Dr. R. Hammond

EASTON GAZETTE.

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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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[From the National Journal.]

The Adventures of Cornet Martingale and his ten Companions.—CONTINUED.

Never was a commander placed in such an embarrassing situation; to stand and be disgraced; or to advance and be laughed at. The hill on which we had taken post commanded an extensive view of the surrounding country, though the road was here and there hid from our sight by small copses of brush wood. Into one of these I saw the troop (who might then have been about half a mile ahead) dash at full gallop, while beyond it, where the country was entirely open, rose an immense cloud of dust.

This was too much to bear. 'Hark'ye, Mr. Chanticleer,' said I, drawing my sword, 'take your hand off my bridle, or I'll save you the trouble.' 'Very well, Cornet; very good, I see how it is—you will *'sleep on brambles till you kill your man'* —but my helmet to a horse-shoe, your brave dragoons will come to the right about in a minute or two; none of them will know the meaning of that dust, except the magnanimous Stott; hah, I could hear him exclaim, as he clattered along behind me, 'here they come, by all that's valorous—hold up the gallant roan, Master Poplin, or you may bite the dust—odds, daggers and blades, but you'll win the *race*, let who will win the *battle*.—Never die, Cornet, but here comes a round half dozen of them.—The Knights of the Cleaver and Bodkin are left to bear the brunt of the action; and they will achieve the adventure, too, or my name is not Tom Flourish.'

If the reader is any way imaginative, he must have formed some idea of General Washington's countenance, when he met General Lee retreating from the field of Monmouth. I will take it upon my assurance to say, mine denoted no whit less of ire and indignation. Rising in my stirrups, I exclaimed, in the very words which Washington is said to have used on that occasion, 'what means this retreat, sir—whence this rout and confusion!' But fear seemed to have rendered my brave troops both deaf and blind; regardless of my attempt to stop their flight, they would have rushed headlong on, had I not been ably supported, in my efforts to rally them, by the Trumpeter. This, however, was not effected, until after much storming and threatening; and, ere I could get my flying squadron formed, in order to march to the rescue of the party engaged, we perceived the Sergeant, and his brave little man at arms, Sam Stitch, advancing cheerly up the hill. 'He has done the deed,' cried the Trumpeter—see how the fellow plumes himself on the action—

'Not Cæsar's self a fiercer look could put on,
When with his host he pass'd the Rubicon.'

'I have got the whole on'em, your honour,' cried the Sergeant, as soon as he came within hearing.

'Mr. Sergeant,' I replied, with some heat—for I acknowledge that the idea of Ben's exploit, of whatever nature it might prove to be, began to move my envy—'your conduct, sir, has been very unsoldier-like—why did you undertake to charge without my orders: I fear, notwithstanding your success, I must put you under arrest.' 'Why, Cornet, the matter is just this here,' returned Ben: 'Soon as I seed the dust, I knew what was coming, and so, being afeared they might take the road to the other ferry, and so I get a miss on'em, I set off at a hand-canter, like, to catch'em, afore they gits to the fork of the road. Well, sir, the whole drove follows me, till sich time they got out of the wood, and seed the dust, too, when this little mischief-making devil—though I'm deem'd if he a'nt got more spunk than the whole of 'em—hollows out, 'Tis the English—the English!' Away they went, helter-skelter, and left Sam and me to manage as well as we could. Howsomever, I took the whole at a word.' 'Amazing,' said I, 'how many were there?' 'Three-and-twenty noble fellows.'—'Three devils and twenty dams,' cried I—do you mean to banter me, sir. What do you pretend to have done with them?' 'Sent 'em on to town, to be sure, by the other road. Once I put my mark on 'em, you may swear they'll not live many days after that.' 'Mark, Sergeant!—what do you mean,' said I. 'Why, red paint. Sir, whenever I strike, out comes the red paint.'

'Heaven, in mercy, rid me of that bloody-minded, ferocious cut-throat,' I heard the Haberdasher mutter.

'Hast any humanity in thee, Master Poplin,' said the Trumpeter. 'Humanity!' replied the horror-struck Citizen, 'it seems to be an article quite out of fashion here. Not a remnant left.' 'I mean,' said the Trumpeter, 'hast thou studied the classics?—because, it must surely be a comfort to thy fainting heart, to know thou dost resemble, at least, one great soldier. Ajax the Brave, or Ajax Telamon, (I forget which,) did, on a certain occasion, mistake a flock of sheep for a gallant army.' 'I say, Mr. Flourish,' said little Stitch, who had been grinning like an Ogre during this discourse, 'can you tell them there bold dragoons of any Jacks as *run away* from a flock of sheep, as if Old Nick was after him. By the same token, mister—I don't know your name—but that is a deuced ugly rent the bushes is made in your new coatee.' 'Never trust me, Cornet,' said the Trumpeter, 'but there is much valor in this tailor. Hark'ye, Sammy, did you bring your needle: a few more such scrummages among the Black Jacks would enable you to make a very pretty penny; thou mightest be gaining solid pudding, while these heroes gained naught but empty praise.' 'Fcod,' replied Sam, 'if the pudding is no better than the praise these gentlefolks are likely to gain, it would go something against my stomach. But since you talk of needles, Mr. Flourish, did you bring your gaffs—tho'f I believes you'r but a dunghill, for all your loud crowing.'

'Fairly hit, by Jupiter, Mr. Flourish,' said I,—well pleased to have escaped the ridicule of having charged a flock of sheep—'fairly hit. Pray, Mr. Stitch, how come you acquainted with that bit of a secret in our worthy Trumpeter's history.' 'Fore George, replied Stitch, 'tis no secret to any body in our alley. More by token, he lodged on the first floor—that is, the first floor down the chimney—in master's house, when he was studying his part; and we poor 'prentices were called up two or three hours before day, for a whole week, before we found out what bantam it was cock-a-doodling it away at that rate.'

The laugh which this sally occasioned at the Trumpeter's expense, greatly raised the dejected spirits of the detachment, and at the word 'forward,' I had the satisfaction to see them march on with more life than I expected. At the moment we were moving off the Trumpeter, no way abashed by Sam's story, called to him: 'Very well, Mr. Stitch, you have got me on the hip for this once, but take care the bantam don't pluck some of your goose's feathers before the campaign is over.' 'Agreed,' cried the little tailor, flourishing his sabre, 'goose-bill against cock-spur, and the devil take the softest horn.'

We arrived about the hour of dinner at a noted tavern, where nothing worth commemorating occurred; it is remarked by some eminent person, and, now I bethink me, it was no less a personage than the sagacious Panza, that, over the hours of eating and drinking, care holds no jurisdiction. The adventure of the morning appeared to be forgotten; the trumpet called to horse, and again we moved forward. The evening was hot, the road dry and dusty; still we toiled on, and had advanced some fifteen or twenty miles, when the country began to assume a more agreeable appearance. The enclosures took a wide sweep round fields more higly cultivated, and the luxuriant pastures of clover were only bounded by the rich waving fields of grain, now nearly white unto harvest.

'I think, Cornet,' said Flourish, edging up to me, 'that we may congratulate ourselves; we have passed the desert; yes, yes, we are about to enter some little Asia Minor, or I am much mistaken. By the bounties of Ceres, Cornet, but matters are mending. I see nothing to offend the eye, except that lone looking cottage on the verge of yonder wood; but what is that standing at its door. Surely, I, who was born in a coach maker's yard, ought to know a coach. The troops, Sir, are fainting for want of water; shall we satisfy our thirst?' 'And your curiosity at the same time, Mr. Trumpeter, eh; however, I am really very thirsty myself;' and, so saying, I gave the 'to the right wheel.' At the same moment in which we left the public road, the coach drove from the door of the cottage; it came on at a sweeping trot towards us, and we soon met. There was a young lady in it; the most beautiful creature I had ever seen. I had only one glance, and was thinking what I would give for another, when a servant in rich livery overtook me. The coach had stopped. 'His young lady would be glad to speak to the Captain.' In an instant I was at the window; with helmet in hand, and head bowed to my charger's neck, I waited the lady's command. 'There is a poor sick woman in that house, Captain—she will be greatly terrified by the appearance of your troop; might I beg—.' 'They shall not go a step nearer, Madam—water was our only object.' 'I thank you, Sir, now; and as I presume you are on your way to the Chesapeake, I shall have an opportunity of thanking you again.' The coach drove on——'Here, Mr. Stitch, you are a discreet lad, and your appearance is not likely, I think, to produce much consternation; ride on to the house, ask for a tumbler or some such matter, and the direction to their spring.'

His return was not so expeditious as our craving thirst thought might of right be expected, and I was about to rate him for his delay, when I observed his little weasoned face wore an expression of such melancholy that I forbore—'There is a gourd, Sir,' said he, 'they have nothing better—the spring is in yonder valley.' 'Such distress, such distress,' cried Sam, 'I never saw—the father out with the militia; confound the war, I say. The mother ill abed—two little gals crying their eyes out about her—three little boys, two whimpering for bread, the other squalling in a cradle' 'but the young lady, Stitch,' said I; 'who, and what is she.' 'An angel,' replied Sam. 'I knew that before, Sam; but I will give you half a dollar if you will find out her name, and where she lives.' 'I would give a dollar to know myself,' he replied; and the urchin actually wiped a tear from the corner of his eye.—'I honour your taste, you noble little dog,' said I, 'as much as I do your generosity and feeling, and here is five dollars, (handing him a note,) with which I beg you will drink the lady's health, when you get back to town.' 'Why, as to the lady's health,' said he, with an air of offended pride, in which the tailor seemed sunk in the soldier, 'the lady looks in pretty good case, and if she was'nt, I don't see what good my drinking could do her; howsomever, if so be you've got the money to spare, s'pose we give it to the poor woman in the house up there; 'twill do her health some good, or I'm much mistaken. (*To be continued.*)

ESCAPE FROM THE INQUISITION.

[Translated for the N. Y. Daily Advertiser.]

The following highly interesting and romantic story is from a French work entitled a 'Historical Sketch of the principal Political and Military Events produced by the Revolution in Spain, by M. Louis Julian'—published at Paris in 1821:

The Spanish Captain Van Halen, a native of Cadiz, and particularly known for his zeal in propagating secret associations, had begun in 1817 to disseminate their liberal principles among the inhabitants of the city of Murcia, where he was in garrison. His devotion to this subject could not long remain unpunished: he was soon denounced, and conducted to prison. His papers, which had been seized, proved that he had been in correspondence with all the secret societies in the kingdom. Being thus convicted of two crimes at once, the local authorities considered the matter too important to be submitted to their decision, and Vanhalen was transported, under a numerous escort, to the prisons of Madrid, and committed to one of the most obscure dungeons in the Inquisition. Preparations were made for his trial; but as he had declared, from the first moment of his arrest, that he would give no answer to the charges against him, unless in presence of the King, and this resolution having been several times reported to the King, Vanhalen was at length brought before him.

Not at all affected by the tortures he had undergone in his captivity, nor by the almost certain prospect of a speedy and cruel death, instead of imploring the favour of Ferdinand, he devoted the brief interview to presenting him with a picture of the ruinous situation to which he had been reduced by his ministry. He declared to him that all Spain was in fact filled with secrect societies; that persecutions, imprisonments and scaffolds, were vainly employed for their destruction; that no human power could succeed in attempting to defeat their object; that the persons of whom the societies were composed had never proposed any project against the life of the King nor even against his rank or dignity; that in placing him on a throne supported by the laws, and by the love and confidence of the people, his power would have been raised to the highest degree of stability; in short, that in order to secure a happy result, it might perhaps be sufficient if the King would, of his own free choice, adopt the spirit of those very societies, and place himself at their head. He demanded of him to require from the Court of Rome the revocation of the censures she has pronounced against them; above all, that he should reject the narrow and sanguinary interest of his councillors; and declared that the King of Spain would then have at his disposal an invincible army, which he might indeed despair to reduce to servitude, but which, while it remained free, would also be the more devoted and the more faithful.

At this kind of language, in which the ministry were not accustomed to deal, Ferdinand betrayed more surprise than irritation. The character of that Prince has appeared in so inexplicable a light, so contrary in different situations of life, that we should be afraid to decide whether the condescension with which he treated Vanhalen was the effect of compassion or of profound dissimulation. It is certain, however, that he inquired with an appearance of the tenderest interest concerning the privations he had suffered in prison; and on learning that he was accustomed to smoking tobacco, sent him a cask of Havana segars from among those which had been reserved for his own use. After such marks of interest, one would have looked for the clemency of the Prince and the liberation of Vanhalen; but the fact was far otherwise. While his friends were enjoying the expectation of a happy termination to the affair, the ministers of Ferdinand pressed its decision with activity; and the information was brought by a little girl an attendant in the prison, that the greatest danger was to be apprehended to Vanhalen. The child having caught a few words by accident of a conversation which was going on, succeeded in finding her way to a small window by which his dungeon was lighted, informed him of the danger to which he was exposed, and supplied him with paper and a pencil.

Vanhalen was thus enabled to open a correspondence with his friends in the city, and inform them, that in spite of the restraints under which he labored, the means of escape were in his power. He received in reply, that 'their arms and their purses were at his service.' A great reward was, therefore, offered to his interesting little messenger; and a topographical plan having been drawn of the streets in the neighbourhood of the prison, a copy of it was sent to Vanhalen, on which were marked the places where his friends were to be posted.—All this being thus concerted, it was necessary only to fix a moment for the execution of the plan. It was in the winter; the day had arrived; the clock struck seven; and the first detachment of his friends assembled at the distance of a few paces from the principal entrance of the prison—A man made his appearance, dressed in a night-gown and slippers. In an instant they disguised him in a foreign uniform and led him away.

After taking several long turns through the streets of Madrid, in order to baffle a pursuit, the fugitive was conducted to a safe retreat, where he found four thousand franks in gold, remitted for him by the generous Count of Montijo, with passports provided for his departure from Spain. He passed out of the Kingdom into Portugal, and thence to England, after which he took the route to Russia, where he entered into the military service.

The secresy with which this affair was conducted is the more remarkable, and the more honorable to the character and patriotism of the Spaniards, because, that from the moment when it was decided that Vanhalen should remain a few days in Madrid to avoid the search which was known to be making in the environs of the city, all the members of the secret societies being informed of his escape, desired to see him, and did, in fact, see him, without the occurrence of a single act of indiscretion, and, indeed, without causing any apprehension to the fugitive or his friends. We do not believe that history can furnish a more noble example of confidence, or one which was more justified by the event. It was during the interval which Vanhalen spent in Madrid, in expectation of an opportunity to leave the country, that he recounted to many of his friends who were continually visiting him, the particulars of his escape; and they are at once so romantic, and so well authenticated, that we cannot withhold them from our readers.

When he had obtained from his little friend, the prison girl a precise description of the edifice which he had only passed through very hastily at his introduction, he requested the jailor to be supplied with some medicine, which he pretended to want, and desired it might be brought to him at the hour he had fixed for his friends to wait for him. The jailor appeared at the time appointed and entered the dungeon. Vanhalen was a young man, and very vigorous. While the jailor was laying what he had brought upon the table, and unprepared, he seized him in an instant, and throwing him upon the bed, covered him with the clothes, sprung out of the door which had been left open, locked it after him, passed through the intricate winding passages which the little girl had described to him a hundred times over, and instead of taking the direction to the outer door, which it would have been impossible to pass, obeyed her directions, & followed a course that led to the apartments inhabited by the jailor. The jailor's family consisted of his wife & daughter who being occupied with domestic affairs, were terribly frightened at the appearance of such an apparition, and never thought of attempting to prevent his escape which he effected by an outer door. It was not long, however, before the two women came to their senses, and entering the prison, began to search for the jailor; but wandering without light through the dark and spacious corridors, they were long finding the right way to Vanhalen's dungeon, where the new prisoner was crying with all his might, but remained unheard at a remote distance.—[*Precis hist. &c.*

MAKING THE MOST OF A THING.

We are not unfrequently amused to observe the ingenuity of our contemporaries of the London press, in giving publicity to the most trivial circumstances, with a minuteness of detail, and a pomposity of diction, which leaves for the relation of affairs of real magnitude no adequate terms of expression; and hence every thing, beyond the spraining of an ankle, or the breaking of a street lamp, "beggars all description." If a spring of my Lord's Carriage gives way, we have the doleful affair headed, 'Most distressing accident"—with the addition, if his Lordship escapes uninjured, of 'and miraculous escape;' or, if he gets a thump on the nose, of "alarming catastrophe." Every casuality is 'dreadful,' or 'deplorable,' or 'horrible;' and every petty conflagration is 'sublime and awful,' while it lasts. Never was this sort of editorial wiredrawing more elegantly exemplified than in an article in a late London Courier, announcing to the kingdom at large the momentous event of the christening of Mr. Secretary Peel's infant son. The inauguration of a new Pope is nothing beside it. First, we are told "Saturday was the day appointed for the christening of Mr. Peel's infant son;" but whether 'the morning lowered, and heavily in clouds brought on the day—the great, the eventful day,' the writer sayeth not. Every thing was arranged, we are told, at 'the new mansion, in front of Privy-gardens,' upon a very 'splendid and magnificent scale;' the ground in front being "brilliantly illuminated with six gas lamps." The lower part of the mansion was also lighted with gas! The house was as "complete" a one as there is in all London; and 'the upper servants were dressed suitably for the occasion.' Then, 'Mr. Newton, the parish clerk of St. Margaret's, Westminster, officiated as clerk;' and actually, we are further told, 'produced the registry book, in which (*mirabile dictu*) he entered the christening.' Then the company retired to the dining-room, 'the dinner having been previously served up,' which, by the bye, evinced much forethought. 'The dessert corresponded with the dinner, and in the centre there was a large cake!'—Prodigious! Did the Courier, we wonder derive these interesting particulars from the cook or the butler?

Liverpool Mercury.

Joy to our brother! The following editorial notice is from the St. Clairsville (Ohio) Gazette, of the 23d inst. whose editor, like an honest fellow, desires all his numerous and respectable readers to rejoice in his happiness. We hope he may never have occasion to invite their sympathy in distress:

'It is not good that man should be alone.'—The editor has the pleasure of informing his numerous and respectable readers, that he has taken a Partner, not for one, two, or any term of years, but 'as long as we both shall live'—not for the purpose of assisting the labors of the Printing office, but to participate with him in life's joys and vicissitudes:

OLD WINES.—The passion for old Wines has sometimes been carried to a very ridiculous excess; for the *thick crust*, the *fly weig*, and several other criterions of the epicure, are but so many proofs of the decomposition and departure of some of the best qualities of the wine. Had the man that first filled the celebrated Heidleburg tun, been placed as centinel to see that no other wine was put into it, he would have found it much better at 25 or 30 years old, than at 100 or 150, had he lived so long, and had been permitted, now and then, to taste it.

At Bremen there is a wine-cellar, called the Store, where five hogsheads of Rhenish wine have been preserved since the year 1625. These five hhds. cost 1200 francs. Had this sum been put out to compound interest, each hogshead would now be worth above a thousand millions of money; a bottle of this precious wine would cost 21,799 480 francs: and a single wine glass, 2,723, 808 francs.

PLANTING TREES.

He who plants trees on his paternal estate, repays a debt to his posterity which he owes to his ancestors. A gentleman whose lands were more extensive than fertile, used to plant 1000 trees, on the birth of every daughter, upon his waste grounds, which were, on an average, worth one pound each on her coming of age; thus enabling him to give her a fortune of 1000*l* without any extraordinary economy on his part, the regular thinning of the trees, at proper seasons, with barking, &c., paying off all the current expenses, besides yielding him a small rent for the land. In the year 1758, ninety two fir trees were planted upon a piece of ground, about three quarters of an acre in extent. The land was waste and poor; no extra expence was incurred, and no further attention was paid to the young trees. In 1813 they were cut down, and yielded ninety tons of timber, then worth 4*l* per ton, giving a round sum of 360*l*, which was equal to a rent of 6*l*. 10s. during the intervening 55 years. Can a more convincing proof be given of the facility with which a man may save a fortune for his grand children?

The following, extracted from a Richmond paper, is a description of the sword presented by the legislature of Virginia to General Scott—

"All the mountings of Gen. Scott's sword are of fine gold. The *head* of the hilt represents that of a Knight in armour; the *gripe* is ornamented with spiral wreaths of oak and laurel with two heads of Mars in the centre—the *shell* with the classical emblems of war, having in the centre, set in a wreath of laurel, a fine head of Liberty.—On the mountings of the scabbard we have the winged thunder, Hercules strangling the lion, and wreaths of oak. All these figures and emblems are in chase work, finely executed. If the external ornaments be classical those on the blade, which is the soul of the weapon, are historical. First, we have on one side—a scene from the battle of Niagara, representing the moment after Miller had carried the Battery: Gen. Scott is seen at the head of his shattered but still intrepid brigade—and mounting another charger, his own being literally torn from under him by a cannon shot. It was a moment when victory seemed dependent upon the uncommon exertions of some

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