the same with the other rations on which cows or milch asses have been put. That oil cake increases the production of butter, but is liable to make it less solid, and may give it the taste of vegetable oil, when there is too great a quantity of this food in the ration. That Indian corn possesses a power of fattening dependent on the large proportion of oil which it contains. That there exists the most perfect analogy between the production of milk and the fattening of animals, as the breeders of stock had anticipated. That, nevertheless, the fattening ox turns to use less of the fatty matter, or azotised substances than the milk cow.—That potatoes, mangel wurtzel, and carrots, only fatten in so far as they are joined with products containing fat substance, such as straw, the seeds of cereal plants, bran or oil cake. That equal weights of gluten, mixed with fecula and flesh rich or fat, produce an effect in fattening, which, in the hog, differs in the ratio of 1 to 2.—All these results agree so completely with the opinion which holds that fatty matter passes *in substance* from the digestive canal into the chyle, and thence into the blood, the milk, or the tissues—that it is difficult for us to imagine on what fact can be founded the idea that the fatty matter is capable of *being formed* from any substance by the animal itself.—*Amer. Cour.*

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