EASTON GAZETTE.

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THE COLONIES.

THE *GIPSY'S DAUGHTER.*

A STIRRING STORY.

From Chambers Journal.

Eighteen months ago, we noticed a work under the above title, of which it would be difficult to say whether it abounded more in the spirit-stirring scenes usually found in fiction, or in sound views respecting emigration to, and settlement in, perhaps the finest of the Australian colonies—Van Diemen's Land. As to a great extent the adventures of a settler—an English farmer—in that distant colony, who after undergoing many mishaps, while the country was still in a crude condition, has lived to reap the reward of his perseverance, such a work could not fail to be very generally acceptable; and we are glad to know that it has been so much so as to pass already into a third edition. Desirous of rendering his work more extensively available, the author has judiciously issued it in a single volume; and as a copy of this cheap edition has been placed under our notice we take leave to bring it once more before our readers.

Having on the former occasion described the contents of the book at considerable length, it is now unnecessary to say more on that subject. Being desirous, however, of conveying an idea of the author's powers of narration, we may offer the following extract, which refers to a state of society in the colony, now, we believe, gone.

THE BUSHRANGER.

In crossing the country one day, and at a distance from any habitation, Mr. Thornley the settler, to his surprise and fear beheld at a short distance approaching him a noted bushranger, known by the name of "the Gipsy," who had latterly, with a band of associates, became the dread of the colony. He was a tall, well-made man, one apparently above the ordinary character of convicts, and whom it was distressing to see in such a situation. The parties approached each other with mutual distrust. Thornley knew he had a desperate character to deal with, and pointed his gun at him; but the bush ranger seemed desirous of a parley, and after a few words, says the writer, he laid his gun quietly on the grass and then passed round me, and sat down at a few yards' distance, so that I was between him and his weapon. "Well, Mr. Thornley," said he, "will that do? You see I am now unarmed. I don't ask you to do the same, because I cannot expect you to trust to me, but the truth is, I want to have a little talk with you. I have something on my mind which weighs heavy on me, and whom to speak to I do not know. I know your character, and that you never have been hard on your government men, as some are. At any rate, speak to some one I must. Are you inclined to listen to me?"

I was exceedingly moved at this unexpected appeal to me at such a time and in such a place. There was no sound, and no object save ourselves; to disturb the vast solitude of the wilderness. Below us flowed the Clide, beneath an abrupt precipice; around were undulating hills almost bare of trees; in the distance towered the snowy mountain which formed the boundary to the landscape. I looked at my companion doubtfully: for I had heard so many stories of the treachery of the bushrangers, that I feared for a moment that this acting might only be a trick to throw me off my guard. Besides, this was the very man whom I knew to have been at the head of the party of bushrangers who had been captured at the Great Lake.

He observed the doubt and hesitation which were expressed in my looks, and pointed to his gun which was on the other side of me.

"What more can I do," said he, "to convince you that I meditate neither violence nor treachery against you? Indeed, when you know my purpose, you will see that they would defeat my own object.

"What is your purpose, then? Tell me at once—are you one of the late party of bushrangers who have done such mischief in the island?"

"I am: and more than that, I am—or rather was—their leader. I planned the escape from Macquarie harbor; and it was I who kept them together, and made them understand their strength, and how to use it. But that's nothing now. I do not want to talk to you about that. But I tell you who and what I am, that you may see I have no disguise with you; because I have a great favor—a very great favor—to ask of you; and if I can obtain it from you on no other terms, I am almost inclined to say take me to camp as your prisoner, and let the capture of the Gipsy——ah! I see you know that name and the terror it has given to the merciless wretches who pursue me ——I say, let the capture of the Gipsy, and his death, if you will—for it must come to that at last—be the price of the favor that I have to beg of you!"

"Speak on my man," I said: "you have done some ill deeds, but this is not the time to taunt you with them. What do you want of me? and if it is anything that an honest man can do, I promise you beforehand that I will do it."

"You will!—but you do not know it yet. Now listen to me. Perhaps you do not know that I have been in the colony for ten years. I was a lifer. It's bad that: better hang a man at once than punish him for life: there ought to be a prospect of an end to suffering; then the man can look forward to something; he would have hope left. But never mind that. I only speak of it because I believe it was the feeling of despair that first led me wrong, and drove me from bad to worse. Shortly after my landing I was assigned to a very good master. There were not many settlers then, and we did not know so much of the country as we do now. As I was handy in many things, and able to earn money, I soon got my liberty on the old condition; that is, of paying so much a-week to my master. That trick is not played now, but it was then, and by some of the big ones too. However, all I cared for was my liberty, and I was glad enough to get that for seven shillings a-week. But still I was a government prisoner, and that galled me; for I knew I was liable to loose my license at the caprice of my master, and to be called into government employ. Besides I got acquainted with a young woman, and married her, and then felt the bitterness of slavery worse than ever; for I was attached to her sincerely, and I could not contemplate the chance of parting from her without pain. So about three years after I had been in this way I made an attempt to escape with her in a vessel that was sailing for England. It was a mad scheme, I know; but what will not a man risk for his liberty!"

"What led you to think of going back to England? What were you sent out for?"

"I have no reason to care for telling the truth. I was one of a gang of poachers in Herefordshire, & on a certain night we were surprised by the keepers, and somehow, I don't know how, we came to blows; and the long and the short of it is, one of the keepers was killed; and there's the truth of it."

"And you were tried for the murder?"—"I and two others were; and one was hanged and I and my mate were transported for life." "Well, the less that's said about that the better; now go on with your story; but let me know what it is you would have me do for you."

"I'll come to that presently; but I must tell you something about my story, or you will not understand me. I was discovered in the vessel concealed among the casks by the searching party; and brought on shore with my wife; and you know, I suppose, that the punishment is death. But Colonel Davey—he was governor then—let me off; but I was condemned to work in chains in government employ. This was a horrid life, and I determined not to stand it. There were one or two others in the chain-gang ready for a start into the bush, if they had any one to plan for them. I was always a good one at headwork, and it was not long before I contrived one night to get rid of our fetters.—there were three others besides myself.—We got on the top of the wall very cleverly and first one dropped down, (it was as dark as pitch, and we could not see what became of him,) then another dropped, and then the third. Not a word was spoken. I was the last, and glad enough was I when I felt myself sliding down the rope outside the yard. But I had to grin on the other side of my mouth when I came to the bottom. One of the sneaks whom I had trusted had betrayed us, and I found myself in the arms of two constables, who grasped me tightly. I gave one of them a sicker, and could have easily managed the other but he gave the alarm, and then lots of others sprang up, and lights and soldiers appeared. I was overpowered by so many. They bound my arms, and then I was tried for the attempt to escape, and the assault on the constable, and condemned to Macquarie harbor for life.

"I have not told you that my wife brought me a child. It is now seven years old. I loved that child, Mr Thornley, more than a parent usually loves his child. It was all in all to me. It was the only bright thing that I had to look upon. When I was sentenced to Macquarie harbor for life, it would have been a mercy to put me to death. I should have put myself to death, if it had not been for the thought of that little girl Well, sir, I will not say more about that. When a man takes to the bush, and has done what I have done, he is thought to be a monster without feeling; or affection. But people don't understand us. There is no man, sir, depend upon it, so bad that he has not some good in him; and I have had some experience: for I have seen the worst of us—the very worst—in the most miserable of all conditions—for that Macquarie harbour is a real hell upon earth! There is no time to tell you about the hardships and the miseries which the prisoners suffer in that horrible place—it soon kills them. But my greatest misery was being deprived of my little girl—my plaything—my darling—my life! I had not been at Macquarie harbor a month, before news came that my wife was dead. I'll tell you the truth sir: attached to her as I was, I was rather glad than sorry for it. I could not bear the thought of her falling into anybody else's hands; and as our separation was now absolutely and hopelessly forever—it is the truth—I was rather glad than sorry when I heard of her death. But my poor little child! I thought of her night and day, wondering and thinking what would become of her! I could think of nothing else. At last my thoughts began to turn to the possibility of escaping from Macquarie harbor, desperate as the attempt appeared; for, to cross the brush without arms, and without provisions, exposed to the attacks of the natives, seemed all but an impossibility. But almost anything may be done by resolution and patience, and watching your opportunity."

[The escape having been effected.] "We scrambled away as well as we could, till we got a little distance off, and out of hearing, and then we set to with a will, and rid ourselves of our fetters, all except three, and these were too tightly fitted to be got off on a sudden without better tools. We got the three chained men along with us, however as well as we could for we would not leave them; so we helped them on by turns; and the next day, when we were more easy, we contrived to rid them of their incumbrances. We hastened on all night. I ought to tell you that we heard the bell rung and the alarm given, but we had gained an hour good, and the ungagging of the sentinels and overseers, and hearing their story, took up some time no doubt. Besides, it is not easy to hit on a track in the dusk, & as there were fourteen of us, armed with two muskets, our pursuers would not proceed so briskly as they otherwise might, and would not scatter themselves to look after us. We were without provisions: but we did not care about that and not being used to long walks, we were soon knocked up. But the desire of liberty kept us up, and we struck right across the country in as straight a line as we could guess. The second day we were all very sick and faint, and the night before was very cold, and we were cramped and unfit to travel. The second night, we all crept into a cave, which was sandy inside, where we lay pretty warm, but we were ravenously hungry. We might have shot more than one kangaroo that day, but it was agreed that we should not fire, lest the report of our gun should betray our resting-place to our pursuers. As we lay huddled together, we heard the opossums squealing in the trees about, and two of us, who were least tired tried to get some of them. When we climbed up the trees they sprang away like squirrels, and we had no chance with them that way; besides, it was dark, and we could distinguish them only faintly and obscurely. We did contrive, however, to kill five by pelting them on a long overhanging bough; but they remained suspended their tails, and did not drop, although dead. To hungry men a dead opossum is something so one of them contrived to climb to them and get them down; and then we lighted a fire in the cave quite at the extremity inside to prevent the flames from being seen, and roasted them as the natives do. They were horrid rank things to eat, and almost made us sick, hungry as we were; but I don't think a hair of them was left among us. The next day we shot a kangaroo; but we feared to light a fire because of the smoke, so we ate it raw.

"We first struck on the outskirts of New Norfolk, and we debated what we should do. Some were for attacking the settlement, and getting arms; but I pursuaded them that it would be better for us to endeavor to seize some small vessel, and escape altogether from the colony; and in the mean time to keep ourselves close, and not give any alarm. My companions agreed to this, and we struck across the country to Brighton Plains, & so to Pitt Water, were we expected to find some large boats or perhaps some small vessel, by means of which we might get away."

"And how was it that you did not follow that plan?"

"We did follow it: we got to Pitt Water and lay snug there for a while; but were obliged to rob a settler's house of provisions for food, and that first gave the alarm. We made a dash at a boat, but it was too late; precautions had been taken, and the soldiers were out after us. We were then obliged to retreat from Pitt Water, intending to get into the neighborhood of the lakes and go farther westward if necessary, and retreat to the coast, were we judged we should be too far off to be molested."

"You did a great deal of mischief at Pitt Water before you left it, if all the stories are true."

"We did, Mr. Thornley, I own it: but my men were determined to have arms, and the settlers of course resisted, & some of my men got wounded, and that made them savage."

"And afterwards you attacked poor Moss' cottage?"

"My men had been told that he had a large sum in dollars at his hut—I am surprised that settlers can be so foolish as to take valuables into the bush—that was all they wanted."

"But why did you take poor Moss along with you?

"I was obliged to do it to save his life. Some of my men would have knock him on the head if I had not prevented them. It's true, Mr. Thornley, it is indeed—I saved his life."

"Well, that's something in your favor. And now, as the sun is sinking fast, and the dusk will come on us presently, tell me at once what you would have me do for you?"

"Mr. Thornley;" said the bushranger, "I have told you of my little girl. I have seen her since the dispersion of my party at the Great Lake. You know that I and another escaped. Since them I have ventured in disguise into Hobart Town itself, and have there seen my child. The sight of her, and her embraces, have produced in me a strange feeling. I would willingly sacrifice my life to do her good and I cannot conceal from myself that the chances are that I must be taken at last; and that if I do not perish miserably in the bush, I shall be betrayed, and shot or hanged."

"And what can I do to prevent it?"

"You can do nothing to prevent that end for I know that I am too deep in for it to be pardoned. If I were to give myself up the government would be obliged to hang me for example's sake. No, no; I know my own condition, and I foresee my own fate. It is not of myself that I am thinking, but of my child. Mr. Thornley, will you do this for me—will you do an act of kindness and charity to a wretched man who has only one thing to care for in this world? I know it is much to ask, and that I ought not to be disappointed if you refuse it. Will you keep an eye on my poor child, and, so far as you can, protect her? I cannot ask you to provide for her; but be her protector, and let her little innocent heart know that there is some one in the wide world to whom she may look up for advice—for assistance, perhaps, in difficulty; at all events, for kindness and sympathy:—this is my request. Will you have so much compassion on the poor, blasted and hunted bushranger, as to promise to do for me this act of kindness?"

I gazed with astonishment, & I must add, not without visible concern, on the passionate appeal of this desperate man in behalf of his child. I saw he was in earnest; there is no mistaking a man under such circumstances. I rapidly contemplated all the inconveniencies of such an awkward charge as a hanged bushranger's orphan. As these thoughts passed through my mind, I caught the eye of the father. There was an expression in it of such utter abandonment of everything but the fate of his little daughter, which seemed to depend on my answer, that I was fairly overcome, and could not refuse him. "I will look after her," I said; "but there must be no more blood on your hands; you must promise me that. She shall be cared for and now that I have said it, that's enough—I never break my word."

"Enough, said he, "and more than I expected. I thank you for this, Mr. Thornley, and could thank you on my knees.—But what of that? Look there! A man on horseback, and more on foot. I must be on my guard."

As he spoke, the horseman galloped swiftly towards us. The men on foot came on in a body, and I perceived they were a party of soldiers. The Gipsy regarded them earnestly for a moment, and then ran to his gun, but in his eagerness he tripped & fell. The horseman, who was one of the constables from Hobart Town, was too quick for him. Before he could recover himself and seize his gun, the horseman was upon him. "Surrender, you desperate villain, or I'll shoot you."

The Gipsy clutched the horse's bridle, which reared and plunged, throwing the constable from his seat. He was a powerful and active man, and catching hold of the Gipsy in his descent, he grappled with him, and tried to pinion his arms. He failed in this, and a fearful struggle took place between them. "Come on," cried the constable to the soldiers; "let us take him alive."

The soldiers came on at a run. In the meantime, the constable had got the Gipsy down, and the soldiers were close at hand, when suddenly and with a convulsive effort, the Gipsy got his arms around the body of his captor, and with desperate efforts rolled himself round and round, with the constable interlaced in his arms, to the edge of the precipice. "For God's sake!" cried the constable with a shrick of agony, "help, help! We shall be over!" But it was too late. The soldiers were in the act of grasping the wretched man's clothes, when the bushranger, with a last convulsive struggle, whirled the body of his antagonist over the dreadful precipice, himself accompanying him in his fall. We gazed over the edge, and beheld the bodies of the two clasped fast together, turning over and over in the air, till they came with a terrible shock to the ground, smashed and lifeless. As the precipice overhung the river, the bodies had not far to roll before they splashed into the water and we saw them no more.

The reader may be interested to know that Mr. Thornley was better than his word. He sought the daughter of the unfortunate man, took her home to his house and afterwards sent her to England.

THE HOVEN IN CATTLE—*Simple and effectual Remedy.*—The Dublin Farmer's Gazette says—

Try the remedy of an egg shell full of tar rather than attempt the barbarous practice of sticking. If two men hold the animal's head straight, a third its tongue to the right side, he can easily put down its throat an egg shell full of tar, and in ten minutes relief will usually take place, but a second dose has never failed with my cattle, which are always kept at a brisk walking pace through the yard until relieved.

From the National Intelligencer.

MESMERISM.

Extraordinary as is the following account of the successful employment of this agent in a great surgical operation, it is apparently so well authenticated that we feel bound to place it before our readers:

From the Southern Medical and Surgical Journal.

Extirpation of the Mamma of a female in the Mesmeric sleep, without any evidence of sensibility during the operation. By L. A. Dugas, M. D., Professor of Physiology, &c., in the Medical College of Georgia.

On the 3d January, 1845, Mrs. Clark (wife of Mr. Jesse Clark, of Columbia county, Georgia,) came to this city for the purpose of getting me to remove a schirrous tumor of her right mamma, which had been gradually increasing for the last three years, and which had now attained the size of a turkey's egg. The tumor had never caused any pain of consequence, was not adherent to the skin, nor did it implicate any of the axilliary glands. Mrs. C. is about forty-seven years of age, and her health, though by no means robust, was pretty good, and had not been impaired by the evolution of the tumor. The operation having been determined upon for the following day, Mrs. C. remarked to me that she had been advised by Mr. Kenrick to be mesmerized, but, as she knew nothing about it, she would like to have my advice and would abide by it. To which I replied that there were several well authenticated cases on record in which surgical operations had been performed under mesmeric influence, without the consciousness of the patient; that I would be happy to test the subject in her case, and that I would endeavor to mesmerize her, instead of operating, as had been proposed on the day following.

On the 4th January, at 11 o'clock A. M., I called on Mrs. C. and was informed that on the preceding evening she had been put to sleep by Mr. B. F. Kenrick, at whose house she resided.) I then mesmerized her myself, and induced sleep in about fifteen minutes. Finding my patient susceptible to the mesmeric influence, and reflecting that it would not be convenient for the same person to maintain this influence and to perform a surgical operation at the same time, I requested Mr. Kenrick to mesmerize Mrs. C. morning and evening, at stated hours until insensibility could be induced. This was regularly done with gradually increasing effect, when on the evening of the 6th of January, sleep was induced in five minutes, and the prick of a pin was attended with no manifestations of pain.—The sittings were continued, and the patient's insensibility daily tested by myself and others in various ways. On the 9th January, I invited Professor Ford to be present, and, after pricking and pinching roughly the patient without evidence of pain, the mesmerizer was requested to leave the room, when we exposed the breast, handled it roughly in examining the tumor, readjusted the dress without the consciousness of the patient. We then held to her nostrils a vial of strong spirits of heartshorn, which she breathed freely for a minute or two without the least indication of sensation, unless the fact that she swallowed once be regarded as such instead of a mere reflex action. On the 11th of January, in the presence of Professors Ford and Means, in addition to the usual tests, I made with my pocket knife an incision about two inches in length and half an inch in depth into the patient's leg, without indication of sensation.

Fully satisfied now of our power to induce total insensability, I determined to operate on her the next day at noon, but carefully concealed any such design from the patient and her friends, who did not expect its performance until several days later.

On the 12th January, at 20 minutes past 11 A. M., Mrs. C. was put to sleep in 45 seconds, without touch or pass of any kind the facility with which the mesmeric influence was produced having gradually increased at each sitting. At 12 o'clock M., in presence of Professors Ford, Means, Garvin, and Newton, and Dr. Halsee, the patient being in a profound sleep, I prepared her dress for the operation, and requested my professional brethren to note her pulse, respiration, complexion, countenance, &c., before, during, and after the amputation, in order to detect any evidence of pain or modification of the functions.—As Mr. Kenrick had never witnessed a surgical operation, he feared he might lose his self-possession, and requested to be blindfolded; which was done. He now seated himself on the couch near the patient, and held her hand in his during the operation. This was accomplished by two eliptical incisions, about eight inches in length, comprehending between them the nipple and a considerable portion of the skin, after which the integuments were dissected up in the usual manner, and the entire mamma removed. It weighed sixteen ounces. The wound was then left open about three quarters of an hour, in order to secure the bleeding vessels, six of which were lighted. The ordinary dressing was applied, and all appearances of blood carefully removed, so that they might not be seen by the patient when aroused. The amount of hemorrhage was rather more than is usual in such cases.

During the operation the patient gave no indication whatever of sensibility, nor was any of the functions, observed by those present, modified in the least degree. She remained in the same sound and quiet sleep as before the use of the knife. Subsequently, the pectoral muscle, which had been laid bare, was twice or thrice seen to contract when touched with the sponge in removing the blood. About fifteen minutes after the operation, a tremulous action was perceived in her lower jaw, which was instantaneously arrested by the application of the mesmerizer's hand to the patient's head. This phenomenon recurred in about ten minutes after, and was again in the same manner quieted. Professor Ford who counted the pulse and respiration, states that before any preparation was made for the operation, the pulse was 96, and the respiration 16 per minute; that, after moving the patient to arrange her dress for the operation, and just before this was commenced, the pulse was, 98, and the respiration 17; that immediately after the detachment of the breast the pulse was 96, respiration not counted; and that after the final adjustment of the bandages and dress which required the patient to be raised and moved about, the pulse was 98, and the respiration 16. All present concur in stating that neither the placid countenance of the patient, nor the peculiar natural blush of the cheeks, experienced any change whatever during the whole process; that she continued in the same profound and quiet sleep in which she was before the operation, (with the exceptions above noted,) and that had they not been aware of what was being done they would not have suspected it from any indication furnished by the patient's condition.

The patient having been permitted to sleep on about half an hour after the final arrangement of her dress, the mesmerizer made passes over the seat of the operation, in order to lessen its sensibility and aroused her in the usual manner, when she engaged in cheerful conversation with Mr. Kenrick and myself, as though she had no suspicion of what had taken place. I then introduced to her the gentlemen, who had placed themselves so as not to be seen by her on awakening, and observed that I had invited them to come in during her sleep, in order that we might fully test her insensibility, preparatory to the operation.—After a few minutes of conversation, I asked her when she would like to have the operation performed; to which she replied the sooner the better, as she was anxious to get home. I added, "Do you really think that I could remove your entire breast, when asleep, without your knowledge?" Answer, "Why, doctor, the fact is, that from the various experiments I am told you have made on me, I really do not know what to think of it." "Well, madam suppose I were to perform the operation one of these days, and to inform you of it when you should awake, would you believe me, and could you control your feelings on finding that it had been done?"—Answer, "I could not suppose that you would deceive me, and of course I would be very glad, but would try not to give way to my feelings." "Have you perceived since your arrival here, or do you now perceive any change in the ordinary sensations of the affected breast?" "No, sir; it feels about as it has done for some time back." About a quarter of an hour having elapsed since she woke, I then told her that, as we found her in a proper state for the operation, I had performed it, and that the breast was now removed. She expressed her incredulity; said I was certainly jesting, as it was impossible that it could have been done without her knowing it at the time, or feeling anything of it now. She became convinced only on carrying her hand to the part and finding that the breast was no longer there. She remained apparently unmoved for a few moments, when her friends, approaching to congratulate her, her face became flushed; and she wept unaffectedly for some time. The wound healed by the first intention.

In laying the above narrative before the profession, it is due to the cause of truth to state that it has been submitted to all the physicians present at the operation, and that I am authorized by them to say that it accords in every particular with their own observations, so far as they were present. I should also add, that having no other object in view than the establishment of the fact that a surgical operation may be performed under such circumstances without the consciousness of the patient, I have designedly avoided any mention of the various and interesting mesmeric phenomena manifested prior to and subsequent to the operation. These have been carefully and judiciously recorded by Mr Kenrick, whose well-directed zeal has enabled him to collect a body of highly important facts from a field unfortunately explored too exclusively by ignorance and charlatanism.

AUGUSTA, Ga., February 1, 1845.

As there are none so weak that we may venture to injure them with impunity, so there is none so low that they may not at some time be able to repay an obligation. Therefore what benevolence would dictate, prudence should confirm. For he that is cautious of insulting the weakest, and not above obliging the lowest, will have attained such habits of forbearance & of complacency as will secure him the good-will of all that are beneath him, and teach him how to avoid the enmity of all that are above him. For he that would not bruise even a worm, will be still more cautious how he treads upon a serpent.—*Colton.*

'Do you smoke?' 'Not usually; but our kitchen chimney does confoundedly.'

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