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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MY TRANSMOGRIFICATION.

Mrs. Mitford, in a very clever little sketch, published in Ackerman's pretty "Forget-me-not," has very amusingly detailed the continual transmigrations of the female part of humanity in its progress through childhood, girlhood, and womanhood, to marriage and old age.—But to us of the more lordly sex she has denied a mutability which perhaps she has not so much observed—this is solely because she is not one of us, and could scarcely have opportunities of remarking our changes as closely as those of her own sex. She observes, "there is very little change in men from early boyhood, and they keep the same faces however ugly." In some instances it may be so, but in general there are very few animals more unlike than the boy to the man; but perhaps Miss Mitford, in this sweeping indistinction, only alluded to the "wearers of smock frocks,"—in that case there is an end to the argument; but supposing the contrary, (which I do, otherwise an excellent article would be lost,) I will proceed to detail the history of my own "Transmogrifications."

I cannot say I recollect myself, but I perfectly well remember a portrait that strongly resembled me, painted when I was two years old, for my dear and tender mother, and valued accordingly. It represents a fat, roguish, blackeyed, curly headed urchin, sitting on a bank with a lap full of flowers, which showed out magnificiently from the white frock beneath them. There was happiness, in every little feature; and altogether it was such a child as a mother might be proud of. Three years after, I can recollect myself—the fat was passing away—I was growing tall, slender, an impudent self-willed imp, the delight of my father, the torment of my sister, and the curse of servants. My god-father gave me a guinea, and I gave it to a groom, as a bribe to let me mount his horse and ride him a few yards to water. I had a new beaver hat—I had no objection to sunbeams, and thought I could turn it to better account—I cut it into the shape of a very tolerable boat, and sent it down the stream, that innocent of mischief, flowed quietly through the grounds. Yet amid all this wildness, there might have been seen sparkles of a better nature;" for I had much tenderness in my composition, glimpses of enthusiasm, and some queer undefined nations of the beautiful; for instance, a gang of gipsies sometimes favored 'our village' by pitching their tents in the outskirts; & many a time have I slipped away from the paternal care of "Old John" to listen to the voice of one dark-eyed girl among the troop, who had facinated my young heart, or (I rather suppose) my ear, by her singing. How often have I wept over the melancholy fate of the lady, who, in the storm at sea, told her lover to

'Take a white napkin, and bind my head softly,
And then throw me overboard me & my baby;'

and have frequently been elevated to heroism by the splendid portrait of that hero who was martyrised at Tyburn, his constancy at his trial won my fervent admiration.

"I stood as bold as John of Gaunt,
All in my natty attire;
I never seemed daunted in the least,
Which made the folks admire!

"That all the people they may say,
That I am no desarter;
For the captain, he must lead the way,
And the men must follow after."

My wild spirits were really taken captive by these vagabonds; the lawless independence of their children was an envy, they had no lessons to learn, no elder sisters to keep them in order, no elder brother to thump them out of their pocket money; their whole existence to me was paradisaical. I believe if they had attempted to steal me, they would have found the business half done to their hands.

At seven years old I was breeched—I had a cloth jacket and trowsers—I was told that I was a man; and I thought it was incumbent on me to be 'grave and gentlemanlike.' I paid more attention to my lessons and the young ladies, and thought it an imperative duty to discover they were more amiable and pretty than boys. Soon this affectation became sincere. My sister was better loved than all my kin; to her I flew to roar away my grief, when my father took out Henry and left me at home, or when he threatened to sell my pony, or give him to my play fellow, Richard Howard, whom I hated ever after. In her I reposed all my confidence, and in her gentle bosom deposited my tutor's severities, and my brother's wrongs—I was, in truth, 'a most pathetical nit.'

But at ten, 'O what a change was there!' No chrysalis metamorphosis was ever greater. I had grown accustomed to my breeches, and no longer held them in any consideration; I was impudent to my sister, contradicted my father, fought my own battles with my brother, and played truant with my tutor, till he made a solemn complaint of my manifold abominations. I scrambled all over the country, and came back with scarcely a rag on my back, and what were left me were so defaced by mud or dust, as the weather would have it, that their quality could barely be discovered. My mother wept, my father swore, my tutor said the devil was in me. I was up to all sorts of villainy. I stuffed a goose with gunpowder in the absence of the cook, who was preparing to put it down to the spit, and I felt no sort of compunction for her intense fear and agony, when on applying the lighted paper to singe it, it blew into ten thousand pieces, and nearly knocked her eyes out. I had thrashed my brother into respect for me; and my playmates consoled themselves for not being able to master me by bestowing upon me the very expressive cognomen of 'Gallows!' At length I tired them out; my tutor gave in, and my mother acquiesced with my father, in thinking school alone could preserve me. So to a public school I went, to learn decorum and obedience.

In four years more, there were no trace of Young Gallows, but I came home a monkey still, only melancholy, instead of mischievous. My early enthusiasm returned, and my intense love of the beautiful, undirected by reason, exhibited itself in the most ridiculous forms—I read novels, and the pathetic stories in the magazines. —I contemplated the setting sun—fell in love with the moon, and made verses to every little star that twinkled behind the clouds and before the clouds I would not have read or written any thing lively for the world; I should have thought fun an insult to my feelings; and understanding I was a slender boy, with long arms & legs, of an active light figure, but delicate constitution—every body said I should be tall—I had looked in the glass, and observing a pale, dark face, inclining to sallow, masses of black curling hair, and a somewhat serious look, I concluded that I should be a tall, thin, pale, pensive looking young man, and acted up to the character accordingly. I loved to be thought an invalid, and frightened my mother to death by the affectation of a hectic cough, which I pretended to consider as a warning that I should die early of a decline. I wrote a long string of verses called the, 'Dying Boy,' in which I lamented my early doom, expressed my resignation, and took a tender and pathetic farewell of the trees, and the moon, and the flowers. It brought the tears into my own eyes to read it—(I have since learned it had the same effect upon others, but from a very opposite emotion) —I sent them to one of the most pitiful magazines, where they were (God knows why) inserted. Oh, how proud was I—I was a Scholar and a Poet!

There was wanting but one thing to complete me—I should fall in love—& so I did; but the affair was more serious than I could have imagined—more of real feeling mingled with the thing than I expected—the passion of a boy of fourteen has something desperate in it always; and that mine had an uncommon portion of sincerity, was obvious from the character of the object of my choice. She was a beautiful, accomplished woman of twenty two (the daughter of an intimate friend of my father.) A girl of my own age would not have been endurable. 'I never told my love' to this charming creature for many months that she was on a visit to my sister and resided in my neighbourhood; but I endeavoured to make it apparent by every possible pathetical mode—I looked at her till I could not see, and listened to her till I could not hear; I gathered flowers to twist into her bright hair, and when they were dead, wept over them for envy at their fate, and deposited them next my shirt—I read to her, in the most tender voice, all the amatory verses I could put my hands on, launched out on the happiness of domestic love, and affected to caress little children in her presence—I never ate any dinner when she was at the table, but, with an air of desperation, gulped down as much wine as I possibly could, without incurring my father's observation—now, I thought I should like to be a king, and place her on a throne, then, a successful warrior that her country might offer her homage—love & a cottage had its charms, and sometimes I thought how delicious it would be to suffer for her sake. These thoughts became feelings, & what was begun as a matter of course, terminated in real tenderness, no less ridiculous. I was a diffident lad, exceeding modest; judge then my sincerity by its effect.

Finding myself alone with her in a beautiful bower by moonlight, I fell upon my knees, seized her fair hand, and made a vehement declaration of my passion; I besought her to have compassion upon my youth and not by coldness to destroy its hopes—I vowed eternal truth, and swore desperately I could not live without her —I drew a glowing picture of the delights of married life, and expatiated warmly on the tyranny of parents and friends—I promised to make the best of husbands, the tenderest of fathers; and shuddered at the prospect of separation, shed tears at the bare imagination of her indifference; and finally, rising with my subject, assured her that I had *it* untouched, and besought her to commit herself to my protection, and elope with me that night. I was too much agitated in the first instance to observe the effect of my pleadings, but I was soon most fearfully enlightened. Imagine my boundless horror, my stupefaction of feeling at hearing her burst into a loud laugh, and seeing her spring from her seat, and dart rapidly out of the bower—I was agonized beyond all description; I rubbed my eyes and my nose, and tried to persuade myself that all that had passed was a dream.—Presently my brother came into the arbour he had an unspeakable grin upon his odious face, but he said nothing, affected to look for some unmissed article, and went out again; next, my father walked slowly past, whistling, as if perfectly indifferent to my movements, but I noticed a quick, queer, merry-looking glance that was not to be misunderstood.—The story soon travelled; my acquaintance tried hard not to laugh in my face, and the more they stifled their mirth, the more frightful seemed its occasional ebullitions and *she*, the cruel cause of all this misery to me, she married in about a week after this event, a man of thirty who, as Blackwood says, 'shaved twice a day,' and no doubt entertained him mightily with the pathos of the smooth chinned boy, who had the presumption to try to supplant him.

This adventure cured me completely of sentiment. I ceased for a time, all attempts to captive fair ladies, and turned an eye of admiration on myself. At seventeen I was a puppy, a dandy; my dress and appearance the only subjects worthy my contemplation; I detested poetry, the moon, and little children, and generally gave these a sly pinch or kick, when they had the presumption to expect I should play with them. This state continued a few years, and then, last stage of all, came whiskers, mustachios, love, real love, marriage, business, bustle, and twenty-nine. Here I pause—it would be egotism to say farther—my friends alone must decide whether the boy be like the man—I think not—so, with the burden of nearly thirty years on my shoulders, all the usual cares of life, and some, perhaps, that are not usual, I take my leave, to fight out the remainder as I may. Reader—Vale.

From the New York Advocate.

SINGULAR PRESERVATION.

A very amusing and somewhat dangerous occurrence took place, at a small circus in the Bowery, in which there is an exhibition of wild beasts, such as elephants, tigers, lions, &c. The keeper of the collection one day went to dinner, as usual, under the impression that his four footed actors were quite snug in their cages. It was not so. The cage that contained a tiger & a tigress, was in a state of decrepitude, so that the ferocious couple broke loose. If their keeper was to eat his beef steak, Mr. & Mrs. Tiger thought they ought to have something fresh too. Accordingly being free as air, they cast their eyes round the habitation, as a gormandizer would in a cook-shop, & selected a fine foreign animal, called the Lama, on which to dine. At the approach of the tiger couple, the poor lama, got scared and set up a grunt. It would not do. One of the tiger family (we have tiger families elsewhere) sprung at his throat, brought him down, and tapped his jugular vein in a twinkling. There both the animals sipped away with great perseverance, as fast and as cordially as the cobler and his wife hung over a cider barrel in New Jersey, which was soon emptied of its contents. The heart of the poor lama was soon drunk dry by these two feline tigers.

In the mean time the keeper had finished his dinner, drank his glass, and was puffing away at the butt end of a Spanish segar, when he entered and found the work that had been going on. He was alarmed at first, and his personal courage did not ooze away, as Acres's did in the play. He ventured into the ring with a noose to fling over the heads of the two ferocious animals, while they were sucking out the last drop of blood from the poor lama. The tigress finished her repast sooner than her mate, turned round while the keeper was in the very act of catching them, and made preparations to spring upon him in the same way that a cat does when she sees a mouse. The keeper felt the danger of his situation, but with great presence of mind, he made a retreat behind his elephant; who, from the other side of the circus, was looking on the scene with great composure. The tigress did not forego her intent. She made a spring at the keeper past the elephant, but just at this moment, the sagacious animal observing it would seem, the danger of his keeper, let out his trunk with the celerity of an arrow from the bow, and pitched the tigress to the farther part of the circus.

A wonderful hurly burly was now kicked up. All the monkies and baboons scampered up to the rafters, and the glaring eyes of the enraged tigress struck dread into the whole, except the elephant, who folded up his trunk with neatness after his feat, and the lion who sat in his cage on his hips like a dog, looking on with great dignity and composure.—The keeper now run out from behind the elephant, and approaching his trunk, uttered certain words, which the sagacious animal understands with so much correctness. The elephant unrolled his trunk, the keeper got astride, and in a moment was elevated to the back of his preserver.

In the mean time the tigress had recovered from the toss she had got, and made new preparations to spring upon the keeper, who was upon the back of the elephant. The elephant saw, and took *proboscis* measures accordingly. Again the tigress sprang upon the man, and again the elephant interposed his trunk and tossed the tigress a second time to the farthest extremity of the circus. This pitch wounded the side of the tigress, and finding there was no use in trying further to tap the jugular of the keeper, she sneaked into her cage with what she had got.

While this business was going on, tiger himself had begun to look round, and see what fun could be picked up. On raising his head from the lama, the first thing that struck him was the lion sitting in his cage with great dignity and unconcern. The tiger showed his teeth; the lion lightly shook his mane. The tiger drew back on his hind legs to make a spring; the lion rose up with dignity and shot fire from his eyes. The tiger sprung at the cage with great fury, forcing one of his claws in between two of the bars; & at the same instant the lion made a grab at the tiger's fore foot, caught it firmly between his tusks, pulled the whole leg into the cage, and held him there until the keeper saw the opportunity, flung himself from the back of the elephant, ran with his noose to the tiger and secured him in a moment.

After this was accomplished, the lion generously let go his hold, and the keeper dragged the other to his cage and secured them both. And thus by a singular train of circumstances, in which the instinct and trunk of the elephant, no less than the teeth and temper of the lion, bore a conspicuous part, did the poor keeper get rescued from the jaws of the tiger and tigress. The whole affair has been the table talk of the Bowery for the last week, and we now record it in the Advocate for the amusement of the children, grand children and great grand children of the next generations.

NEW PAPER.—The establishment of a new paper in Macon, Geo. is thus announced:—

"*Ship news extraordinary.*—Put to sea, this morning, with a good breeze, the staunch, new built letter of marque brig the Macon Telegraph, bound on a voyage round the world. Having started on a long and perilous expedition, exposed to pirates, privateers, and king's cruisers, she goes armed for her own safety; but her intentions being pacific, she will not fight unless provoked to it. Should she be attacked, however, she will open her batteries, nail her colors to the mast, and sink with them flying, *rather than give up the ship.* The star spangled banner floats proudly from her mast head, and the captain and crew, regarding it as a protection against every danger, a passport to every clime, and a terror to every foe, are in fine spirits, and would die a thousand times, sooner than see it disgraced. She takes out with her a rich cargo of Intelligence, Literature, Poetry, Politics, Philosophy, &c &c. & her consignees are in every part of the globe. Her return cargo may be expected to be equally valuable. May the gales of Approbation be auspicious! And may the pilot, making up in vigilance what he may lack in experience, be able to steer his bark clear of the sands of Indifference, as well as the rocks of Faction—(the Scylla and Charybdis of craft of this sort)—and having performed his voyage, may he safely moor her in the haven of Public Confidence, the grand ultimatum of his wishes."

Four-footed Printers.—Wonderful improvements seem to be making in the art of printing. Mr. Fanshaw, at the Tract Society Office, has two Jackasses employed as pressmen; and they are now labouring in that capacity with great assiduity and success. This we at first thought a great novelty, but we have been since informed that it is by no means uncommon for animals of this kind to be connected with the press. [*N. N. Reflec.*—

LONG LIVE THE SENATE!

Old Bachelors.—Mr. Reneau introduced a bill (in the legislature of Tennessee) by which it was made the duty of the Sheriff of each county, to make an annual return of every man who shall have attained the age of thirty without marrying; and also of all his property, on which a tax of 25 per cent. is to be laid, and the fund thereby created, by the provisions of the bill, is to be divided among such unmarried ladies as have reached the age of twenty five. The bill further provides that if any old bachelor suffers himself to be returned three times, he shall henceforth be deemed incorrigible and the tax increased to fifty per cent. The bill passed with great unanimity the house of Representatives, but the senate ordered it to lie on the table for 30 years.

[*Nashville Rep.*

MAGISTRATES' BLANKS
FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE

Useful Discovery.—Dr. Comstock, of Hartford has found out a chemical process by which to render leather, cloth, and divers others things, impervious to water.—The editor of the Connecticut Mirror was shown a pair of prunella shoes which did not differ at all in appearance from ordinary shoes of that kind that had been soaked in the water for days without the least dampness on the inside. To what purposes, or how extensively the doctor means to apply his discovery, is what he himself has perhaps not yet determiued, but it is stated to have every appearance of being a most important one. He asserts it to be a very different thing, so far as he could find out, from any of the plans for such purposes that have ever before been used or recommended.

From the New York American.

SCOTT'S LIFE OF BONAPARTE.

A literary friend, in whose good taste and judgment we confide, has sent us the following notice of a part of a work that is looked for with avidity, and which Carey & Lea, of Philadelphia, have now in the press.

The Life of Bonaparte, by the author of Waverly, is, we understand, to be completed in seven octavo volumes. We have had an opportunity of perusing the whole of the first, (except a sheet at the end of the volume, not sent out) and part of the second, and hoped to have been able to have given an extract which might have served as a key to the general spirit of the whole. In this, however, we are disappointed. This extract would have contained a criticism on Burke's celebrated Reflections, written with a temperance and a happy medium of praise and censure, which strikes us as admirably illustrative of the good and common sense which blends so remarkably with the great genius of Sir Walter Scott. The part of the work which we perused, was a summary of the causes and events of the French Revolution, as far as the massacre of the Swiss Guards. Two or three chapters more would have brought us to the king's death, which the powerful and graphic hand of the author must have made extremely striking and imposing. We are compelled to say that the feelings with which we read the first part of the work, were those of disappointment. So many works have been written, and by men so well acquainted with and able to portray the causes of the French Revolution, that even the author of Waverly can find little of novel or original to chain our attention. Conscious of the tediousness of the beaten track, he has employed in great profusion, and most often neither naturally nor originally, metaphors and similes; which, however well they may suit the style of a novel, take from the dignity of historical discussion. The similes drawn from classical stores, are often of the tritest kind, and in one place we observed no fewer than three successive sentences in the same page, which contained as many laboured comparisons. With regard to the spirit of the work, it is liberal, yet decidedly loyal.—The author is willing to give due credit to the motives of the Constitutional & Republican leaders of the Revolution; but the king, Louis XVI. is allowed no faults but those which endear him to us. He is presented with all the virtues which Charles I. possessed, while his only faults seem an unwillingness to shed the blood of his subjects, and a too great a distrust of his own judgment. Surely to an unbiassed mind, some greater or worse faults must have been found in his character, or Louis never could have been so unpopular, and his person and authority so reviled and despised, from the commencement of the struggle. There is one point in which these views of the French Revolution will be most grateful to Americans. Sir Walter is eminently just to Lafayette. Indeed, we are acquainted with no history of these times which exhibits Lafayette in so respectable a light, whether as regards character, influence, or abilities. His motives are represented as pure; his influence as great, and, with but one exception, properly and even generously exercised; he is acknowledged as the leader of his party, and becomes without influence by the diminution of that party; and lastly, his treacherous imprisonment by the Prussian monarch, is justly and warmly condemned. Some of the characters of the Revolution are admirably sketched. Danton, Robespierre, and Marat, are separately discriminated and marked out by a few striking touches, which convey in brief space excellent outlines of their character. But the description of the more remarkable events —the storming of the Bastile, the attack on the Palace of Versailles, and particularly the massacre of the Swiss Guards, are described with the same inimitable hand, which gives so much interest to the imaginary mob at Edinburgh, in the heart of Mid Lothian.—Indeed, the interest wonderfully thickens as we advance towards the fatal period of the birth of Napoleon, until just before the trial of the king, the work has all the enchaining interest of a romance. Its publication may, therefore, be expected with the certainty of the greatest gratification and enjoyment by the reading public.—

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