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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THE RECONCILIATION.

——"Faster, faster! your horses creep like snails! drive for your life!" cried the impatient Morley, as the noble animals he so slandered dashed along the pebbly turnpike road, while the sparkles flew from their iron-shod hoofs like a flight of fire flies.

The postillion, with voice and whip, put them to the top of their speed; and the chaise, in its rapid course, left behind it a trail of light, as though its wheels had been ignited.

A high and steep hill in front, at length enforced a more moderate gait, when Morley, as if struck by a sudden recollection turned his head anxiously towards his companion, a lovely young woman, who, pale, silent, and motionless, reclined on his shoulder.

"Ellen, my love," said Morley, tenderly, "I fear this will prove too much for your delicate frame."

There was no reply.

Morley leaned his face nearer to hers, and, by the moonbeams, saw that her features were fixed, her open eyes gazing on vacancy, while the tears which had recently streamed from them, seemed congealed upon her bloodless cheeks.

"God of heaven!" exclaimed Morley, what means this? Ellen, beloved, adored! do you not hear me? will you not speak to me—to Morley, *your* Morley?" and he gently pressed her in his arms.

The name he uttered, like a charm, dissolved the spell that bound her. A long drawn sigh, as if struggling from a breaking heart, escaped her cold, quivering lips, a fresh mountain of tears burst forth, and with an hysteric sob she fell upon the bosom of her lover.

The alarmed, but enraptured Morley folded her in his arms, and bent to kiss away her tears—when, with a sudden start, she disengaged herself from his embrace, and drawing back, looked wildly and earnestly in his face.

"Morley," she said, in a voice of thrilling tone, "do you love me?"

"Dearest, best Ellen," he replied, "do you, can you doubt it?"

"Do you love me, Morley!" she repeated with increased earnestness.

"Truly—devotedly—madly," cried Morley, on his knees. "By the heaven that is shining over us ——"

"No more oaths; no more protestations. Are you willing, by one action—at this moment to prove that I am truly dear to you, Morley?"

"I am, though it carry with it my destruction!"

"I ask not your destruction—I implore you to prevent mine. Return!"

Morley gazed at her, as if doubting his sense of hearing.

"Return!"

"Return, instantly!"

"Ellen are you serious—are you," he might have added, "in your senses?" but she interrupted him.

"I am serious—I am not mad, Morley; no, nor inconstant, nor fickle," she added, reading the expression that was arising on Morley's countenance. "That I love, and in that love am incapable of change, do not, Morley, insult me by doubting, even by a look. But O, if you love as you ought, as you have sworn you do, as a man of honor, I implore you to take me back to my father——"

"To your father!" exclaimed Morley, almost unconscious of what he said.

"Ay, to my father, my grey headed, my doating, my confiding father: take me to him before his heart is broken by the child he loves. I have been with him," she cried in wild agony, "even now, as I lay in your arms, spell bound in my trance, while the carriage rolled on to my perdition. I could not move—I could not speak; but I knew where I was, and whither I was hurrying: yet even then was I with my father, she said, with a voice and look of supernatural solemnity: "he lay on his death bed; his eye turned upon me—his fixed and glaring eye, it rested on me as I lay in your arms; he cursed me and died! His malediction yet rings in my ears—his eye is now upon me. Morley, for the love of heaven, ere it is too late——"

"Compose yourself, my beloved—my own Ellen."

"Do you still hesitate," she cried; "would you still soothe my frantic soul with words? Your Ellen! short sighted man, your Ellen! What shall bind her to a husband who could abandon a father; what power may transform the renegade daughter into the faithful wife! Morley, listen to me: as you hope for mercy, do not, do not destroy the being who loves you—who asks you to preserve her soul!"

Morley caught her as she sank at his feet; and she remained in his arms in a state of insensibility.

He was confounded—subdued.

The fatigued horses had labored about midway up the acclivity, when Morley called to the postillion,

"Turn your horses' heads;" he said, "we shall return."

The steeds seemed to acquire renewed vigor from the alteration in their course and were proceeding at a brisk pace on their return, when Ellen again revived.

"Where am I—whither am I carried?" she wildly exclaimed.

"To your father, my beloved," whispered Morley.

"To my father, Morley, to my father! —can it be?—but no, I will not doubt; you never deceived me—you cannot. God bless you, *Morley*; God bless you, my brother, my dear brother," and with her pure arms around his neck she imprinted a sister's holy kiss upon his lips and dissolved in delicious tears, sank with the confidence of conscious innocence upon his bosom. The etherial influence of virtue fell like a balm upon the tumultuous feelings of the lovers, and never in the wildest moment of passion, not even when he first heard the avowal of love from his heart's selected, had Morley felt so triumphantly happy.

* * * * * *

"Where is he—let me see him—is he alive—is he well?" shrieked Ellen, as she rushed into the house of her father.

"For whom do you inquire, madam," coldly asked the female she addressed, the maiden sister of Ellen's father.

"Aunt, dear aunt, do not speak to me thus. I am not what you think me. But my father—my father, is he—is he alive, is he well? O beloved aunt, have pity on me, I am repentant, I am innocent——"

"In one word, Ellen, are you not married?"

"I am not."

"Heaven be praised! follow me—your father is not well——"

"For the love of heaven—before it is too late;" and the distracted girl rushed into the room and knelt at her father's side.

"Father! do not avert your face—father, I am your own Ellen. I am restored to you as I left you. By the years of love that have passed between us, forgive the folly—the offence—the crime of a moment. By the memory of my mother——"

"Cease"—said the old man, endeavoring, through the weakness of age & infirmity, and the workings of agonized feelings, to be firm "forbear, and answer me—is this gentleman your husband?"

Ellen was about to reply, but Morley stept forward. "I am not, said Morley, "blessed with that lady's hand; she has refused it, unless it is given with your sanction; and without that sanction, dearly as I love her, and hopeless as I may be of your consent, I will never hereafter ask it."

"Do you pledge your word to this young man?"

"My sacred word as a man of honour—I may have inherited your hate, but I will never deserve it."

"Children, you have subdued me!" exclaimed the father. "Morley, my daughter is yours!"

Morley siezed the old man's hand, scarcely believing the scene before him to be real.

"My father!" said the weeping Ellen on her knees, her arm around his neck, her innocent cheek pressed to his.

The good aunt partook of the general joy, and even Ellen's favourite dog seemed to thank her father for his kindness to his dear mistress.

The happy father sat with an arm around his daughter's waist, and as he pressed her lover's hand, he said,

"Behold, in all this, the goodness of God: behold the blessings that follow the performance of our duties. Your father, young gentleman, before you saw the light, had entailed my hate on his offspring. I had nourished this bitter feeling even against you, who had never offended me, and whom every one else loved. This very day the cherished hostility of years had given way before my desire to secure my daughter's happiness. I felt that age was creeping on me—and but the morning of this blessed day I had resolved, over his holy book, to prove my contrition for my sinful harboring of hatred towards my fellow creatures, by uniting you, my children in marriage. The tidings of my daughter's elopement scattered to the winds all my better thoughts and revived my worst in tenfold strength. I did not order a pursuit: I did more. I felt, at least I thought so, the approach of my malady to a region where it would soon prove fatal. No time was to be lost: my will was hastily drawn out, bequeathing my beggard daughter but her father's curse; it would have been signed this night; for over this book I had taken an oath never to forgive her who could abandon a father."

"Oh my father!" interrupted Ellen, to whom the horrible images of her trance returned "in pity, my dear father——"

"Bless you, for ever bless you, my ever excellent Ellen. Your filial obedience has prolonged your father's life."

Atlantic Souvenier.

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From the Boston Evening Transcript.

THE MAP.

We found on our table this morning a neat pocket map—not of Poland, reader; nor the Seat of War—although very much like the latter; but a map of—we may as well out with it—a "Map of Matrimony!" that oft travelled country, from which once within the confines, no traveller returns. We know not to whom we are indebted for this valuable addition to our library; it was accompanied by a note written in a neat, legible hand, (a lady's!) informing us the original was brought from England, and that it has been re-published by Pendleton, and may be purchased of him, or at Carter, Hendee & Babcock's. The proceeds of sale will be given to a Female Charitable Society; but whether said society was instituted for the relief of widows and orphans destitute single women, or desolate single men, the deponent sayeth not. The map is well executed, and the delineations are apparently faithful and accurate. The Straights and Quicksands are noted with appalling minuteness. We commend the map to our bachelor brothers as well worth laborious study. It will enlighten their ignorance, and aid their progress through a region where there are no rail-roads, nor rail-way cars, but which some of them are assuredly destined to traverse, however reluctant the may feel to set forward on their journey.

They will learn from the map, that the "River of Complaisance, the discovery of the true source and course of which has cost so many millions, rises in the "Lake of Presents," and flowing through the "States of Agitation," winds its way by the "Province of Jewelers and Milliners," &c. separating the "Kingdom of Suspense," from the "Land of Promise," loses itself in the "Desert." They will be taught that the "Lake of Presents," is in the "*Electorate* of Brides-maids," in which also is the "haven where he would be,"—the "Port of Hymen,"—situated at the outlet of the "River of Congratulation," and looking towards the "Region of Rejoicing," which we are sorry to learn, is waging a destructive war with the "Petticoat Government." "Point Pin Money," is at the entrance to "Settlement Bay," on the western shore of which lies the "Land of Spinsters," from whence a dangerous promontory extends itself called "Point desertion." There is no 'Light' on this point, and the mariner who passes by night, or in foggy weather, should keep well over to the opposite coast, where there is a bold shore, excellent anchorage ground, and good pilots, always ready to put off at the first signal. In a clear day "Point Desertion," may be seen far out to sea, and may be known by a number of tumuli, scattered along the shore, looking like a range of marble tomb-stones. On examination with glass, they will be found to be piles of bones, which tradition relates, are the last remains of unhappy damsels who had been captured by pirates, in the time of Blue Beard and left there to perish.

The "Straights of Flirtation," are of dangerous navigation; many a good sea boat has been wrecked there, and the Hydrographer has laid down the distance and bearings of the "Isle of Jealousy," and the "Quicksand of Censure" with commendable precision. There is plenty of sea room in the "Ocean of Admiration," and one who is voyaging for pleasure, will find delightful cruising ground along the shores of the "Land of Promise;" he may if he please double "Cape Courtship" and touch at "Point Proposal." Should he be driven by stress of weather into the "Bay of Engagement" he may dismantle his ship and lay her on the "Coast of Preparation" amusing himself, whilst waiting for orders, with shooting wild fowl on the "Mountains of Delay;" but as they are inhabited by Lawyers, he will thank us for cautioning him against unsportsman-like trespasses.—Gentlemen Bachelors, what say you? Will you buy a "Map of Matrimony." We pray you do, in charity.

—*—

From the Illinois Magazine.

A FRONTIER SCENE.

The following anecdote, which is highly characteristic of the period of our history in which it occurred, and of the persons to whom it relates, was communicated to us in conversation, from a highly authentic source, and is given without alteration, except such as unavoidably occurred in clothing it in our own language.

Captain Crawford of Virginia—the same who afterwards, under the name of Colonel Crawford, was taken prisoner, inhumanly tortured, and murdered by the Indians—was marching a company from the frontiers of his own state to the Ohio river. The occasion is not exactly known; it might have been during Braddock's expedition in 1763, or in some of the expeditions previous to Dunmore's war, which occurred in 1774.—From the ages of the parties, we rather incline to the former date. Crawford's men were of course, hunters and farmers from the outskirts of the Virginia settlements—most probably young, daring, hardy volunteers, of the same class as the pioneers who shortly after that period overran the forests of Kentucky; and he himself was a bold, enterprising man. Previous to his leaving the neighborhood of the settlements, Crawford, from some accident, found himself in want of the means of transportation for some of his baggage or stores, and at a place where he halted in the woods, fortunately fell in with a wagoner who had stopped to rest his horses at the same spot. In such an emergency, Captain Crawford felt no hesitation in pressing the team and its driver into the service, and accordingly communicated his design to the wagoner. The latter, highly incensed, was inclined to resist what he considered an oppressive act; but he was alone, in the midst of a military band, who were ready and able, at a word, to enforce their commander's order. The wagoner was a great, gigantic, two fisted, square built fellow, who bore on his face the marks of many a hard fought battle. He was, in fact, a noted *bruiser*. He received Captain Crawford's order with an air of great dissatisfaction, and remained for a moment silent, looking sullenly at the troops as if indignantly measuring their strength against his own weakness. He then observed to the Captain, that it was hard to be forced to go against his own will—that every man ought to have a *fair chance*—that he had not a fair chance inasmuch as the odds were so great against him as to deprive him of the power of protecting his own right. He would, however, make a proposition, which he thought the captain was bound in honor to accede to: "I will fight you," said he, "or any man in your company If I am whipped, I will go with you cheerfully; but if I conquer, you must let me off." In making this proposal, the wagoner showed himself an able negociator. He either knew Crawford's character, or he had read it during the interview. The Captain was an expert woodsman, stout, active and chivalrous, and prided himself on his personal prowess, for which he had already obtained some celebrity. To have declined the wagoner's challenge might have seemed to indicate a want of manhood—it might have lessened him in the eyes of his men—and his own disposition and code of ethics, perhaps, suggested that the wagoner was entitled, in justice, to the *fair chance* which he claimed. He accordingly accepted the challenge, and both parties began to strip for the combat.

At this moment, a tall young man, who had recently joined the company, & was a stranger to most of them, who had been leaning carelessly against a tree, eyeing the scene with apparent unconcern, stepped forward and drew Crawford aside. "Captain," said he, "you must let *me* fight that man—he will whip *you*." Crawford was not willing to appear to *back out* but the youth insisted that to have the Captain beaten which would be the result if he persisted would tarnish the honor of the company, and moreover, that he himself was the only man who could whip the wagoner. The confidence of the youth, and a something about him which inspired confidence in others, enabled him to carry his point. Captain Crawford having done all that policy required, in accepting the challenge, very prudently suffered himself to be persuaded by his men to let the stranger take his place.

The two combatants were soon stripped and prepared for the fight. There was a great disparity in their appearance the odds being decidedly in favor of the wagoner. He was in the vigor of life, big, muscular, hardened by exposure, and experienced in affairs of this kind. The youth, who, when clad in his hunting shirt, seemed slender, now showed himself to be a young giant.—His frame had not yet acquired the fulness, the compactness, and the vigor of ripe manhood which it afterwards possessed to so high a degree—his limbs seemed to be loosely hung together, but his bones and muscles were enormous, and his eye full of courage.

The conflict, though bloody, was short. The wagoner was completely and terribly beaten. The youth sprang on him with the ferocity of an enraged tiger, and the battle was no longer doubtful. Wherever the tremendous fist of the youth struck, it inflicted a severe wound. The blood followed every blow, and the wagoner, who had been the victor in many a hard fought field, in a few minutes lay mangled and exhausted at the feet of his vanquisher, who was but little, if at all hurt.

That youth was DANIEL MORGAN, who had now, for the first time, taken the field against the enemies of his country as a private soldier, who afterwards rose to the rank of Major General, who so often led our armies in battle, and who was perhaps more frequently engaged with the enemy than any other officer of the American revolution. He was as celebrated for his activity, strength, and personal courage, as for his military genius; and the above is one of a great number of incidents in his life which attests his almost incredible bodily power.

The following is part of a squib let off in one of the Paris papers. We find it in the Courier des Etats Unis, and translate it for the benefit of our readers.

POOR DIEBITSCH.

What is he going to do in this abominable gallery?

He had a very good sort of reputation and managed to pass for a great man; but some unaccountable demon of ambition upset his brain, and persuaded him that the Poles were all Turks. Where upon he bestrode his great war horse, and set about scouring hill and vale.—The very Don Quixotte of aristocratic legitimacy, he was going to repress the rebellion in a week, and, if need should be, he would have hung up every mothers's son in Poland, upon the same gallows.

Striding on, Master Diebitsch arrived before Praga, and Cholpicki gave him a volley—no child's play, but good solid blows from a cannon, and away went the hero full gallop, for twenty leagues or more, to sing *Te Deum* for his *victory*.

Since that time, he has gone on *in the same way*, from conquest to conquest; at length, at Ostrolinka, he gained a last victory.

Twenty Thousand Russians were left on the field of battle, with *four thousand* Poles, and the army of Skrzynecki maintained its position.

He made, as usual, a glorious report, but Nicholas was in a bad humour.—"That man," said he, "ought to have the cholera morbus."

A courtier went out of the antichamber, and wrote to one of his friends who was in the army: "The Czar has decided that Diebitsch Sabalkansky shall have the cholera morbus."

Meantime, the Emperor continued to walk up and down his Chamber, and at length cried out, Diebitsch will die of a dreadful attack of the apoplexy.

A second courtier went out and wrote to the army. "The Czar has decided that Diebitsch should die of a dreadful attack of the apoplexy."

He had laughed, chatted and drunk, as was usual to him, and on that day he even forgot Skrzynecky, and imagined himself a hero, as he was when he was beating the grand Vizier.

But that night it seemed to him that four vigorous hands were pressing at his throat, and choking which immediately succeeded, caused his sudden death. The next day the friends of those two courtiers wrote to the editor of the Prussian Gazette:—"Dear sir," said the first, "the illustrious general is dead from a stroke of apoplexy."

The editor issued an *extra*.

But about two hours afterwards, came a letter from the second, which said:—"Dear sir, the conqueror of the Turks is dead from *cholera morbus*."

The Devil! exclaimed the editor, scratching his ear, "this looks a little more probable;" and he published the news.

Poor Diebitsch! he died with the "cholera of policy," he died like a man who was to be punished without the right of doing it. Let us pray for the *soul* of Diebitsch, and the body of his successor.

—*—

There are some people in the world of so uniformly unexcitable a temperament that they are almost insensible to the changes and impressions around them. They are purely abstracted and intellectual beings. Yesterday morning, it will be recollected brought us a great change in the atmosphere,—cold and windy. It was at this period that we were amused to see two persons of this description (both bachelors) come to consult a thermometer in a central part of the town, and to clothe accordingly The first came with a thin pair of bombazette pantaloons flapping about his legs—"Bless me," said he, "I was not aware that such a change had taken place,"—and home he went for broadcloth. The next came muffled in his great coat. "Not so cold neither," said he; some one told me, this morning that it was winter weather

Salem Observer.

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