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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A TALE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

The following extract from the Frenchman's story of the Revolution and its horrors,' will serve to illustrate the descriptive powers of one of the editors of the American Monthly Magazine The scene is the *Place de Greve*, where the guillotine was erected in permanence, with a wagon load of human beings about to be massacred:

'Among these, the most remarkable was a venerable old man, whose bent figure, thin white hair, high, wrinkled forehead, and withered complexion bespoke the extremity of age, yet his manners were firm, and he never forgot for a moment the calm propriety of his demeanour. By his side stood a woman, now no longer young; but retaining much of the beauty, & all the dignified elegance of former days She stood erect, & supported without effort the arm of the old man, who leaned heavily on hers. The other rested on the neck of a fairy young girl—a mere child—not apparently more than ten years old, whose tear swollen eyes were fixed on her mother's face, with sad and touching melancholy of childish grief. They spoke not much together; once, as the wagon stopped near where I stood, I heard the old man murmur words of patience and encouragement to his companion; as he spoke, she turned her eyes towards the child; she gazed on that young, fair face, and all a mother's love beamed in her eye—the trial was almost too great for her—her lip quivered, her face grew more deadly pale—but in a moment, by a strong effort, she banished from her look every appearance of weakness. She raised her eyes to heaven—her lips moved—and then, as if her prayer for fortitude had been granted, she turned with a smile of bright and smiling look on the little innocent: smoothed back the curling hair that clustered around that lovely forehead, and the mother imprinted one long fond kiss on the brow of her child.

The wagon passed on, and I inquired the name of the victim whose appearance had so strongly interested me. It was Malesherbes—the honest and able Minister—the undaunted advocate—the kind and true friend of Louis Capet—accompanied by his daughter, the Marchioness Rocambo, and her child—about to die on the scaffold! But the child? surely they would not murder the child! And why not? The old man's crime was his innocence and purity of character—how then could the child escape.—The wagon was drawn up beside the guillotine, and all was soon ready for the first execution Malesherbes stood nearest the steps; and was about to descend when a savage voice cried out, 'The child first!' The old man would have remonstrated, but his child checked him—'Tis but a moment my father,' said she, 'tis but moment,'—she raised the child in her arms, and herself handed it to the executioner.—The little creature, frightened by the savage looks of the man, cried out, 'Don't leave me, mother—come with me—don't leave me.' 'I will not leave you my child—I will be with you in a moment.' The child was pacified, and the mother turned towards her aged parent, and buried her face in his neck, he, too, bent forward, till his white hair flowed over her shoulders.—Thus they saw nothing—yet they were so near that they must have heard the jerk of the string that loosed the ponderous axe—its clatter as it fell. A strong shudder shook the frame of the mother: but when the executioner called out 'now for the woman,' she raised her placid face from her father's neck—looked fondly in his face—kissed his cheek. 'For a brief moment, farewell my father.' She stepped with a light, firm tred from the wagon—mounted the scaffold, and in a moment she was with her child.

Malsherbes came next; he had summoned all his energies for the last scene in his life's drama, and he played it nobly. Never in the proudest days of his power had the minister looked or moved with loftier dignity. With a wave of the hand he repulsed the rude advance of one of the guard who would have assisted his descent from the wagon. Self sustained, in body as in mind, he advanced slowly to the scaffold—even the fiends allowed the old man to place himself, almost unassisted on the platform. They would have bound him, but he gave a forbidding look—it was enough—the executioner retired; the plank was pushed forward—and for a moment the old man must have seen, in the basket below, the heads of his children. The additional pang if it was one, was short the executioner jerked the string, and all was over.

Translated from the French

THE CORSAIRS TRAVESTIED.

Few were there in Guadaloupe who had not heard honorable mention made of the exploits of the Corsair Antoine Moede, during the last two wars. At the time of the one of which we write; he was the commander of a small vessel, but it was manned with sailors as determined as himself. They were not far off the Isle when they discovered a large English vessel, La Derirade, which, it proved was richly laden with specie. To determine to take it and to take it was but the work of a few hours to sailors accustomed to the trade of boarding a passenger vessel Eighteen gentlemen & ten ladies, together with their effects, having been put on board the Corsair, 30 Frenchman had the prize given into their charge, and the Corsair made sail for Point a Petre.

The day after the capture at dawn, a brig of war was observed bearing down towards her. Antoine Moede, judging the vessel to be English, and which was, moreover, every instant gaining on him, ordered the crew to ransack the trunks of their lady captives take all the robes they could find, and dress themselves in them. No sooner said than done; and in a few minutes fifty dashing belles were seen on the deck hiding their delicate complexions beneath parasols, which they handled with all the grace they could muster for the occasion. The purpose of the Corsair in this travesty was to make the enemy believe that it was merely a passage vessel carrying a company of ladies and gentlemen from one Island to another, and escape coming in contact with the superior force of the brig which under this deception, might possibly pass without paying him a visit, but it was not to be so. The English discerned the cannon of the Corsair and made after him full sail.

Certain that he could not escape by running, Antoine asked his people if they were willing to board the brig. 'Board her,' was the general cry. The Corsair immediately put about, and ran before the wind towards the brig, which then saluted it with a broadside. The next minute the heroic Amazons of the Corsair had thrown their parasols and straw hats *audiable*, drawn their cuttasses, loaded their pistols, and were leaping on the deck was covered with blood and the bodies of the slain. One of the Corsairs flew to the flag and tore it down. The brig surrendered, and Antoine Moede made away with his glorious prize for Point a Petre, which he entered with his crew still habited in their female attire, for they had not time to get them off before the action took place.

'Never,' exclaimed Antoine, elated, 'did the petticoat better acquit itself. I doubt if Jean Hachette herself, or the heroine of Vaucouleurs, could have shone with more eclat in a like situation.'

The same captain, it is said, in a preceding action, had used up all his shot in several consecutive engagements, but although he double charged his cannon, he had still powder enough left, but ball he had none They had already fired away all the spikes and nails they could muster in the ship, and all the ballast stone they could get out of the hold. But nothing was left for a last broadside before boarding.

"Go to my room, you will find about two quarts full of piasters, bring them up and charge the guns with them."

"What! Captain, fire away your money!"

"Why, man! it will be putting it out at good interest merely. Fire! and board!"

In a short time the vessel was the prize of the Corsair.—*Ed. Corbiere.*

From the Portsmouth (N H.) Journal.

A PEDLAR TAKEN IN.

We have heard the story of a yankee pedlar which we believe has never been in print. In these days of a speculation in timber land, where unfortunately in some cases trees have not begun to grow, if some of such holders do not eventually have to surrender their bonds with about the same profit as resulted from the pedlar's speculation, then our subtraction table needs revising.

After the close of the American revolution, a tin pedlar with his general assortment of nicknacks, arrived in a village in the district of Maine, and called at the houses to dispose of his wares. After selling a few small articles to the lady of a house, who seemed to live in the midst of a blessing of children better covered with dirt than clothing, she declared her inability to purchase more for the want of money.

But, marm, hav'nt you any rags?

None to sell sir.

Well marm. said he, about returning to his cart, you seem to have a plenty of little ones around you, won't you sell me one of them for tin ware?

What will you give, sir?

Why I'd give you $10 for one of them

In good tin ware?

O yes, marm, the best.

Well sir, it's a bargain

She then handed one of the bare headed urchins to the pedlar, who, rather surprised that the offer was so readily accepted, yet feeling convinced that the mother would not part with the boy placed him upon the seat of his cart, and supplied the woman's demand for tinpans, dippers, coffee pots, &c. until the sum of $10 was made up.

The pedlar yet feeling certain that the woman would rather make an effort to raise the sum than part with her boy; (a sort of ware by the way in which he had no particular desire to deal) mounted his cart and seated himself by the side of the urchin, who seemed much tickled at the idea of taking a ride.

The reigns were gathered up, and with eye cast back at the house with the expectation of seeing the relenting mother coming forth to redeem her boy, his horses were started off at a slow pace. After proceeding a quarter of a mile and casting a many wandering look behind—the pedlar began to repent of his bargain—and turned his horses.

Thee lady had just finished ornamenting her dresser with the brilliant bargain she had made, when a rap at the door turned her attention.

Good woman, I think your boy is not quite large enough, I guess you had better take him again and let me take the ware.

No, no, you have got him and you shall keep him. The bargain was a fair one, and you may be off with Dick, as soon as you please.

Surprised at the woman's indifference about her boy,—why, marm, how can you think of parting with so young a child to an utter stranger who you do not know?

Oh sir, we should like to sell off all our *town paupers*, for $10 a head.

Dick was dropped at the door; the whip cracked, the wheels & ware rattled and the pedlar measured the ground at a much quicker pace than before; never after forgetting his pauper speculation.

HINTS TO DYSPECTICS.

We hear many of our friends complain of dyspepsia, oppression from food, flatulency after meals, &c. To those troubled in this way we recommend the study of the following rules which we have met with in the course of our medical reading:

1. As the stomach secretes better fluids and acts with more vigor when moderately filled then when excessively distended, that no more be taken into its organ than it can well manage. The appetite is not a safe guide to determine the requisite quantum; experience must be the teacher; what has been once found too much must be diminished; and the rule when fixed must be adhered to, whatever the temptation to violate it; for the appetite is often better than the digestion.

2. As different substances possess, in different degrees, the property of solubility in the stomach, it will be highly proper to make choice of those which this organ can most easily dispose of. It is to be remembered that the most nutritious substances are not always the most digestible. The concentrated juice of meat in the form of soup, though highly nutritious, is not always borne well.—The quantity of fluid it contains may offend the stomach, and being swallowed without mastication, it is not, like solid food, duly mingled with the saliva. Animal jelly, which is purely nutritious, is difficult of digestion, and must be avoided by the dyspeptic. The articles of most easy solution appear to be solid animal food, roasted or broiled, and fresh fish among vegetables, bread and the potato hold the highest place; among the least soluble are fat, tendinous and gristly parts, the skin of fruits and the sweet vegetables. Butchers' meat is more digestible than poultry, full grown meat than young; and beef and mutton than any other.

3. The introduction of a variety of food into the stomach, at one meal, is pernicious; for possessing different degrees of solubility, they require different periods for digestion, and thus the process is disturbed. Some kinds of mixtures are more injurious than others—Milk or cream, or substances containing them, should not be taken immediately after dinner. Pastry is heterogeneous enough in its own nature to condemn it. Fruit had better be deferred till evening Cheese has been said to digest every thing but itself, but things, like persons, whose elements are discordant, are to be held suspected—Above all, avoid new cheese or curds, which, in defiance of all peptic precepts, are so often proffered to tempt the unwary.

4. The distention of the stomach is an evil in itself, therefore drink but little at dinner. If not thirsty, take no liquid; a cup of tea, a few hours after, will be more grateful, and will fully supply all deficiencies.

5. If possible bring your meals within a reasonable distance, so that lunches, or intermediate repasts, may be avoided. They are always taken in haste, are uncertain in quality and quantity, and are swallowed amidst the pressure and anxiety of business; all which circumstances are unfriendly to their good effect—Besides, if every call of appetite is at once indulged, the fancy will be very apt to form unreal wants, the gratification of which is only an injury.

6. Avoid eating when greatly heated or fatigued. Give the body a little rest, that the stomach will the better perform its duties.

7. Eat slowly, and avoid intense thought during dinner. In order to effect both objects, if you have any thing to say, address a few words to your next neighbour on some topic of general or local interest. The meal will not be so quickly despatched, but a little will go farther and will sit better. A silent eater will always eat most, and be the least benefited by his meal. Conversation refreshes the mind, and favours that cheerfulness of spirits, which is eminently favourable to enjoyment, both during and after the social repast.—*Phil. Herald.*

A GREAT CROP.

The Lancaster (Ohio) Journal says that at the Agricultural fair held at Cirleville, on the 26th and 27th October, Mr. Asahel Renick; of Pickaway county, Ohio, received the premium of $10—for the best acre of corn grown in the usual way, containing 157 rods and one peck. We learn that the field from which the above acre was selected contains about 40 acres, and that the average crop of the whole will be upwards of 110 bushels to the acre.

From the Salem (Mass.) Register.

"Where is George Thompson?"—This question is asked by newspapers in all parts of the country—and by the answers given this individual might be supposed to possess the power of ubiquity. They make it appear that he is at the same time "here, there, and every where." But we have now in our power to give conclusive and satisfactory information on the subject. Mr. Thompson, who has been much of the time in our own immediate vicinity, IS NO LONGER IN THE UNITED STATES. He sailed from Boston, on Sunday before last, in the British Brig Satisfaction, for St. Andrews, New Brunswick, intending there to take passage for Halifax, and from thence to England.

There is no mistake in this—all the particulars have been related to us by a friend of Mr. T. who was personally acquainted with the facts. It gives us great pleasure to communicate this intelligence—it must have the effect to quiet any disturbed the peace of our community. Mr. Thompson's family, consisting of a wife, two children, and two servants, who have been residents in our neighborhood during the past six or eight months, have not gone with him, but will remain in the country till the Spring, when they will take passage direct for Europe.

From the National Intelligencer.

THE MEETING OF CONGRESS.

If the change of Seasons, the declining sun and the rising winds, the lessening days and the lingering nights, did not warn us of the approach of the time for the annual meeting of the Representatives of the People, the casual arrivals of Members of both Houses for some days past would have apprized us that the opening of the annual session of Congress is now near at hand.

Judging from the indications which greet our eyes and ears, the public mind is full of anticipation of a session of Congress of more than usual interest. This anticipation, though founded in part, we think, on an erroneous estimate of the consequence of some topics which have agitated the public mind during the recess of Congress, is fully justified by the importance of several great questions which, in one shape or other, cannot fail to be agitated in Congress at the approaching session.

In a government like this Representative in its character and Republican in its form, no state of things could be imagined in which the annual meeting of the Legislature, possessing all the power over Peace and War, over Taxation and Expenditure, over the Regulation of Commerce, and all the incidents to these great functions of government, will not be looked to by reflecting citizens whom it represents, & for whom it makes laws, with grave attention, not unmixed with anxiety. In a government, moreover, so extensive as that of the United States—already protecting under its wings a population of fifteen millions of souls; embracing four and twenty political communities, and nursing several others for future maturity; with annually increasing population, accumulating wealth and swelling resources—the objects of legislation must of necessity multiply, and with each successive term of Congress, present themselves in varied forms and under changing circumstances. In a large class of cases, indeed, the circumstances of the time present, and the wants of the Nation, are the measure of the power of Congress; and the action of the General Government is therefore widened in proportion as our country grows and improves, and as new wants are created by new capacities.

Many objects demand the attention of Congress at this day which twenty years ago had never claimed it; and twenty years hence many things will be familiar to the statute-book which now are not dreamt of in our philosophy. The subjugation of the Wilderness, the acquisition of Louisiana and Florida, the culture of Cotton and Sugar as staples, with the introduction of Steam-carriage on water and on land, have revolutionized the government, in reference to the powers of Congress, without changing a word or marring a sentence of the Constitution. The great subjects of legislation, Commerce and the Public Domain, are not what they were when the Constitution was framed. Wants and necessities have grown up under the changing circumstances of the country, which render various measures "necessary and proper" now, the necessity and propriety of which were not felt formerly, and were with good reason questioned, when asserted in the first five lustres of the present government.

The opening of each annual Session is also the occasion upon which the Executive, charged with the conduct of our diplomatic intercourse with Foreign powers, and the execution of the Laws at home, is to render an account of his stewardship to Congress, and, through Congress, to the People; when, therefore, information of greater or less importance may be looked for on the subject of our Foreign Relations, and the state of the Union, with such recommendations concerning both as the President may judge necessary and expedient.

Even what little we have said is enough to shew that, under any state of things, one could not err widely who should prognosticate that the first session of a newly-chosen Congress would be pregnant with interest.

It must be admitted, however, that there are some things in the actual circumstances of the country which are calculated to attract to the doings of the present Congress the attention even of those who have never before appeared to care much about them. No man can be wholly indifferent to what comes close home to his own business and bosom; & there is no citizen who has not a deep concern in the action of Congress, for weal or for wo, upon some of the questions which are likely to come before it at the approaching session.

The most serious of these questions will probably grow out of the redundant revenue, which, now that the Public Debt is extinguished, leaves an annual surplus in the Treasury, the accumulation of which is said already to twelve or fifteen millions of dollars. What shall be done with this surplus? The question which President Jefferson asked, in the hypothesis of a surplus of revenue after paying the Public Debt, we are now enabled to ask without reservation or condition. The problem is solved: the Public Debt is paid off, and there actually exists a large surplus. In the language of Mr. Jefferson, then, "Shall it be unproductive in the public vaults? Shall the revenue be reduced? Or shall it not rather be appropriated to the improvement of Roads, Canals, Rivers, Education, and other great foundations of prosperity and union?" These are great questions which cannot be more plainly and comprehensively stated than in the very words of the sage of Monticello himself, addressed to Congress, in anticipation of a state of things similar to the present (which, however, did not arrive as soon as he then expected)—They are questions to which we hope Congress will respond in such a manner as befits sagacious legislators for the welfare of a great, enterprising, and growing Nation.

The great amount of this surplus of money, which is, or ought to be, in the Treasury, will necessarily give rise to other interesting questions of a financial nature. Where is this surplus treasure? In whose hands? Who has the use of this money of the People? What do they who enjoy the use of it pay for the use of it? What security do they give for its being forth coming when it is wanted? Is it *safe* where it is? Or is any portion of it already to be added to the "unavailable funds," which have been stereotyped in the annual report of the Treasury for the last fifteen or twenty years? These are matters which must and will be inquired into, and the inquiry into which will really be the "searching operation" idealized in the first Inaugural of our present Chief Magistrate.

Is the public money now safely and expeditiously transferred by the Deposite Banks from one quarter of the Union to the other, without expense to the Government, or to those who are entitled to receive it? Is the surplus revenue now distributed as formerly it was by the Bank of the United States and its branches, (and yet ought to be) so that it may serve the place of capital to be discounted upon where most wanted? Or does it remain in masses where collected, for the benefit of a favored few? In other words, do the Deposit Banks in Pittsburg, Louisville or Nashville, discount any the more freely because of the accumulation of surplus money in the Deposite Banks in New York?—These are some of the many questions, the answer of which will enable the People to pronounce upon the wisdom (to say nothing of the legality) of the transfer of the public depsites from the Bank of the United States to a host of other Banks, in the vaults of which it is *not* certain that the money is safe, and in which it *is* certain that it yields no profit to the country.

We are, as our readers probably understand, of the opinion that the Finances of the United States cannot be managed at all without the agency of a Bank of the United States. We believe, moreover, that such a Bank is indispensable to the preservation of a currency of equal value throughout the United States, such as already is disappearing; and after the fourth of March next will cease to exist, except in the memory of what was. We do not expect Congress, however, nor the intelligence which presides over the administration of the Executive Departments, and which controls & directs them all, to arrive at the same conclusion with us, until after a severe experiment, which is to be endured at great cost to the Government, and to the great injury of many thousands of honest individuals. The same view which we take of this subject will, we think it likely, be taken by the body of those members of Congress who agree with us upon the subject of a National Bank. We incline to believe, therefore, that the question of a National Bank, of any sort, will not be seriously moved at the approaching session; or, if moved, that it will only be to be defeated, originate where it may. We speak of the coming session, be it observed. As to what may happen at the session following the next, we say nothing

We took the subject of this article in hand too late, we discover, to finish it in this number. We will resume it another day. Before we lay down the pen, however, let us advert to one topic, the discussion of which, we know, is anticipated in some quarters with [illegible] apprehension, but which we are satisfied will form no part of the deliberations of the present Congress. We mean the Abolition or Slave question. We do not say that petitions may not be presented, as heretofore, asking of Congress to abolish slavery within the District of Columbia! or that they may not, as heretofore, be made a loop to hang a speech or two upon. But, as heretofore, they will be laid on the table, or otherwise disposed of so as not to interfere with the deliberations of Congress. In any other shape than that of these petitions, it is not at all likely that that question will be suffered to enter the Halls of Congress

THE PUBLIC OFFICES.

Georgetown Metropolitan says—"The

'So great has been the increase of the public business executed in the Departments of late years, that the present spacious edifices have been found altogether inadequate to its transaction. In the War Department, especially, this is observable, and several entire ranges of buildings on the other side of the street are now occupied by different bureaus, which could not be accommodated in the executive building. Within the last week, the increasing pressure of public business has caused additional and extensive alterations. The head quarters of the army, and the Ordnance office, have been removed to a new building erected for the purpose opposite the War Department; and the rooms they recently occupied are now in the possession of the fourth auditor, clerks, and other offices.

'Besides this, every spare inch of room in the building has been turned to account, and the very cellars, now comfortably fitted up, are converted into offices. The Treasury Department is still worse off for accommodation; the entire business of that important branch of the government being now conducted, and the valuable papers belonging to it exposed, since the fire, in private and very insecure buildings. The Quarter Master's office is located in a small frame cottage, and there is scarce an office under the government which does not feel the want of a suitable accommodation.

'In fact, the time has come when the exigency of the national service will require, at the hands of Congress, as suggested by the Hon. Mr. Jarvis, of Maine, last winter, the erection of a great structure, worthy of this immense country, in which the vast business necessary for its government can be concentrated and carried on with suitable facilities; and some such plan will, most probably, be effected in the coming session of Congress.

A GHOST STORY.

We find the following account of a wicked hoax, in an English paper. The wag who could thus practise on the credulity of the "wise men of Brentford' deserved to be flogged at the gangway:—

Extraordinary occurrence at Brentford—On Monday, the town of Brentford was thrown into a state of the greatest excitement by an occurrence, the most marvellous heard of for many years, of which the following are the particulars.

Mr. Wilson, the master of the New Brentford National School, on his arrival at the school house which is situated in the haw at the rear of the church, on Monday morning, was informed by some of the neighbors that on the previous evening (Sunday) lights had been observed moving about in the school room. On entering the building he was much

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