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 LIFE GUARDSMAN.

BY JESSE E. DOW.

The Life Guard of Washington! Who can think upon this band of gallant spirits without feeling a glow of patriotism warming his spirit, and stirring up the sluggish feelings of the soul? Fancy paints again the figures which history has suffered to fade away, as the shadows departed from the magic mirror of Cornelius Aggrippa; and the heroes of the past start up before us like the clan of Rhoderick Dhu at the sound of their chieftain's whistle—They come from Cambridge, and from the Hudson, from Trenton and from Princeton, from Yorktown and from the Brandywine, from mountain pass and woody vale gathering in battle array around the lonely bed of their sleeping leader amid the solitary shade of Vernon.

The life guardsmen are fast fading away. One by one the aged members have departed, and now Lee's corporal slumbers beside his commander. Their march of life is over.

A more efficient corps never existed on this side of the Atlantic than the Life Guard. Animated by one motive guided by one object, they surrounded their beloved commander in chief, and gloried in being known as his body guard. Was there any difficult duty to peform? it fell to this body, and gallantly did they perform the service entrusted to them. The eye of the general glistened with delight as they filed before him in the shade of evening, or returned into camp from some successful incursions beyond the enemy's line, ere "Jocund day stood tiptoe on the mountain top," or the *reville* aroused the army from their slumbers.

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It was the anniversary of the battle of Princeton, when an aged man, with a stout staff in his hand was seen trudging manfully down Broadway. As he passed along from square to square he cast his eyes upon the signs and door-plates, and muttering, continued on his course.

'Here, said, he 'was Clinton's Quarters'—'Edward Mallory, silks and laces'—'and here was the house that Washington stopped at'—'John Knipherhausen, tobacconist,' 'and here was where the pretty Quakeress lived, who used to furnish the commander in chief with information as to the enemy's movements'—'Cafe de mille colonness'—all, all are changed; time has been busy with every thing but the seasons—they are the same—the sun and the rain—the evening and the morning—the icicle and the dew drop—the frost and the snowdrift change not: but man and his habitations—aye, the very names of places and people have been altered, and the New York of the Revolution is not the New York of '37'

As the old man said this he seated himself upon a marble door-step, and wiped the perspirations from his brow; for he had walked a long way that morning and the thousand associations that pressed upon his memory wearied him.

A company of volunteers, in all the pomp and circumstances of city war, now approached by a cross street. The bugle's shrill note, mingled in with clarionet and cymbals; and the glance of the sun upon their bayonets and polished helmets lit up the martial fire that slumbered in the old man's soul. He rose upon his feet.

'It is pleasant enough now to look upon such gatherings,' said he, 'but those who have heard the drums beat to drown the cries of the wounded and dying, cannot forget their meaning, though youth and joy accompany them, and though the smiles of beauty urge them on.' And the old man wept, for the men of other days stood about him; and the battle-fields, then silent and deserted, teemed with the dead and the dying; and the blood formed in pools amid the trampled grass, or trickled in little rills down the smoky hill side.

A servant now came out of a neighboring house and invited the old man in.—He thankfully accepted the hospitality of the polite citizen, and soon stood in a comfortable breakfast room. A young man of twenty one received him with kindness; and a tall, prim woman of eighty-six cordially insisted upon his joining her family at the breakfast table. A beautiful girl of eighteen took the old man's hat and cane, and wheeled up an old arm-chair that had done the family some service in ancient days. The old man as she seated herself beside him, patted her upon the head, and a firm 'God bless you' escaped from his wrinkled and pallid lips. The old lady suddenly paused in her tea table duty, and looked earnestly at her guest. The old man's eyes met hers—they had seen each other before—but the mists of time shrouded their memories, and blended names and places and periods strangely together.

'Will thee have another cup of tea?' said the matron to the old man.

'I have heard that voice,' thought the stranger, as he took the profered cup with gratitude, and finished his breakfast in silence.

'Oh! grandmother,' said the maiden, springing to the window, 'here comes the Iron Greys how splendid they look.'

'I cannot look at them,' said the matron, in a trembling voice—'thy grandfather was killed by the Brunswick Greys at Princeton.'

'What was his name?' said the old man, fixing his dim eye steady upon the speaker's face.

'Charles Greely,' said the matron, shedding an unexpected tear.

'Charles Greely,' said the old man springing up ,why, he was a Life Guardsman, and died by my side—I buried him at the hour of twilight by the milestone.'

'And thou art?' said the matron earnestly.

'Old Hugh Maxwell, a corporal of Washington's Life Guard at your service,' said the stranger guest.

'Oh! well I do know thee,' said the matron weeping—it was thee who gave me directions where to find him, and delivered to me his dying sigh. This is an unhappy day to me Hugh Maxwelle, but thy presence leads an interest to it that I had no idea of enjoying. William and Anne, thy grandfather died upon Hugh Maxwell's breast in battle—let us bless God that we are permitted to entertain the gallant soldier upon the anniversary of that day of glory.'

And the son brought forth the old family Bible, and the widow Greely prayed after the Quakers, amid her little congregation.

When the service was over, and the breakfast equipages had been removed, the son and daughter each drew a seat beside the old veteran, while their grandmother carefully wiped her spectacles and took a moderate pinch of Macomba. Then seating herself as straight as a drill sergeant in her cushioned seat in the corner, she turned her *well ear* towards the old corporal and looked out of the window.

'Tell us about the battle of Trenton and Princeton, Mr. Maxwell,' said the grand children, in one voice. The old man looked inquiringly at the widow Greely.

"Thee may tell it, though it may be a sad tale to me,' said the matron, and Hugh Maxwell, after resting his head for a moment, began his account of

THE BATTLES OF TRENTON AND PRINCETON.

The twenty fifth of December, 1776 was a gloomy day in the American camp. An army of thirty thousand British soldiers lay scattered along the oposite side of the freezing Delaware, from Brunswick to the environs of Philadelphia—Gen. Howe commanded the British cantonment, and Lord Conwallis was on the march from New York to reinforce him.

The British soldiers were flushed with success. They had driven us through the Jerseys. New York Island and the North River were in their power. They had tracked us by our bloody foot prints along the gloomy, though snow clad hills: and they looked eagerly forward to the day when the head of our illustrious Washington should be placed upon the Temple Bar, and the mob of London should cry out while they pointed at it "there rests the head of a Traitor."—The banner of England floated heavily in the wintry air, and fur clad Hessian paced his rounds on the gloomy hills with his bayonet gleaming in the stormy light: videttes were seen galloping along the hill sides and the valleys echoed with the martial air of England. But in our camp all was sadness.—Five thousand men, illarmed, and worse clad, without tents or camp utensils, sat crouching over their lone watch-fires.

But this was not all. The crafty British general had offered a pardon to all who would desert the American cause, and many men of property, aye! even members of Congress, recreant to honor and principle, pocketed their patriotism with the proclamation, and basely betrayed their country in the hour of her peril. Members of Congress did I say?—Yes, those that had been members: and let me repeat their names, lest perchance they may have been forgotten in the age of sham power and speculation. Galloway and Allen deserted, and joined the enemies of freedom in the fall of 1776.

Such was the state of things at this period. All was silence in the American camp. The spangled banner hung drooping over our head quarters, and the sentinel by the low door way stood leaning in melancholy mood upon his rusty and flintless gun. The commander in-chief held a council of war. At the close of it he gave his opinion—he had heard of the scattered cantonment of the British army.

'Now,' said he, striking his hand upon an order of battle, and pointing from the window of the farm house toward the wild river, 'now is the time to clip their wings.' It was a master-thought; the council of war concurred with their leader, and each member retired silently to prepare for immediate action.

The regiments were mustered—the sentinels were called; a hasty meal was devoured—the evening shut in with darkness and storm—the word was given—and we began our march. One party moved down, one, remained stationary, and one passed up to a point above Trenton. I was with Washington.—No one in the ranks knew where he was to go—all was mystery; until we wheeled down the steep bank of the Delaware.

'Onwards,' was the word. 'Cross the river,' thundered along the line and our freezing army moved on. Who shall describe the pains and the perils of that terrible march?—Who shall reward the noble spirits, who, trusting in their illustrious leader, moved onward, amid famine, nakedness, and the winter's storm? Surely at this day a generous nation will no let the poor, old veteran die who has his scars—but no certificate—to testify to the glory of that night—better feed an impostor than starve a hero.

But to my tale.—Upon a high bank Washington, and Knox, and a few staff officers, wrapped in scanty military cloaks, sat upon their shivering chargers and awaited the progress of the broken line.

We moved on—some on cakes of ice—some on rafts with the artillery—and some in little boats. Dark reigned the night around—the wild blast from the hills swept down the roaring stream—the water froze to our tattered clothes, and our feet were blistered and peeled by treading upon the icy way. The snow like feathers borne upon a gale, whirled around us—the dark waters yawned fearfully before us—at every step we were in danger. Now precipitated into the stream, and now forced to climb the rugged sides of the drift ice, still we advanced. At length the cannon and trumbils were landed, and the last soldier stood upon the opposite shore.

Shivering with cold, and pale with hunger and fatigue, our column formed and waited for the word. Washington and his staff were at hand. 'Briskly, men briskly,' said he, as he rode to the head of the line; and then the captains gave the word from company to company, and the army marched on in silence. A secret movement of an army at night keeps the drowsy awake, and the hungry from complaining. Man is an inquisitive animal, and the only way to make him perform apparent impossibilities, is to lead after he knows not what. Columbus discovered America in a cruize after Solomon's gold mine, and the vast field of chemistry was laid open to human ken, in a search for the elixir of life, and the philosopher's stone.

All night our troops moved down the west bank of the river, and as the morning spread her grey mantle over the eastern hills, we reached Trenton.

The Hessians under Rawle, slept. No one feared Washington,—and the moustached soldier dreamed of the Rhine and the Elbe, and the captain slept careless at his inn. But suddenly the cry was raised,—He comes! He comes! Our frosty drums beat the charge; the shrill fifes mingled in with the merry strain: and our hungry army, with bare feet entered the city. Like the Scandinavian horde—in impetuosity and necessity—before the eternal city, we rushed up the streets, and attacked the surprised enemy at every turn. The started foe endeavored to defend themselves; but, before any body of them could collect, a charge of our infantry cut them to pieces. Their colors absolutely hatched off of their standard staff, while they advanced in line, by a seargeant's sword, and their officers were cut down or taken prisoners. Our victory was complete. One thousand men were killed and made prisoners, and the artillery, consisting of nine pieces, was captured. Such was the effect of the battle of Trenton upon the enemy; but to us the consequences were the reverse. Our hungry men were fed, our naked were clothed, the rank and file were armed, and the officers promoted.

The same evening we re-crossed the river, but it was not the terrible stream of the previous night. The foot-prints of boots and shoes were left on our trails, and the drums beat a merry call, while the bugles answered sweet and clear.

In a few hours the Hessian tents shrouded the captors on the site of our old encampment—and Rawle's officers had the pleasure of drinking *their own wine in their own tents*, with General Washington, and his subalterns, as prisoners of war. So well planned was this attack that we lost but nine men, and two of them were frozen to death after being wounded.

On the 26th of December, 1776, we again crossed the Delaware, and at 1, P. M., our eagles floated over Trenton.

The 'Merry Christmas' of our evening party astonished and aroused the King's generals. Lord Cornwallis hastened to form a junction with General Grant at Princton; and on the 2d of January, 1777, the British army marched against Trenton.

It was late in the afternoon when the advanced guard of the enemy appeared in sight—their red coats forming a striking contrast with the winter's snow. Our drums now beat to arms, and Gen. Washington, with 5 000 of us, crossed the rivulet Assumpinck, and took post upon the high ground facing the rivulet. A heavy cannonade speedily commenced, and when night came on, both armies had a breathing spell.

Fresh fuel was now piled upon the camp fires—the sentinels were posted in advance—small parties were stationed to guard each ford—the cry, 'all's well,' the quick challenge and the prompt answer: the trampling of a returning vidette—and the occasional tapping of a drum in the guard room, were heard in our camp. The British General rejoiced in the belief that the morning sun would behold him a conqueror of our leader and ourselves. Secure of his prey, the enemy made preparations to attack our camp on the first blush of morning. The noise of hammers—the heavy rumbling of cannon wheels—the clashing of the armorer's hammer, and the laugh of the artizan and pioneer, came over upon the night wind, and grated harshly upon our sensitive ears.

An officer, mounted, and wrapped in a military cloak was now seen silently approaching the commanders of regiments in quick succession. He whispered his orders in a low tone—the colonels started with astonishment—they looked—it was their general and they immediately sent for their captains. Each officer heard the new order with astonishment, but to hear was to obey. The captains whispered it to their orderlies, and in twenty minutes after it was communicated to commanders of regiments, the whole army stood upon their feet in battle array. Our tents were struck, and our baggage wagons ready for a march.

The sentinels paced their rounds as though nothing was about to happen. The laugh of the relieved guard was heard above the din of both armies, and 'all's well' rang above the night.

We now stood ready in open column to march. Gen. Hugh Mercer had command of the van guard, and in a few minutes our captains whispered, 'forward and be silent'—our living mass immediately moved onward, and filed off toward Allentown. Presently we heard the rear guard, with the artillery, rumbling in our rear, and then our camp, so quietly deserted, was lost sight of in the shadow of the hills.

For upwards of two hours we moved on in comparative silence. Nothing but the whispers of the officers, and the heavy tread of men was heard. It was quite dark, and every breast seemed to be under the spell of mystery. At length a noise was heard ahead and a staff officer galloped to the rear. As he passed along he said in a clear voice, 'the enemy are in sight.' In a few minutes the voice of the gallant Mercer was heard loud and distinct, giving his orders—'attention van guard, close order, quick time, march.' We sprang at the word—each soldier grasped his musket with a firmer gripe—and away we went upon the run.

Three regiments of light infantry opposed us upon the plain at Maidenhead and their drums were beating merrily as we drew near them—our front now came upon an open common. We broke into three columns, and headed by the gallant Mercer, dashed on. In a moment a stream of fire passed along the British line, the dead and wounded fell around me and our columns wavered. At this instant while General Mercer, with his sword raised, was encouraging the van guard to rush on and secure the victory, a bullet struck him and he fell from his horse mortally wounded. For a moment only they were against us, but soon the firm cry of Washington was heard, as he pressed on to the front. Our musketry now echoed terribly, the enemy began to give way; a well directed fire from the artillery told fearfully upon the small armed foe, and they were routed. At this moment a British soldier clapped his bayonet to my breast—Chas. Greely thrust it away with his right hand—the soldier fired—his musket and the noble-hearted Greely fell upon my breast. I grasped his hand—it faintly returned my pressure—and then he straightened himself upon the ground his eyes became fixed, his jaw fell, and he was dead. I bore him quickly to a 'wounded cart,' and hastened to my platoon. The enemy were flying towards Brunswick, and we were masters of the field.

'On to Princeton,' shouted our noble leader, as he sent his wounded aid to the rear on a litter.

The line moved on in quick time, and soon we entered the town. Our visit was as unexpected here as at Trenton. A portion of the enemy had taken shelter in the college. Our General, as at Trenton, headed the charge in gallant style, while the troops, animated by his fearlessness, nobly seconded him. The artillery thundered against the garrisoned college, and the musketry rung wildly from every corner. Surrounded by a superior force, and not knowing but what Cornwallis had been routed, for they had heard the midnight cannon at Maidenhead, most of the enemy surrendered. A few, however, escaped by a precipitate flight along an unguarded street at the commencement of the attack. In this affair one hundred of the enemy were killed, and three hundred taken prisoners. Lord Cornwallis, as he lay on his camp bed, was roused by the roar of cannon. He started—the sound came from Princeton—he immediately ordered his troops under arms, and hastened to the scene of action. When he arrived, the battle was won, and we were on our return march in triumph. As we crossed the Milestone river we were halted to destroy the bridge at Kingston. I ordered a file of men to assist me, and hastily buried my companion in arms by the water side, while the enemy's cannon answered for minute-guns for the brave. Having shed a tear of sympathy over his lonely grave, we joined the main body.—At sunset we trod upon the bleak hills of Morristown, and when the camp fires were lighted the campaign of '76 was over.

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As the old man finished his tale, the widow turned away her head, and the grand children hid their faces & wept. At length when they raised their eyes to their guest, his face was pallid—a wildness was manifest in his eyes; and his frame appeared to be stiffening in death. They sprang to him.

'Forward—on—to—Princeton!' said he, in a cold whisper, and then the last Life Guardsman joined his companions in heaven.

The next day a numerous body of strangers followed the old veteran to the tomb; and the widow Greely placed a plain marble slab at the head of it, and inscribed upon it

HERE LIES
The Last of Washington's
LIFE GUARD.

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AN INCIDENT.—In the Court of Special Sessions yesterday, a man named John Fisher was brought up, for some trifling offence, for trial. His wife, a beautiful young woman not more than seventeen years of age, appeared at the bar with an infant in her arms, as the advocate of her husband. She was dressed plainly, and by no means in the height of fashion. Her presence, her child and her tears had a softening effect on the Court. The husband was discharged and left the room. The young wife lingered behind to sob out a few sentences of gratitude. Judge Noah spoke to her a few kind words, and enquired of her "are you really so destitute as you appear, and is that your child?" "As there's a God, 'replied the poor creature," it is all true. Since my husband has been in prison for triflingly offending against the dignity of our landlord, the latter has turned me and my child out of doors, and retained for his rent, as he claims our all—little all. For four days I have with my child subsisted in the open air, depending wholly upon the cold charity of such as chanced to pass by."

This was more than Judge Noah could stand with his face concealed from the gaze of the spectators, to conceal an evident emotion, he beckoned to the poor woman, and as she approached him, slipped into her hand a *five dollar note*, wishing her better success and happiness hereafter. She left the Court with an altered countenance. The Judge adjusted his spectacles, called the Court to order, and the business proceeded.—N. Y. Courier.

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Another Slave Case.—The New Bedford Mercury of Saturday gives a long account of a *habeas corpus* case in that town, which occurred on Wednesday, and seems to have caused some uproar, and in which the conduct of those who obtained the writ as reported in the Mercury, was unnecessarily harsh and oppressive.

A Mr. Ludlum, of Virginia, had come to New Bedford with his family, to visit his wife's father, who was believed to be on his death-bed. His wife was in feeble health herself, and much distressed in mind by her father's situation. The nurse of her child was a colored girl, hired by Mr. Ludlum from the owner in Virginia: and this girl was the subject of the habeas corpus.

The complaint is that the parties, who obtained the writ insisted on taking the girl immediately, notwithstanding the inconvenience thereby occasioned to Mrs. Ludlum, although it was known that the Judge would not be at Boston until Saturday, and although abundant security was offered for the appearance of the girl in Boston, and before the Judge, on that day. The dying bed of the sick man was disturbed, moreover, by the noise and confusion attendant upon the search for the girl, who had hidden under a bed, not wishing to be removed.

At the hearing on Saturday Judge Wilde of course declared the girl free to go where she liked, and she concluded to remain in Boston for the present.

(N. Y. Com. Advertiser.

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The Slave Trade.—Capt. Flitner of the brig Choctaw, at New York from the River Gambia, informs the editor of the Courier that the British cruizers are very busy on the coast endeavouring to destroy the slave trade. Two of them made an attempt to cut out a slaver from some river or bay, and were beaten off and forced to resign their object. The slavers in some cases, adopt the plan of sailing in companies of 5 or 6 vessels, only one being loaded with slaves—Should a cruiser overhaul them they all take seperate courses, and the cruiser not knowing which one to pursue, the loaded slaver has a fair chance of escape.—The British traders complain much of the increase of American vessels on the coasts as the latter undersell them in their outward cargoes, and pay higher prices for the produce of the country.—Two slave factories had been burned by British cruisers, and the establishments broken up. The Choctaw has had a remarkably quick voyage, having sailed from N. Orleans on the 15th April last.

DEATH OF A HERO.

Gen. Samuel Dale, one of the bravest of the Pioneers of the South West, died at his residence in Lauderdale Co., Mississippi, on the 23d of April. A writer in the Natchez Free Trader, relates the following incidents in his life:—

As a scout—a pilot to the emigrants who blazed the first path through the Creek nation from Georgia to the Tombigbee, with arms in their hands; and subsequently, as a spy among the Spaniards at Pensacola, and as a partizan officer during the most sanguinary epochs of the late war—present at every butchery—remarkable for 'hair breadth 'scapes;' for caution and coolness in emergencies; for exhibitions of gigantic personal strength, and undaunted moral courage—his story is studded over with spirit stirring incidents, unsurpassed by any thing in legend or history. His celebrated *Canoe fight*, where unaided, in the middle of the Alabama, then in its spring flood, he fought seven warriors with clubbed rifles and killed them all, and rowed to shore with the corpse of his last antagonist under his feet, would be thought fabulous, if it had not been witnessed by twenty soldiers standing near the bank, who not having a boat, could render him no assistance.

Some years ago he was attacked by two warriors, who shouted their warhoop as he was kneeling down to drink, and made a rush at him with their tomahawks. He knifed them both, and though bleeding from five wounds he retraced their trail nine miles, crept stealthily to their camp, brained three sleeping warriors, and cut the thongs of a female prisoner, who lay by their side. While in this act, however, a fourth sprang upon him from behind a log. Taken at such disadvantage, and exhausted by the loss of blood, he sank under the serpent grasp of the savage, who, with a yell of triumph, drew his knife, and in a few moments would have closed the contest.—At that instant, however, the woman drove the tomahawk deep into the head of the Indian, and thus preserved the life of her deliverer."

The Richmond Star reports the following boarding scene:

"Mr. Squibbs, is your tea strong enough?'

"Not quite, madam—the butter is, however."

ODDS AND ENDS.

A celebrated physician, boasting at dinner that he cured his own hams, one of his guests observed, 'Doctor I would sooner be your ham than your patient.'

There is a man about here so all fired proud, he won't keep his own company, for fear of degrading himself.

The musquitoes out West are said to be very troublesome to the farmers this spring, by pulling up corn like crows.

The last case of absence of mind was that of a bill sticker who pasted a board, and stuck himself on, instead of the bill. He did'nt discover his mistake until the rain washed him off.

The Pythagoreans thought that the souls of poets transmigrate into grasshoppers, which sing until they starve. However this may be, we think grasshoppers the happiest fellows in the world, in summer; nothing to do but to dance about and to see which can jump the furthest.

A barrister blind of one eye, pleading with his spectacles on, said 'Gentlemen, I shall use nothing but what is necessary.' His antagonist immediately replied, 'then take out one of the glasses of your spectacles.'

There is a sign painter in Philadelphia who has painted a raw beef steak so exquisitely that the dogs wag their tails and look wishfully every time they pass the Window. There is another who paints game so naturally, that a setter cannot pass the window without *pointing* at it. Neither of these, however, have reached that perfection in the art which has been attained by a New Orleans painter of whom the Picayune speaks. It is said that he painted a pine shingle so exactly resembling marble, that when thrown into the river it instantly sank to the bottom.

It is a curiosity to find a fop who does not think he is the admiration of every one he meets in the street.

Beware of a stranger who boasts largely of his wealth. Commonly he is a knave, a fool, or a bankrupt.

Dr. Franklin says that 'seven hours sleep is enough for a scholar, eight for a laborer, and nine for a *hog*.

He that threatens us, not having the power to harm us, would perhaps do so if he could but he that threatens having the power, is not much to be feared. A man in a paroxysm of passion, may exclaim, I would stab you if I had a sword, and perhaps he would be as good as his word; but he that has the sword, will either use it without threatening, or threaten without using it.

An Irishman remarked to his companion, on observing a lady pass, 'Pat, did you ever see so thin a woman as that?' Thin, replied the other, Bathersune, I seen a woman as thin as two of her, put together, I have.'

'A cloudy morning,' as the man said on meeting a crowd of darkies in the street at sunrise.

Price for Marrying.—The price paid in Iowa for tying the knot 'which binds two willing hearts,' is two coon skins and four bushels of sweet potatoes.

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