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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POETRY.

The following is a poetical report of a speech made by Wm. R. Johnson, of turf celebrity, at a Virginia Hustings. This gentleman, who is remarkable alike for the excellence of his heart and sagacity of his head, it will be seen, exhibited the same skill in running as a candidate for legislative honors, as he has done many a time as a candidate for the cup. The good humored way in which he has bantered nullification out of his county, is characteristic of his sportive and sporting vein—and shows with what good sense and good feeling he made his observations upon South Carolina politics, while he was apparently busied in the sports of the field. The waggish poet who has versified the speech has stuck to the facts and humor of the orator. He has not borrowed a line from fiction.—*Globe.*

From the Richmond Enquirer.

There is so much HUMOUR, and let me say good humour, in the following lines, that I ask for them a place in the Enquirer—in these racing, electioneering, (and may I not add with due reverence?) preaching and marrying times.

VIVE LA BAGATELLE!

A VIRGINIA ELECTION.

In the good Old Diminion, which may GOD ever bless!
On the Southside, but *where* I shall leave you to guess;
In that April-fool season when every court-green,
With stallions and candidates crowded is seen
When Conventions, and Gymnos, and Jockey Clubs meet,
And racers cross jostle with priests in the street.
Their saintships lamenting, in language most civil,
That Jockeys are running headlong to the devil;
In that month set apart by our long-settled rules,
For elections of statesmen and making of fools,
When the sovereigns flock with delight to the polls,
To haul their old Delegates over the coals,
Or to hear the poor culprit his conduct explain,
And recount the great deeds of his winter campaign;
In that month, as of course, in the year thirty-three
An election was held in the county of C.
The day was propitious, the weather was clear
And two suitors for popular favor appear;
One a lawyer well known as both learned and profound;
The other in wit of the world did abound,
A truant to book, but sagacious of mind,
For while *others* read books, *he* was reading mankind.
Proclamation was made, and voters rush in,
And the murmur once silenced, the speakers begin.
First the lawyer arose, but it boots not to tell,
From his lips, of State Rights, all that forcibly fell,
Suffice it to say, that his able oration
Was thought to smack somewhat of nullification.
But when he had ceased his supporters huzzaed,
While his firmness and worth e'en opponents applaud.
The man of the world next arose to reply,
His manner collected; but keen his grey eye.
He spoke of the "good Old Dominion" he loved,
Of her school a disciple, her course he approved;
The champion of State Rights she ever had been—
In the battles of liberty foremost was seen;
Her statesmen and warriors had yielded to none
Since the fight for American freedom begun,
In wisdom and prowess and patriot zeal,
For American honor, for American weal—
And the manner and heart of the orator warmed
As he spoke of the Union their wisdom had formed,
Of that star-spangled banner that floats on the breeze,
Triumphantly riding o'er boisterous seas,
And hoped, ere his bright constellation should set,
It should light us to many a victory yet.
"I have been to the South," he indignantly cried,
"All their chivalry seen, and their folly beside;
"I have been to that land which now sighs to secede,
"And Nullification avows as its creed.
'There brother prepares to take arms against brother,
"And father and son are arrayed 'gainst each other;
"But what's worst of all, 'tis a new source of strife,
"Never heard of before between husband and wife.
"Its got 'mongst the women, and the evil still spreading,
"Like the foul toads of Egypt, gets into their bedding,
"In this "good Old Dominion" where blessings abound,
"And good wives and good race-horses always are found—
"*Our* wives will stick to us as long as they can,
"And are always for union, you know, to a man
"But in South Carolina, where *her* principle thrives,
"The poor husbands, alas! have sad times with their wives;
"With the foes of Secession they deny all communion,
"Nor will sleep with a husband who holds fast to the Union.
"What say you my countrymen! what sort of lives
"Would Virginians lead who can't sleep with their wives?"
He ceased—when a shout rends the heaven like thunder,
"Let the Union be saved, and our wives be kept under."

A SCENE IN THE 'DARK AND BLOODY GROUND.'

James Morgan, a native of Maryland, married at an early age, and soon after settled himself near Bryant's station, in the wilds of Kentucky. Like most pioneers of the west, he had cut down the cane, built a cabin, deadened the timber, enclosed a field with a worm fence, and planted some corn.

It was on the 15th day of August, 1782; the sun had descended, a pleasant breeze was playing through the surrounding wood the tall cane bowed under its gentle influence, and the broad green leaves of the corn waved in the air; Morgan had seated himself in the door of the cabin, with his infant on his knee; his young and happy wife had laid aside her spinning-wheel, and was busily engaged in preparing the frugal meal. That afternoon, Morgan had accidentally found a bundle of letters, which he had finished reading to his wife before he had taken his seat in the door. It was a correspondence in which they had acknowledged an early and ardent attachment for each other, and the perusal left evident traces of joy on the countenance of both; the little infant, too, seemed to partake of its parents feelings, by its cherub smiles, its playful humour, and infantile caresses. While thus agreeably employed, the report of a rifle was heard; another, and another, followed in quick succession.—Morgan sprang to his feet, his wife ran to the door, as they simultaneously exclaimed, "Indians!" The door was immediately barred, and the next moment all their fears were realized, by a bold and spirited attack from a small party of Indians. The cabin could not be *successfully* defended, and time was precious.—Morgan, cool, brave, and prompt, soon decided. A puncheon [board] was raised; while Morgan was in the act of concealing his wife under the floor, a mother's feelings overcome her, she arose, seized her infant, but was told that its cries would betray her place of concealment. She hesitated, gazed silent upon it. A momentary struggle between affection and duty, took place. She once more pressed her child to her agitated bosom again and again, and kissed it with impassioned tenderness. The infant, alarmed at the profusion of tears that fell upon its cheek, looked up in its mother's face, threw its little arms around her neck, and wept aloud. 'In the name of Heaven, Eliza, release the child, or we shall be lost,' said the distracted husband, in a soft imploring tone of voice, as he forced the infant from his wife, hastily replaced the puncheon took up his gun, knife and hatchet ran up the ladder that led to the garret, and drew it after him. In a moment the door was burst open, and the savages entered. By this time, Morgan had secured his child in a bag, and lashed it to his back, then throwing off some clap-boards from the roof of the cabin, resolutely leaped to the ground. He was instantly assailed by two Indians. As the first approached, he knocked him down with the butt of his gun. The other advanced with uplifted tomahawk; Morgan let fall his gun, and *closed in.* The savage made a blow, missed his aim, but severed the cord that bound the infant to his back, and it fell. The contest over the child, now became warm and fierce, and was carried on with knives only. The combatants thrust and plunged their deadly instruments into each other, with desperate fury. The robust and athletic Morgan at length got the ascendency.—both were badly cut and bled freely, but the stabs of the white man were better aimed and deeper. The Indian now became frantic with rage & disappointment. His teeth were clenched together, the veins in his neck swollen, his eyes seemed to emit sparks of fire, as he grasped Morgan by the hair, elevated himself on tip-toe, and raised his bloody knife. It descended with desperate intent, but Morgan watchful as he was brave, took advantage of the moment, made a quick and violent thrust at the side of the Indian—the blood gushed out, the savage gave a feeble groan, and sunk to the earth. Morgan hastily took up his child and gun, and hurried off. The Indians in the house, busily engaged in drinking and plundering, were not apprised of the contest in the yard, until the one that had been knocked down, gave signs of returning life, and called them to the scene of action. Morgan was discovered, immediately pursued, and a dog put on his trail. Operated upon by all the feelings of a husband and a father, he moved onward with the speed of a hunted stag, and soon outstripped the Indians, but the dog kept in close pursuit. Finding it impossible either to outrun or elude the cunning animal, trained to hunts of this kind, he halted waited until it came within a few yards of him, fired and brought it down, reloaded his gun, and again pushed forward. Bryant's station was not far off—firing was heard—he stopped for a moment and again advanced. Fires could now be distinctly seen, extending for some distance on both sides of Elkhorn creek. The station was in view; lighted arrows fast descended on the roof of the cabins; it was no longer doubtful; Bryants station was besieged by a large force, and could not be entered at that time. He paused—the cries of his infant, that he had again lashed to his back, aroused him to a sense of his own danger, and his wife's perilous situation. Another effort was made, and in a short time, reached the house of a brother, who resided between the station and Lexington, where he left the child, and the two brothers immediately set out for his dwelling. As they approached the clearing, a light broke upon his view—his speed quickened, his fears increased, and the most agonizing apprehensions crowded upon his mind. He emerged from the cane-brake, beheld his house in flames, and almost burned to the ground. 'My wife he exclaimed, as he pressed one hand to his forehead, and grasped the fence with the other, to support his tottering frame. He gazed for some time on the ruin and desolation before him, advanced a few steps, and sunk exhausted to the earth. Morning came; the bright luminary of heaven arose, and still found him seated near the almost expiring embers. In his right hand, he held a small stick, with which he was tracing the name of Eliza on the ground—his left was thrown over his favorite dog, that lay by his side, looking first on the ruin, and then on his master, with evident signs of grief. Morgan arose; the two brothers now made a search, and found some bones, almost burned to ashes, which they carefully gathered, and silently consigned to their mother earth, beneath the widespread branches of a venerable oak, consecrated by the purest and holiest recollections. One of the most interesting pages in the annals of Tacitus, is that in which he so eloquently and feelingly describes the return of Agrippina, to her country and to her home, bearing the urn that contained the ashes of her murdered husband, surrounded by her weeping children, and mourning friends.—There is an awakening interest in deep-rooted sorrow, that calls into action all the kind feelings and tender sympathies of our nature; and the heart can, no doubt, be as warmly operated upon in the wild plains of America, as on the classic grounds of Italy. There is something peculiarly touching in the performance of the last sad duty of burial whether encompassed by the proud and lofty towers of imperial Rome while the cries of mourning thousands ascend to heaven, or surrounded by the tall green trees of republican Kentucky, where the stricken heart silently pours forth its sorrows.

On the evening of the 16th of August, Morgan, his brother, and a number of men from Lexington, gallantly threw themselves into the besieged station, and saved the fortress. After a bold, spirited and unsuccessful siege, Simon Girty drew off his men on the morning of the third day, and marched in the direction of the Lower Blue Licks. By this time, the whole neighbourhood had risen in arms, and with the aid promptly given by Harrodsburg and Boon's station, one hundred and sixty-six mounted men mustered under the command of colonels Todd and Trigg. The line of march was immediately taken up, and the pursuit commenced. After marching a short distance, colonel Daniel Boon, and some others, watchful and experienced, and well acquainted with Indian *sign*, discovered strong evidences of tardiness and ostentation, that seemed to invite an attack. The trees were chopped for the purpose of pointing out the *route*, while they took pains to conceal their number, by marching in single file, stepping in each other's track, and contracting their camps. As the van arrived on the south bank of Licking river, at the Lower Blue Licks, a few scattering Indians were discovered, *slowly* and *carelessly* retiring over the hills on the north side of the river.

[By the reckless impatience of one of the party, an injudicious attack was made on the Indians, who being in ambuscade and greatly out-numbered the whites, were after a desperate contest, the victors. The survivors retreated across the Licking, but were pursued by the enemy for a distance of six and thirty miles.]

James Morgan was among the last that crossed the river, and was in the rear until the hill was ascended. As soon as he beheld the Indians re-appear on the ridge, he felt anew his wrongs, and recollected the lovely object of his early affections. He urged on his horse, and pressed to the front. While in the act of leaping from his saddle, he received a rifle ball in his thigh, and he fell; an Indian sprang upon him, seized him by the hair, and applied the scalping knife. At this moment, Morgan cast up his eyes, & recognized the handkerchief that bound the head of the savage, and which he knew to be his wife's. This added renewed strength to his fury. He quickly and increased activity, threw around the Indian, and with his left arm, grasp, hugged him to his bosom, plunged his knife into his side, and he expired in his arms. Releasing himself from the savage, Morgan crawled under a small oak, on an elevated piece of ground, a short distance from him.—

The scene of action shifted, and he remained undiscovered and unscalped, an anxious spectator of the battle. It was now midnight. Girty and his savage band, after taking all the scalps they could find, left the battle ground. Morgan was seated at the foot of the oak, its trunk supporting his head. The rugged and uneven ground that surrounded him, was covered with the slain; the once white and projecting rocks, bleached with the rain and sun of centuries, were crimsoned with the blood that had warmed the heart and animated the bosom of the patriot and the soldier. But a few hours before, he had seen the gallant Todd, Trigg, Harland, Boon, and many others, in all the pride of life, flushed with hope, glowing with zeal, and burning with patriotism—now cold and lifeless as the rocks that lay scattered over '*the dark and bloody ground;*' friends and enemies, the red man and the white man, side by side, quietly slumbering in eternal repose. The pale glimmering of the moon, occasionally threw a faint light upon the mangled bodies of the dead, then a passing cloud enveloped all in darkness, and gave additional horror to the feeble cries of a few still lingering in the last agonies of protracted death, rendered doubly appalling by the coarse growl of the bear, the loud howl of the wolf, the shrill and varied notes of the wild cat, and panther, feeding on the dead and dying. Morgan beheld the scene with heart-rending sensations, and looked forward with the apathy of despair to his own end. A large and ferocious looking bear, covered with blood, now approached him; he threw himself on the ground, silently commended his soul to Heaven, and in breathless anxiety awaited his fate. The satiated animal slowly passed on without noticing him. Morgan raised his head, was about offering thanks for his unexpected preservation, when the cry of a pack of wolves opened upon him, and again awakened him to a sense of his danger. He placed his hands over his eyes, fell on his face, and in silent agony again awaited his fate. He heard a rustling in the bushes—steps approached—a cold chill ran over him. Imagination, creative, busy imagination, was actively employed—death, the most horrible death, awaited him; his limbs would, in all probability, be torn from his body, and be devoured alive. He felt a touch—the vital spark was almost extinguished—another touch more violent than the first, and he was turned over—the cold sweat ran down in torrents—his hands were violently forced from his face—the moon passed from under a cloud, a faint ray beamed upon him—his eyes involuntarily opened, and he beheld his wife, who, in a scarce audible voice, exclaimed, My husband!' and fell upon his bosom.

Morgan now learned from his wife, that after the Indians had entered the house, they found some spirits, & drank freely; an altercation soon took place—one of them received a mortal stab & fell; his blood ran through the floor on her; believing it to be the blood of her husband, she shrieked aloud, and betrayed her place of concealment. She was immediately taken and bound. The party, after setting fire to the house, proceeded to Bryant's station. On the day of the battle of the Blue Licks, a horse with saddle and bridle, rushed by her, which she knew to be her husband's.—During the action, the prisoners were left unguarded, made their escape, and lay concealed beneath some bushes under the bank of the river. After the Indians had returned from the pursuit, and left the battle ground, she, with some other persons that had escaped with her, determined to make a search for their friends, and if on the field and living, save them if possible, from the beasts of prey. After searching for some time, and almost despairing of success, she fortunately discovered him. The party of colonel Logan found Morgan and his wife, and restored them to their friends, their infant and their home.—*West. M. Mag.*

Extract from Peter Simple—or the Trials of a Midshipman.

"First and foremost you must know that I am descended from the great O'Brien Borru, who was a King in his time, as the great Fingal was before him. Of course you've heard of Fingal?"

"I can't say that I ever did," I replied.

"Never heard of Fingal?—murder—Where must you have been all your life? Well then, to give you some notion of Fingal, I will tell you how Fingal bothered the great Scotch giant. Fingal you must know was a giant himself, and no fool of a one; and any one that affronted [illegible] keep a middle watch to night. But there was a giant in Scotland as tall as the main-mast, more or less, as we say when we an't quite sure, as it saves telling more lies than there's occasion for. Well, this Scotch giant heard of Fingal; and how he had beaten every body; and he said, "who is this Fingal? By Jasus," says he in Scotch, "I'll just walk over and see what he is made of." So he walked across the Irish channel, and landed within half a mile of Belfast; whether he was out of his depth or not, I can't tell, tho' I suspect he was not dry footed. When Fingal heard that this great chap was coming over he was in a devil of a fright, for they told him the Scotchman was taller by a few feet or so. Giants you know, measure by feet, and don't bother themselves about the inches as we little devils are obliged to do. So Fingal kept a sharp look out for the Scotchman; and one fine morning there he was, sure enough, coming up the hill to Fingal's house. If Fingal was afraid before, he had more reason to be afraid when he saw the fellow, for he looked all the world like a monument on a voyage of discovery. So Fingal ran into his house, and called his wife Shaya: "Mavourneen," says he, "be quick now; there's that big bully of a Scotchman coming up the hill. Kiver me up with blankets, and if he asks who is in bed tell him its the child." So Fingal lay down in the bed, and his wife had just time to cover him up, when in comes the Scotchman, and although he stooped low, he broke his head against the portal. "Where's that baste Fingal?" says he, rubbing his forehead: "show him to me, that I may give him a bating."

"Whist, whist!" cries Shaya, if you don't you'll wake the baby; and then him that you talk of bating will be the death of you if he comes in." "Is that the baby!" cried the Scotchman with surprise, looking at the great carcase muffled up in the blanket. "Sure it is" cried Shaya "and Fingal's baby too; so dont you wake him, or Fingal will twist your neck in a minute." "By the cross of St. Andrew," replied the giant, "then it is time for me to be off, for if that's his baby, I'll be a mouthful for the fellow himself Good morning to ye." So the Scotch giant ran out of the house, and never stopped to eat or drink until he got back to his own hills; for he was nearly drowned in having mistaken his passage across the channel in his great hurry.

Then Fingal got up and laughed as well he might, at his own cuteness, and so ends the story about Fingal.

Blackwood's Magazine.

KENTUCKY HUMOUR.

We think we recognize a little *humour* of our old friend *Mulloy*, in the following hit at the Nullifiers. We extract it from his paper, printed in Flemingsburg, Kentucky.

And prey good Mr. Printer, who is this NELLY FIERS that's kicking up such a thundering helloo in South Carolina—she must be a rip roarer—a real swinge cat, I sorty reckon. My honey and thunderations! if she and my wife were only to be together one week, I guess as how they'd storm a fort or two—for my wife has a tung that can run from the first day of Jiniwary to the last day of December without being greased—and I am told as how this Nelly Fiers ant slow at a short game—but if she can hold out with my wife, she must have the wind of a gray hound and the strength of a lion. My wife says as how that Sal Tattle told her that Granny Hoble said this Nelly Fiers was going over to that are city of Washington to ring old Hick'ry's nose for him—just as she would a young heifer's to make her stand still while she milked her, but if my wife was there, if there wouldn't be a real dog fight I wonder—for Jack is a terrapin and my wife's a real Jackson-*man* up to the hub.

Now I'll tell you what,—I always was Clay—my wife, she kept such a ding-donging at me all the time that she made me promise to vote for Jackson at the last election, and I tho't as how I'd fool her most tarnally, so I slip't off and voted for Clay, and come home and told Nancy I'd went for Jackson—but what do you think?—Next day one of the Squires come to my house, and while I was out told her I voted for Clay—and so by the hokee the house has been too hot for me ever since. But I'm told as how this Nelly Fiers has turned all Carolina inside out, just as a boy would turn a meal bag to shake it—well by jingo she must be a screamer, raised in a niggar quarter I know—fed on sweet taters and get her living by cleaning hogs noses for old Kentuckians. Well if ever I can get my eyes on Miss Nelly, if I don't squintinize her mighty prodigious close, for I've a sort of a likin arter all great wimmen, and would like 'em much better if my wife's tung was not continually ringing in my ears like an old sheep bell—only ten thousand times more quick and keen.

Well, after hog killing time is over I'd advise Nelly to come over to old Kentuck an get soap enough to wash her clothes and a new kind of cotton seed, eighty of 'em will weigh a pound—and I can throw one of 'em into a squirrels eye, a hundred yards every crack; out of my old Kentucky bar of Iron. Hoop for old Kentucky. I'm Kentuck up to the hub, and two inches deeper.

BILL SCRATCHTALE.

Elegant Compliment.—At the late Ladies' Fair in Boston, Mrs O., who presided at one of the tables for the sale of articles for the benefit of the Blind, attracted no little attention, as well on account of the graces of her person, as the rarity and elegance of her wares. Whilst engaged in the avocations of the day, a sailor approached her, and exhibited strong symptoms of becoming a purchaser of some of the rich articles with which the table was decorated. He drew from his pocket a ten dollar bill, and after looking some time steadfastly at the lady, he laid the money upon the table, and was about to withdraw. "Will you not take some article for your money? said Mrs. O. The honest tar turned again towards her, and looked—then, with an expressive hitch, sheered off saying—"*no; I've had my money's worth.*"

This anecdote bears some affinity to, and is not less complimentary, than that which is told of the Duchess of Devonshire, at whose eyes the coalman asked leave to light his pipe. That celebrated lady always declared that after the coalman's compliment all others were vapid.

N. Y. Com. Adv.

IMPORTANT INVENTION.

From the Philadelphia Post.

Dr. Zollickoffer of Middleburg, Maryland, has made one of the most important discoveries that has been developed for many years. It is one in which every individual should feel deeply interested because it has connected with its operation, the preservation of the lives and limbs of those who attempt to ride in wheeled carriages. It is called the "*Carriages wheel Guard.*" Should the *linch-pin* come out or the *nut*, by which the wheel is kept in its place come off, the wheel is preserved in its position, and revolves with the same facility, and with more security, than when confined on the spindle by the *linch-pin*, or *nut.*—Should the spindle upon which the wheel revolves, break off any where within the *hub*, the wheel revolves with equal security, and facility. Should the *axle-tree* break at its shoulder, or any where else, the wheels are preserved also in their place, as though no accident of the kind had occurred, yet they become partially locked from the action of the instrument. In the case of either of the above decribed accidents, the body suspended upon

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