EASTON GAZETTE.

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OUR OWN COUNTRY.

I marvel much that Americans—we of the *United* States, I mean—don't travel more over our own country. Every nook & corner of England and Scotland—of France and Italy—of Belgium and Germany, too—are travelled over by hundreds of our young men, who know little or nothing of their Father-land, except the spot on which they were born—the streets about them—the fields within sight of their own domicil, or the road to College, and the road home. How can they check a blush, when asked in a foreign land, if they have seen the sheet, and heard the roar, of Niagara, if they have been on the Natural Bridge—at the Blowing Cave—by the piles of rocks on the Blue Ridge, that the Potomac cleaves asunder—on the peaks of the Alleghanies—the blue lakes of the North—the magnificent prairies, and boundless forests, of the West—or if they have been borne on the yellow waves of the mighty Father of Waters? Indeed it is the practice here with the young tourist, fresh from college, when pocketing his A. B. parchment, to make for a New York packet—and the first that you hear of the green lad, is, that he is in the streets of London, or on the Boulevards of Paris, or amid the awful ruins of "the lone mother of dead empires"—ignorant, perhaps, of the number of States of his own Union—ignorant of our Constitution, the operations of our own free government, our public men—the character of our people—of all that an American should know, when he hazards a foothold in another land, among a people eager in inquiry as to every thing that concerns us. Why this zeal in young Americans to rush abroad, before they look at home? The old world is grand, it its true—but it is a worn out world, as it were—an old story, of whose every town, city, and village, chroniclers innumerable have written. Ours is new, fresh, and hence instructive and alluring—a world that we cannot read of, and know, from books but that we must see—be in—and travel over, in order to understand;—a world, too, in which we are to act our parts, as voters, as citizens, as rulers, and, in one sense, as arbiters of its destiny, too. How important, then, that we understand it all, and that we see it all! What book can give us the information we want? What American has written much of his own land? But who does not know much, if not all, about every town of importance in England or in France? England is, in this respect, wiser than we are. She sends forth her swarms of travellers, 'to take their notes'—and you meet them wheresoever you go, whether it be in the French settlements in the north eastermost regions of Maine, beyond the verge of the law, or on the snow-capped cliffs of the White Hills, or in the halls and galleries of the Capitol, in Washington, or in the far far North west, thence to wend their way down the bayous of the Mississippi, I like this in them—blockheads though scores of them are—smelling of this thing and snuffing at that—mousing here, and snivelling there—ever scolding and fretting, now over a greasy dinner, anon, over a bad and dear bottle of wine—swaggering magnificently, with pompous airs, as if our broad earth were not broad enough for their precious feet—pronouncing this 'beastly,' and that 'unchristian'—as if, in a new country, out of the cities, all the refinements of life were to be expected! Nevertheless, they show a spirit of enterprise so kindred to ours that they win attention; and though I have met with them in almost all my many wanderings, yet I always like them for companions, whether they be beardless boys, or grave seniors; for if they be sensible men, their companionship is valuable, and if they be stupid beasts, to quote their own phraise, why, they are as useful as a Joe Miller—a regular tickler to make one laugh and roar at their folly. I travelled with one once—an excellent fellow, of the Byron and Shelly school—excellent save his irreligion and infidelity—whom I will not name as he is yet among us—who pronounced us all a canting, hypocritical, pious-pretending race, that made prayer the daily business of our lives!—and soon, in the same direction, I met with another, of the Dr. Fiddler school, who was horrified at our want of religion—the desecration of our churches—and who was pleased to say; 'that, as he expected, without an established church, we had become a nation of infidels! Excellent critics these, thought I, to instruct a people at home! How well their stories will tally. I took another of these travellers up the sublime valley of the Kanawha, in Western Virginia—and while, with an exulting heart I would show him burning springs, and toppling precipices, of terrible magnificence, cascades, caverns—streams that ran in ravines, where only the noon day sun touched the waters—crags where the eaglet trembled—scenery as grand as earth can show—as if here the earthquakes held their revelry to inspire and awe us—why, all the man would do, would be to WHISTLE—to hurry me off, or, at the best, to pronounce it 'd——d fine!—and then tell me of the clubs of London, and of the palaces there—as if these awful solitudes man could equal! The principles, too, of these gentry, change as they get into different latitudes. 'You a nation of freemen!' exclaimed one of these critics, with a contemptuous sneer, as we crossed some rich rice lands near the Pedees, in South Carolina, where some jolly slaves, as sleek as Northern pigs, were waiting to take us into a ferry-boat, which they rowed, singing some Jim Crow songs, and chiming most merrily as they kept time to the stroke of their oars. I met my traveller again in the orderly streets of Boston, where excellent free schools, make almost every American a prince, and there I heard the exclamation—'What a vulgar government is this—where negroes vote—where such ragamuffins control affairs!"

But to return. If I had sway I would make it the duty of every representative in Congress to travel over the country which his vote is ruling—to survey its resources—to study its capacities, feelings and prejudices, and thus to understand its wants. How much ignorance would be then worn away! How the bands of union would be cemented! What fraternity of feeling would be the result! And such a journey would be delightful too. I have never been abroad, over the *Atlantic*, and, therefore, I cannot undertake to speak by comparison: but as an American—as one who is to abide the weal or wo of my own country—I had rather journey over our own wide domain than visit the proudest courts, or the most gorgeous cities of Europe. I think that I should be better instructed—better fitted to act the part of an American citizen. Preach to me as you may of magnificent ruins—of the mighty achievments of genius and art—of towns, of citadels, of antique battlements—all are worth seeing, I grant; but if I can visit but one land, I am sure *I* should feel more, and think more, in making a tour in the new world. My education would be better, for the sphere in which I am to act. I should have that within me, which would profit me more, amidst the bustle and turmoil of our own active countrymen.

And *why* you may ask. Indeed within the limited range of a modern article—over which an American reader is expected to go with rail road velocity—*I* can hardly *tell* why—but I can *feel* why. There is no such scenery on earth I verily believe, as ours. There is but one Niagara in its broad circumference. And then its glorious rivers, from the tumbling cataracts of high Northern latitudes, to the calm and beautiful Alabama—the majestic Mississippi—the golden waters of Missouri—the placed, soft Ohio. And then too its lakes,—the vast inland seas, where fleets can ride—its forests, alive with songsters of almost every note, and every feather—of trees, of every cast and hue—and, if seen in the frosts of Autumn, beyond the power of pencil to paint—mocking the skill of man—rivalling the rich sunset on the bosom of the western clouds, and making a very paradise of earth! And then its boundless prairies—its savannahs—its vast havens, on which beat the waves of the ocean with their sullen roar—and its still solitudes, where man feels as if he really were a lone with the Indian—the wild, unapproached, and almost unapproachable Indian, in his savage dignity—painted and decked for war—fiery-red—with his armor on, 'snorting for battle,' as it were;—and then again its noisy cities, were men crowd, and rush as if the spot of earth on which they were, was their only spot—cities now vieing in business with the older cities of Europe, but yet in the gristle—in their swaddling clothes as it were—by and by to become the London of the Western World! What a variety of view is this—how rich in speculation, in thought—how admirably calculated to warm the imagination and to give feeling and imagery! Of all the European travellers Chateaubriand alone has done us justice, with his eloquent and touching pen. Enthusiastic himself, he reflected the enthusiasm of the seene. But visited us a half century too soon. He lost the delicious sensation of a happy contrast of what is wild in nature, and what is important to art. Talk not then of Europe as the only land worth a journey over. Its past we may reverence, and admire. There is sublimity in it. But the future of our own country—who dare set its metes and bounds? Who will trace it out?—Sublime, is but a feeble word for the destiny that awaits it.

I know the risk I run of ridicule from many an Englishman, who reads such an article as this—the cold contemptuous sneer; the incredulity; the boisterous laugh it may be, of ignorant sarcasm. But, in reply, I have only to say that if there is any well educated American as ignorant of the government of Great Britain, her resources, her products, her geography, aye, the very pedigrees of her nobility, as nine-tenths of the well educated Englishmen are of the United States, he would not, with us be considered a proper teacher, even of a common school. But few Englishmen know whether we have thirteen States, or twenty-four. How often do we read in English newspapers of the STATE of Philadelphia,' or some such ludicrous blunders? How often do we see them perverting our Constitution and urging upon the Federal Government things beyond its power to accomplish? How often do we see them commit the most laughable errors about our resources our means of improvement, our public men? And yet Englishmen; men who aspire to be statesmen, too; are thus ignorant of a people whose navy is now rapidly advancing to an equality with their own; whose flag floats on every sea; whose commerce is almost in every port; who are the great recipents of her trade; a people too, bordering upon Upper and Lower Canada and upon New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, where England has empires in embryo, about which she seems to be utterly indifferent! Why, such ignorance of a foreign power under such circumstances, would be a disgrace to the pettiest politician that fulminates his little thunder; not in our forum; but in the taproom or on the stump.

What nation presents such a spectacle as ours of a confederated government,—so complicated, so full of checks and balances,—over such a vast extent of territory,—with so many varied interests, and yet moving so harmoniously! I go within the walls of the capitol at Washington, and there, under the star-spangled banners that wave amid its domes. I find the representatives of three territories, and of twenty-four nations,—nations in many senses they may be called,—that have within them all the germ and sinew to raise a greater people than many of the proud principalities of Europe,—all speaking one language,—all acting with one heart, and all burning with the same enthusiasm,—the love and glory of our common country, even if parties do exist, or bitter domestic quarrels now and then arise. I take my man, and I mark whence they come. What a breadth of latitude, and of longitude, too,—in the fairest portion of North America!—What a variety of climate, and then what a variety of production! What a stretch of sea coast, on two oceans,—with harbors enough for all the commerce of the world! What an immense national domain, surveyed, & unsurveyed of extinguished & unextinguished Indian titles, within the States & Territories, & without estimated, in the aggregate, to 1,090.371,-753 acres, and to be worth the immense sum of $1,863,589,690—750,000,000 acres of which are without the bounds of the States and the Territories, and are yet to make new States and to be admitted into the Union! Our annual revenue, now, from the sales, is over three millions of dollars. Our national debt, too is nearly, or quite extinguished,—and yet within fifty-eight years, starting with a population of about three millions, we have fought the War of Independence,—again not ingloriously struggled with the greatest naval power in the world, fresh with laurels won on sea and land,—and now we have a population, over thirteen millions of souls. One cannot feel the grandeur of our Republic, unless he surveys it in detail. For example, a Senator in Congress, from Louisania, has just arrived in Washington. Twenty days of his journey he has passed in a steamboat on inland waters,—moving not so rapidly, perhaps, as other steamboats sometimes move, in deeper waters,—but constantly moving at a quick pace too, day and night. I never shall forget the rapture of a traveller, who left the green parks of New Orleans early in March,—that land of the orange and the olive, then teeming with verdure, freshness, and life, and, as it were, mocking him with the mid-summer of his own northern home. He journeyed leisurely toward the region of ice and snow, to watch the budding of the young flowers, and to catch the breezes of the spring. He crossed the Lakes Pont chartrain and Borgue: he ascended the big Tombeckbee in a comfortable steamboat. From Tuscaloosa, he shot athwart the wilds of Alabama, over Indian grounds that bloody battles have rendered ever memorable.—He traversed Georgia, the Carolinas, ranged along the mountains of Virginia,—and for three months and more he enjoyed one perpetual, one unvarying, ever coming spring,—that most delicious season of the year,—till, by the middle of June, he found himself in the fogs of Passamaquody, where tardy summer was even then hesitating whether it was time to come.—And yet he had not been off the soil of his own country! The flag that he saw on the summit of the fortress, on the lakes near New Orleans, was the like of that which floated from the staff on the hills of Fort Sullivan, in the easternmost extremity of Maine:—and the Morning gun that startled his slumbers among the rocky battlements that defy the wild tides of the Bay of Fundy, was not answered till many minutes after, on the shores of the Gulf of Mexico. The swamps, the embarkments, the canebrakes of the Father of waters, on whose muddy banks the croaking aligator displayed his ponderous jaws,—the cotton-fields, the rice-ground of the low southern country,—and the vast fields of wheat and corn in the region of the mountains, were far, far behind him:—and he was now, in a Hyperborean land, where nature wore a rough and surly aspect, and a cold soil and a cold clime, drove man to launch his bark upon the ocean, to dare wind and wave; and to seek from the deep, in fisheries, and from freights, the treasures his own home will not give him. Indeed, such a journey as this, in one's own country, to an inquisitive mind, is worth all 'the tour of Europe.' If a young American then, wishes to feel the full importance of an American Congress let him make some such journey. Let him stand on the levee at New Orleans, & count the number and the tiers of American vessels that there lie, four, five, and six thick, on its long embankment. Let him hear the puff, puff, puff, of the high pressure steamboats, that come sweeping in almost every hour, perhaps from a port two thousand miles off; from the then frozen winter of the North, to the still burning summer of the South; all inland navigation, fleets of them under his eye; splendid boats, too, many of them, as the world can show; with elegant rooms neat births spacious saloons, and a costly piano, it may be; so that travellers of both sexes can dance or sing their way to Louisville, as if they were on a party of pleasure. Let him survey all these, as they come in with products from the Red River, twelve hundred miles in one direction, or from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, two thousand miles in another direction; from the Western tributaries of the vast Mississippi, the thickets of the Arkansas, or White River; from the muddy, far-reaching Missouri, and its hundreds of branches: and then in the east, from the Illinois the Ohio, and its numerous tributaries; such as the Tennessee, the Cumberland, or the meanest of which, such as the Sandy River, on the borders of Kentucky, that will in a fresh fret, and roar, and dash, as if it were the Father of Floods, till it sinks into nothing, when embosomed in the great stream, and there acknowledges its own insignificance. Let him see 'the Broad Horns,' the adventurous flat boats, of western waters, on which, frail bark! the daring backwoodsman sallies forth from the Wabash, or rivers hundreds of miles above, on a voyage of Atlantic distance, with hogs, horses, oxen, and cattle of all kinds on board, corn, flour, wheat, all the products of such western land, and let him see them, too, as he stems the strong current of the Mississ ippi, as if the wood on which he floated was realising the fable of the Nymphs of Ida; goddesses, instead of pines. Taking the young traveller where the clear, silvery waters of the Ohio become tinged with the mud from the Missouri, and where the currents of the mighty rivers run apart for miles, as if indignant at the strange embrace. Ascend with him, farther, to St. Louis, where, if he looks upon the map, he will find that he is about as near the east as the west, and that soon, the emigrant, who is born on the wave of population that now beats at the base of the Rocky mountains, & anon will overleap its summits, will speak of him as he now speaks of N. England, as far in the east. And then tell him that far west as he is, he is, but at the beginning of steam navigation, that the Mississippi itself is navigable six or seven hundred miles upwards and that steamboats have actually gone on the Missouri two thousand one hundred miles above its mouth, and that they can go, five hundred miles farther still! Take him then, from this land, where the woodsman is levelling the forests every hour, across the rich prairies of Illinois, where civilization is throwing up towns and villages pointed with the spire of the church, and adorned with the college and the school, then athwart the flourishing fields of Indiana, to Cincinati; well called 'the Queen of the West,'—a city of 30.000 inhabitants, with paved streets, numerous churches, flourishing manufactories, and an intelligent society too, and this in a State with a million of souls in it now, that has undertaken gigantic public works, where the fierce savages, even within the memory of the young men, made the hearts of their parents quake with fear; roaming over the forests, as they did in unbridled triumph; wielding the tomahawk in terror, and ringing the war-whoop, like Demons of Vengeance let loose from below! Show him our immense inland seas, from Green Bay to Lake Ontario; not inconsiderable oceans; encompassed with fertile fields. Show him the public works of the Empire State, as well as those of Pennsylvania; works the wonder of the world; such as no people in modern times have ever equalled. And then introduce him to the busy humming, thriving, population of New England, from the green mountains of Vermont, the Switzerland of America, to the northern lakes and wide sea-coast of Maine. Show him the industry, energy, skill, and ingenuity of these hardy people, who let not a rivulet run, nor a puff of wind blow, without turning it to some account, who mingle in every thing, speculate in every thing, and dare every thing, wherever a cent of money is to be earned; whose lumbermen are found, not only in the deepest woods of the snowy and fearful wilds of Maine, throwing up saw mills on the lone water falls and making the woods ring with the hissing music; but found, too, on the banks of the St. Lawrence, and coming also on the mighty rafts of deal from every eastern tributary of the wild St. John the Meduxnekeag and Aroostook, streams whose names geographers hardly know. And then too, as if this were not enough, they turn their enterprise, and form companies 'to log and lumber' even on the Ocmulgee and Oconee, of the State of Georgia; and on this day are actually found in the Floridas, there planning similar schemes and as there are there no water falls, making steam impel their saws. Show him the banks of the Penobscot, now studed with superb villages; jewels of places, that have sprung up like magic; the magnificent military road that leads to the U. S. Garrison at Houlton, a fairy spot in the wilderness, but approached by as excellent a road as the United States can boast of.

Show him the hundreds & hundreds of coasters that run up every creek and inlet of tide water there, at times left high and dry, as if the ocean would never float them more: and then lift them above considerations of a mercenary character, and show him how New England men are perpetuating their high charter and holy love of liberty,—and how, by neat and elegant churches, that adorn every village;—by comfortable school-houses, that appear every two miles or oftener, upon almost every road, free for every body,—high-born and low born,—by academies and colleges, that thicken even to an inconvenience—by asylums and institutions, munificently endowed, for the benefit of the poor:—and see, too, with what generous pride their bosoms swell when they go within the consecrated walls of Faneuil Hall, or point out the heights of Bunker hill, or speak of Concord, or Lexington. Give any young man such a tour as this,—the best he can make, and I am sure his heart will beat quick when he sees the proud spectacle of the assembling of the representatives of all these people, and all these interests within a single hall. He will more and more revere the residue of those revolutionary patriots, who not only left us such a heritage, won by their sufferings and their blood, but such a constitution,—such a government here in Washingtou regulating all our national concerns,—but who have also, in effect, left for us twenty-four other governments with territory enough to double them by and by,—that regulate all the minor concerns of the people, acting within their various capitols from Jefferson city, on the Missouri, to Augusta, on the Kennebec,—from the capitol on the Hudson, to the government house on the Mississippi. Shew me a spectacle more glorious, more encouraging, than this, even in the pages of all history,—such a constellation of free States, with no public force but public opinion,—moving by well regulated law, each in its own proper orbit, around the brighter star in Washington thus realizing, as it were, on earth, almost practically, the beautiful display of infinite wisdom, that fixed the sun in the centre, and sent revolving planets on their errands. God grant it may end as with them!

A MODERN BRUTUS.

FROM THE FRENCH

It was in the summer of 1819 that the incident occurred which I am about to relate, and which agitated all that part of France which was the scene of its enactment. I was studying the antiquities of Rouen; that beautiful city, on which the character of the middle ages is so deeply imprinted. I had already surveyed and admired its wonderful cathedral, its castles, its fountains, and its venerable crosses when I found myself one morning before the hall of justice. Crowds were flocking to it from every quarter, the expression of whose eager faces seemed to announce the expectation of some deeply interesting judicial drama. The doors were not yet opened, and I awaited patiently the moment which shou'd give entrance to the multitude, & leave me to the uninterrupted enjoyment of my antiquarian researches, and of the reflections on the past which they should call up in my mind.

It came at length, and I was left in solitude. Hours were passed in wandering from one interesting relic to another—examining, veryfying, and comparing—recalling the scenes and incidents of ancient days, and contrasting them with what now existed around me; when my attention was awakened by the animated looks and gestures of two advocates, who had halted at the foot of the great staircase and from time to time directed their eyes toward the hall of justice as if anxiously awaiting the result of some important trial. They approached me, and the loud tone of their conversation made me involuntarily acquainted with its subject: it was the judgement of a father, the murderer of his only son. My curiosity was aroused, and yielding to its impulse, I drew near the speakers, who saluted me with courtesy and readily obliged me with the following narration.

"Arnaud Magnier who is at this moment under trial, is a retired veteran, whose spirit is as loyal and true to honor as his temper is quick and violent. He had an only son, a young man of about nineteen, who, inheriting the energetic character, without the rectitude of his father, early became the slave of corrupt and degrading passions. Frequent complaints had been laid before the old man of his son's excesses, and more than once he has inflicted upon him severe punishment; which so far from working a reformation, only seemed to harden the spirit of the incorrigible offender. One evening Magnier received a visit from an old and valued friend, M. Duval, the proprieter of an extensive manufactory at some distance from the city, who had accepted the invitation of his ancient comrade, with the intention of returning home at night.

Edward, the son, who had for some time apparently renounced his dissipated and licentious habits, was present, and cheerfully aided his father in fulfilling the duties of hospitality. The cheerful glass and merry jest went round, and the flight of time was unheeded, until at length the eyes of M. Duval chanced to cast his eyes upon the mantle-clock, which indicated the hour of eleven: he arose hastily and resisting the entreaties of his friend to pass the remainder of the night under his roof, fastened on his belt, from which the clink of gold was distinctly heard, mounted his horse and set off for home.

He had proceeded nearly half a mile, and was about entering a little wood through which the road was carried when suddenly at the termination of a glade, conspicuously lighted by the moonbeams, he saw approaching him a man whose face was blackened and whose movements indicated a hostile purpose; The merchant drew a pistol from his holster, and giving his steed the spur, quickly found himself confronted by the stranger.

"If you would save your life give up your purse!" exclaimed the latter, in a hearse and apparently assumed voice presenting a pistol in each hand. M. Duval had his finger upon the trigger of his own, and was on the point of firing; when a sudden thought appeared to strike him and he dropped his hand. "My purse!" he replied; "take it; there it is;" and he detached his belt, and placed it in the hand of the robber, the unknown turned and was quickly out of sight; while the merchant resumed his journey hurried in thought: and allowing the bridle to hang loose upon the neck of his horse, whose pace gradually dwindled to a walk, without appearing to attract the notice of the rider.

Thus he continued to proceed for nearly half an hour when, raising his head, like one who had arrived at a conclusion, M. Duval suddenly checked his horse, and turning the rein, set off at a full gallop on his way back to the place from whence he had come. He drew up in the suburbs of the city, near the house of his friend, and left the horse at an inn proceeded to the gate, which opened upon the garden at the back of Magnier's dwelling. He entered, and advancing with cautious steps to the window of the veteran's sleeping apartment, which was upon the ground floor, tapped gently against the glass. The signal was heard, and M. Duval speedily admitted. "My friend," said he to the old man, who was impatient to know the cause of his quick return, 'I have been way-laid and robbed the voice, the figure, & so far as I could distinguish them under their disguise, the features of the robber struck me, they have given rise to a strange thought—I may be deceived, but my conviction is strong, that the honour of your house"...

"What do your words portend? For heaven's sake explain' –

"Listen—heavy charges are brought against your son—I hope that my suspicions may be wrong—forgive me it is my friendship for you——

"In mercy speak out at once—what would you say?"

"Alas my poor friend; I am forced to suspect———"

"Whom? What? That it was HE?"

"Calm yourself—let us examine quietly, and if possible convince ourselves that it was nothing more than a resemblance.

"Come," exclaimed the old soldier, taking up the lamp, and led the way to the chamber of his son. They entered cautiously, and found him buried in a profound slumber. The old man whose hand trembled violently, passed the light before his eyes, to assure himself that the sleep was real, and then turned to his friend with a deep sigh, like that of one who is relieved from a terrible suspense. The merchant bent down over the sleeper, and doubt and fear again resumed their sway in the mind of the unhappy father, whose eyes roamed fearfully around the apartment—they rested at length with horror upon a blackened cloth, a pair of pistols, and the leathern belt which the robber had imperfectly concealed beneath his pillow.

"Still this proves nothing," exclaimed the merchant, who shuddered at beholding the gastly workings of the old man's face: "besides, I was on horseback, and how could he overtake me on foot?"

"There is a foot path that is much shorter," answered the father, with a dreadful look: "and if proof were wanting it is here," he continued pointing to the shoes and gaiters of the young man which were covered with damp mud.

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