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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From the Saturday Evening Post.

THE HORSE-SHOE LEAP.

I was once travelling in the main road which leads to what is called "Shaker Ferry," on the Kentucky river. As I wound my way down the tremendous cliffs, through a road which had been rendered passable by the industry & perseverance of the little community, from whom the ferry had derived its name, I was struck with the splendid and magnificent scenery which presented itself, and involuntarily stopped to examine more minutely, the wonderful works of Him who 'maketh the mountains to skip like lambs.' The time and place were enough to kindle up sacred thoughts and feelings in a bosom less enthusiastic, or less religiously inclined than mine, for I could here contemplate the power of that Being, whose word is Omnipotence itself.—The sun was yet some distance from his evening horizon, but owing to the immense height of the cliffs which girded in the river that rolled below, he appeared to be fast sinking to his night's repose; and his beams as they fell upon the tall peaks of the mountains, gave them a most lovely and splendid appearance. There shot a mountain, whose top appeared to reach the clouds, and another fast running up by its side, as if envious of its neighbours height, and seemingly wishing to excite as much attention as its rival; here at its base, some humbler one started up, yet each a mountain, content with being noticed, even if last—then, in the distance, the rough and cedar covered top of another, & another towered & glittered in the sun, standing like the pillars of Heaven's own arch, and reflecting the rich & brilliant colouring of the king of day; the first to receive his morning smiles, and the last to be tinged with his parting glories. After admiring for awhile the magnificence of the view, I was compelled to make the most of the light, and dismounting, led my tired horse down the declivity towards the ferry; I stopped a few moments on the bank of the stream, to wait for the boat which I saw pushing off from the other side. Here another scene attracted my attention, a tall cliff, whose head I had but seen before, now presenting itself full to my view; its base formed part of the boundary of the river; and rose perpendicularly to an amazing height; near its summit a little stream of water gushing out from a rock, as if from a spout, fell with a splashing noise three hundred feet into the river below; the sight had too much of the picturesque and beautiful for me to observe it carelessly, and while intently gazing at it, forgetful of every thing else, I heard a voice asking in a peculiarly mild tone, 'Do you wish to cross the river?' I was startled, and looking up, saw before me a man dressed in the usual style of the 'Shakers,' to which sect he belonged; he was the ferryman, and his broad brimmed hat shaded a face of singular meaning and intelligence. While I seemed to him deliberating for an answer, and which was ready on my tongue he continued, 'but probably you wish to observe more attentively a specimen of our Kentucky river scenery, before you cross; if so, and as I am a little fatigued with pulling over, I will just sit down on this oar and rest myself until you are satisfied.' I answered him that I was in no haste to continue my journey, and if I were, that the prospect before me was enough to make me forget every thing else, the equal of which I had never before seen. 'Yea! yea!' answered he 'tis not every where you will see such hills and cliffs, such mountains and cedars—many's the traveller I've carried over this water, & all express the same opinion; and that very cliff which you are gazing at so intently, could it speak might unfold many a deed of heroism and bravery, which has long since been forgotten 'midst the general change!'

'Indeed! and done by whom' I enquired with some earnestness of manner.—'By the first settlers of this 'bloody hunting ground,' as it was called by the red men in their strong language. I was but a boy then; but there was one circumstance which took place on that very mountain, and of which I was an eye witness, which I shall never forget until I am called to give an account for the deeds done in the body! But I had almost forgotten,' continued he, at the same time rising from his seat, 'that you wished to cross the river, and as it is growing late, and my old arms have somewhat recruited their strength, if you come in I will pull you over.' The bare mention of a circumstance connected with the awful and grand looking place before me, was sufficient to absorb every other feeling for the moment, and telling him that I should stay the night at his little village, a mile or two beyond, asked him if he could narrate the tale to me. 'Yea, that I can,' said he, but first sit down here, if you like and take part of my oar, it is strong enough to bear us both.' I did as I was desired, & the old ferryman, after clearing his throat with one or two hems, gave me the following narrative, as near as I can recollect.

'It was late in the spring of ——, that Daniel Boon, in company with about a dozen men, among whom were also two or three females, and myself, a youth at that time, after travelling the most of the day, in the direction of Bryant's station, encamped an hour or two before nightfall, about two miles from Harrodsburg.—We——

'What! the Harrodsburg, famous at present as a watering place.'

'Yea, the same; the party had built their fires, and made every preparation for defence, and surprise from the Indians whom they regarded as their mortal foe, their plans were arranged; & they were anxiously expecting the arrival of two hunters, who had left them an hour or two before, to kill their provision for the night. There stood old Daniel too, looking the very picture of hardihood and bravery, leaning with his broad athletic back against the tree; I think I can see him now. His buckskin breeches, greasy and worn with use, and stained with many a drop of blood, evidences of his courage and fearlessness; his brown hunting shirt fastened with a belt round his waist, in which were stuck his knife and tomahawk; his rifle, which never cracked but carried death, standing with its butt resting on the ground, between his crossed legs his chin resting on the back of his hands which were placed carelessly over the muzzle of his piece; his eyes seriously regarding the smoke and blaze, as they curled up from the pile of brush and grass which was burning fiercely before him. After some time of seemingly abstracted reflection, raising his tall form and addressing the inmates of the little camp, he said, in a half careless manner, 'what can possibly detain Wilson and Rogers so late?' He had hardly spoken when the distant and sharp crack of a rifle came echoing over the hills—another followed. Old Daniel started, cocked his gun, and was behind a tree as quick as the reports were heard, and even before the echoes had died away—his companions did the same. After remaining in anxious suspense for a few minutes, looking for the dusky forms of savages to meet his eye, Wilson came galloping in, with the body of a huge buck slung across his horse, and jumping down, exclaimed 'Ay! ay; I warrant you the red devils could'nt scare Tom Wilson out of his booty, if they were ten times the demons they are!' We all gathered round the speaker, each asking what had befallen him, and where Rogers was. 'He is where the rest of us will be shortly,' answered Wilson, 'unless we are up and a doing!'

'Had he been killed?' I asked.

'Yea! he had been shot through the heart, as Wilson and he were returning to camp; he fell from his horse, and Wilson had but time to look round and see the face of the Indian who had fired, when he discovered in the distance, a rifle levelled at him; he gave whip to his horse, just as the gun cracked, which was the second report we had heard; he was not touched in person, but he showed us a hole through his hat where the ball had passed.' 'I suppose he was very much frightened,' said I.

'Frightened! Tom Wilson frightened by a gun! Nay, nay, he had seen too much blood, and been in too much danger, to be frightened by a ball passing through his hat; had it been through his head, it would have been a different matter; I knew the strength of that man's nerves.'

'But what did Boon?' I asked. 'I suppose his hot blood would not long suffer him to remain idle!'

'Why continued my historian, as soon as he had heard Tom's tale, he snapped his fingers together in that peculiar manner, which always foretold some determined and dangerous achievement and ordered a slight refreshment to be prepared from the deer. After making all necessary arrangements, he in company with seven others, among whom was myself for I was anxious to witness some of Daniel's science in Indian warfare; and besides, I wished to have a pop at one of the red men myself, which would forever immortalize me in the estimation of Boon so I shouldered a long ducking piece, and like the rest flung my blanket to my back; and all, after having primed anew our pieces, and filled our horns, set off upon our adventure, leaving but five men behind to guard the camp and plunder, and take care of the women. Boon led the way, going in the direction opposite to that of the sun; for—

'But did you know what course to pursue the savages, in a place where all were strangers?'

'Why we had heard of an intended attack upon Bryant's station, and we thought that this might be a straggling party on their way to join the besiegers; and we were right in our conjectures, as events proved fully. Boon, I said led the way stalking like the genius of the mountains; and as the last rays of the setting sun fell upon his figure, I thought I never saw a more athletic frame, or one better calculated to undergo fatigue and privation. My feet were sorely blistered by the way!

Had you no horses? I asked.

'Yea, we had; but what could horses have done on these old cliffs and mountains. I was silent but the ferryman proceeded.—But I determined rather than complain, as I had gone with the rest voluntarily; and rather than risk the sneer of old Daniel at my faint-heartedness, to keep on, although every step was painful and the gun, on my young shoulders weighed heavily. As I was trudging and limping, and stumbling over every little root and fallen trunk, Boom happened to turn, and seeing me staggering along with a heavy gun on my shoulders, he exclaimed—Heigh ho, my young blade, my little man in mocasins, I thought you would have turned back before this. I inwardly exulted that the old man was mistaken. Tired, ar'nt you? must be; come give me that grasshopper shooter of yours, must be heavy for you—fit for nothing but to kill sparrows and robbins in snow time; but give it to me, as you have brought it thus far, it *may* be of service yet. So without more ado, he took my gun from me and carried it himself on the shoulder which was not preoccupied, and left me to follow without any burden.

We kept on our way until some time after dark when the heavens began to be obscured with thick, heavy clouds, and fearful of losing the track, we determined to stay here for the night; and a most miserable one it was. The thunders roared and the lightnings played around the peaks of these old cliffs, and the wind howling through the cedars, enough to appal a stouter heart than mine. No sooner was Boon's wish known than it was complied with. We raised a fire, placed our centinels, and the remainder, rolling up in our blankets, lay down with guns in hand. By the first dawn of day, continued the ferryman, we were startled by the report of a rifle, and jumping up, our centinel told us he had been fired upon, but by whom he could not tell, and pointed in the direction from which the report came. Old Daniel's eye was seen to expand and grow brighter, as he whispered in a quick hurried voice, to your trees; in a moment every man was lying behind his defence. Boon had discovered the savages, who amounted to twelve in number, almost double our little band; but the inequality of members only made our old hunter more anxious to exterminate them While looking in the direction which they were seen, I heard a crack close to my ear, and saw at the same instant an Indian leap from the ground with a horrid yell. Boon's eagle eye had marked his prey; the ball was buried in the brain—the savage fell never to rise again. Another and another was seen to leap and fall, as the quick reports of our rifles made us know well that death was in each whizzing ball. The savages at length seeing their numbers diminishing grew reckless of danger, and with the most determined fury, advanced upon us. As they came on I brought my old long ducking piece to a rest, just as I heard the stiff hoarse voice of Boon crying to his party to lie still. I saw them advancing whooping and yelling and brandishing their tomahawks; for they had dropped their guns in their eagerness to try the effect of a closer contest. One tall, athletic fellow came yelling and hallooing to his comrades to inspire them. I marked him. I could not resist—my finger was on the trigger, and my face to the gun—the powder caught, and the whole load was lodged in the fellow's heart! Well done, my little mocasin feet, cries the gruff voice of Daniel, which now sounded like music in my ears; he knew it to be my shot from the deep, long report, unlike the whizzing, sharp, quick crack of his favourite weapon. Well done, my little fellow; that old grasshopper shooter is worth its weight in gold; you'll be a man yet.

Now comrades, try your hand with the knife and tomahawk. The word was no sooner said than executed; quick as thought, every blade was out; and as the sinewy arm was drawn back to repeat its blow, the spouting, frothy blood, which followed, told that one stroke had been sufficient. The contest was not long, for the war cry of 'Remember Rogers, inspired every heart and added fresh strength to every arm. I saw Tom Wilson engaged in dreadful contest with a huge savage; they grappled and fell, and rolled over and over, each trying to master the other; the weapons of both had been lost or dropped in the affray, they were now scuffling for a knife which lay a few feet from them. I saw the Indian lying with his knee on Wilsons's breast, while the right hand was stretched to grasp the knife; but just as he had laid hold, Boon's hatchet found his brain, and he rolled over with a groan, his arm yet raised in the attitude of striking. All were killed but one, and he it was who had the day before shot our comrade Rogers. He was recognized by Wilson, who gave information to his companions and to Boon that he was the culprit. Three of our men were killed in the contest, and the remainder quickly grasping up their rifles, followed on in the chase after him; for he had fled as soon as he saw his only surviving companion's brain beat out by Boon's hatchet. —We loaded——'

'Why did you not shoot him as he run?' I enquired. 'Could you not at least have wounded him, among so many expert marksmen?'

'Yea yea, that we could, for we had men who could strike a dollar a good measured hundred yards. There was Sam Jones, that I saw knock a wild Turkey's head off a hundred and fifty yards, off hand. But Boon's orders were to take him alive, and we were afraid to shoot, fearful of killing him.

Here the old ferryman stopped suddenly his narration, and rising from his seat requested me to do the same, while he commenced hanging his oars.

'But' said I, being extremely interested in the story, 'Did you overtake him, or was he too fleet for you, and so escaped from your hands?'

'Nay, my friend, don't be impatient; I'll tell you all in time; but see, the sun is going down, you can tell from the tops of the cedars only being illuminated by his rays; so if you will just lead your horse in, I will pull you over.'

I did as directed, and again asked rather impatiently, what became of the savage.

'You will please to lead your horse a little astern,' said my historian, with great gravity. 'I can't push the boat off the stands for his weight."

I was compelled to obey him; and as soon as we were swimming, I hoped he would resume his story; but he seemed to be too busily engaged with the oars to be communicative; except now and then a word from him, as he pointed out with his eyes some beautiful prospect. At length running immediately under the cliff which he had been admiring.

'Now,' said he, 'as there is none, or very little current here, I will rest awhile, for my old arms are not as strong as they once were.'

I was glad of an opportunity to inquire again the sequel of a story in which I had taken such an interest, and looking him in the face, as he was sitting on the side of the boat, leaning on his oar, he seemed to understand my wishes, and with a significant smile, he resumed—

'Yea, I know you are anxious to hear more of it, so, whilst I am resting, I will finish my tale. We followed on until we had forced the savage into the enclosure above our heads, made by this bend.' pointing it out with his finger at the same time. 'Then the Indian was penned completely up, and no avenue of escape—on one side, the river lying one hundred feet below; on the other, deadly enemies, determined upon his capture, and he expected no mercy, as he had never given any. He ran in every direction, seeking a pass; but the muzzles of the death bearing rifle met his eye, and a determined finger on every trigger. He grew desperate and, bounding to the edge of the precipice just above our heads, he made the tremendous leap. I was a boy then, but the cry of horror still rings in my ear, when our party saw the leap, we were astonished, awed, confounded—our brains grew dizzy as we ventured to the brink, and, looking over, saw a body floating down the stream.

Here the old man rose from his seat, and commenced again hanging his oars.

'Did the leap kill him?'

'Anan?'

'Did the leap kill him?'

Yea.'

PERTH, (U. C.) July 17.

A Puzzler for Solomon were he living.

We are informed that at a house in Ramsay, where a woman was lately delivered of a child, a neighbouring farmer's wife, who was lending her aid was instantaneously taken in labour and was also delivered, a few minutes afterwards. The children were both of the same sex; whether male or female we don't know. They were put together, and in the bustle of taking care of the woman, the midwife forgot which child belonged to each mother. What was to be done in this perplexing dilemma? It was agreed between the parties that each mother should take the child which fell to her by the decision of lot, and him or her *bring up, rear and educate*, until some convincing family likeness appeared, by which they could arrive at a moral certainty of their parentage, and that an exchange should then take place, if the Delphic oracle of lot appeared to have been mendacious.

BALTIMORE, August 11.

The Ceremonies of Saturday.—Agreeably to previous arrangements our citizens assembled at an early hour on Saturday morning, in front of the Court house The Committee of Arrangements with a zeal worthy of the occasion, had provided suitable accommodations on the Eastern terrace for the Governor of the State and suite, the Mayor and Officers of the Corporation, Judges of the Courts the President and Directors of the Baltimore and Susquehanna Rail Road Co. Officers of the Army and Navy, and distinguished citizens and strangers. Over the place assigned to the Orator was suspended a portrait of the venerable Charles Carroll of Carrollton, with the inscription "July 4, 1776;" above which was placed the motto, "Agriculture, Commerce and Manufactures." On the North and South corners of the terrace the national flags were tastefully arranged.—The ceremonies were commenced by a national air, played by Captain Roundtree's excellent band; after which the Rev. Nicholas Snethen, a venerable and highly talented minister of the Methodist persuasion, supplicated the Throne of Grace, in an eloquent and very appropriate prayer. This part of the exercises being concluded, *William George Read esq.* rose and delivered the Centenary Oration, an address replete with eloquence and historical allusion. Notwithstanding the extreme heat of the day, the audience was large and highly respectable and listened to the Orator with marked attention, and gave repeated indications of applause.

The Centenary ceremonial having closed, our citizens joined in the procession to the place of laying the corner stone of the *Baltimore and Susquehanna Rail Road*, which was formed in conformity with the order published on Saturday, with the addition of several youthful associations, which closed the line of procession, and whose appearance and conduct throughout elicited the warmest admiration.

We were happy to observe in a conspicuous station in the Masonic ranks, the ancient and honorable fraternity of KNIGHT TEMPLARS from Washington. The procession was formed at the Masonic Hall, in St. Paul's street, about half past nine o'clock, a. m. and marched down Fayette street to Calvert, thence to Market, up Market to Howard street and up N. Howard street to the place of laying the stone. The procession arrived on the ground at 11 o'clock where a platform in the Grecian style was erected for the accommodation of the Governor and his Aids, the Grand Lodge of Maryland, Officers of the Corporation, Members of the Company and invited guests. In the rear of the platform, and at a suitable elevation the flag used at the bombardment of Fort M'Henry was suspended, on each side arose a rustic pedestal surmounted by a rail road car, decorated with fancy banners at each angle. The pedestal on the left bore the following inscription:

1729,
Population
48,
Area
60,
Acres.

That on the right was inscribed:

1829,
Population
80,000,
Area
9,300
Acres.

Soon after the procession had reached the ground, the Rev. Dr. Williams, the Grand Chaplain, offered up the following pious aspiration to Heaven:

SUPREME & ETERNAL BEING!—Thou source of everlasting perfection! essence of love! look down with compassion upon the degenerate offspring of thy creative power; and let thy Holy Spirit in this happy moment of unaffected adoration work all thy work of grace and mercy upon every heart.

Gracious God! It is only thou who didst create, who canst effectually redeem and save. It is only thou who hast made the heart, that canst alone renew it to its first lovely, loving nature View, O Heavenly Holy Father! view with pity and compassion our fallen degeneracy; and with all that Divine energy, with which thou didst create us pure, restore us again to that original purity—convince us all of the deep depravity of our fallen spirits. Above all, convince us that at a distance from *Thee* and in a change from thy likeness, our misery is unavoidably certain, interchangeably sure. And may this influence our minds to be truly in earnest in the work of an immediate repentance and an eager return to Thee, our forsaken Friend and Father. Unite us to thyself in every bond of faithfulness, affection, gratitude and love. Purify our hearts from every strange and unholy affection. May the love of the world, and the love of every sin be root'd out from every bosom, and our hearts made

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