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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THE HAWK CHIEF.

CHAPTER 1.

A trampling troop; I see them come!
In one vast squad on they advance!
I strove to cry—my lips were dumb.
The steeds rush on in plunging pride;
But where are they the reins to guide?
A thousand horse—and none to ride?
MAZEPPA.

Make ready for the charge!
They come!—they come!—On brethren, to the field,
The word is vengeance!
SOUTHY.

It was about midnight. The excitement which had attended the brush with the scouting party of Indians had cooled. The soldiers were stern and watchful. The idea that they should escape scot free had entirely passed away; but, notwithstanding this sense of peril, drowsiness was creeping over them. Norton had not been seen since the watch was first appointed. He had not been engaged in the skirmish, nor was he at his post.—Vague surmises were offered as to his fate; and more than one gloomy shake of the head announced fears of the worst, when they were startled by a cry near the horses.

"Them Ingens are at the animals," said Adherbal, starting up, and cocking his rifle.

A number of rangers sprang to their feet.—At the same time fierce whoops rose from several quarters, echoed by a scream of terror from the horses, and a cloud of savage figures flitted among the underwood. One of them was stopped in full career by a bullet from Adherbal's rifle. Then followed a crashing of bushes, and stamping of hoofs. A loud yell from the Indians drove the frightened horses to madness. They tore up their stakes, and ran with wild neighs one against another, while the Indians pressed on with whoops and cries. The horses grew furious. The woods rang with their wild neighs. They rushed together in a dense mass, and stood for a moment hesitating as to their course. Adherbal took advantage of the pause to shout.—"They've rushed them. Let them that vally their lives take to the trees."

In good time the advice was given and followed: for scarcely were the rangers ensconsed, before the herd came galloping on. Their course was like the rush of an avalanche. They leaped the prostrate trees. Their own neighs, and the yells of their pursuers, served to increase their fury, and the ground shook under them. They bore down on the encampment, and could be plainly seen in the light. Every eye blazed! The steaming breath smoked from their nostrils! Every mane was erect! Their long tails flaunted in the air, and the white foam frothed around their mouths. In a moment they plunged through the fire, and thousands of sparks flew upwards. In another instant the tent was trampled under foot. Just then Adherbal spoke in a loud clear tone.

"Wait till the animals is past, then give it to the Ingens."

As the herd vanished, a cloud of savages followed in their wake, darting from tree to tree.

"Pepper their hides!" cried the old man. A dozen yagers flashed, and their reports were answered by a single scream.

"One Pawnee the less," said he. "Give them another taste."

He had scarcely spoken, when a shower of arrows were discharged by the Indians, and one of the rangers fell forward, pierced through the breast.

Till then Herrick had been inactive, but the fall of the ranger roused him. He started from his post, and his voice rang like a trumpet through the stillness which followed the discharge. As he stepped out Adherbal caught his arm.

"Keep cool, boy," said he, "there's nothing like calm in Ingen fights."

His advice was unheeded, for Herrick burst from him, cutlass in hand, and sprang towards the enemy,

"Follow! Follow!" shouted he, waving his arm to the rangers, who were advancing with Arden.

A cloud of arrows were discharged and several pierced his clothes, but he kept on his course. An Indian sprang at him from behind a tree, but Herrick drew a pistol and shot him dead.

"Mighty cool," said Rifton, "I've heard Norton speak of that young man. When his blood's up, he's a devil incarnate. They say too, he bears a charmed life."

"Is that the say?" cried Adherbal, who was not untinged with superstition. "I reckon it may be true, for I never seed a man go so clear of arrows."

The rangers obeyed the call of Herrick.—Headed by Arden and Santon, they poured on. An arrow struck the latter in the head, and he fell dead, directly in front of the fire.

"On! on!" shouted Herrick; 'avenge Santon."

It needed not this cry to excite them. The young lieutenant was a favorite with all, and their execrations, as they rushed by his corpse, showed the fierce feelings excited by his fall. At that moment, a pile of dry fuel, collected to serve for the night, caught fire, and blazed up like a becon-light, illuming the dark arches of the forest with a red ghastly glare. The situation of both parties was revealed. The bushes were teeming with dark warriors; and grim faces, and glowing eyes, were peering from behind each tree. In a moment the rangers were among them, with their heavy cutlasses.

"That's a mighty ridiculous way of fighting Ingens," said Adherbal, who with about eight or ten hunters, still kept to the trees. "There's three good lives lost. Poor fellow!" said he, fixing his eye on Santon's body. "He was no coward. He'll never speak lightly of dying again."

"Goy!" exclaimed Sip, at his side, raising his rifle to his cheek. "Dat dam feller going to strike Massa Herric ahind." Crack! The discharge of his rifle concluded the sentence.

"A bad shot," said Adherbal, as the Indian fell, wounded in the thigh. "You should have sent the bullet through his head, to put him out of misery at once. You see how he kicks.—My maxim, is, 'Always fight merciful.'"

After a short contest, the rangers burst through a copse of bushes that held an obstinate body of enemies; and pushed into the very thick of them. The hunters, although too wary to mingle pell mell in the fight, kept up a fire from their ensconcement, which long practice, and great coolness, rendered murderous.—Though superior in numbers the Indians were beginning to give ground, when a single whoop arose at some distance in the woods. It was but a solitary voice, but was answered by a yell of exultation from the Indians. They rallied and the new comer, a young warrior, glaring with paint, dashed through the thicket and grappled Herrick.

'That's Sharatack, the Hawk Chief of the Pawnees,' said Adherbal. 'If Mr. Ostraad's charmed life ever stood him in stead, it is now.'

The contest between them was hand, to hand, foot to foot, breast to breast. It was a trial of strength and activity, for each had seized the armed hand of his opponent. Herrick soon found that in sinew his foe was his superior, but he shrank not from the struggle. They pressed each other backward and forward, at one moment so closely clenched, that their cheeks touched, the next, they held each other at the full strength of arm. They writhed and panted. At length, Herrick stumbled, and fell forcing the Indian with him to the ground. The savage attempted to rise, and half succeeded; but Herrick wreathed his arms around him, and had dragged him down, when a blow was aimed at his head, by an Indian. A sudden motion caused it to miss and take partial effect upon the shoulders of Sharatack, whose struggles it weakened, and before it could be repeated, the intruding savage was felled by a ranger's cutlass.—During the scuffle, both antagonists had dropped their weapons; and grasped each other's throat till both were nearly senseless. While thus exhausted an Indian rushed forward, and dragged the young Chief from the fray. Another raised his tomahawk to make a blow at Herrick, but a ranger's weapon checked his arm.—Thus frustrated the savage turned furiously upon the new opponent. The Indian was a man of great strength: The ranger was hurled to the ground, and in another instant had been fairly sped, had not a bullet stretched the savage in the dust.

'That's the way to send a ball,' said Adherbal, hastily reloading his rifle. 'You see, Sip, I didn't trouble that fellow with any unnecessary pain. I tried dreadful hard to get a shot at the young Hawk while he and Herrick were tussling, but I couldn't, without winging Mr. Ostrand. I'm considerable afeared that Ingen's used him up.'

As he spoke, however, Herrick rose slowly from the earth. The crowd of Indians had grown so dense, that the rangers were completely hemmed in. There was but little chance of escape, and they fought with the fury of despair.

'Monstrous bad! monstrous bad!' muttered Adherbal, tightening his belt, and pulling at his knife, to set it free in the scabbard. 'I reckon we'll have to charge among them—Send them your bullets, then spring out and give them your blades.

'Stop!' said a voice at his elbow.

'Ha! Norton, see what a fix them rangers have got into. They *would* charge; and now they'm in a pretty scrape.

'Where's Herrick?'

'Busy among them, if he isn't killed, He's as great a fool as all the rest.'

'Follow me, all!' said Norton, without replying, 'make no noise.'

With swift caution they made a circuit through the forest and approached the fighting party, from the quarter opposite that, in which they had formerly been stationed.

'Now!' said Norton, 'give a hurrah and *rush* them.' The woods rang to their loud cheer.

"Forward! forward!" shouted he.—"Hold your fire till within six paces, then give them lead; and take good aim."

The rangers were equally surprised with the Indians, at this reinforcement.—A loud shout of joy answered the huzza. A faint yell of defiance burst from the savages, but was cut short by the discharge of rifles, which levelled each a man.

"Club your guns, and close,' shouted Adherbal. Upon this charge most of the Indians fled but a few were arrested by the trumpet whoop of Sharatack, who reappeared and took his station foremost in the fight.

"I thought Herrick had settled that Ingen," muttered Adherbal. 'They'll fight like devils while that Young Hawk heads them. I think I'll step out in the bushes and load my rifle. It's prudent to settle him, without coming to close quarters.—He fights wonderful."

Before he had time to reload his weapon the Indians disappeared. The Hawk Chief tried to rally them in vain. In a few moments not a savage was in sight.

"Tis useless to follow,' said Norton. 'It would only be wasting men, whom we can ill spare.'

His advice was too prudent to be neglected, and Ardan recalled his rangers who were starting in pursuit.

'What a devil of a fight I had with that chief,' said the doctor, as he wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

'Whe—w—,' whistled Adherbal.

'What the devil are you whistling about,' demanded the other angrily.

The old man made no answer, but turned to the negro. 'Sip,' said he, 'do you call that a *exaggeration*?'

'No! Mas Herbal, 'tan't no sich ting, I seed Mas John fight'um, my own sef.'

'Did any one else?' demanded Adherbal, looking round.

'Shoare I did,' said Cuff, stepping up.

Adherbal was puzzled. He scratched his head. 'How them niggers will back a lie!' said he; 'howsomdever nobody believes them, no more nor I—there's some comfort in that.'

All further dissertation upon this delicate point was cut short, by the movement of the troops. They collected their arms and retired to the camp.

ANECDOTES OF DUELLING.

An affair of honor may sometime be turned into ridicule by the agency of the second, who, not deeming the cause of sufficient importance for the shedding of blood, descend the little step of division and between the fearful and the foolish, burlesques the whole proceeding. In a case of this description in Ireland, the enraged combatant turned suddenly round, and shot his 'friend' and second through the heart.

In the latter part of the last century, a duel was fought in England, which from the high rank of the parties attracted considerable attention. Col. Lennox, afterwards Duke of Richmond, the head of the house of Stuart, conceived himself insulted by the Duke of York, the second son of the King of England, and commander-in-chief of the army. Court etiquette and military discipline prohibited the chance of an honorable adjustment, but the Duke, before all the officers assembled on parade, informed Colonel Lennox that he disclaimed to shelter himself beneath his rank as prince, or to seek protection in his military dignity.

A meeting took place, the Colonel's shot rumpled the side curls of the Duke, and amicable explanations ensued. The nation boasted of the courage of its officer in challenging the Duke, and of the Duke's condescension in giving the required meeting. It now appears that the pistol used in this memorable duel was loaded with BULLETS OF CORK!—What an insult to the blood-bolstered code of honor that drove the Colonel to the field.

A comedian of some reputation lately hoaxed a blustering fool of a fellow, who had been bragging of conquests that he never made, and exhibiting love letters from ladies who never existed. One of the invented names, Thompson, was attached to a series of letters of the most ardent and romantic nature. Wealth, person, heart were all offered for his acceptance; he publicly displayed the supposed evidence of his success; described the tender Thompson as a romantic heiress of sweet sixteen, and supposed that he must run away with the little love-sick devil, or he should never have any rest from her importunities.

His acquaintances suspected that the letters had been manufactured by the braggart himself. The actor undertook to punish his impudence and conceit, and sent him a letter from John Thompson, senior, calling the lover to a severe account for secret correspondence with his daughter, a maiden under age. The boasting Adonis was alarmed—Thompson was a title of some frequency in the directories—and he believed that he had accidentally hit upon a coincidence in name and circumstances. He consulted the actor, and commissioned him to render any possible apology, but the imaginary Thompson was implacable; and the terrified wretch consented to settle the dispute in field rather than confess he had invented the whole story, and fabricated the delicious BILLETS DOUX.

The actor prevailed upon the two comrades to personate papa Thompson & his second. Shots, from barrels guiltless, of bullets, were exchanged; & Thompson fell to the earth shot through the head—so the letter writer thought, when he beheld the face of his antagonist covered with blood and heard him shriek and groan as he writhed upon the ground in mortal agony. The commedian, who acted as the second of the hoaxed, led him from the ground, and concealed him in the garret till nightfall. He was then informed that Thompson had gone defunct; that the coroner's inquest had returned a verdict of wilful murder, and that a large reward was offered for his apprehension. The poor wretch was frightened out of his wits; and by advice of the player, agreed to hide himself in a crazy hay loft, and depend upon the chances afforded to the other of bringing him provisions unperceived.

He was compelled to endure this solitary confinement and hard living for several days as a punishment for his vanity and lies. The actor, with his co-mates who had personated Thompson and his second, accompanied by a host of the victim's acquaintances made a visit to the stable one morning, when the unwashed and unshaved Adonis was liberated. An explanation ensued, he was compelled to confess his delinquencies—and being suffered to depart from the city, was never seen again.

ECONOMY IN LINEN WASHING.—A small quantity of pipe clay dissolved in the water employed for washing, gives the linen the appearance of having been bleached, and cleans them thoroughly with about one half of the labor, and a saving of full one fourth of the soap. The proper method is to dissolve a little of the pipe-clay with the warm water in the washing tub, or rub a little of it together with the soap, on the articles to be washed. This process should be repeated as often as required, till the articles to be washed are made thoroughly clean. The peculiar advantage of employing this article with the soap is that it gives the hardest water almost the softness of rain water.

Soda, pot-ash, pearl-ash, any alkili, and most earths, as pipe-clay, magnesia, will serve the same purpose. Hard water decomposes soap, by absorbing the alkili and leaving the oil at liberty. This is prevented by first putting alkili or earth with the water.

A SAILOR'S ANECDOTE.

"Talking back," we all know, is not allowed to "men before the mast." They "do not ship to think," and consequently "obey orders, if they break owners." In a recent colloquy between two of these worthy children of Neptune, the following discourse took place:

"Jack, what church do you sail in when ashore!"

"The Episcopal, to be sure."

"Why so?"

"Because there they give a man a chance to 'jaw back.'"

SAILOR'S NOTION OF A FUNERAL.—A sailor on board one of her Majesty's ships, who had been for several years on a foreign station, and had hardly ever been on shore, asked leave to have a trip by land, and accordingly proceeded to Alverstoke, where, for the first time in his life, he witnessed a funeral. He was evidently very much surprised at the ceremonial; and, when he returned on board at night, could talk of nothing but what he had seen in the church-yard. "Why, what d'ye think they does with the dead corpses ashore?" said he to a shipmate. "How should I know," said the other. "Why, then, Bill, may I never stir," replied Jack, "but they put 'em up in boxes and directs 'em."

"ASTONISHING FACT.—An individual who had no faith in animal magnetism, was advised to magnetise somebody, for evidence that would convince him. That he might not be duped by his patient, he selected a cat that had fits and other nervous disorders, hoping that he might cure them.—After putting the cat to sleep, he willed her to wag her tail. She did so. He then willed her to tie it up in a knot. She did so. Greatly agitated with his success, he waited a few moments to become tranquil—and then willed her to speak—whereupon her mouth slowly opened, and she began to mew in a piteous manner, so as to convince the magnetiser that she was in distress; he therefore willed that she should awake. This individual is now a firm believer in Animal Magnetism, and has no doubt that the next time the cat is magnetised she will pronounce words."—Boston Post.

WITTY PERVERSION.—Dr. Williamson had a quarrel with one of his parishoners, by the name of Hardy, who showed some considerable resentment. On the succeeding Sunday, the Doctor preached from the following text, which he pronounced with much emphasis, and with a significant look at Hardy, who was present: "there is no fool, like the fool HARDY."

At a sale of Cattle belonging to the Ohio Company, held at Chillicothe on the 28th ult., two bulls were sold at $2500 each, and others from $700 down to $425. A cow sold for $1300, another for $1220, one for $1,450, one for $1200, one for $1015, and others from $875 down to $610, each.

TENDENCY OF SOILS TO DETERIORATE.

The natural, the inevitable tendency of all cultivation of the soil, is deterioration. The richest and most fertile contain but a certain proportion fit for the purposes of vegetation; and every crop taken from the soil, sensibly lessons this quantity.—The result therefore must be, that continual cropping will reduce the best soils to barrenness, until, where circumstances admit, nature by her gradual method of reparing wrongs, imparts a degree of fertility. It is however possible to counteract this tendency to sterility in soils; to prevent the exhaustion of the qualities necessary to support vegetable life; and the difference between good and bad farming, or proper and improper cultivation, may be determined mainly by a reference to this single result.

In this country we can hardly form a correct idea, from any thing around us, of the frightful barrenness to which fertile soils may be reduced by improper management. Cultivation is here so young, that had it been of the worst description it would hardly have been possible to have exhausted so soon the measures that had for centuries been accumulating in our soils. Still there are examples in the United States, where soils have nearly reached that point from which a restoration to fertility is impracticable. Soils of a silicious nature, or that are inclining to sand; are the most easily and quickly reduced. Of this the south-east part of Massachusetts, & parts of the southern states, at the present time. & parts of Long Island, as it was some thirty years ago, furnish striking proof. When cultivated, without regard to consequences, the nutritive part of such soils quickly exhausted: the little vegetation produced is not sufficient to prevent the burning effect of the sun, the roots of the grasses are unable to fix and bind the soil; it becomes loose and floating; plants root themselves with more and more difficulty, and at last, what was once a fertile plain, becomes a sandy waste, where cultivation is impossible.

It is in the old world that this process of deterioration may be the most clearly traced. To renovate seems to have formed no part of the ancient profession of agriculture. In all the writings of antiquity there is scarcely a hint that manuring, or in any way improving cultivated lands, was practised to any extent. Now and then, where nature had set the example of imparting fertility by the annual overflow of rivers, man seemed inclined, so far, to imitate her works, and irrigation for ameliorating land was frequently adopted. But this was about the extent of ancient attempts at improved cultivation, and the result has been such as might confidently have been predicted. The regions of the east, that two or three thousand years since were as the garden of Eden for beauty and fertility, have gradually become sterile and worthless; and tracts of country that once supported a thriving and industrious population, have, from the action of the causes alluded to above, become deserts, in which the solitary camel can scarce find a shadow of vegetation to supply his easily satisfied wants. Mesopotamia; parts of Syria and Palestine; Edom, and parts of Arabia Felix; many parts of the North of Africa: and no inconsiderable portion of Asia Minor, have thus become hopelessly barren. The finest of wheat can now no longer be grown on the plains where once the reaper filled his arms with the yellow sheaves. They were ceaselessly cropped, until the soil was so exhausted, that the unaided efforts of nature was unable to restore fertility, and the result is perpetual barrenness.

To counteract this tendency to sterility, is the business of the farmer; and on the possibility of doing this rests the whole system of improved agriculture. Science has here come to the aid of the cultivator of the soil, and by revealing the agents and promoters of fertility has greatly assisted and simplified the processes, without which all would be still doubtful and uncertain. The action of manures has been ascertained; the value and activity of the various salts formed by the decomposition of animal and vegetable matter in part determined; the aid which the mineral earths afford vegetation has been carefully examined; and those combinations of soil the best calculated to induce fertility have been accurately investigated.

Manure, then, is the sheet anchor of the farmer. It is to this source of fertility he must look for the renovation of the soil, and the means of continued productiveness. And it is to manures produced from his fields, from his flocks and herds, from decayed vegetable and animal matter, that he must look for this result.—These are the true fertilizing ingredients; and though other agents may be useful as exciting these to action, yet these may be considered as constituting the food of plants, the cause of growth & nutrition. The application of the exciting mineral manures, such as lime & gypsum, is productive of the happiest effects, for the reason assigned above: yet they are not so absolutely essential to the improvement of the soil as those that have a vegetable or animal origin. Matter which has once lived, which has already taken the forms of organized existence, more readily assumes the forms of organized life, and is more easily assimilated than that which has never undergone such a change. It is the office of the vegetable to take the crude atoms of matter as they exist in the soil, and prepare them for the support of animal life; and when this has once been done, though a partial decomposition may have been effected, a renewal of the process is comparatively easy and certain.

In connexion with the preparation and application of manures, the next most important step which modern agriculture has taken to prevent a deterioration of the soil is rotation in crops. Judiciously conducted the result is certain; exhausted lands are restored, and the profits of the agriculturist greatly increased. It was formerly the custom to let lands suitable for grass remain for that purpose alone; while those suitable for the plough were annually subjected to its use until exhaustion forbid. It was then left to the restoring process of nature. There were at the beginning of this century, lands in the farming sections of England which it was well known had lain in grass for five hundred years, and there were other tracts which had been as constantly submitted to the plough, or, as often as the soil promised to repay the expense of cultivation. This system has been abandoned; a more enlightened system of agriculture has prevailed; and the products in consequence, have been more than doubled. The course of rotation is indeed variable in different districts, both in Europe and in this country, but it is founded on the same great principle, that different plants take up different ingredients from the same soil, and from different depths, and that a new plant will flourish in a soil where one of the same kind previously cultivated could not succeed at all. Thus in England, in Holland and Belgium, in some parts of Germany and France, and in some few instances, in this country, a regular course of cropping adapted to the soil, has been adopted with the happiest effect. This course, which varies from three to six years, according to circumstances, embraces roots, grains, and grasses, and taken in connexion with thorough manuring, which this system enables the farmer to practice, not only improves the quantity and value of each kind of crop, but is deepening, enriching and fertilizing the soil. Manure and the rotation of crops, are then the great means to which we must look to preserve our now fertile plains from the fate which has overtaken so large a part of the east; and they are fortunately both easy of application, and entirely within our reach.—[Gen. Far.

MANGEL WURTZEL.

BY MARTIN DOYLE.

Mangel Wurtzel is a kind of RED BEET, not liable to be injured by disease or insects, and proof against the change of seasons. It requires loamy loose soil, and abundance of short and rich manure. It gives no unpleasant taste to milk or butter, (an objection which may be urged against turnips, and most kinds of cabbage)—quite the reverse. Pigs, as well as milch cows, are fond both of its leaves and roots. Sixteen or twenty perches under it, will support a cow, allowing her sixty pounds weight per day, for the five winter months: and a half a pound of seed, which will cost about 1s. 6d. will sow these twenty perches. From the 20th to the end of April, is the best time for sowing the seed; and those of you who are not likely to have your ground at that time ready, should sow in a seedling bed, in order to transplant when the ground is prepared: and in this case you should not put out the plants until they are about an inch in diameter, else they will not arrive at full size. The best way, however, is to sow the seed where it is to remain, and the process is as follows:

Prepare your land as if for drilling potatoes—open the drills eighteen inches, or two feet distant, the deeper the better, unless there is yellow clay at the bottom—fill them with short manure—cover them with four or five inches of earth—roll them lengthways, and then on the smooth and level top make hills with the dibbling stick, two inches in depth and about twelve inches apart, and into every hole drop two seeds, which are to be covered as the work proceeds. When the plants are about 2 inches high, you are to draw out from each hole the extra plant or plants, leaving of course the strongest and healthiest plant behind. Keep them clean from weeds, but do not earth them. If any of the plants appear to run to seed, pull them out and transplant into their room, after stirring up the earth, and applying a little fresh manure, (and to the want of attention to this point the comparative failure of transplanted crops is to be attributed) other plants of mangel wurtzel, rape, cabbages, or Swedish turnips, which should always be in a reserved seedling bed, in case of failure in any crop. In September pull the leaves—[cutting them close to the crown will cause the root to rot if left in the field during the winter]—and give them to your cows, sheep, and pigs. You will also find that they make a good substitute for greens or spinach.

The following is Mr. Meadow's calculation of produce:

Drills 2 ft. dist.,	230 plants per perch—	
Plants 2 ft. dist.,	23,280 per acre.	
Drills 2 ft. dist.,	147 plants per perch—	
Plants 18 in dis.	23,580 per acre.	

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