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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PARENTAL PARTIALITY.

Is he not thine own?
Thyself in miniature, thy flesh, thy bone?
COWPER.

So strange and unnatural is the character of the partial parent, that unless we have actually witnessed some instance of the kind, we feel skeptical as to the existence of any thing so monstrous. That a father or a mother should select certain of their children as objects of special love, and leave the rest to the mortification of a perceptible neglect, is a thing so unequitable & revolting to the feelings of our nature, that we can scarcely believe it possible; and doubtingly exclaim, 'Can such things be?'

The following simple narrative displays the picture of such a monster, too certainly and too closely copied from the life.

Robert and Letitia were the children of Mr. H ——, a shipping broker, in ——. The first wife of Mr. H, died soon after the birth of Letitia and the children were placed under the care of a hired housekeeper—a poor substitute it will be supposed, for the care and love of a mother. Mr. H. was by no means of an amiable or benevolent disposition: his friendship was but a cold affair; and his hatred was a settled, unforgiving spirit, which no repentance could soften, no prayers or pleadings remove or palliate.

Within three years of the death of the mother of Robert and Letitia, their father had married again; and they had a stepbrother, who was christened Henry.—From the earliest period, it was evident that Henry was his favorite child. There was no perceptible reason why he should be so, indeed; for he was of a much more forward disposition than either his elder brother Robert, or Letitia: in part, perhaps owing to the greater degree of indulgence of which he perceived himself the object.

It was not merely that any little transgression of which the former were guilty, was visited with a heavier & more certain infliction of punishment than the same offence committed by Henry: this might have been borne, but there was an uniform appearance of coldness & indifference which the poor children who were the objects of it, when come to years of discernment, saw and wondered at, and wept over.

'Why does father love Henry more than he does us, Robert?" asked the weeping Letitia, of her brother Robert, the partner of her sorrows.

'I don't know: I cannot tell why, Letty; but I feel that I cannot bear it any longer. I have made up my mind, and mean to go to sea.

'And then I shall be left alone!' thought the poor girl.

In a short time, when continued and fresh proofs of the fathers partiality to their step brother had confirmed his determination, with a broken heart he took leave of his sister, and went as a cabin boy on board a ship bound to Liverpool. For a long time, when enduring the hardships incidental to his situation, Robert thought of the life of indulgence and pleasure his brother Henry was leading, but the remembrance of his poor sister's lonely state of suffering, made him forget his own sorrows.

Unfortunately for the boy, he became from his kind heartedness, a favorite with the crew, and when they arrived in port was solicited, though still a youth, to become a participator in their enjoyments and vices? Was it likely they should solicit in vain? To be an equal sharer of kindness with those around him, was a new feeling to the soul of poor Robert: it was what his heart had long yearned for, under his father's roof in vain. It is not surprising, then, that thus tempted, he fell into the evil habits which are but too general with the class of sailors. Robert still, however, made it his practice whenever he returned from a voyage, to 'CALL HOME,' and see his poor sister Letty.

'As for father and Harry,' he would say, in his uncultured phraseology, 'why they don't care about me, they never did, and now, thank God, I don't MUCH care about seeing them?"

But the tear that rolled down his cheek denied his words.

At their meetings, the poor forsaken ones would sit together and brood over their mutual sorrows; and Robert ever learnt though reluctantly, some fresh tale of unkindness and suffering from his poor sister

'If I am sick, father says I am idle, and if I ask him for clothes, he says I am proud: but I know he wishes me gone; and I SHALL go away, as you have done I will get a place of service.'

'I tell you what Letty,' said Robert, swelling with indignation, 'I will wait until that man comes in.'——

'What man!" inquired Letty.

'Why, the man that has driven ME out of doors: and, now, the'——

'Oh! Robert, Robert—it is our FATHER, remember!"

And the curse which was certainly coming from his lips was suppressed, and he felt that he was a SON.

'Well, well, Letty, you are right; he *is* our father; but—but stay till my next trip is over, and then I shall put you in a little store: you can make bonnets, and gowns, and caps you know, and you can sell them, and so—but yonder comes our father, I see. I'll not stop Letty; we should quarrel; I know we should I'll go'

'Not without speaking to him, Robert. Remember'——

'Yes, yes;' said Robert, 'I do remember, but it is best I should not see him.—I sail to-morrow morning. Now do keep your heart up till I come back from this trip, sister, and then—good by; God bless you, Letty.'

With a heavy heart he once more left his sister to her lot of endurance.

Robert made the voyage out, but in the foreign port he had some words with his captain, and got another ship which was not bound homeward. He continued sailing from one port to another unable to procure a birth on board a vessel for the designed port till three years had passed away, during which time Robert had confirmed many of the evil habits he had first learnt at sea; the thoughts of past sorrows, and his poor sister Letty were nevertheless frequently in his mind.

At one time, his recourse in his trouble was prayer to God—prayer that he would soften his father's heart or enable him-self to provide a happier home for his sister; but now he had found out another cure—in the grog-glass when at sea, and when on shore, but too frequently in the haunts of dissipation.

At length a vessel offered, and Robert returned to ——. His first call after landing was, of course, at the grog-shop. In his joy at having once more set his foot in his native city, drank glass, after glass till he was nearly intoxicated; and in this state, at evening, sought his father's house. The door was opened, and the drunken sailor would have entered, but the servant, who knew nothing of him, repulsed him rudely; Robert pushed him aside; and staggered into the parlor, where he found his father and an assemblage of fine company celebrating the nineteenth birth day of his brother Henry.

The dazzling light, and the profusion of wines and liquors displayed on the table, with the joyous songs of instruments and voices, sent a bitter pang of jealously through the heart of poor Robert. His finely dressed brother came to the door and coldly took his hand; but his father!—oh that repulsive look!

'Robert!' said Mr. H. sternly, 'withdraw: and if you cannot call upon your father when you are in a sober state, let him never see your face.'

'Aye! it's true—true you are my father!' said Robert 'and that's my brother: but it's my sister I want to see. *She* will be glad to see her Robert, I know.—Where is my Letty?'

'I know nothing of her, sir, she has thought proper to withdraw herself from my protection. I suppose, when she requires it again, she will seek it.'

'That's kind for a father, too!' stammered out Robert. 'And so she has left your house, and you don't know what's become of her! Well, then, I must see if I can find her out, that's all, for I don't mean *her* to trouble you any longer; I'm going to make her a lady—that is a store keeper—for I've got the money to do it; and so—good evening, *father*!'

Robert staggered out to look for his sister, and his father's door was sternly closed.

Even in his present state, the shutting of that door upon him—for it appeared to be done angrily—jarred on his ear, sent a fresh pang through his bosom. Whether he bent his course he was unconscious: but the next morning he found that he had been sleeping on a bench in a low porter house, in the eastern suburbs of the city. He had gone into the house, it appeared, and called for liquor, which the man had very considerately refused him, but had kindly permitted him to remain in the house all night.

Robert was now sober. A woman, whose appearance bespoke extreme poverty, came into the house weeping bitterly.

'The poor creature's gone!' said the woman.

'Dead; is she? poor girl' exclaimed the landlord.

'I was sure she could not live the night over!' continued the woman, 'about 2 o'clock she got over her light headache fit, and looked around her, as though she had awoke, from a sleep. I guess the poor thing had been used to a better home, for she seemed to startle at our poor place. I saw she was going; she appeared struggling to raise herself—and she did, a little way—and then she gave one long deep sigh and said, 'O Robert!' —and that was the last of her.'

Robert had listened to this womam with breathless attention. A dreadful suspicion came over him and when his own name was mentioned he started from his seat, in the frenzy of a madman.

'Where is she? It may be—perhaps—oh; God! perhaps it is my poor sister Letty!

'Ay, sure enough, good man, that's her name she called herself Letty.'

Robert hurried after the woman to her abode of poverty. It was a low, wood en house, at the further, extremity of a narrow dirty alley. They ascended by a flight of broken stairs into an attic, and there, stretched on a mattrass upon the floor, was seen the corpse, covered with a white sheet. With hasty, though tremulouse hand, the wretched brother removed the covering.

It *was* his sister. I must leave the scene to the reader's imagination.

A paper the poor girl had written, and which the woman had kept, informed the wretched Robert, that continued unkindness had driven her from home; she obtained a place of service but was forced to leave that to escape the ill designs of her master.

It thus concluded: 'I sank exhausted in the street, and was taken home by some unfortunate women. I am dying. The kindness a father denied me, in my last hours I have met with—where?—Oh, God! did but my brother—did did even my father know, *where*! But I cannot send to him: in the abode of guilt he will think I am guilty. Robert, Robert!'

The paper, evidently written with a trembling hand seemed the result of a resistless desire to record her sorrow, and her innocence without knowing into whose hands that record might fall.

Robert knelt by his sister's corpse, and kissed, a thousand times, the unconscious clay, upon which the warm and bitter tears of his agony were falling; his senses failed, and he swooned by the corpse.—The women, by their endeavors, recovered him: he wept, and felt as weak as a child.

But a thought of his father—the cause of this scene of wo—till then he forgot flashed upon his brain. It dried up his tears, and he felt in himself the strength of madness. Once more he pressed his burning lips to the clay cold cheek of his sister; and then, hastily starting up, gave money to the woman, and bade them prepare for the funeral that evening.

With the speed of hatred seeking revenge he sought his father's house.—He had indeed, no determinate thought as to what he would do or how he would act; but there was a dreadful spirit ruling in his bosom. In a short time he stood in the presence of his father, who met him with his usual cold and haughty look; though somewhat surprised, if not startled at the ferocious aspect of his son.

'I have come, sir, to get justice! Aye, justice!' said Robert, in a terrific voice. 'There—there, sir—read *that*.' (putting before him the brief account of his sister's dying hours,) 'and tell me what you mean to do, to satisfy me, and the spirit of my lost, wronged sister!'

Mr. H. read the paper, and was affected: but even now his pride would not yield; and his relenting was but a softening, not a dissolution of the icy state of his feelings.

'Your sister, Robert—poor girl'—but she left my house—she wrongs me: I was not unkind: I fear she must have had' ——

The enraged brother thought an imputation on the character of his beloved sister was coming from his father's lips.

'Monster' he exclaimed; and in the fury of that moment rushed on him, and caught him by the throat. His father retreated backwards (Robert still retaining his grasp,) and seized a sword stick. The foolish man pressed the spring and drew the weapon, to defend himself against his son! A struggle ensued; and the weapon was, in the scuffle, plunged, not into Robert's side but into his father's. The old man fell to the ground, and Robert saw him weltering in his blood.

'Wretch!—wretch that I am! What have I done?' exclaimed the horrified man, and he turned the point of the weapon against his own heart, but the remembrance of his sister's unburied corpse came into his mind.

'I'll yet see her buried first!' he said; and ringing the bell violently to bring some one to his father's assistance, left the house.

He returned to the place where his sister's corpse remained. His clothes was sprinkled with blood—a father's blood! And in this state he went, with as many as pity or curiosity had gathered to the funeral. The corpse was lowered into the grave, and the last sounds of the burial rite had ceased—they were filling up the grave. Robert was still gazing into it, and all were pitying and wondering at the blood stained mourner! Stains of guilt they could not be, or he would have hidden or got rid of them.

At this instant a different groupe made its appearance; and Robert was aroused from his reverie of horror by the voice of his brother Henry exclaiming, 'There stands the murderer!' And the officers took him from the graveside of his sister to the cell of a prison.

But his father did not die; and when Robert was tried for an attempt to murder and the circumstances were related in their simple truth every heart felt, and every eye wept, for the victims of *a parent's partiality*; while the old man, though yet not wholly recovered from the effects of the wound, was greeted on his entrance into the court, and on his departure from it, with a deep groan of horror, from all present.

Robert was acquitted from the charge of a *design* to murder his parent, to the satisfaction of every one, and left the dock amid acclamations unusual in a court of justice. But those sounds of joy found no echo in his bosom. He felt himself fatherless, brotherless; and all of love of kindness he had ever known—his poor Letty—was in the grave.

JOE SMITH AT HOME.

The fourth of July found me at Nauvoo the city, of the Mormons. I saw Joe Smith, in splendid regimentals, in the character of Lieutenant General, at the head of a thousand troops. He was attended by six of his principal officers on horseback, constituting the front rank as they moved. Directly in the rear, were six ladies on horseback, with black caps and feather, constituting the second rank; and in the rear of these, were two ranks of six each, of body guards, in white frocks and black belts. Joe carried a monstrously large tin speaking trumpet, and uttered his prophecies through that instead of giving his orders to his aids.

The city is a city of log houses and mud cabins, scattered over an area of three miles square—said to contain ten thousand people—a motley, rag-a-muffin crew. Many of them are, I doubt not, poor deluded creatures, and all of them are, destined inevitably, for aught I can see, to great suffering, for there is not land enough under cultivation any where around to feed a tenth part of them.

I visited the temple. It stands on an elevation a mile back from the river.—The walls are up just above the basement story, some six or eight feet from the ground, built of hewn lime stone; the length perhaps 120 feet, and the breadth 20, every man is required to work on it every tenth day. Every man who comes among them is required to give one tenth of all he may earn afterwards, and to hold the remainder subject to the prophet's order, as God shall reveal. If all evangelical Christians, thought I, were willing to make the sacrifices in the cause of Christ, which these poor creatures are making to a false prophet, how soon with the ordinary blessing of God, might the earth be filled with his glory!

In the basement of the temple, is a great laver, or baptistry, standing on twelve oxen, wrought out of wood, their heads facing four ways. They baptize here, not only for the living, but for the *dead*. Individuals are instructed that they can get their friends out of perdition by being baptized on their account. I saw one old man who had been baptized 13 times for his deceased children; because they were not Mormons; and heard of another, about 80 years old, who was baptized for George Washington and La-Fayette; then for Thomas Jefferson: and then applied in behalf of Andrew Jackson! but they told him the General was not dead yet, and so he waits a while."—*Rev. M. Badger's correspondence with the Home Missionary.*

From the London Sun.

SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

There is no body of professing Christians less open to attack than the Society of Friends usually called Quakers. Taken as a whole, there is no christian sect so little tainted with devices that deform society. Cleanly in their habits; grave and decorous in their demeanor; shrewd, sensible and intelligent in their conversation: generally honest in their dealings punctual observers of their promises; charitable to the poor; and avowedly opposed to quarelling and litigiousness—statesmen rarely speak of them save in terms of the highest praise. In secret, however, they are regarded by many with an evil eye. The church is not over fond of them, because they teach the practical lesson that men and women may be exceedingly moral and religious without priests. Among lawyers there is a numerous class of the profession who dislike men who never give rise to an action for homicide, and who as witnesses will affirm no more than in their conciencies they believe to be true—Lord Abinger is one of those legal luminaries who dislike the quakers. The noble and learned Lord was never much celebrated for liberality of thought, and there are few men whose sympathies are expanded by increase of years.—Certainly Lord Abinger is not one of them. In the course of the debate in the House of Lords, upon Lord Denman's affirmation Bill the Chief Baron of the Enchequer spoke of the Quakers in the following terms:

He had a great respect for that very excellent class of men, the Quakers; but still he must say, that of all the witnesses he ever examined in a court of justice, he found none so difficult to fence with as the Quakers—so difficult, indeed, that he often was led to think that it was part of their religion never to give a direct answer. He did not mean to say any thing to disparage Quakers—[Hear, hear, from Lord Denman, and a laugh.]—Well, if his noble and learned Friend wished him [Lord Abinger] to be more explicit he would say, that with the experience which he now possessed, he would not have supported the law which gave that sect their present exemption from taking oaths, and he certainly would not vote for the extension of that privilege any further.

Lord Abingers avowal, that with his long experience at the bar and upon the bench, were it to grant now he would not exempt Quakers from violating their conciencies by taking oaths, casts a heavy but most unmerited reproach upon the Society of Friends. It implies evidently that his Lordship would sooner credit a protestant upon his oath than a Quaker upon his affirmation. What Lord Abinger means by the difficulty he experienced in fencing with quaker witnesses, we understand very well. It redounds greatly to the credit, though we confess there must have been many times when it must have proved exceedingly annoy- to the quondam Tory Attorney General. It is a confession on the part of the noble and learned Chief Baron of the Exchequer that he never could prevail upon Quaker witnesses to swear to facts of which they had only an imperfect knowledge. They were unmanagable, because they were not to be brow beaten by a purchased scowl upon the counte nance of an impertinent lawyer, or an overbearing judge.

Lords Brougham and Denman defended the Quakers from the imputations cast upon them by Lord Arbinger. Lord Brougham said that he had known them long, and he would venture to say that no sect paid more regard to truth, or had a greater horror of violating an oath than they had of violating an affirmation. They were as solemnly convinced of the sancity of an affirmation as others were of the sacredness of an oath. Lord Denman declared that he had always found that the Quakers delivered their evidence with more than usual sincerity, and that he had repeatedly been struck with the care and solemnity which they manifested. Such testimony may well console the Quakers for the bigoted views entertained by Lord Abinger.

At a great Agricultural festival in Bristol, the Hon. Edward Everett was present. The Duke of Cambridge presided, and in the course of the dinner the following speeches were made:

The Chairman, having noticed the distinguished foreigners who were attached to the society and had intended to be present said that two foreign ministers were unavoidably absent—but they had there the Minister of the United States, [great cheering]—yes gentleman [said the Chairman] I perceive that you receive him with the feelings of a relative and a friend [renewed cheers]—you feel that we are united by those dear ties of language and blood, which I trust will never be forgotten: [Cheers] But gentlemen, notwithstanding you have drawn these observations from me with reference to his official capacity, it is not in that capacity that I am now going to present him to your notice, and to morrow to the assembled farmers of England—it is my happy privilege to hail him as one of us—is an honorary member of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, to which he has been unanimously elected [Cheers.] The Chairman concluded by most warmly proposing the health of the Hon. Edward Everett, which was drunk with every mark of respect and enthusiasm.

The Hon. Edward Everett Ambassador from the United States on rising to return thanks was received with the most flattering demonstrations of respect.—He said he had to return his most hearty acknowledgments for the kind and, he might add unexpected honor which they had been pleased to confer upon him.—[Cheers.] He had come there for no other expectation or purpose than that of being a gratified and silent spectator of the proceedings of this distinguished Institution. He found himself by the goodness of the Council admitted to the distinguished honor of being associated with it. [Cheers.] That was a favor which he had not promised himself, and it affected him with the deepest gratitude. (Cheers.] He was sensible that this honour was mainly paid him in his public capacity, and he therefore took great pleasure, in behalf of the country which he, however feebly represented, in making his public acknowledgments for this tribute of good feeling. [Cheering.] If he might be permitted to echo the words of his Royal Highness, he could not boast of being a practical farmer,—but this he could say, that born and bred up in the country in his native land, he had always been a diligent observer of that great interest, and deeply concerned for its prosperity [Cheers.]—Whilst he had the honour for a few years, by the favor of his fellow citizens, to hold the office of chief magistrate of his native state, it was his good fortune to contribute, in his official capacity, to the acricultural survey of Massachusetts—some of the reports of which had reached this country. The distinguished nobleman, the Duke of Richmond, had informed him [Mr. Everett] that he had read with pleasure some of the documents in that report. I thank you [said the hon. gent. for the compliment you have been pleased to pay me. Permit me to say that it does not fall upon one who will receive it without grateful feelings. [Cheers.] It is indeed, sir, with no ordinary emotion that I find myself in a foreign land able to speak the language in which I was brought up—[great cheering]—that I find that it meets with a response like this from those whom I have the honor to address—[Cheers.] It is not merely in the kindred human race that the connection exists—but as you know very well, sir, our fathers emigrated from this part of England, they brought with them the modes of agriculture which prevailed here—which have gone on since in a gradual course of amelioration. But it is not only a common speech and common religion that denote a common origin—the poor dumb beasts among us, though they cannot speak, proclaim too, that they were from old England. [Cheers] What an insensible clod of the valley should not I be, if I were not deeply touched by that which was proclaimed to me by the mute animals. [Cheers.] After a few other observations the hon. gent. concluded by expressing his best wishes for the prosperity of the Agriculture of Great Britain.

GERMAN PRUDENCE.—We learn from the Georgetown (D. C.) Advocate, that last week there arrived at that port from Philadelphia the first instalment of a band of fifty German families, who under the auspices of the German Agricultural Society, are proceding to take possession of a purchase of 36,000 acres of land recently made in Hardy and Hampshire counties, Virginia. The Advocate says, 'these fifty families are to be succeeded next year by fifty more, and so continue at the same annual rate until two hundred families shall have been settled on the land. They are not recent emigrants, but have been residing in an about Philadelphia for four or five years past, and doubtless taking a true prospective view of the times, have most wisely determined upon bestowing themselves upon a portion of the wild but very improvable lands of the Old Dominion. The average price they pay is 23 cents per acre, and the tract is represented to be well watered by numerous tributaries to the South Branch."

A Terrific Scene.—A correspondent states that he was present at a Camp Meeting in the lower end of York county on Sunday the 24th instant, and that between 11 and 12 o'clock in the evening there was a thunder storm, which for rain and lighting, and loud thunder he says he never heard equalled. The lightning struck into the camp, and killed three horses dead on the spot, besides stunning a number of the persons present on the occasion. The scene he describes as one of the most terrific and awful; the shrieks of the women, the neighing of the horses, and the successive peals of thunder, proceded by the most vivid sheets of lightning, made the whole spectacle one of great and awful sublimity. No person was hurt—*Lancaster Intelligencer.*

An Old One.—The oldest man in France, M. Noel de Quersonieres, is now one hundred and fourteen years of age, having been born at Valenciennes, in 1728. He resides in Paris, and a journal of that city—the Presse—says he is not subject to any infirmity—takes four meals a day—shaves himself—reads and writes without spectacles, sings very agreeably—sleeps soundly—writes excellent poetry—and his conversation is full of wit and sense, abounding with anecdotes. It appears that at the juvenile age of ninety, Monsieur married a young English girl who had attained the venerable age of sixteen, and that she died in giving birth to a son. Mons Q. states that his grandmother died at the age of one hundred and twenty five, and would have lived longer but for a severe fall! When conversing gaily, he will frequently invite his friends to attend his funeral in the next century.

ATTEMPTED ESCAPE OF MUNROE EDWARDS.

The New York Courier says:

Mr. Zebulon W. Homan, deputy keeper of the city criminal prison, having received sundry vague hints that Col. Munroe Edwards, in prison convicted of forgery, awaiting his sentence had contemplated an escape proceeded yesterday to his cell to ascertain the facts of the case.

On examining his cell and his trunk, he discovered a rope ladder 60 feet long, with leather loops secured to it to place his hands and feet in; also a large iron grapple about two feet in length, to aid him in securing his ladder on the wall or fastening it to the same; also a small iron sledge hammer, a large wooden mallet, a number of large iron wedges, saws, files, cold chissels, punches a number of keys and various other implements to be used for effecting his escape.

In his trunk was likewise found a large pistol loaded, with a percussion cap on ready for firing in case of emergency. Mr. Homan has thus by his vigilence baffled the prepared attempt of this accomplished and successful forger to escape, and he was abundantly secured to await the further action of the law. How Edwards obtained these means to escape, and who were his accomplices, are matters yet to be ascertained.

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