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BY
WILLIAM H. COUNCELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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The Easton Gazette.

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For the Easton Gazette.

MUSINGS.

On noiseless plumes the swift-wing'd hours,
Unheeded fly,
The wintry blast with dreary pow'r,
Goes wailing by.

It is night's silent, solemn noon!
Alone I sit,
And watch the clouds that o'er the moon,
Like spectres flit.

And sadly muse on days and years,
Long pass'd away,
On hopes and friends consign'd to tears,
And sad decay.

Mem'ry unlocks her hidden cell,
And scenes long past,
Obedient to her mystic spell,
Come thronging fast.

The friends who shar'd my gleeful hours,
By wood and stream,
The song of birds, the scent of flow'rs
Around me seem.

And loving glance, and gentle word,
My spirit thrill,
Though years have fled, since seen and heard,
Remember'd still.

Where are the friends of earlier years,
The young, the gay?
Who shar'd in Childhood's smiles and tears,
Say where are they?

A few now rove in distant climes,
From home away,
And some are sadly chang'd by time,
Who near me stay.

The shadows of the grave now rest,
On many a brow,
With folded hands upon their breast.
They slumber now.

With earnest, loving faith, they trod,
The narrow way,
In peace with all mankind, and God,
They pass'd away.

As strangers here, no more they roam,
Unknown, forgot;
They found in Heav'n a glorious home,
A happy lot.

Beside Life's River, now they walk,
In garments white,
And in God's presence ever dwell,
In endless light.

Easton, Md. ROSE.

[Correspondence of the Easton Gazette.]

PANHANDLE POINT, Apr. 14, 1858.

Lex Keyser to his Aunt Betsey:

My Dear Aunt: As I live near *Bunktown*, and as Uncle Barney has one correspondent from that place, in the person of cousin Joe Dobbins, I thought I would take advantage of a few leisure moments and write you a letter. You know I am not much of a hand at writing, and therefore I hope you will "look over" all errors, and recollect that it comes from your dear nephew Lex.

In reading the "papers," I chanced to come across two letters, written by Cousin Joe to Uncle Barney, and as those letters were conveyed to him through the medium of "the press," and feeling confident that you "take the papers," I think it best for me to write by the way of the press.

In his first letter he says, "as you are aware, for some time I have been 'bobbing around,' in this pleasant village," &c.—Now I know that Cousin Joe has been living in Bunktown as long, if not longer than I have, but I will let this pass without comment. In enumerating the various clubs in Bunktown, he names the following: The "horse club, the hog and chicken club, and the pickwickean reading club." Now, as I live very near to Bunktown, I happen to know which of these societies he is a member of, and I will tell you, for I want you to know of what sort of metal he is made:

In the first place he was once a member of the "miscellaneous meddling society," but some how or other they bore down on him pretty heavily and he withdrew, which he supposed a sufficient cause for him to come down "like a thousand of brick," and caused them to "draw" the "old arm chair," and adjourn *sine die*. You know it is an old adage that "the deserter is the bitterest foe," and I think it is so in the case of Cousin Joe.

He is half a member of the "horse club," I think, for if I am not mistaken, I heard him tell another half jockey he would give him *an even dig* for his horse. However, I think he had better keep quiet on the subject of horse trading, lest he should have to move his quarters from the cozy little apartment which he occupies for his business transactions, and go back to the room he formerly occupied in the "smoking apartment." If I mistake not, he never mentioned in either letter to Uncle Barney any thing about the "smoking club." Not long since, it died out of existence. I tell you the way they *puffed* and *blowed* in that little apartment was a caution to Dave Crockett. You could go there most any time in the day and find Major Honeyfuggle with his feet cocked up on his desk, looking over his morning papers, while the smoke curled up from his mouth like a "smoky chimney." Cousin Joe once occupied a part of that room, but had to leave on account of the "noise and confusion," occasioned by the trying of cases before "Judge Claxton's Court," which was held in the same room which he occupied, and the constant din and clatter raised by the boys of Major Honeyfuggle, when there was not the least necessity for so doing.—So he moved out, and went a little farther down South, which is a much better place for a man in his business, it being more public, and in a more business part of the town, where he can see "the fashions" and criticize them more fully.

But pardon me for wandering so far from my subject. I beleive I was writing about the clubs of which he is a member. "The Chicken Club" comes next, but I will not take that up. The "Pickwickian Reading Club," which he mentions, is the "Y. M. C. A., L. and R. R." This is yet a young association, but bids fair to outstrip every other "club" in Bunktown, in doing good, and spreading light in the dark corners of the aforesaid town. I sincerely wish them a "God speed," and hope they will follow Him from whom their name first descended.

He says "they talk of forming a disappointed office-seeker's club." I think that should be done for his sake alone. You know the guilty one is among the first to cry out, "stop thief." Well, some how or other, I think this is the way with Cousin Joe; but do not think I mean to apply the term "thief" to Cousin Joe, for a more honest hearted fellow I do not know; but last year, I believe he had an idea that he ought to be one of the "Court House Clique," but in this he was disappointed. When the ballots were cast, (for nomination) he was "no where." I think he was a little tried at not being nominated, and for some time afterwards you could not draw a political talk out of him. The reason I wish them to form a club of this kind is that he may have a share in the "loaves and fishes," to which he is so justly entitled.

Now for his second letter: His notice of the "Rantanraves" I will pass by unnoticed. I confess I was somewhat surprised that a man professing the principles that Cousin Joe professes should be caught in such a place as an "under-ground Diving-Bell." But I will not reprimand him, for he is easily led by curiosity, into such places.

But I am sorry that he has carried his letter into the different churches. Why Aunt Betsey, he is himself a member of the "Big Brick Church," in Bunktown, and it does seem strange to me that he should talk so about *note singing*, as he sometimes calls it. Why, he was once, if I mistake not, a member of a choir. He says he is not much of a judge of music. Now Aunt you know he is a great man in time of a revival, and generally leads the forces in the singing line, and truly he is a *great help* in *the time of need*. He says also, that he cannot refrain from expressing the great delight he experiences from attenting the exhibition. Well, now, when I come to recollect, I do see him, during the time occupied by the choir in singing a hymn of praise to Almighty God, looking all around the Church, smiling at both corners of his mouth, and trying to catch the eye of his sundry other *old fogies*. If he does not succeed, a heavy, dark frown, if not over the spirit of his dreams, comes over his face, and he is obliged at last, to sit quietly and listen to the Gospel of the Son of peace. I believe, Aunt, it is because he cannot take the lead in "note singing," as he calls it, for he is very ambitious indeed.

Truly your devoted Nephew,
LEX KEYSER.

For the Easton Gazette.

MUTABILITY.

BY HARRY GRENVILLE.

"We are as clouds that veil the midnight moon,
How restlessly they shoot and gleam and quiver,
Streaking the darkness radiantly, yet soon
Night closes 'round, and they are lost forever."

In truthful poesy does this quotation from a child of genius and of song picture forth our destiny. To "shoot, and gleam and quiver" awhile amid this earthly scene and then to die—to spring from time into eternity's endless, boundless space. To "streak the darkness radiantly" for the few short, fleeting moments our life commands, and then to be as beings that never were. With restless flight to speed across life's "desert waste" like comets through the heaven's boundless arch, and then to lie a cold and lifeless corpse neath the sod of mother earth, while the tireless spirit that nerved the frame to endurance has flown into eternity to receive its reward or punishment.

Decay, is written on the verdure of the field, is seen in the perishing foliage, and heard in the fall of the oaks of the forest when they succumb to age and the tempest's power. *Change*, is engraved on the face of all nature in unmistakable characters, so that "even he who runs may read." 'Tis heard in the roar of the tempest as it tosses ocean's waters in wild confusion, and in play of wanton power overthrows whole forests in its path. 'Tis breathed forth in the sighing zephyr as it flutters the jessamine leaves and kisses the forehead of youthful innocence and purity with gentle touch, as it scatters the petals of the full grown rose in sportive mirth and softly lifts the twining curls from round the temples of the youthful maiden. Change! change! is murmured in the rippling of the mountain stream, let, as it winding creeps along tinkling o'er its pebbly bed, its waters kissing lovingly the green banks with flowers gemmed that bind its course; and the dirge swells forth in trumpet tones when the foam crested billows of old oceans restless waters dash with ponderous, mighty force, upon the rock-bound shores that stay their onward roll. Change! comes roaring up from Etna's cavernous mouth, borne along upon the lava's fiery stream as it winds its devastating road o'er natures plains around. Change! is heard swelling in hoarse accents from out the bowels of the earth, when the hollow mutterings—like those of tortured demons—foretell the earthquake's awful coming. The rushing waters sing its chaunt, when swelling higher, deeper, they burst the barriers that confine their waves, and with resistless might o'erflow towns, cities and fertile fields, scattering death and ruin in their path. It glares forth in the lightnings flash as it darts its forked tongues fraught with destruction, from the lowering cloud to its destined object. Everywhere 'tis seen and heard—our destiny it is—*mutatis mutandis*.

Decay, is written on the cheek of the consumptive and sparkles in the hectic flush that so often marks the features of lovely innocence. 'Tis seen in the sunken eye of the weary, nerveless one; on the pallid brow of the struggling student it appears conspicuous, 'tis seen in the languid frame, the quivering nerve, the bowed head, and the faltering steps of age; and speaks with warning tones in the flushed cheek of the debauchee, as with a hand once firm and powerful, now naught but a bunch of shattered nerves he tremblingly raises the sparkling venom to his quivering lips 'Tis seen in all animated nature, and the vegetable kingdom,

"The flower that blooms to-day
To-morrow dies
All that we wish to stay
Tempts and then flies."

'Tis a law of nature framed by nature's God, fixed and immutable as are the pearly gates of Paradise. 'Tis true we all must die,—must change; but it is not a source of regret or complaining, for if we are removed from a limited sphere we are transplanted to an unlimited one. The same act that closes the page of time to our vision opens to us the volume of eternity.—The same decree that removes us from an earthly scene of usefulness if we live rightly, righteously and justly opes to us a glorious future world, where naught of earthly ills or jarring strifes is permitted to intrude to mar the calm and serenity that fills Heaven's boundless kingdom. If we leave behind friends and relatives both near and dear, we arise to fellowship with angels and seraphs, and hold communion with God himself. Though friends depart and leave us sorrowing for their loved companionship, we should not mourn as those refusing to be comforted, for—

"Were this frail world our final rest,
Living or dying none were blest."

Though revelling in all the joys and pleasures this world can afford, still Heaven's joys and the pleasures of Paradise are infinitely more desirable—

"Go wing thy flight from star to star
From world to luminous world as far
As the universe spreads her flaming wall
Take all the pleasures of all the spheres
And multiply each through endless years
ONE MINUTE OF HEAVEN IS WORTH THEM ALL."

To a contemplative mind glowing with love for nature and natures creating deity, the theme is a beautiful and instructive one upon which the heart feeds and the soul loves to dwell—for even in decay when change and mutability prevail, nature's aspect is one of loviness and grandeur. The forest leaves as if conscious of their approaching dissolution and seperation from the parent bough don their most brilliant garb and challenge the admiration of the beholder. The fading flowers exhale their sweetest odor on the eve of their decay and death. And man's spirit when enlightened by religion's holy lamp, shows purer, stronger, nobler on the death bed, while the pulsations of the heart are fast lessening, and the breath weakening. The sun shines the brightest preceding his departure for the day, and the christian wields the greatest influence in his dying hour, when his confident soul testifies its desire to be at rest with its maker and struggles to be free.

KENTUCK AND THE FIDDLER.—On board the steamer Indiana, on one of her trips down the Mississippi, were a large number of good natured passengers. They were seeking to while away the hours according to their several notions of pleasure, and would have got on very well, but for one annoyance. There happened to be on board a Hoosier from the Wabash, who was going down to Orleans, and he had provided himself with an old fiddle, fancying that he could fiddle as well as the best man, and placing himself where he would attract notice scraped away. The fellow couldn't play any more than a setting hen, and the horrible noise disturbed his fellow passengers. A Frenchman of very delicate nerves, and a fine musical ear, was especially annoyed. He fluttered, figited and swore at the fiddle. The passengers tried various expedients to rid themselves of the Hoosier and his fiddle. It was no go—"He would music just as long as he pleased." At last a big Kentuckian sprang from his seat, saying, "I reckon I'll fix him," and placing himself by *soi-distant* fiddler he commenced by braying with all his might. The effect of this move was beyond all description. Old Kentuck brayed so loud that he drowned the screeehings of the fiddle, and amid the shoutings of the passengers the discomfited Hoosier retreated below leaving the victory to the unequal contest with the Kentuckian and his singular impromptu imitation of Balaam's friend. The delight of the Frenchman knew no bounds, and quiet was restored for the day. During the night the Kentuckian left the boat.—The next morning, after breakfast, the passengers were startled by the discordant sound of their old tormenter. Hoosier had discovered that the coast was clear, and was bound to revenge himself on the passengers. Loud and worse than ever screamed the fiddle. The Frenchman—just seated to read his paper—on the first sound rose and looked anxious around, shrugged his shoulders, and shouted, "Vare is he? Vare is he? Quick! quick! quick! *Mon Dieu!* Vare is Monsieur Kentuck, de man vat play on the jackase."

GOOD REASONS.

Mr. Brandytoddy's three reasons for not drinking are very characteristic of that gentleman:

"Take something to drink?" said his friend to him one day.

"No, thank you," replied Mr. B.

"No, why not?" inquired his friend in great amazement.

In the first place, returned Mr. Brandytoddy, I am Secretary of a Temperance Society that is to meet to day, and I must preserve my temperance character. In the second place, this is the anniversary of my father's death, and out of respect to him I have promised never to drink on this day. And in the third place, I have just taken something.

CURIOUS.—The following will be read with interest by the curious in such matters:

Man grows for 20 years, and lives 90 or 100; horse grows for 5 years, and lives 25; ox grows for 4 years, and lives for 20; cat grows for 1¼ years, and lives for 10; dog grows for 2 years, and lives for 12; lion grows for four years, and lives for 20: camel grows for three years, and lives for 20.

You can't get along in the world with a homely wife. She'll spend half her time in looking in the glass, and turn, and twist vexed, with her own ugliness, and then she'll go right off and spank the baby.

A RACE WITH A WIDOW.

Merciful Jehosophat and big onions, what a time I've had with that widder. We chartered an omnibus for two, on Christmas, and started:

"Widder," said I, "where shall we go to?" She blushed, and said she didn't like to say. I told her she must say.

"Vell, Jehuel, if you insist upon it, and I am to have my choice, I'd rather go to church."

"What for, widder?" said I.

"Oh, Jehuel, how can you ask me?"

"Cause I want to know," said I.

"Well, (blushing redder than a beet,) it is such cold weather now, and the nights are so awful cold, and—oh, Jehuel I can't stand it!"

"Oh, pshaw, widder, spit it out; what do you mean?"

The widder riled, she biled right over, like a quart of milk on the fire, and burst out with—

"If you can't understand me, you're a heartless brute, so you are."

"Hold your horses!" said I. "What's all this about? I'm not a brute, nor never was; and if a man had called me that I'd boot him sure.

And then I biled right over, and unbuttoned my coat collar to keep me from bustin' off my buttons. The widder saw I was going to explode, or else collapse my windpipe, and she flung her arms around my neck, put her lips to mine, and cooled right down.

"Jehuel, dear!" said she, in an insinivatin' way, and a voice as sweet as a hand organ, "Jehuel, honey, I wanted to go to church to get mar—no I can't say it all you finish the word, Jehuel, sweet!"

"What word, marm?"

"Oh, you stupid; Jehuel, dear I mean the word married, love."

"Married, widder!" said I; "did you mean that?"

"Indeed I did, Jehuel, love!"

"Look here, marm, my name isn't Jehuel Love, nor Jehuel Dear, nor Jehuel Sweet, I'd have you to know; and I won't get married to anybody but ope, and you are not the she."

Oh, pewter pennies, but didn't she rave! She made one dash at me, and I dodged, and she went butt up against the upper end of the omnibus. Crack went her comb, and smash went that bran new bonnet that I didn't buy for her, and down she went with her head in the straw. But in a moment she rose again and made one more dash at me. I dropped—she went over me and butted the door of the omnibus. The strap broke and out she went—her gaiter boots higher than her head as she struck the pavement.

"Drive on!" I yelled to the driver.

"Woman overboard!" cried a passing sailor.

"Stop that White Coat—breach of promise—reward—Herald—publish," shrieked the widder in tones of mortal agony while tears of blood streamed from her beautiful pug nose.

"Drive on! drive on!" I shrieked.

"Where to?" asked the driver.

"To the devil—to Harlem—to Macomb's Dam, anywhere, so we escape matrimony and the widder."

He started, so did the widder, and then we had it up the avenue, the buss having the start of about a hundred yards. Foot by foot the widder gained. Thinks I, Jehuel, you are a goner. So first I hove overboard the straw.

Still she gained on me. Then overboard went the cushions. But still she gained.

"More steam, driver, for mercy's sake!" yelled I.

"We are going faster than the law allows now," he answered. "Thirteen miles an hour."

Jehosophat how the widder run; she hove off her bonnet and came up hand over hand. A thought struck me; and so I off with my white coat and flung it right down in her path. She sprang on like a she panther, and tore it to pieces. Oh, how they flew. I wept to see it go, but life is sweeter than a coat, and my tailor is making me a new one. Here we gained full two hundred yards, but on she came again. Once more I could see the green in her eyes—merciful Moses, how I felt.

"Driver," said I, "kill them horses or get another mile out of them.

"Will you pay for 'em?" he said.

"Yes, yes," said I, "only save me from the widder."

By cracky we did slide; the widder no longer gained, but she held her own beautifully. Thus we had it—out past the Red House—through Harlom where Capt. Graham with three mounted policemen in vain attempted to catch us, he probably supposing that we were running away with some bank fund.

My only hope was in reaching Degroot's ahead of her, for I knew they would hide me. We were on the bridge, and oh, Moses, the draw was up, and a sloop going through!

"Driver," said I, "jump that bridge and I'll make your fortune for life, as sure as you're born.

"I'll do it or die!" he cried. The widder jumped after us, fell into the Harlem river, and hasn't been heard of since.

HOME.—"This is my home!" cried a little one, a treasured boy of four summers, as fresh and rosy he came in from school, at the close of a short winter afternoon.

"Indeed, little Willie," said his mother's visitor, "how is it? Suppose you go out on the sidewalk and try the next door; suppose you step into the entry, throw off your little sack as you have here, and proceed to the parlor—wouldn't that be your home?"

"No, indeed," said Willie, 'that wouldn't be it."

"But tell me why not?"

Willie had never thought of this. He paused for a moment, then directing his eyes to where his mother sat quietly, sewing, he replied with an earnest gesture—"*She lives here.*"

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

On the 13th of April, 1818, the present flag of the United States was hoisted for the first time over the Hall of the House of Representatives. This day is consequently the fortieth anniversary of the flag, as adopted and established by an act of Congress approved April 4th, 1818. It was designed by Captain Sam. C. Reid, who in 1814, when in command of the privateer General Armstrong, fought with a British fleet the most brilliant naval engagement to be found on record. Having thus sustained the honor of his country's escutcheon, no one could have been found more worthy of being the author of the flag which now floats over the Union.

Previous to the adoption of the present flag by Congress, the number of stripes in the old flag had been increased to eighteen, according to the number of States admitted into the Union, thus destroying the beauty and perspicuity of the flag; and, while this order was preserved in some, others contained but nine stripes, as fancy dictated.—On the admission of Indiana into the Union in 1817, Mr. Peter H. Wendover, of New York, offered a resolution "that a committee be appointed to inquire into the expediency of altering the flag of the United States." A committee was appointed who reported a bill on the 2d January, 1857 but was not acted upon. While the committee had the matter under consideration, Mr Wendover called on Captain Reid, who was in Washington at the time, and requested him to form a design of our flag so as to represent the States without destroying its distinctive character, as the committee were about to increase the stars and stripes to the whole number of States. Captain Reid recommended that the stripes be reduced to the original number of thirteen States, and to form the number of Stars representing the whole number of States into one great star in the Union, adding one star for every new State, thus giving the significant meaning to the flag, symbolically expressed, of "E Pluribus Unum." This design of Captain Reid's was adobted in committee, but did not pass until the next Congress, in 1818.—*Wash. Union.*

A REMARKABLE PROPHECY.—A correspondent has kindly furnished us with the following, commonly known as "Merlin's Prophecy of the American Revolution." It was written over a thousand years ago, and certainly foretold the success of the American struggle for freedom, although some British antiquarians endeavored to construe it as if prophecying the perpetual duration of the British kingdom:

When the *Savage* is meek and mild,
The frantic *Mother* shall stab her child,

When the *Cock* shall woo the *Dove*,
The *Mother* the *Child* shall cease to love.

When men like moles work under ground,
The *Lion* a *Virgin* tree shall wound.

When the *Dove* and *Cock* the *Lion* shall fight,
The *Lion* shall crouch beneath their might.

When the *Cock* shall guard the *Eagle's* nest,
The *Stars* shall rise all in the West.

When *Ships* above the clouds shall sail,
The *Lion's* strength shall surely fail.

When *Neptune's* back with *stripes* is red,
The sickly *Lion* shall hide his head.

When *seven* and *six* shall make but *one*,
The *Lion's* might shall be undone.

The latest interpretation of this ancient prophecy is as follows:

The first line refers to the settlement of America by a civilized race. The Mother is Britain—America feels the wound received from her.

Second couplet—the Cock is France, the Dove is America—Columbia. Their union shall be the signal for America to cease loving Britain.

ADVERTISING A HUSBAND.—A Mrs. Smith of Elmira, N. Y., having lost her husband, advertises him as follows:

LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN.—An individual whom I, in an ungarded moment of loneliness, was thoughtless enough to adopt as my husband He is a good looking and feeble individual, knowing enough, however, to go in when it rains, unless some good looking girl offers him an umbrella.—Answers to the name of Jim. Was last seen in company with Julia Harris, walking with his arms around her waist, up the plank road, looking more like a fool, if possible, than ever. Anybody who will bring him carefully back, so that I can chastise him severely for running away, will be asked to stay to tea by

HENRIETTA A. SMITH.

KNOWING WHO TO KICK.—The late Col. McClung, of Mississippi, once got into a dispute in the office of the Prentiss House, a Vicksburg, with a rowdy, when, to end the matter without further delay, he took the rowdy by the "nape of the neck," led him to the door and kicked him into the street. The kickee picked himself up, walked away and here the matter ended. Some weeks afterwards McClung was in New Orleans, and when walking up St. Charles street, saw the fellow he had kicked out the Prentiss House kicking a third party out of a drinking saloon. McClung walked up to his old acquaintance, once kickee, but now the kickor, and scanning him closely, said: "Look here, my fine fellow, are you not the man I kicked out of the Prentiss House the other day?" "Softly; softly, Colonel," replied the rowdy, taking McClung by the arm, "don't mention it—I'm the man—but—but—*you and I know who to kick!*"

A MODEL TENANT.—"Jimmy, get some kindlin' an' be making a fire."

"Plaze sir, I can't—Misther O'Brien used the last banisther yistherday."

"The banisthers gone: then go on the roof and try the virtue o'thim shingles."

Exit Jimmy.

A week afterwards Mr. Murphy wants "reduckshin o' rint—kase why? *the roof lakes!*"