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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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The Easton Gazette.

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mar 6 J. H. GRACE.

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mar 27 PAYNTER & WROTH.

For the Easton Gazette.

SING TO ME.

Sing to me now the sunset glow
Is fading fast away,
And holy memories cluster thick
Around the parting day.

Sing to me in that low sweet tone
I long once more to hear;
And be the strain some sad refrain
To other moments dear:

Call back the old familiar air,
The honored household psalm,
't will fall upon my burdened heart
Like drops of healing balm.

O, let the tide of song o'erflow
This careworn breast of mine!
't will leave behind, for years to come,
Some peaceful trace of thine.

There was a voice—how like thy own!—
My inmost depths could move;
Long years have passed since first it joined
The seraph choir above.

It lull'd my infant cares to rest,
It thrilled my later day,
And through the world in weal or woe
It sings to me alway.

And often when the unbidden tear
Is traced by thee alone,
My heart is answering back again
A mother's love fraught tone.

* * * * * *
* * * * * *

Then sing to me, the evening shades
Around us gather fast,
A twilight calm as this may close
Life's troubled day at last! * * *

For the Easton Gazette.

THE STUDENT.

BY HARRY GRENVILLE.

Note the eagle upward soaring,
Till he's lost in ether blue,
So the toiling student poring
Many ponderous volume thro',
Struggling upward rises higher,—
To fame's temple ever nigher,—
Never wearied does he tire,—
Lives he on the word aspire.

As the wild bird darting onward,
O'er the wild and stormy wave,
So the student pressing vanward,
In learning's font his soul to lave,
Ever toiling never weary,
Tho' his life be dark and dreary.

As the zig-zag lambent lightning,
Darts its flame from tempest cloud,
So his hopes each moment bright'ning,
Like dreams of beauty round him crowd.

Onward in the path of fame,
Striving for a priceless name,
Ever musing still the same,
With thoughts that burn like tongues of flame

As the flying breezes singing,
Thro' the groves in wanton play,
So his thoughts are ever winging,
Brighter yet their upward way,
Always posing ever dreaming,
Learning's store forever gleaning.

As the sunset shadows throwing,
Golden gleams o'er turrets grey;
So his thoughts are purely glowing,
As the spirit leaves the clay:
Still he's musing tho' he's dying,
Longing still while deeply sighing
Shades of hope still o'er him flying,
With the pangs of death are vieing.

THRILLING ADVENTURE IN A GAMING ROOM.

It was in the Spring of 18—that I found myself gliding upon the waters of the mighty Mississipi, and bound for the Crescent City New Orleans.

With a single exception I found no travelling acquaintances on board the boat, although I had been two days upon my journey, which was becoming quite monotonous. The individual with whom I singularly enough, fraternized, seemed like myself, to have little inclination to extend his acquaintance among the passengers, though he continually seemed to be on the lookout for some one, and from the operations of two or three individuals, whose profuse display of vest chains and jewelry, and proficiency of cards at the table in the saloon, betrayed their profession, I more than once set him down as a police-detective in disguise. He called himself George Thorn, of Kentucky; so his card read, which he gave me in exchange for mine.—In truth he was a noble specimen of that State. Full six feet in height, a clear, intelligent blue eye, broad forehead, a light curly hair, muscular arm, and a chest of a Hercules, he challenged the admiration of more than one of the passengers, as with his serious and never smiling face he passed the promenade deck, or sat buried in thought in that saloon.

"Do you ever play cards?" said I to him, as he left a group that were standing about a table of four players and noting the progress of the game. I had frequently seen him invited, but he invariably like myself, refused to participate in the game.

"Oh yes," said he "but where is the use of playing here? those fellows (nodding toward the players) know every card in the pack by the backs, and they are trying to pluck some poor pigeon from among the passengers, but as yet, with indifferent success, beware of them, sir."

I thanked him for his friendly warning and at the same time expressed my astonishment at his affimation. To convince me he called the steward of the boat, and ordered him to bring a fresh pack of cards, which were brought and he handed the pack to me, bidding me shuffle them. I did so, when he immediately selected nearly every ace and king from the pack, without looking at the face of them. Next he dealt them in two parcels, when upon examination, I found that all the cards of real value in the game were in his hand, although I could not detect the least unfairness as he dealt them.

"You see," said he, smiling at my look of astonishment, "the advantages an expert in these matters has even over a skilful player."

"I do, indeed," I replied, astonished at my fellow-traveller's dexterity, and beginning to think that he might be a reformed gambler, or one playing the possum for some purpose or other, but as he did not urge or even invite me to play nor had he played with any one else, and threw the cards aside with an expression of disgust too natural to be assumed, I came to the conclusion that my travelling acquaintance was a riddle yet to be solved.

Early the next morning the boat arrived at New Orleans, and amid the hurry and bustle of disembarkation, I lost my friend, the Kentuckian, not seeing him to bid him adieu. The same evening however, after visiting the theatre, I was enjoying the cool air and the fragrance of a Havana, in the rotunda of the St. Charles Hotel, and conversing with a friend from the North, whom I had fortunately met; when whom should I encounter but my steamboat friend.

After the usual greeting our conversation turned upon our trip down the river, our fellow passengers &c., when my fellow traveller remarked it I would like to witness the interior of a gambling house or "hell," as it is sometimes more appropriately called, he would be pleased to show it to us as one of the sights or "lions" of the city. Never having witnessed anything of the kind, both I and my friend assented, and after a short walk found ourselves within the precincts of one of those glittering and gorgeously furnished establishments—vestibules to the infernal regions—where men were engaged in various games at hazard.

The interior of gambling houses has too frequently been described to need a repetition. The Faro Bank, with its crowd of betters—the *Rouge et Noir* table, with its anxious circle, and groups of players at other games of which I was ignorant of the name, were all busily engaged as we entered. We had passed through two apartments, and had reached a third, in which were but four players, playing in pairs at different tables. As we entered we sat at an unoccupied table for a moment, when we did so, we heard one of the two men nearest us say to his opponent:

"That's the last dollar, luck is yours, and I'm cleaned out."

"But you wear a good ring," said his opponent. "See! I give you a chance for revenge. I'll back my ring against your's on the next game. It's a ring I won at play from a Kentucky boy, who came to New Orleans to see the sights," said he carelessly.

How little did he know those words so lightly spoken had sealed his doom!

"No," said his opponent, rising, I'll meet you to-morrow night. I won't pledge my jewelry yet."

As the player who was sitting with his back partially towards us, mentioned Kentucky in his conversation, I saw Thorn listen with eagerness; and as he twisted the ring he offered to bet upon his finger, I saw the Kentuckian turn deadly pale.

His eyes glowed like fire for an instant, then his countenance assumed its usual calm and placid look, and to our amazement he rose and walked across the apartment to the player, who had just been left by his companion, and courteously proposed to try a hand with him, if agreeable, and if we his friends would excuse him for a short time. Of course we assented—so did the gambler, who appeared at first somewhat surprised at the proposition, but probably resolved to try his skill on the new comer.

The cards were dealt and the game proceeded. We were sufficiently near to see that the pieces of gold which constituted the first stake were won by our friend's opponent; so, also, was the second. The third stake Thorn gained, and thus they went on, alternately winning and losing, till at last Thorn carelessly said:

"That's a pretty ring you offered to bet awhile ago stranger. Will you sell it?"

"Well, as to that, said the other, 'it's pretty enough; and cost me enough, for a young fellow pledged it to me about three years ago, as a sort of note of hand, which he promised to redeem with five hundred dollars that he owed me—a debt of honor sir; but he never paid it, so I retain the ring. No, stranger, I guess I will not sell it."

"But the owner, you should have made him pay. Five hundred dollars is a dear price for such a bauble."

"Why, as to that," said the player, as he gathered up his cards for the next hand, "he couldn't come to time very well; for he paid the debt of nature as they say, the same night, and that canceled my obligation. Ah! the stake's mine, there's always luck in the ring, sir, I believe," said he, as he drew the money towards him.—"Suppose we try a large stake," and he prepared to shuffle the cards again.

"As you like," said Thorn.

"Well, what shall it be?" said his opponent, "any thing from one to five hundred;" and he threw a bank note of that denomination carelessly upon the table.

To our surprise, Thorn drew out a wallet from his pocket, and produced an equal amount, then sweeping the cards they had been using from the table to the floor, he called for a fresh pack; and as the attendant brought them, he passed them rapidly thro' his hands and gave them to his adversary, remarking to him, as he did so, to 'mind his deal this time,' fixing upon him a searching glance as he went through that operation. The game was known as bluff or poker, I know not which, but at any rate one in which the players bet on the cards they hold. Thorn and his opponent having glanced at the cards commenced the game.

"I'll go one hundred," said Thorn, commencing.

"Two hundred better than that!" said his opponent.

"Another hundred!" continued Thorn.

"H'in' m! three hundred better!" said the gambler, producing his notes.

"Three hundred more!" said Thorn quietly.

The game was getting exciting to us as spectators, three thousand dollars lay upon the table to be decided by the cards held by the players, each of whom seemed from his bets to be confident of success, though their countenances betrayed not the least emotion.

"One hundred more," said the gambler again.

"I call you," said Thorn.

"Ah! three kings and an ace!" said the sharper.

"Three aces and a king! said Thorn quietly, as he displayed his own cards, and with his eyes fixed steadily upon his opponent's, folded up the money.

"Fortune favors you," said the gambler, socially, too well schooled to betray any emotion or chagrin at the result.

"So it seems," said Thorn.

"But I hope to meet you again, sir, for I must have my revenge after so heavy a run of luck as this," said Thorn's opponent; "and I have no doubt your friends will join us in a social sit-down, for if you are as good at cracking a bottle, singing a song, or telling a story, as holding a hand at cards, those who are your friends are fortunate."

"I must confess," said Thorn, "that I am not of a convivial or musical turn, though I can occasionally tell a good story. I have a little history now sir, upon my tongue's end, that will be of uncommon interest to you."

"To me! Pray tell it sir," said the gamester, with a laugh. "It will be a good wind up to the evening's entertainment."

It was now past midnight;—absorbed in the excitement of the game, we had scarcely noticed the flight of time, or that the adjoining rooms were nearly deserted by their occupants at the other end of the apartment in which we were. The other players had finished their game long since, and been spectators of that between Thorn and his opponent.

"About three years since a young man in Kentucky, the confidential agent of a large business firm was entrusted with a sum of money, and commissioned to transact some business in New Orleans; it was his first visit to that city. He started happy, leaving behind him a young wife and a lovely infant. Unfortunately, upon one of the Mississippi boats, or immediately upon his arrival at New Orleans, he fell in with a "professional"—a man of play—you understand.

"By the management of the "professional," the young man was enticed to a 'hell,' induced to play, plied with wine, stripped of his money—in short to use a professional word, "plucked."

"Ha! ha! the old story," said the gambler—"the fate of all pigeons!"

"But I have not finished,—that which most interests you is yet to come.

"Indeed! go on."

"The young man was perfectly sobered at his loss; he returned to his hotel. Stung with remorse, and half crazy with excitement, he placed a pistol to his head and blew out his brains, leaving a tarnished reputation as an inheritance to his wife and infant child."

"But what is all this to me?" said the gambler, now pale as ashes beneath the flushing eye of the speaker. "Is it a moral lesson you're about to read here, or a sermon you have to preach?"

"What is it to you?" continued Thorn, his voice quivering with excitement. Ah! I'll tell you what it is to you. This meeting of you and I to-night, which for three long years I have sought, is not mere chance. The hand of heaven is in it. 'Twas three years ago this very night—aye, this very hour!" said he, glancing at his watch, "that the young man I spoke of rushed madly into eternity—not by his own hand—but his opponent at the card table, is he that should account for the deed of blood. The amount of money he lost is just the amount I have this night won from you, *that very ring upon your finger is his*—I AM HIS BROTHER, AND YOU ARE HIS ASSASSIN!"

Thorn pronounced these words in a clear ringing voice: and, as he concluded, brought his hand with a blow upon the table at which they were sitting, which was instantly overturned, as he and his opponent started simultaneously to their feet. They were scarcely six paces apart, springing from their chairs, and both drew their weapons as they rose. "Die liar" shouted the gambler, discharging his weapon the moment he gained his feet. The bullet ripped open Thorn's waist coat, and his watch flew into fragments from his pocket dangling by his chain, at the same moment his arm, slowly rising, became rigid as that of a statue—the pistol he held exploded, and the gambler fell back a corpse upon the carpet. This all passed so suddenly ere we could interfere that we stood as almost paralyzed for an instant—the servants alarmed by the noise and the police came rushing into the apartment. Thorn quietly surrendered himself, merely turning to us and the other two who were in the room saying as he did so: Gentlemen bear witness that I fired in self-defence, and that I received the villain's first shot here," and he pointed to his shattered watch with a smile, and turning, left the room with the officers.

He was tried and acquitted as it was clearly proved that his adversary fired upon him first. The fact that the gambler was a notorious rascal, whom the community could well afford to spare might have had influence with the jury. I have not met Thorn since, but the recollection of that fearful scene is yet fresh and vivid in my mind though many years have passed since it was enacted.

"If I'm not at home from the party to-night at ten o'clock," said a husband to his better half," dont wait for me."

"That I won't," said the lady significantly, "I won't wait, but I'll come for you."

He returned at ten precisely.

"I cannot conceive, my love, what's the matter with my watch; I think it must want cleaning," was the exclamation of an indulgent husband to his better half, the other day.

"No, pa," said his better little daughter I know it dont want cleaning, because baby and I washed it in the basin, ever so long, this morning."

"Will you give me them pennies now?" said a big newsboy to a little one, after giving him a severe thumping. "No, I won't exclaimed the little one. "Then I'll give you another pounding!" "Pound away. Me and Dr. Franklin agree: Dr. Franklin says, "Take care of the pence, and the pound will take care of themselves."

[From the Louisville Journal.]

AMERICANS, TO THE RESCUE.

Amidst the deep and foreboding gloom that has overcast our political horizon, there is much to cheer the hearts and revive the courage and fire anew the zeal of the American party. Since its first organization there has been no time when its necessity was more apparent, when its pure patriotism shone with more undimmed lustre, or when the successful establishment of its principles has been more imperatively demanded, as the only and last hope for the preservation of the union or the States and the liberties of the people, than at the present moment. The gathering of the storm-cloud whose fury now blackens around our ship of State and threatens its destruction was sadly but truly foretold by the advocates of American principles; but the people then heeded not the warning. Blinded by sectional prejudices and misled by the siren voice of faction and deluded by the false but glitering promises of selfish and ambitious demagogues, they turned a deaf ear to the wise counsels of the American party, and patriotism of the principles which it advocates. They permitted themselves to be divided upon a miserable sectional issue from which neither the South nor the North could derive anything but confusion and disaster, and which was adroitly introduced by designing demagogues to distract the opposition and to give the controls of the governmental patronage for another Presidential term into the hands of an army of unscrupulous spoilsmen.

The nation has now begun to experience the sad consequences of this result. The people have begun to realize the folly of their conduct. Grasping after shadows, they have nearly lost the substance. Beguiled by delusive hopes of sectional advantage, they failed to perceive that the union itself was in danger, until now, almost paralyzed with terror, they behold it tottering upon the verge of an abyss which threatens to engulf in one fatal doom all that is valuable to the North or the South and to involve in present destruction the rights and liberties of the people of both sections. The suppression of the sovereignty of the States has been gravely recomended by the Chief Executive of the nation.—The consolidation of power in the hands of the Federal authorities to an extent unequalled in the most absolute despotism on the face of the earth has been brought forward as a party measure by the leaders of the Democratic party.

The abrogation of constitutional liberty and the recognition of the tyrannical absoluteness of the party in power are urged as a cardinal principle of Democracy. The doctrine of popular sovereignty, upon which rests the whole theory of our free institution is attempted to be overthrown. All the vast patronage of the Federal Executive is perverted to the establishment of a most powerful and despotic monarchy upon the soil consecrated to freedom by the blood of the Revolution. Foreign influence, the germ of all these terrible evils, and against which the American party in vain invoked the solemn warnings of our patriot fathers has been permitted to grow and spread abroad its Upas branches until its fatal shadows darkens the whole land. The integrity of the Union, the sheet-anchor of our national prosperity is seriously menaced; and all the horrors of an internecine civil war are momentarily expected to be precipitated upon our country.

Such is the fearful energy in which the American party is called upon to manifest anew its most unselfish patriotism, to exert its most determined efforts, and to concentrate all its great energies to save the country from the terrible evils by which it is threatened, and to protect and preserve the rights of the States, the integrity of the Union, and the liberties of the people by the successful establishment of American principles. It is a task worthy of the heroic devotion of patriots. It is an undertaking equalled only in its glorious greatness by the revolution which gave birth to our national freedom. It is in the power of the American party, and only of that party, to achieve this splended act of patriotism.

The democratic party, besides being torn and distracted by internal dissensions, is the miserable agent by which these terrible wrongs are threatened to be inflicted upon the country. The Republican party, at best "the growth of a sudden emergency," the mere expression of sectional fanaticism is rapidly approaching dissolution. Its purposes are effected and its occupation is gone. It devolves upon the American party, and upon it alone, at this dangerous crisis to press forward boldly determinedly and triumphantly to the rescue of our imperriled country.

It is no time now for hesitation or for lethargy among the friends of American principles. They are approved in the hearts of the masses of the people every where. Their truth and patriotism and the necessity for their establishment are acknowledged by the conservative and Union loving men of all parties. All that is necessary now to insure their success is the perfect, seperate and distinct organization of the American party in every State and county and precinct in the confederacy, and a zealous determination to battle manfully and heroically for these principles in every election, however unimportant until a glorious victory shall be won for our cause and our country in the national contest of 1860.

We have never in our lives been so deeply impressed with a sense of the importance and necessity of the earnest, active, and untiring exertions of the friends of American principles as at the present moment Let them now prepare, and at once, to put forth all their energies, to exert all their influence, and to win the victory in every contest, local, State, and national.—The rosy dawn of success is already blushing upon them. Tens and hundreds of thousands of their countrymen, who have hitherto stood aloof from them, are ready, and waiting for their signal to rally around their standard and swell their victorious ranks.

Now is the time for action. Now is the time for the exercise of that zeal by which only patriots are animated. Let our American friends everywhere remember that the country now calls upon them to do their duty. Let them recall the solemn warnings of the patriot founders of our Republic. Let them regard the pure patriotism, the unalimmed brightness of their principles.—Let their council fires be plighted in every valley and upon every hill-side throughout the land, and let their hosts be gathered to march forward to victory, shoulder to shoulder, and side by side, as did the men of '76, at the call of a distressed nation, "Americans, to the rescue!"

For ourselves, we shall not fail to do our duty and our whole duty. Whatever of energy, whatever of industry, whatever of zeal, whatever of devotion we may have given in the past to the promotion of the American cause shall be excited by our efforts in this emergency. We are convinced that the safety of the country now rests only upon the success of the American party. We believe conscientiously that the destiny of the nation will be finally and forever decided by the success or failure of American principles in the contest that is already begun, and, as a religious and patriotic duty that every lover of his country should conscientiously perform, we shall devote every aspiration of our souls, every feeling of our hearts, and every energy of our bodies to the promotion of the success of this, the only national Union party.

We feel that in such a cause we have a right to call upon our friends everywhere to strengthen our hands and to aid our efforts not only by their kind approval but by their actual assistance. We depend upon them to afford us an opportunity to extend the sphere of our influence. We would gladly be enabled to spread the light of American principles in every hamlet and by every fireside in the land. We hope through the efforts of our American friends, by an increase of our circulation, to speak to a thousand intelligent readers where we now appeal to one. It is in the power of our friends to do this, and we rely upon their kind efforts that it shall be done without delay.

We know that the American principles need only be known to win the approbation and the support of honest and unprejudiced citizens, and we are sure that when Democracy and Republicanism are truly portrayed they will be repudiated by all who are not blinded to the truth by a despicable share of the public spoils. We believe that if our circulation were ten times increased we should be able to make an hundred times more converts to the true American cause, and if each one of our friends will exert himself in his own immediate sphere of action to afford us his opportunity, the influence of our efforts in behalf of American principles, in behalf of our country, and in behalf of the liberties of our countrymen will surely be made effective in the great contest in which we are all engaged.

New York Correspondence.

NEW YORK, April 2, 1858.

Business is looking up a little this week; the country trade is coming in here to some extent and will be down in crowds as soon as navigation opens. The markets however are not sustained for most descriptions of merchandise—stocks are lower as the re-action from the late speculative movement necessitated. The sales of goods at auction are still unprecedently large. This week, moreover, the three steamships of Collins line were "slaughered" at auction, bringing about one hundreth part of their value, but were probably bought in by the late owners. The experiment of an opposition mail line seems to have utterly failed. The extra expense incurred, however, is mostly owing to the tremendous rate of speed at which these steamships are driven, the last extra three miles an hour costing double the quantity of feel to attain, beside the wear of machinery which is much greater than when running at ordinary times.—The famous Capt. Nye, of this line formerly, is now residing in a magnificent suburban villa on the hill-verges of New Jersey. Among the natives he goes by the name of the "navigator." A plank road leads down hill from his house to the Newark depot, and down this road the captain velocitates every day in a one horse buggy at a pace which starts the planks and admonishes every quiet Jersey wagon to clear the road or risk the neck of its driver. The Capt. drives as he was wont to drive his steamer, and by natural consequence, his consumption of horse flesh per annum is enormous.

The religious meetings still keep up their numbers and the interest appears to be rather on the increase. Burton's Theatre has become an amazingly popular place of resort. These meetings tend to diminish the patronage of public amusements as merchants have got in a way of taking their country customers to the prayer meeting instead of the theatre. It is just as well for the country customer who in reality treats himself on these accasions, though the city merchants cashes the bills.

The number of four cent nouvellette papers which have been started lately, causing the success of Mr. Bonner's Ledger, is significant of the power of advertising when conducted on a liberal scale. But Mr. Bonner has the start of all his competitors and none will now be able to play the same game with equal success. The number of new papers proves that there is plenty of capital seeking investment in that way.

New buildings are going up very fast in the centre of the city, and property is rapidly increasing in value in the vicinity of the Hall. Offices in the new Times building opposite the Park bring higher rents, than in Trinity building which was formerly considered so eligible a location.

RIVINGTON.