EASTON GAZETTE.

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THE SULTANA OF THE DESERT.

During the enterprising expedition into Upper Egypt, by General Desaix, a provincial soldier fell into the power of a tribe of Arabs, called the Maugrabins, and was by them carried into the desert beyond the cataracts of the Nile. In order to put a safe distance between themselves and the French army, the Maugrabins made a forced march, and did not stop until night closed in. They encamped around a fountain surrounded by palm trees. Not supposing their prisoner would attempt to escape, they contented themselves with merely binding his hands; and after having fed their horses, and made their supper upon dates, they all of them slept soundly. As soon as the French prisoner was convinced of this fact he began to gnaw the cords that bound him, and soon regained the liberty of his hands. He seized a carbine, and took the precaution to provide himself with some dry dates and a little bag of grain, and armed with a scimetar he mounted a horse, and started off in the direction of the French army.

In his eagerness to arrive at a place of safety, he urged the already wearied horse, until the generous animal fell down dead, & left his rider alone in the midst of the desert. For a long time the Frenchman walked on with the perseverance of a runaway slave; but he was at last obliged to stop. The day was finished; and notwithstanding the beauty and freshness of Oriental nights, he did not feel strength enough to pursue his journey. Having reached a little cluster of palms, which had gladdened his heart from a distance, he laid his head upon a stone, and slept, without taking any precaution for his defence.

He was awakened by the pitiless rays of the sun, which fell upon him with intolerable fervor; for in his weariness he had reposed on the side opposite to the morning shadows of the majestic palms. The prospect around him filled him with despair. In every direction nothing met his eyes but a wide ocean of sand, sparkling and glancing like a dagger in the sunshine. The pure brilliancy of the sky left the imagination nothing to desire. Not a cloud obscured its splendor, nor a zephyr moved the surface of the desert. The earth and the heavens seemed on fire—they met at the horizon in a narrow line of light, as fine and glittering as the edge of a sword. There was a wild and awful majesty in the universal stillness! God, in all his infinity seemed present to the soul!

The luxurious wanderer thought of the fountains and roses of his own native province, and wept aloud. He clasped the palm, as if it had been a living friend. He shouted, to relieve the forgetfulness of utter solitude. The wide wilderness sent back a sharp sound from the distance; but no echo was awakened—the echo was in his heart!

With melancholy steps he walked around the little eminence on which the palm trees grew. To his great joy he discovered on the opposite side a sort of natural grotto, formed by a pile of granite. Hope was awakened in his breast. The palms would furnish him with dates for food, and human beings might come that way before his life was exhausted—perhaps another party of Maugrabins whose wandering life began to have some charms for his imagination or he might hear the noise of approaching cannon—for Bonaparte was then passing over Egypt. The Frenchman experienced a sudden transition from the deepest despair to the wildest joy. He occupied himself during the day with cutting down some of the palm trees to defend the mouth of the grotto against the wild beasts, which would probably come in the night time, to drink at the rivulet, flowing at the foot of the palms. Notwithstanding the eagerness produced by a fear of being devoured in his sleep, he could not finish his fortifications during that day. Toward evening, the mighty tree he had been cutting, fell to the ground with a crash that resounded through the desert, as if solitude had uttered a deep groan.

The soldier trembled as if there had been a supernatural voice in the air.—But like an heir, who soon ceases to mourn over a rich parent, he immediately began to strip off the broad and beautiful leaves to form his couch for the night. Fatigued by his exertions and extreme warmth of the climate, he soon fell into a profound slumber. In the middle of the night his sleep was suddenly disturbed by an extraordinary noise. He raised himself and listened—and amid the deep silence he distinctly heard the loud breathing of some powerful animal. The sound fell upon his heart like ice.—The hair started upon his head, and he strained his eyes to the utmost to perceive the object of his terror. He caught a glimpse of two faint yellow lights at a little distance from him; he thought it might be an optical delusion, produced by his own earnest gaze; but as the rays of the moon entered the chinks of the cave, he distinctly saw an enormous animal laying about two feet from him—There was not sufficient light to distinguish what species of animal it was; it might be a lion, a tiger, or a crocodile; but the strong odor that filled the cave, left no doubt of the presence of some large and terrible creature.

When the moon rose so as to shine directly upon the opening of the grotto, its beams lighted up the beautiful spotted hide of a huge panther! This lion of Egypt slept with her head upon her paws with the comfortable dignity of a great housedog. Her eyes, which had been opened from time to time, were now closed. Her face was turned toward the Frenchman. A thousand confused thoughts passed through the soldier's bosom. His first idea was to shoot his enemy through the head; but he soon perceived there was not room enough for that; the ball would have inevitably have passed her. He darred not make the slightest movement lest he should awake her; nothing broke the deep silence but the breath of the panther, and the strong beating of his heart. Twice he put his hand upon his scimetar, but the difficulty of penetrating her rough hard skin, made him relinquish his project. To attempt her destruction and fail in the attempt would be certain death. At all events he resolved to wait for daylight. Day came at last, and showed the jaws of the sleeping panther covered with blood.

'She has eaten lately' said the Frenchman to himself. 'She will not awake in hunger.'

She was in truth a beautiful monster—The fur on her breast and legs was of dazzling whiteness; a circle of little black spots, like velvet, formed pretty bracelets around her paws; her large muscular tail was beautifully white, terminated by black rings; and the soft, smooth fur on her body was of a glowing yellow, like burnished gold, richly shaded with dark brown spots in the form of roses.

His powerful, but tranquil hostess reposed in as graceful an attitude as a puss sleeping on a footstool. Her head rested on her nervous outstretched paws, from which her long white smellers spread out, like silver threads. Had she been in a cage, the Frenchman would certainly have admired the perfect symmetry of her form, and the rich contrast of colors, that gave such an imperial brilliancy to her robe; but alone, and in her power, it was a very different thing. At the mouth of the cannon he had felt his courage rise with increasing danger, but it was sinking now. The cold sweat poured from his forehead, as he watched the sleeping panther. Considering himself a dead man he waited his fate as courageously as he could. When the sun rose, the panther suddenly opened her eyes—she stretched out her paws and gaped, showing a frightful row of teeth, and a great tongue as hard and as rough as a file. She then shook herself, and began to wash her bloody paws, passing from time to time over her ears as prettily as a kitten.—'Very well done,' thought the soldier; who felt his gayety and courage returning. 'she does her toilet very handsomely.'—He seized a little dagger which he had taken from one of the Arabs—'Come let us wish each other good morning' thought he. At this moment the panther turned her head towards him suddenly, and fixed a surprised and earnest gaze upon him.

The fixedness of her bright metalic eyes, and their almost insupportable brilliancy, made the soldier tremble especially when the mighty beast moved towards him. With great boldness and presence of mind he looked her directly in the eye, having often heard that great power may be obtained over animals in that manner. When she came up to him he gently scratched her head, and smoothed her fur. Her eyes gradually softened—she began to wag her tail—and at last she purred like a petted cat; but so deep & strong were her notes of joy, that they resounded through the cave, like the rolling of a church organ.

The frenchman redoubled his caresses, and when he thought her ferocity was sufficiently tamed, he attempted to leave the grotto. The panther made no opposition to his going out; but she soon came bounding after him, lifting up her back, and rubbing against his legs like an affectionate kitten. 'She requires a great deal of attention,' said the Frenchman smiling. He tried to feel of her ear, and throat; and perceiving she was pleased with it, he began to tickle the back of her head with the point of his dagger, hoping to find a favorable opportunity to stab her; but the hardness of the bones made him tremble, lest he should not succeed. The beautiful Sultana of the desert seemed to tempt the courage of the prisoner, by raising her head stretching out her neck, and rubbing against him. The soldier suddenly thought that to kill her with one blow he must strike her in the throat. He raised his blade for that purpose; but at that moment she crouched gently at his feet, looking up in his face with a strange mixture of affection and native fierceness. The poor Frenchman leaned against a tree eating some dates, and casting his eye anxiously round the desert, to see if no one was coming to free him from his terrible companion, whose strange friendship was so little to be trusted. He offered to feed her with nuts and dates, but she looked upon them with supreme contempt. However, as if sensible of his kind intentions, she licked his shoes, and purred.

'Will it be so when she gets hungry?' thought the Frenchman. The idea made him tremble. He looked at the size of the panther. She was three feet high, and four feet long, without including her tail, which was nearly three feet more in length, and as round as a great cudgel.

Her head was as big as a lion's & her face was distinguished by a peculiar expression of cunning. The cold cruelty of the tiger reigned there; but there was likewise something strangely like the countenance of an artful woman. In the gayety and fondness of the present moment she seemed like Nero, drunk. She had her fill of blood, and she wished to frolic.

During the whole of the day, if he attempted to walk away, the panther watched him as a dog does his master; and never suffered him to be far out of sight. He discovered the remains of his horse, which had been dragged near the mouth of the cavern; and he easily understood why she had respected his slumbers.

Taking courage from the past, he began to hope he could get along very comfortably with his new companion. He seated himself by her, in order to conciliate her good opinion. He patted her neck, and she began to wag her tail and purr. He took hold of her paws, felt of her ears, and rolled her over on the grass. She suffered him to do all this, and when he played with her paws, she carefully drew in her claws, lest she should hurt him.—The Frenchman again put his hand upon his weapon with a view of plunging it into her throat, but he was still withheld by the fear that he should not succeed, and that the animal would tear him in pieces in her agony. Besides, he really began to have an unwillingness to kill her. In the lonely desert, she seemed to him like a friend.

His admiration of her beauty gentleness and graceful activity, became mixed with less and less of terror. He actually named her Mignonne,' in remembrance of a lady whom he had loved in his youth, and who was abominably jealous of him. By the end of the day he had become so familiar with his dangerous situation, that he was almost in love with its exciting perils. He had even taught the panther her name. She looked up in his face, when he called her Mignonne.'

When the sun went down, she uttered a deep melancholy cry. 'She is well educated, exclaimed the gay soldier; she has learned to say her evening prayers.'

He was rejoiced to see the panther stretch herself out in a drowsy attitude.

'That is right my pretty little blonde,' said he; 'you had better go to sleep first.'

He trusted to his own activity to escape during her slumber. He waited impatiently; and when she seemed sound asleep, he walked vigorously toward the Nile. But he had not gone a quarter of a league over the sand, when he heard the panther bounding after him, uttering at intervals, a loud, sharp cry.

'Oh, truth,' said he 'her friendship is very flattering. I must be her first love.' Before she came up, the Frenchman fell into one of those dangerous traps of loose sand; from which it is impossible to extricate one's self. The panther seized him by the collar, and, with incredible strength, brought him safe to the other side of the ditch at a single bound.

'My dear Mignonne!' exclaimed the soldier, caressing her with enthusiasm; our friendship is for life and death.'

He retraced his steps. Now that he had a creature that loved him and to whom he could talk, it seemed as if the desert were peopled. Having made a signal flag of his shirt, he concluded to wait patiently for human succor. It was his intention to have watched during the night, but sleep overpowered him. When he awoke, Mignonne was gone; he ascended the eminence to look for her, and soon perceived her at a distance, clearing the desert with those long high bounds peculiar to her species. She arrived with bloody jaws. When receiving his caresses, she purred aloud, and fixed her eyes upon him with even more fondness than usual. The soldier patted her neck and talked to her as he would to a domestic animal: 'Ah, ah, Miss! you've been eating some of the Magraubins! Ai'nt you ashamed? Never mind—they are worse animals than you are. But please don't take a fancy to grind up a Frenchman. If you do, you won't have me to love you any more.'

This singular animal was so fond of caresses and play, that if her companion sat many minutes without noticing her she would put her paw, on his lap to attract attention. Several days passed thus.

The panther was successful in her excursions for food, and always returned full of affection and joy. She became used to all the inflections of the soldier's voice, and understood the expressions of his face. Sometimes he amused his weary hours by counting the spots on her golden fur, and observing how beautifully they were shaded, she showed no displeasure, even when he held her by the tail, to count the splendid black and white rings, that glittered in the sunshine like precious stones. It was a pleasure to look upon the graceful outlines of her form, the glossy smoothness of her neck, and the majestic carriage of her head. But she delighted him most when she was in a frolic. Her extreme gracefulness and agility, as she glided swiftly along, jumped, bounded, and rolled over and over, was truly surprising. When she was darting up the rocky eminence at her swiftest speed, she would stop suddenly and beautifully with head erect, as soon as the Frenchman called 'Mignonne!'

One day a very large bird sailed through the air, over their heads, in the desert anything that has life is intensely interesting. The Frenchman quitted the panther to watch the flight of the bird, as he slowly and heavily fanned the air.—In a few minutes, the sultana of the desert began to growl. 'She is certainly jealous!' thought the soldier, as he looked at her fierce and glittering eyes. They gazed intelligibly at each other—and the proud coquette leaped as she felt his hand upon her head; her eyes flashed like lightning, and she shut them hard.

'The creature must have a soul!' exclaimed the Frenchman.

This account was given me by the soldier himself, while I was admiring the docility of the powerful animals in the menagerie at Paris. 'I do not know,' continued the narrator, 'what I had done to displease Mignonne so much—or whether the creature was merely in sport—but she turned and snapped her teeth at me, and seized hold of my leg. She did it without violence; but thinking she was about to devour me, I plunged my dagger into her neck. The poor creature rolled over, uttering a cry that froze my heart. She made no attempt to revenge my blow, but looked mildly upon me in her dying agony. I would have given all the world to have recalled her to life. It was as if I had murdered a friend. Some French soldiers who had discovered my signal, found me, some hours after, weeping by the side of her dead body.

'Ah! well,' said he, after a mournful pause, 'I have been in the wars in Germany, Spain, Prussia, and France—but I never have seen anything that produced such a sensation as the desert. Oh! how beautiful it was!'

'What feelings did it excite,' asked I.

'Feelings that are not to be spoken,' replied the soldier, solemnly; 'I do not always regret my cluster of palm trees and my panther; but sometimes the remembrance of them makes me sad: in the desert there is every thing, and there is nothing.'

'What do you mean by that?' said I.

'I cannot tell,' said he impatiently; after a pause he added, 'God is there, without man!'

ANOTHER SHOWER OF FLESH AND BLOOD.—*Mr. Editor:*—I suppose it will be remembered by some newspaper readers, that in the year 1811, accounts were published, of two showers of flesh and blood: one in Tennessee, and the other in Massachusetts. I am now about to relate a similar circumstance, which lately occurred in our own State! Mr. Wm. M. Inlow, a gentleman of undoubted veracity, related it to me, as follows: On Saturday last whilst he and his two sons were picking cotton on his plantation, in Laurens District, near Enoree river, and about two miles below Musgrove's Mill,) the younger son called to the others, who were a little distance from him to listen for he heard something falling near him. They thought he was mistaken, and paid but little attention to it, but he insisted, and told them if they would come, he would show it to them on the ground. They went and found the ground strewed with what appeared to them to be pieces of meat, varying from the size of an ounce ball to larger than a hen's egg. These pieces were very moist, and as red as blood or any thing else could make them, and the grass, cotton, or whatever they came in contact with was stained as with blood. They were scattered several feet apart, over a space of ground some twenty or thirty yards in width; and they examined it for something like fifty yards in length but did not go to the end of it.

I was informed of it yesterday, & went in company with two gentleman, to visit the place in person. We were so lucky as to find some of the article still remaining and all agreed that it had the appearance of flesh, of the finest mould & much finer than we had ever seen before; some of the pieces seemed to be entirely fat, but most of it lean, very red, and somewhat transparent when held up toward the light; but it was considerably dried when I saw it, having lain 25 hours.

The younger Wm. Inlow, a very intelligent and credible youth of 14, says he first heard a few scattering pieces fall, and looking up, saw the air darkened with them and that it looked something like snow falling slowly, when the flakes are far apart; but that the pieces fell more rapidly. The shower fell about the middle of the day, while the sun was shining, and a few light clouds were in the atmosphere; but nothing visible could be assigned as the cause for the phenomenon.

Various opinions and conjectures exist here about the matter. Some consider it a natural occurrence, while others view it as a sign from heaven. For my own part, I am not a Millerite or a '43 man, as they are sometimes called, therefore cannot persuade myself to believe it is sent as a sign that the world will be burned up this year; and I have heard no natural cause assigned for it that appears at all reasonable. So, having stated the circumstances as they exist, I leave each one to form his own conclusions.

L. M. DAVIS,
Union District S. C. Oct. 30, 1843.
[South Carolinian.

MR. JOHN MACDONOUGH, of New Orleans, some time ago liberated a number of his slaves, and sent them to Liberia with a liberal outfit. His plan of accomplishing their liberation was somewhat peculiar. He proposed to such as were willing to go to Africa an arrangement of this kind, viz. that he would allow to each one a certain portion of his time each week, & would pay him for the labour done at such time, or credit him with it at a fair price. The servant man was to have his ordinary task of daily labour, and if by increased industry he could finish this so as to have additional time at his disposal he should have the benefit of it. The sum at which each was valued, at a moderate estimate, was set down against him in the account book, and every credit gained by extra labor was duly entered also. In this way some fifty or sixty achieved their freedom, by a process which made it manifest that they knew how to prize it and that they were worthy of it—by a process too which confirmed them in habits of industry and thrift. MR. MACDONOUGH published a statement of the whole affair, and the following extract is from the concluding portion of it:

In closing this statement, I will say a few words to show what the attachment of people similarly situated (slaves) will be to a master who treats them justly.—The ship on which they sailed for Africa, laid opposite my house, in the Mississippi, at the bank of the river; I had taken my leave of them on going on board the ship—on Friday evening, the day previous to her sailing, in my house. The scene which then took place I will not attempt to describe—it can never be erased from my memory. Though standing in need on the occasion of consolation myself, in bidding a last farewell on earth to those who had so many claims on my affection, & who had been around & about me for such a long series of years, I had to administer to them, who stood in the greater need of it. To tell them that the separation was but for a brief period of time, that we should meet again, I trusted, in a better and happier state; to charge them to gird up their loins, and play the man valiantly, in their determination to enter into their own Canaan; and to remember, that there was still another & final separation from all things earthly, which they had to sustain and encounter; to meet, and be prepared for which, they must persevere in well doing to the end, that their lamps must be kept well trimmed, and their lights burning. On Saturday morning, the Rev. Mr. McLean, the Agent of the American Colonization Society, (who took a deep interest in all that concerned this people,) crossed the river to despatch the ship, and see them take their departure, which took place about 8 o'clock in the morning of the same day, the 11th of June. After seeing them off, the ship was taken by a steamer.) Mr. McLean came into my house, as I was expecting him to breakfast, and on seeing him much affected in his manner, (a tear standing in his eye), I inquired if any thing had taken place to give him pain; to which he replied, 'oh, sir, it was an affecting sight to see them depart. They all were all on the deck of the ship, & your servants who have not gone, were on the shore bidding them farewell, when from every tongue on board the ship, I heard the charge to those on shore, Fanny take care of our master; James take of our master, take care of our master as you love us, and hope to meet us in heaven take care of our master.' Which ejaculations said he, continued until they were out of hearing. This would appear to reverse the general course of things. It is the master or mistress who is heard when about to make a voyage, recommending their servants to the care of some confidential person, but here were the servants recommending their master to the care of other servants.

EXQUISITE IRONY.

Poverty.—As poverty is the lowest, so it is the most impudent of the whole family of vices. Pride is a gentlemanly fellow and sins sweetly and respectably.—It smells of civit and tarning its varnished cheek to the sun, walks abroad in purple and fine linen. Nay, it rides in a coach and four; and in hours of penitential castigation, bolts itself in a pew of best upholstery, and in a fit of humility, lasting at least a couple of hours, calls itself a miserable sinner. Hence, pride at its worst has its good graces. At all events, it never offends that extraordinary abstraction, public decency; for though we hear much about it, it is, nevertheless, sometimes as difficult to discover as a city policeman. No; pride, being a vice that is well to do in the world may be called respectable. Pride keeps a barouche! Drunkenness may, or may not, be respectable, according to its education. When we say education, we mean the peculiar bottle in studies. For the drunkenness, that ponders over champagne, is very different vice to the drunkenness that takes libations from pewter quartens. Arrogance is also a vice that may have its laudation. It rarely consorts with beggars; but is at least among that suspicious class, the respectable. Covetousness and avarice are called vices; for our part, we have ever thought them amongst the noblest virtues. And so indeed in their heart of hearts, do nine men out of ten think them. And this is what they do; they give them hard names, & then, to make amends for their seeming harshness, take them to their bosoms; in the same way that a foolish mother, when she sees her baby doing all sorts of household misdemeanors, cries, 'you little wretch,' and then catches the child in her arms and covers it with kisses. There are a few other vices that may all of them be turned into passable virtues, if found in good company. Lust, cruelty, selfishness, each and all of these may have a very pretty alias—another trilling, musical name for the long ears of biped thistle eaters. But there is one vice—and that vice is poverty—which all men declare to be infamous, incorrigible, incapable of amendment; a leper—a wretch—a monster—to be confined in cabins and cellars or sent like a scapegoat into the howling wilderness.

[London Punch.

MR. WEBSTER.—We conclude, this morning says the United States Gazette, Mr. Webster's speech at Andover (Mass.) A speech from Daniel Webster on any subject, at any time, will be read with interest. The great defender of the constitution—the author of the speech in reply to Mr. Hayne, and the negotiator of the Treaty of Washington, creates an interest when he speaks, and rewards an interest when he has spoken. If he exercises his great intellect gives room to his imagination and scope to his forensic powers, we all know what can be done. The imperishable fame of the man rests on the result of such things. And even when neglecting fancy, when cureing his intellect, and cooling his energies, he stands before the people, and relates, the deeds and words of other times, still he is great, still he will be applauded. The speech at Andover last, we presume, disappointed those who were anxious to read it. We have not been able to gather the opinions of others, but we confess that we are disappointed in the address as a speech from Daniel Webster.

We heartily rejoice to know that Daniel Webster feels yet the importance of protecting the industry of his country, and that he finds support in the opinions of men of other times and in the proceedings of 1785 and 1788. The principle is immutable. The amount may change, but the protection must always exist.

We rejoice to know that Mr. Webster is in favor of the distribution of the proceeds of the public lands. That is a distinctive principle of the Whigs.

We are glad to know that Mr. Webster avows the constitutionality of a Bank, and the necessity of some such means of regulating the currency, and preventing the recurrence of such disasters as those from which the people of the nation are now slowly recovering. We are glad to learn, as we do from the speech, that Mr. Webster no longer considers a National Bank 'an obsolete idea.' He says, and says truly, that in questions of policy he may change, and he has changed opinions—but principles are the same.

Mr. Webster is, then, a Whig also in reference to the currency.

Mr. Webster disavows any intention of casting censure upon his colleagues in General Harrison's Cabinet, who retired from John Tyler's administration. That is well.

Mr. Webster complains that he is assailed for his course. We regret that any one should assail him, but he must not be astonished that his conduct is criticised and if, for a time, he chooses that his course shall be so marked with mystery, as to render his motives doubtful, he cannot justly complain that those motives are questioned. He will find the Whigs as ready to do him justice, as he is to disavow hostility to their principles and their men.

Mr. Webster declares that he has not canvassed for any nomination. He thinks, as all great men think, that the offices of President and Vice President should be the free gifts of the people.—So thinks Henry Clay—so think the great and the good of all times.

If we have to regret in the speech of Mr. Webster, an absence of some of that fire that warms the party to action, and gives impetus even at the extremities of the nation, we have certainly to rejoice that he has brought from the treasury of his mind 'things old' to sustain his avowal of Whig principles, and to prove that those principles are identified with the establishment and progress of our

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