EASTON GAZETTE.

WHERE THE PRESS IS FREE--"Literature well or ill-conducted, is the Great Engine by which 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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ADVERTISEMENTS

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From the Casket, for November.

THE FAIR JEWESS.

M. Duresnel, a wealthy and industrious merchant, was at work in his counting-house one morning, long before the arrival of his clerks, when he was disturbed in his calculations by the announcement of M. Salomon. 'Ah, ah!' said the merchant 'what, you have come about the indigo that we could not agree about yesterday?'

'Very far from it; I come about a love affair.'

M. Salomon, divesting himself entirely of business, and paying M. Duresnel a visit at six o'clock in the morning to talk about a love affair, was a thing so extraordinary, that the honest merchant looked at his visitor with an eye of suspicion, much in the same way as he would have regarded a person of unsound mind; but Salomon continued to speak with that calm sense which distinguished him in all his mercantile transactions.

'You know, Sir, that I am a Jew, and that I have two children.'

'I know your religion, but am not acquainted with your family.'

'My son arrived last night from London, where he has been residing for the last twelve months. My daughter—ah, Sir, she is the pride and joy of my heart! She is more beautiful than Hagar or Rachel, more gentle and submissive than was the daughter of Jephtah. And you, Sir, you have a son—'

'Yes, but I do not see'

'You *will* see, when I tell you that he is in love with my daughter, and that it is on this account I have intruded on you so early.'

'Charles in love with your daughter?'

'Yes, Sir, your Charles loves my Leah; she has told me so herself. What is to be done? Neither you nor I can allow an acquaintance to be kept up between them if a marriage may not succeed.—There fortunes are, possibly, equal, and the prejudices which existed against our race, thanks to enlightened times, are nearly extinct. But the benefice of the law, which has extended our privilges, has not the power to alter my religious principles, and, as I have said, I am an Israelite. I cannot give my child to a man who adores Christ; therefore you will perceive that I do not come to forward this marriage. I would rather endeavour to prevent it, and if I judge you rightly, you would do the same."

M. Duresnel leaned on his bureau, and was for a time silent, recalling to mind the distinctive traits of his son's character.

'Charles,' said he, 'is honest and candid; but his disposition is ardent and unchangeable. What will be the result of this?' Then, struck by the last words of M. Salomon, he continued, 'Yes, of course I venerate my own religion; it was that of my father, and must be that of my grand children.'

'Well, then, since we are of the same mind you will think, as I do, that it is our duty to separate these young people. Would it be convenient for you to send away your son for a year or two? If not, I must part with my Leah. I have a brother at Lisbon; she shall go to him.'

M. Duresnel treated with Salomon as he had done the day before respecting the indigo, he required time. He could not reasonably enter into any engagements until he had seen his son, but he promised an answer at the earliest possible period & the two merchants separated. M. Duresnel hastened immediately to his wife; but the lady, instead of advising, flew into a rage.

'A Jewess!' she exclaimed; 'my Charles wed a Jewess! No! I will not have a Jewess for a daughter-in-law the boy shall rather live single all his life!'

'Spare your indignation, my dear,' said her husband; 'Mr. Salomon would just object as much to receiving a christian into his family.'

Madame was esteemed an excellent woman; she solicited alms for the poor; confessed twice a year; and had her name affixed to a chair in the church of St. Roch.

M. Duresnel had not been able to form any conclusions as to this matter, nor yet to have an interview with his son, before he received another unexpected visit. A young girl, in tears, rushed into his counting house, and placed herself in the same seat which M. Salomon had occupied a short time before.

'Oh, sir!' she cried; her bright eyes glistening through her tears; "where is your son? I conjure you, let me see him, if only for a moment; I must speak to him?'

It was Leah, the daughter of M. Salomon who, pale and breathless, thus sought M. Duresnel. The old merchant was convinced at the first glance that the Israelite had not overrated the charms of his daughter. Never had he seen more beautiful features, nor so fair a complexion, with hair of so dark a hue. She had the air of a queen, but her dignity was mingled with graciousness, and was at this time softened by sorrow. The queen was lost in the tenderness of the woman; for something of more consequence to Leah than a kingdom was at stake—the lives of two persons whom she loved devotedly.

'I fear you will think me bold in thus coming to seek your son; but you do not know the misfortune which threatens us.'

'What misfortune, young lady? Explain.'

"I have a brother, sir, young and violent as your son; he considers the love of Charles as an insult, and if they should meet—ah! sir! if they meet, and a fatal termination should attend their quarrel, I shall be unhappy for life!'

At that moment a servant entered with a letter—

'Who is that for?' asked M. Duresnel, hastily rising.

'For M. Charles.'

The father took it, broke the seal, and having read it, gave it to the fair jewess.

'You were right,' said he, "it is a challenge; and so strongly worded, that Charles, with all his love for the sister, may not refuse to cross swords with the brother.'

Leah read the note, and tearing it in pieces, threw them around her in despair.

'My son is not at home, observed Mr. Duresnel; therefore make yourself easy on his account. We have yet some time; I will take you to my wife; you shall remain with her till my return. Young lady, confide in me.'

M. Duresnel hastened to the dwelling of the Jew; he found him, sorrowfully pacing the length of his cabinet. Salomon evidently knew his son's intentions.

'I come,' said Duresnel, "about this love affair of which we spoke this morning.'

'Ah, indeed!' replied the Israelite, 'and what have you to propose?'

'Your son is about the same age, I believe, as mine. Charles, as you know, is my only son, and I would rather lose the whole of my fortune than this dear boy, even if I found myself without the means of providing myself with food and shelter. You have two children; you have me at advantage.

by an endeavor to suppress his tears, 'if affections could be calculated like interests; but all the good in the world would not be an equivalent for my son. I love him equally with his sister, and I cannot admit your distinction.'

'But,' said Duresnel as if not heeding the last words of the other, 'Charles is a most adroit swordsman, and he has seldom found an equal at hitting a mark.'

'My son,' said the Israelite, 'will strike a tensous piece at thirty paces, and has disarmed more than one of our best fencing masters.'

'But, my friend,' said Duresnel, after a pause, his agitation increasing as he approached the mooted point of religious difference, 'the affair does not stand as it did when you came to me this morning.'

'No. I am qute aware of that.'

'This morning we talked of feelings which we could not rightly understand; for we thought we could deprive our children of their happiness without any loss to ourselves. But we are undeceived, we may, one, or both of us, loose a son; yet your daughter, far from being happier, will experience quite a contrary result. In such a position would it not be more reasonable for us to make some sacrifice?'

'You are right,' answered the Jew, with a penetrating glance at Duresnel.

'Well, then, let us consider,' said the the luke-warm Christian, 'I think you were at Bordeaux some five-and-twenty years ago, you were then young, rich, and well received by the women. I have some remembrance that there was at that time a certain Clarisse who was not of your religion.'

'Yes, yes, I do not deny it,' interrupted Salomon. 'Well, and I am ready to confess that since I have seen your daughter, I can easily forgive Charles for falling in love with a Jewess. Why then should we prohibit our children from indulging a passion which in sincerity would lead them to plight their faith at the altar, and cement their love by a tie the most sacred?'

'King David could have done no more.'

'David is no example for us at present,' said Duresnel, 'since he broke through laws without a virtuous purpose; we, in uniting a Christian to a Jewess shall prevent bloodshed, and I know of no religion, true religion, that authorises one man coolly to take the life of another. Let us therefore prefer the alternative that will occasion us the least remorse and grief. We no longer live in the days of Abraham; we are not required to sacrifice our children, besides the knife was stayed before it could descend on the victim. May we not, my dear Salomon, consider the angel as the spirit of reason toleration, and charity; virtues rather neglected among us? And why should we impose our religious beliefs on our children, since they are old enough to judge and act for themselves. I will undertake to conciliate my wife, if you will do the same with Madame Salomon.'

'Madame Salomon is dead!' sighed the Jew; then added, 'but our grand children.'

"It is to be hoped that their father and mother will exhibit the same good sense that we shall have done; and when they are of age to decide for themselves, their children may be allowed to choose from conviction.'

Salomon held forth his hand to M. Duresnel. 'Be it so,' said he; 'and now about the indigo.'

'Oh, I will take it at your own price, discount or no discount, on any terms you please."

Not long after this there was a grand ball given in honor of the nuptials of M. Charles Duresnel, with the beautiful Leah Salomon, and the two brothers in law, who were so ready to annihilate each other, were seen walking, arm-in-arm, like two old friends, who had never known a difference of opinion.

T. S.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.---Frank Smith, and Thomas Reddin were up before Recorder Baldwin on Sunday morning. They were arrested for being noisy and intoxicated.

'Smith,' said the Recorder, 'about what did you and Reddin quarrel?'

'Vy, about the old thing, your honor,' said Smith.

'What do you call the old thing?' said the Recorder.

'Vy, this here Presidential helection,' said Smith.

'O, you differ in politics, do you:' said the Recorder.

'Certainly we do,' said Smith, 'he is a *Rabbit* locofoco and I is a vig.'

'A what,' said the Recorder.

'A violent politician, and in favor of Wan Buren,' said Smith. 'But I'll tell your honor as how it is. Ve both lives in the same yard, and whenever I passes him he says there goes Hard Cider: there is one of the party wot aint got no principles; there's a supporter of a man wot's been made brave by certificates and not by his sword; and he goes on in that ere way vich no good vig can stand. Ven he finds the other vigs out what live in the yard and the locofocos at home, he is sure to take the wote, and then he calls it a Wan Buren victory, and a sign of the times, and... all that.' ... an office, I doesn't mind he'd be half as patriotic as he is.'

'Reddin,' said the Recorder—'is your conduct such as Smith describes it?'

'Not a bit on it,' said Reddin—'if I was to be let alone I'd never do nothing to nobody but he's heternally talking politics. Ven mvold voman locks the door and goes out, he makes a fox on it vith chalk, and writes underneath it, this here is sly Reynard from Kinderhook, vot vos for some time in the Zoological Gardens, but now is in the menagerie at Washington; he's the most cunning hannimal vot's known to naturalists. This is not all, your honor. Ven I wants to sleep at night, I'm blowed if I can get a wink, he kicks up such a rumpus, singing Harrison songs the whole time and crowing like a regular rooster. I have challenged him over and over again, but I never can get him to toe the mark no how.'

'Do you know,' said the Recorder, 'that by challenging him you have been guilty of inciting to a breach of the peace?'

'I doesn't mean to a duel, your honor,' said Reddin, 'but to a discussion of principles; but I'm blamed if I don't believe he haint got any.'

'But can't you both retain your respective political opinions without quarrelling,' said the Recorder.

'Vell then,' said Reddin, 'your honor must bind him over not to sing 'Arrison songs between the hours of ten o'clock at night and six o'clock in the morning, and not to be frightening my children out of bed by firing off that old rusty musket in celebration of victories when he haint gained none. Yes, and prewent him, your honor,' continued Reddin, 'from making his big dog stand on his hind legs in my presence, and saying as he points to him, 'here's one of Wan Buren's standing harmy;' nor I wont stand no more from him about negro testimony, cause it's all gammon.'

On the part of Smith, it was provided that Reddin was not to call him a hard cider cask nor a worshipper of log cabins any more. They made mutual promises to act with more forbearance towards one another in future, and to display a greater degree of political charity than they have evinced heretofore, and were discharged. —Pic.

From the American Farmer.

BARNUM'S MACHINE!—Not 'Uncle Davy' of the City Hotel, the king of Tavern keepers; but DIMON B. BARNUM'S This new apparatus for '*heating water*,' is represented as a great improvement over others, by certificates, as to its economy and despatch, both in its cost and operation founded on actual experiment and use of the machine.

Some of these certificates, and among others one of Mr. David Barnum aforesaid, we would have here inserted, if they had not been mislaid.

The apparatus we saw was on board the steamboat Maryland in possession of Mr. Wm. N[illegible] Talbot County. Its cost was $[illegible] having no tact for description of machinery, we cannot undertake to explain its construction or *modus operandi*.

It consists of a copper hollow cylinder in diameter [illegible] the size of a two gallon whiskey [illegible]—(we like to illustrate by *familiar objects*)—This cylinder stands upright [illegible] feet perhaps about 12 or 15 inches [illegible] the ground, the cylinder itself [illegible] about 18 inches long or high. [illegible] which lies inside and across at the [illegible]om of this is built a fire with coal [illegible] light wood. On the top, dropping [illegible] within it a few inches, stands a [illegible] chimney of sheet iron, with a [illegible] door like a stove-door to drop in the [illegible] of wood. Then there are from [illegible] under two copper tubes, one exactly [illegible] a few inches, above the other, about [illegible] size of a lady's wrist, (we have seen [illegible]nches not much larger.) These tubes [illegible]nect with the wooden vessel containing the water to be boiled, which [illegible] a small distance, say 12 or 18 inches. Thus the water which is placed in the wooden vessel passes through the tubes, and around the copper cylinder, and the heat of the little furnace within the cylinder puts the water in motion, and keeps up a constant circulation or revolution, and it is asserted by all the signers of these cirtificates, that while the water is made to boil much quicker than by the ordinary process there is a saving of more than half the fuel. It has also the advantage of being useable out of doors, and portable from one point to another. It is getting into common use among hatters; also where much washing is to be done—for boiling food for hogs, and water for cleaning hogs, &c.

The apparatus, as appears by a card before us, is sold by James Cortlan, No. 10, Baltimore, and No. 6, Harrison-street, Baltimore. What particularly drew our notice to it was the supposition that, besides other uses, it may be the very thing wanted for cooking food for domestic animals. We have said at least enough to guide those who may desire, what is best in all such cases, *to see and judge for themselves.*

FROM FLORIDA—INDIAN OUTRAGES.

Savannah, [illegible] of from sixteen to twenty Indians had approached within two miles of St. Augustine, and robbed the plantation of a Mr. Hanson; and were only prevented from setting fire to the buildings and carrying away the negroes on the plantation by the prompt appearance of a few persons from the town, who were informed of what was going on at the plantation by some negroes who fled upon the approach of the Indians, and gave the alarm.—The property which was taken by these scoundrels is said to amount to a considerable sum, besides other articles, they having robbed the negroes of all their blankets and other winter clothing.

In connection with the above information, we find the following account of a melancholy occurrence which took place at the plantation named above, where a portion of the United States troops promptly repaired upon the receipt of the news, that the Indians were in that quarter. About 2 o'clock in the morning, the sentinels having discovered in two places persons approaching, retreated to the house, within which the small force on the planttion were, and gave the alarm. Immediately Lieut. Brown, with his men, proceeded to reconnoitre, as well as four or five friends who had offered to remain on the place; and having been on the watch for upwards of thirty minutes, the discoved persons moving quickly up he Serjeant fired wounding Lieutenant Graham, of the Dragoons in the arm, and killing Serjeant Wolcott, of his company. Lieut. Graham, it seems, was approaching with great caution, (he being, at Picolato, received an express, informing him that Indians had been at the plantation,) and the fact of the alarm having taken place some time previous; brought him in collision with the troops in charge, who were anticipating the approad of the enemy. At the moment preceing the fire, they were heard to spring their bayonets, which sounded much like the click of cocking a gun, and it was under these circumstances the accident occurred. Fortunately Dr. Barnum was one of the gentlemen who had remained for the protection of the place, in connexion with Lieut. Brown and eleven men of his company, and his services were promptly and beneficially rendered Lieut. Graham. Serjeant Wolcott was brought into the house immediately, but he was dead. Lieut G.'s wound, though severe, is by no means of a dangerous character, and he will, in a very short time rejoin his company.

Additional information has been received by the Savannah Georgian, from Palatka, which states that eight warriors had been in at Tampa, and stated that they would in a few days bring in three hundred Indians to hold "a talk."

The express rider between Forts Fanning and Micomb, who had been missing for some time, has been found *quartered* and thrown into a pond about ten miles from the latter named fort.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

From the Globe of Friday.

'If the results of the great contests depends upon the Empire State, all is safe.'—New York Correspondent.

'I hear glorious news from the interior and am quite confident of the state.'—N. Y. Correspondent.

'Maine is safe beyond a question.'—N. Y. Correspondent.

'I feel that we have, beyond a doubt, carried this state.'—N. Y. Correspondent.

'I will not pretend to say what our majority will be in the city. We will carry the state without it.'—N. Y. Correspondent.

'I have the pleasure of stating to you that we have carried this state by about 1700 majority,'—Philad. Correspondent.

'These 'undoubting' correspondents of the Globe will be held in little reverence hereafter as prophets.

From the Pilot.

THE LAMENT OF DUNCANGENONGA.

THE BIG DRINKER OF THE MIAMI.

Sad is Duncangenonga, chief of the Locofocos, and the dreams of the Big Drinker are dark and gloomy—for Ohio has awakened—has awakened from her slumbers—she hears no more my talk against her Sachem—she hears no more, for she believes it not—she hears no more my war-whoop upon her hills—she bounds not up at the ring of my battle-cry amid her valleys—the sons of her forests shout not for Duncangenonga, and the dwellers in her wigwams will be led by him no more. Ohio sleeps not again, in the Land of Dreams she walks not; for she hath awakened—hath awakened in her strength, and like the angry King Snake, she hath coiled around my hopes, and her rattles are warning Koohrednik, the Cunning Fox, that he hath trod upon her.

No rainbow smile of promise is upon our lowering sky—no bright moonbeam of hope gleams through the night that's o'er us, for the Whigs have danced the war dance from Maine to Louisiana—they have broken the peace-pipe, and dug up again the hatchet—their arrows by the thousand are upon the war path against us, led on by the *Rolling Thunder*, a chief who fears not danger. Our arrows have fell in battle, and our brave have fled before them; them who can resist the Tuscanoe tornado, or chain [illegible]

Happy was Duncangenonga in the days of the Old Hero, when his prospects were as bright as the beams of the morning, and his hopes were as fair as the wampun of the Storm King in summer's showers, when no storm of a people's wrath had whistled through the wild eagle plumes of his war locks, or the red lightning of their anger dashed him in the dust. 'Twas then, that Duncangenonga was the terror of his foes. Like the rushings of a thousand rivers, he went out to battle; his warriors outnumbered the leaves of the forests. Like the rush of many waters, they went out against their enemies. But when the day of strife was over, jovial was he, as he looked upon the *rumbottles*, his heart's delight—whose contents are sweeter than the breath of the evening air, in the month of flowers—whose gurgling melody is sweeter to his ear than the mock bird's song in summer. Pleasant to my mind is the remembrance of those days as they float across my memory like the withered leaves of autumn before the Cantanowa god of the south west wind.

But men arose, and told the people truth—they told them we talked with forked tongues—that we gave them the calmut in one hand, and held in the other the tomahawk and war pipe—that we had dimmed the chain of friendship—that a singing bird had nestled on our lips while a den of serpents had coiled around our hearts and they believed it, and made us run the gauntlet. Where are my warriors now?—where are my Locofocos! Hunt they for office on the banks of the Potomac, or yell they the war whoop on the field of battle. Tell me, oh shade of Jackson! why did the Whig tribe fall so heavily upon us. Why were they sent against us like lightning among the oaks? An oath comes on the night breeze—'tis old Hickory swearing—he rests upon the clouds of his fallen greatness, and shouts by the eternal vengeance in vain—for Koohrednik is sad as he thinks on defeat—and the office-holders lament over their greatness, and the papooses of poor Amos are frightened into fits at the cracking peals of the Rolling Thunder.

Why lingers the Big Drinker on the banks of the Miami, since my bow is broken, and my quivers empty—since his eye is dark, and his spirits gloomy.

Then will Duncangenonga take another drink of brandy e'er he departs for the happy hunting grounds of the Locos, beyond the *Salt River*, where Whigs come not.

JON.

Correspondence of the New York Courier & Enquirer.

PARIS, 17th October, 1840.

I wrote you via Havre, 15th instant, an hour after the post-office closed—that is to say at six o'clock, less five minutes. The King left the Tuilleries in his usual carriage for St. Cloud, accompanied by the Queen and by his sister the Princess Adelaide. Just as he reached the end of the Wall of the Terrace of the Tuilleries on the Quai des Tuilleries and at the corner of Place de la Concorde, his majesty put his head out of the window to return the salute of the little post of soldiers situate there, and was immediately fired at by a man placed near to one of the soldiers. The weapon—a carbine, cut short—being overloaded, burst and wounded the assassin severaly in the hand and arm. The King and his Queen and sister fortunately escaped unhurt.—One of the National Guards, a cheval, who formed the escort, was grazed by a splinter. One of the footmen behind the carriage was wounded by a slug. Had the implement not burst, there is every probability that the King would have been killed. He continued his journey to St. Cloud, where in the course of the night, he received the felicitations of the Corps Diplomatique—the Ministers, and other great public functionaries.

The assassin was of course arrested on the spot. In fact he made no attempt to escape. He declared his name to be Darmos; that his place of birth was Marseilles and that his age was 48 When asked his profession, he replied—

"A CONSPIRATOR!"

He proves to have been a *Frotteur*, (a Floor-Polisher,) and consequently poor—yet he was furnished with a brace of pistols, and a Poignard in addition to his Carbine. He is a man of great courage and constancy. He fainted from the pain of his wounds, but is of indomitable spirit. He refuses to answer the questions addressed to him, with a view to elicit information, but says he fired at the King because he is the most execrable of tyrants and regrets only the failure of his attempt. He will be tried by the court of Peers, and no doubt guillotined. The Government fears to send him before a Jury, lest the verdict of guilty be accompanied by this addition, which would save his life—"with attenuating circumstances."

The excitement caused by this monstrous attempt is deep. That DARMOS belongs to the Republican party there can be no doubt. So did Alibaud, Fieschi, Morey, Pepin, and others who have successively attempted the King's life. That party has lately gained increased influence with the public from its advocating war. An attempt to execute DARMOS may therefore exasperate his associates and produce dreadful scenes. The Government sees the necessity for putting a stop to the incendiary publications, which they contend have produced this crime, yet they perceive also the expediency of damping the ardor of the Press at this moment. The Cabinet sat in Council to-day on this subject.

You can form no idea of the sorrow and alarm that this occurrence has produced here. It is held to show a determination of the Republican party to pursue the King unto death, and demonstrates to foreign powers at this all important moment the internal dissentions, and consequently the comparative weakness of France. The Funds have declined since it took place to the extent of a franc.

BOUNDARY QUESTION.

THE HIGHLANDS.—The Gardiner (Me. Spectator contains the following extract from a letter to a gentleman in Gardiner, from Professor Renwick, one of the engineers engaged in the boundary survey:

I am happy to be able to communicate to you that the result of my operations will probably leave no other basis for the British claim, than the quibble, whether the Bay of Fundy be the Atlantic Ocean. I have discovered and explored a range of mountains extending from the Bay of Chaleure, round the heads of the branches of St. Johns to the Temiscouata portage, so that even on the British ground that the Highlands are necessarily mountains, they can be met to advantage. The height of these mountains I can only guess at, until I make up the calculations.'

Freshet in the Penobscot.—A letter from a gentleman in Bangor, dated on Saturday last, states that there was a severe rain storm on Thursday night, which caused a great freshet in the Penobscot river, and while he was writing, six saw mills were floating down the river below the bridge which crosses the Penobscot. The mills belonged to the Mill Dam Corporation, and were situate about four miles above Bangor.

THE N. E. BOUNDARY.—The Quebec Gazette of Friday, has the following extract of a letter of the movements of the N. E. boundary surveying expeditions, dated

'RIVIERE DU LOUP, Oct. 20.

The whole of the American exploring party, with Professor Renwick, are now at Lake Temiscouata; they pretend to have found out some highlands near the Toodelick Lake, which adjoins Temiscouata, by a river of the same name.

Captain Hawkshaw, R. E., and Mr. Harvey, (son of Sir John Harvey,) have just started in company with Lieut. Broughton, R. E., one of the Commissioners,—they are going to Quebec for a day or two. Mr. Featherstonhaugh remains here, and joins Lieut. Broughton at Riviere Ouelle, which they have to explore, and then they close their labors for the winter.'

The Legislature in session at Augusta, says the Portland Advertiser, adjourned on Thursday, having completed the revision of the laws and some other business

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