THE 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 LOVING HEART.

We've been a happy pair, my Joan,
These thirty years or more;
And you are now past fifty years,
And I am nigh threescore.

You've been a kind, good wife to me,
And I'll e'en bless the day
When you, from your own happy home,
A bride I led away.

You then were young and fair, my Joan,
With figure streight and tall;
Tho' there were bonny lasses, you
Were fairest of them all.

Each Sabbath day in our old church,
You with bewi'ching grace,
And with a sweet and pious look,
Fill'd your accustomed place.

I loved you for your many charms,
Your good and loving heart;
More prized by me than all else was
That far, far better part.

I guess'd that she who loved so well
To lead a godly life,
Was the right one a man should choose
To make a faithful wife.

That I guess'd right, my own dear Joan,
Our wedded life must prove;
For all these years you've shown for me,
A most untiring love.

Tho' now your many charms are gone,
You've still that better part;
The dowry that you brought to me,
A fond and loving heart.

From Arthur's Home Gazette.

Owe no Man Anything.

BY A LADY OF BALTIMORE.

THUS says an Apostle; and if those who are able to "owe no man anything" would fully observe this divine obligation, many, very many, whom their want of punctuality now compels to live in violation of this precept, would then faithfully and promptly render to every one their just dues.

"What is the matter with you, George?" said Mrs. Allison to her husband, as he paced the floor of their little sitting room, with an anxious troubled expression of countenance.

"Oh! nothing of much consequence: only a little worry of business," replied Mr. Allison.

"But I know better than that, George.—I know it is of consequence; you are not apt to have such a long face for nothing. Come, tell me what it is that troubles you. Have I not a right to share your griefs as well as your joys?"

"Indeed, Ellen, it is nothing but business I assure you; and as I am not blessed with the most even temper in the world, it does not take much you know to upset me: but you heard me speak of that job I was building for Hillman?"

"Yes. I think you said it was to be $500, did you not?"

"I did, and it was to have been cash as soon as done. Well, he took it out two weeks ago; one week sooner than I promised it. I sent the bill with it expecting of course, he would send me a check for the amount, but I was disappointed. Having heard nothing from him since, I thought I would call on him this morning, when, to my surprise I was told he had gone traveling with his wife and daughter, and would not be back for six weeks or two months. I can't tell you how I felt when I was told this."

"He is safe enough for it I suppose, isn't he, George?"

"Oh, yes: he is supposed to be worth about three hundred thousand. But what good is that to me. I was looking over my books this afternoon, and, including this five hundred, there is just fifteen hundred dollars due me now, that I ought to have, but can't get it. To a man doing a large business it would not be much, but to one with my limited means, it is a good deal. And this is all in the hands of five individuals, any one of whom could pay immediately, and feel not the least inconvenience from it."

"Are you much pressed for money just now, George?"

"I have a note in bank of three hundred, which falls due to-morrow, and one of two hundred and fifty on Saturday. Twenty five dollars at least will be required to pay off my hands, and besides this, our quarter's rent is due on Monday and my shop rent next Wednesday. Then there are other little bills I wanted to settle, our own wants to be supplied, &c."

"Why don't you call on those persons you spoke of; perhaps they would pay you?"

"I have sent their bills in, but if I call on them so soon I might perhaps affront them and cause them to take their work away, and that I don't want to do. However, I think I shall have to do it, let the consequence be what it may."

"Perhaps you could borrow what you need George, for a few days."

"I suppose I could; but see the inconvonience and trouble it puts me to. I was so certain of getting Hillman's money to meet these two notes, that I failed to make any other provision."

"That would not have been enough of itself."

"No, but I have a hundred on hand, the two together would have paid them and left enough for my workmen two."

As early as practicable the next morning Mr. Allison started forth to raise the amount necessary to carry him safely thro' the week. He thought it better to try to collect some of the amounts owing to him than to borrow. He first called on a wealthy merchant whose annual income was something near five thousand. "Good morning, Mr. Allison," said he, as that individual entered his counting room. "I suppose you want some money."

"I should like a little, Mr. Chapin, if you please."

"Well, I intended coming down to see you, but I have been so busy that I have not been able; that carriage of mine which you did up a few weeks ago does not suit me altogether."

"What is the matter with it?";

"I don't like the style of trimming for one thing, it has a common look to me."

"It is precisely what Mrs. Chapin ordered. You told me to suit her."

"Yes, but did she not tell you to trim it like Gen. Spangler's."

"I am very much mistaken, Mr. Chapin, if it is not precisely like his."

"Oh! no; his has a much richer look than mine."

"The style of trimming is just the same, Mr. Chapin; but you certainly did not suppose that a carriage trimmed with worsted lace, would look as well as one trimmed with silk lace?"

"No, of course not; but there are some other little things about it that don't suit me. I will send my man down with it today, and he will show you what they are. I would like to have it to-morrow afternoon, to take my family out in. Call up on Monday and we will have a settlement."

"Mr. Allison next called at the office of a young lawyer, who had lately come into possession of an estate valued at one hundred thousand dollars Mr. Allison's bill was three hundred dollars, which his young friend assured him he would settle immediately, only that there was a slight error in the way it was made out, and not having the bill with him, he could not now correct it. He would call on Mr. Allison with it, sometime during the next week, and settle it. A Custom House gentleman was next sought, but his time had been so much taken up with his official duties, that he had not yet been able to examine the bill. He had no doubt but it was all correct; still, as he was not accustomed to doing business in a loose way, he must claim Mr. Allison's indulgence a few days longer. Almost disheartened, Mr. Allison entered the store of the last individual who was indebted to him for any considerable amount, not daring to hope that he would be any more successful with him than with the others he had called on. But he was successful; the bill which amounted to near one hundred and fifty dollars was promptly paid, Mr. Allison's pocket in consequence that much heavier, and his heart that much lighter. Fifty dollars was yet lacking of the sum requisite for that day. After calling on two or three individuals, this amount was obtained, with the promise of being returned by the middle of the next week.

"I shall have hard work to get through to-day, I know," said he to himself as he sat at his desk on the following morning.

"Two hundred and fifty dollars to be raised by borrowing. I don't know where I can get it."

To many this would be a small sum, but Mr. Allison was peculiarly situated. He was an honest, upright mechanic, but he was poor. It was with difficulty he had raised the fifty dollars on the day previous Although he had never once failed in returning money at the time promised; still, for some reason or other, everybody appeared unwilling to lend him. It was nearly two o'clock and he was still an hundred dollars short.

"Well," said he to himself, "I have done all I could, and if Hall won't renew the note for the balance, it will have to be protested. I'll go and ask him, though I have not much hope that he will do it."

As he was about leaving his shop for that purpose, a gentleman entered who wished to buy a second-hand carriage.—Mr. Allison had but one, and that almost new, for which he asked a hundred and forty dollars.

"It is higher than I wished to go," remarked the gentleman. "I ought to get a new one for that price."

"So you can, but not like this. I can sell you a new one for a hundred and twenty-five dollars; but what did you expect to pay for one?"

"I was offered one at Holton's for seventy-five; but I did not like it. I will give you a hundred for yours."

"It is too little, indeed, sir: that carriage cost three hundred dollars when it was new. It was in use a very short time. I allowed a hundred and forty dollars for it myself."

"Well, sir, I would not wish you to sell at a disadvantage, but if you like to accept of my offer I'll take it. I'm prepared to pay the cash down."

Mr. Allison did not reply for some minutes. He was undecided as to what was best.

"Forty dollars," said he to himself, "is a pretty heavy discount I am almost tempted to refuse his offer and trust to Hall's renewing the note. But suppose he wont, then I'm done for. I think, upon the whole, I had better accept it. I'll put it at one hundred and twenty-five my good friend," said he, addressing the customer.

"No sir, one hundred is all I shall give."

"Well, I suppose you must have it then, but indeed you have got a bargain."

"It is too bad," muttered Allison to himself as he left the bank after having paid his note. "There is just forty dollars thrown away. And why? Simply because those who are blessed with the means of discharging their debts promptly, neglect to do so."

"How did you make out to-day, George?" asked his wife as they sat at the tea-table that same evening.

"I met my note and that was all."

"Did you give your men anything?"

"Not a cent. I had but one dollar left after paying that. I was sorry for them, but I could not help them. I am afraid Robinson's family will suffer, for there has been sickness in his house almost constantly for the last twelvemonth. His wife, he told me the other day, had not been out of her bed for six weeks. Poor fellow! He looked quite dejected when I told him I had nothing for him."

At this moment the door bell rang, and a minute or two afterwards a young girl entered the room in which Mr. and Mrs. Allison were sitting. Before introducing her to our readers, we will conduct them to the interior of an obscure dwelling, situated near the outskirts of the city. The room is small and scantily furnished, and answers at once for parlor, dining room, and kitchen. Its occupants, Mrs. Perry and her daughter, have been, since the earliest dawn of day, intently occupied with their needles, barely allowing themselves time to partake of their frugal meal.

"Half past three o'clock ejaculated the daughter, her eyes glancing, as she spoke, at the clock on the mantlepiece.—"I am afraid we shall not get this work done in time for me to take it home before dark, mother."

"We must try hard, Laura, for you know we have not a cent in the house, and I told Mrs. Carr to come over to night and I would pay her what I owe her for washing. Poor thing! I would not like to disappoint her, for I know she needs it."

Nothing more was said for near twenty minutes, when Laura again broke the silence.

"Oh dear!" she exclaimed, "what a pain I have in my side." And for a moment she rested from her work and straitened herself in her chair to afford a slight relief from the uneasiness she experienced. "I wonder mother if I shall always be obliged to sit so steady?"

I hope not, my child; but bad as our situation is, there are hundreds worse off than we. Take Annie Carr, for instance—how would you like to exchange places with her?"

"Poor Annie! I was thinking of her a while ago, mother. How hard it must be for one so young, to be so afflicted as she is."

"And yet, Laura, she never complains; although for five years she has never left her bed, and has often suffered, I know, for want of proper nourishment."

I don't think she will suffer much longer mother. I stopped in to see her the other day, and I was astonished at the change which had taken place in a short time. Her conversation, too, seems so heavenly, her faith in the Lord so strong that I could not avoid coming to the conclusion that a few days more at the most, would terminate her wearisome life."

"It will be a happy release for her, indeed, my daughter. Still it will be a sore trial for her mother."

It was near six, when Mrs. Perry and her daughter finished the work upon which they were engaged.

Now Laura, dear," said the mother, "get back as soon as you can, for I don't like you to be out after night, and more than that, if Mrs. Carr comes she won't want to wait."

About twenty minutes after the young girl had gone, Mrs. Carr called. "Pray be seated, my dear friend," said Mrs. Perry, "my daughter has just gone to Mrs. Allison's with some work, and as soon as she returns I can pay you."

"I think I had better call over again, Mrs. Perry," answered the poor woman, "Mary begged me not to stay long."

"Is Annie any worse, then?"

"Oh! yes, a great deal; the doctor thinks she will hardly last till morning."

"Well, Mrs. Carr, death can be only gain to her."

"Very true; still, the idea of loosing her seems dreadful to me."

"How does Mary get on at Mrs. Owring's?"

"Not very well; she has been at work for her just one month to-day; and although she gave her to understand that her wages would be at least a dollar and a quarter a week, yet to-night when she settled with her, she wouldn't give her but three dollars, and at the same time told her that if she didn't choose to work for that she could go."

"What do you suppose was the reason for her acting so"

"I don't know, indeed, unless it is because she does not get there quite as early as the rest of her hands; for you see I am obliged to keep her a little while in the morning to help me to move Annie while I make her bed. Even that little sum, small as it was, would have been some help to us, but it had all to go for rent.—My landlord would take no denial. But I must go; you think I can depend on receiving your money to-night?"

"I do. Mrs. Allison is always prompt in paying for her work as soon as it is done. I will not trouble you to come again for it, Mrs. Carr. Laura shall bring it over to you."

Let us now turn to the young girl we see at Mr. Allison's, whom our readers no doubt recognize as Laura Perry.

"Good evening, Laura," said Mrs. Allison, as she entered the room, "not brought my work home already! I did not look for it till next week. You and your mother I am afraid confine yourselves too closely to your needles for your own good.—But you have not had your tea? sit up and take some."

"No, thank you Mrs. Allison; mother will be uneasy if I stay long."

"Well, Laura, I am sorry but I cannot settle with you to-night. Tell your mother Mr. Allison was disappointed in collecting to-day or she certainly should have had it. Did she say how much it was?"

"Two dollars, ma'am."

"Very well: I will try and let her have it next week."

The expression of Laura's countenance told too plainly the disappointment she felt. "I am afraid Mrs. Perry is in want of that money," remarked the husband after she had gone.

"Not the least doubt of it," replied his wife. She would not have sent home work at this hour if she had not been.—Poor things! who can tell the amount of suffering and wretchedness that is caused, by the rich neglecting to pay promptly."

"You come without money, Laura," said her mother, as she entered the house.

"How do you know that, mother," she replied forcing a smile.

"I read it in your countenance. Is it not so."

"It is: Mr. Allison was disappointed in collecting—what will we do mother?"

"The best we can my child. We will have to do without our beef for dinner to-morrow; but then we have plenty of bread; so we shall not starve."

"And I shall have to do without my new shoes. My old ones are too shabby to go to church in; so I shall have to stay at home."

"I am sorry for your disappointment, my child, but I care more for Mrs Carr, than I do for ourselves. She has been here, and is in a great deal of trouble.—The doctor don't think Annie will live till morning, and Mrs. Owrings has refused to give Mary more than three dollars for her month's work, every cent of which old Grimes took for rent. I told her she might depend on getting what I owed her, and that I would send you over with it when you returned. You had better go at once and tell her Laura, perhaps she may be able to get some elsewhere."

"How much is it mother?"

"Half a dollar."

"It seems hard that she can't get that small sum." With a heavy heart Laura entered Mrs. Carr's humble abode.

"Oh how glad I am that you have come! my dear," exclaimed the poor woman.—"Annie has been craving some ice cream all day: it's the only thing she seems to fancy. I told her she should have it as soon as you came."

Mrs. Carr's eyes filled with tears as Laura told of her ill success. "I care not for myself," she said, "but for that poor suffering child."

"Never mind me, mother," replied Annie, "it was selfish in me to want it, when I know how hard you and Mary are obliged to work for every cent you get. But I feel that I shall not bother you much longer; I have a strange feeling here now." And she placed her hand upon her left side.

"Stop!" cried Laura, "I'll try and get some ice cream for you Annie." And off she ran to her mother's dwelling. "Mother," said she as she entered the house, "do you recollect that half dollar father gave me the last time he went to sea?"

"Yes, dear."

"Well, I think I had better take it and pay Mrs. Carr. Annie is very bad and her mother says she has been wanting some ice cream all day."

"It is yours, Laura, do as you like about it."

"It goes hard with me to part with it, mother, for I had determined to keep it in remembrance of my father. It is just twelve years to day since he went away. But poor Annie—yes mother I will take it."

So saying Laura went to unlock the box which contained her treasure, but unfortunately her key was not where she had supposed it was. After a half hour's search she succeeded in finding it. Tears coursed down her cheeks like rain as she removed from the corner of the little box, where it had lain for so many years, this precious relic of a dear father, who in all probability was buried beneath the ocean. Dashing them hastily away, she started again for Mrs. Carr's. The ice cream was procured on the way, and just as the clock struck eight, she arrived at her door. One hour has elapsed since she left. But why does she linger on the threshold? Why but because the sounds of weeping and mourning have reached her ears, and she fears that all is over with her poor friend.—Her fears are indeed true, for the pure spirit of the young sufferer has taken its flight to that blest land where hunger and thirst are known no more. Poor Annie! thy last earthly wish a simple glass of ice cream, was denied thee—and why? We need not pause to answer: ye who have an abundance of this world's goods, think when ye are about to turn from your doors, the poor seamstress or washerwoman, or even those less destitute than they, without a just recompense for their labor, whether the sufferings and privations of some poor creatures will not be increased thereby.

NICOTINE.—This is the name of the deadly poison through the agency of which the recent murder of Fugnies in Belgium, by the Count Bocarme, was effected—We learn from Gailgnani's Paris Messenger that at a recent sitting of the French Academy of Medicine, a report on *Nicotine* was read by M. Orfila. This report, which confirms facts already known, contains many new observations of interest to chemists and medical jurisprudence, relative to the properties of the poison, and of its traces after death.

According to this document, nicotine was discovered in 1809, by Vauquelin; and is to be found in different kinds of nicotiana, in varoius proportions. Havana tobacco contains two per cent; that of the Nord, six; Virginia nearly seven, and that of Lot, eight Smokers by ihailing the fumes of tobacco, introduce into their system a certain quantity (though small) of poisonous matter. Pure nicotine has the appearance of an oily transparent liquid, of a pale yellow color, which, after exposure, turns to brown. It is very hot to the taste, and its acrid smell slightly resembles that of tobacco; but when volatilized by heat it throws out characteristic vapors; which are so oppressive that breathing becomes difficult in a room where a drop of the liquid has been spilled. As a poisonous substance nicotine possesses excessive power. In experiments made about ten years ago, in ten minutes M. Orfila killed many dogs, on the tongues of which he had applied five drops of this alkali; with twelve drops death insued in two minutes. But this powerful poison cannot escape the investigation of men of art. Pure nicotine (according to the conclusions of Messrs. Orfila and Stas) has certain characters by which it is detected as easily as a mineral poison. It can be discovered in the digestive channel, and its existence therein proved, though that channel contain but a few drops. And even when the poisonous substance has been absorbed—when it has passed into the other organs—it can still be discovered in those organs, and especially in the liver. M. Orfila has tried, on the liver of animals poisoned with twelve or fifteen drops of nicotine, two methods of chemical analysis, which, he describes, and he has invariably succeeded in procuring certain quantities of the poisons sought for.

M. Stas by making use of a third method on the body of Gustavus Fougnles, extracted nicotine from the tongue, the stomach, and liquid contained therein; he also found some in the liver and lungs. He moreover obtained it from the wood flooring of the dining room in which Gustave died, although that flooring had been washed with soap, oil, and warm water; and, in his learned investigation, the Belgium toxologist had received no indication from the judge d'instruction. Before he was informed that Bocarme had been making experiments relative to tobacco and nicotine, he had already found that the poison introduced into the body of the victim was neither sulphuric acid (as had been supposed) nor acetic acid, but either conicine or nicotine.

The progress which medical jurisconsults have made recently is so great that poisoning by morphyne, strychine, prussic acid, and other vegetable substances, hitherto regarded as inaccessible to our means of investigation, may now be detected and recognised in the most incontestible manner.

M. Orfila, in closing his notice, might well say: "After these results of judicial medical investigation, the public need be under no apprehension. No doubt intelligent and clever criminals, with a view to thwart the surgeons, will sometimes have recourse to very active poisons little known by the mass, and difficult of detection, but science is on the alert, and soon overcomes all difficulty penetrating into the utmost depths of our organs, it brings out the proof of the crime, and furnishes one of the greatest pieces of evidence against the guilty."

A DISCOVERY.—"Now I sees into it," said a country nigger the other day as he came out of a confectioner's laboratory.—"Sees into what?" said his little bow-legged companion. "How dey keeps de ice in de summah time." "How does dey keep it, den?" "Why, dey salts it up like fresh pork; didn't *you* see 'em do it?"—Laws a macy, I know'd dat long nuff ago!" responded the litule nigga; and the two philosophical investigators pattered along with a feeling of satisfaction known only to those who are in the successful pursuit of knowledge under difficulties.

ATTEMPT AT LYNCH LAW IN CINCINNATI.—*A Great Outrage.*—A few days since, a Mr. Warren, of Memphis, Tenn., having in his company a male slave, whom he had raised from childhood, arrived in this city and stopped at the Dennison House. The slave is a large, fine-looking man, well dressed, and, we are informed, enjoys perfect freedom at home, where he conducts a large barber shop.

Last evening, he, with an old acquaintance, visited the Dumas House, a hotel for colored people, on McAllister street, between Fourth and Fifth sts. He had not been there long before he was invited to a room in the upper part of the building.—Not suspecting any thing wrong, he went up stairs. He was taken into a room; and then informed that he was suspected of being a "southern spy," and that the boarders about the house had appointed a jury to investigate the charge. The door was fastened, and guards stationed on the outside to prevent interference with the proceedings of the "committee." He was told that he would be at liberty if the charge was not sustained, but if proven true, he would never inform on another fugitive slave.

The slave, by some means, conveyed information to his master, of what was going on. Mr. Warren called at the watch house, procured the services of Messrs. Bloom and Campbell, and proceeded to the hotel. The officers made their way to the room, but were there resisted and not allowed to enter. Most of the persons about the house were armed with pistols, and were loud in their threats. The committee not being able to sustain their charge, they voluntarily released their prisoner. We have no doubt, from all we can learn of the affair, that foul play was intended the slave, and if we are to believe all we hear, had the charge been sustained, he would have been lynched.—*Cincinnati Times.*

NARROW ESCAPE AT NIAGARA.—Thos. A. Logan, an estimable young lawyer of Cincinnati, son of the comedian, had a narrow escape for his life a few days ago at Niagara Falls. A young lady—a stranger to him, had ventured too far out on a projecting rock over the rapids above the cataract; she became giddy and screamed for help. Young Logan, who happened to be standing on the bank, flew to her rescue, and succeeded in getting her safely on shore—lost his own ballance and fell into the boiling surge. The young lady fainted, and the men on the bank were too much paralized to offer assistance. Luckily for Logan the water at the spot where he fell, formed a whirlpool; and carried him round several times. In one of his gyrations he seized a bush that overhung the water, and succeeded in extricating himself from his perilous position. Had he fallen a foot further out—beyond the edge of the whirlpool, no human aid could have prevented him from being carried over the frightful cataract.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

A THEFT OF A CHILD.—The Alleghany Enterprise tells us of a singular occurrence which took place a day or two since, at the house of Mr Collin, on the Franklin road about fourteen miles out. A young girl of genteel appearance, entered the house with an infant in her arms and asked for a drink, upon which Mrs. C., started for the spring for fresh water, leaving an infant of her own in the cradle. On her return, the stranger had very mysteriously departed, and in about an hour afterwards, she discovered to her horror and surprise, that her own child had been taken from the cradle, and a colored one left in its place. Nothing has been heard of them since.

NEW WAY TO EMANCIPATE SLAVES.—"I wish," said a Virginian to his brother, resident in Ohio, "to emancipate one hundred slaves." "I cannot do it," replied the brother; "the citizens of Ohio will not allow me to bring one hundred slaves among them to settle; but do you take them to Wheeling and there place them on a steamboat for Cincinnati, and speak of taking them to New Orleans; and while you are looking out for another boat, give the chance, and *the abolitionists will steal the whole of them* and run them off, and then celebrate a perfect triumph over them.—But if you take them to the same men, and ask them to receive and take care of them, they will tell you to take care of them yourself."

THE GALLEGO AND HAXALL.—The two fine vessels, named as above, to run as regular packets between Richmond and New York, have been received at Richmond, and a splendid entertainment given on board of them.—*Sun.* The Enquirer says:

"Their enthusiastic *inauguration*, on Wednesday afternoon, in the presence of the Governor of the State, the Mayor of our city, a large number of members of the State Convention, and a crowd of citizens, shews the high appreciation in which the success of this Virginia enterprise is hailed, and augurs well for its future prosperity and perfect triumph. The gentlemen connected with the enterprise are whole-souled men and patriotic and public-spirited citizens."

A small piece of paper or linen, just moistened with turpentine, and put into the wardrobe or drawers for a single day, two or three times a year, is a sufficient preservative against moths.

Why is a fat man like a kitten? Because he's a little pussy.

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