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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A CHOICE EXTRACT.

A LOVE SCENE.

From "Festus."

"She did but look upon him, and his blood
Blushed deeper, even from his inmost heart;
For at each glance of those sweet eyes, a soul
Looked forth as from the azure gates of heaven;
She laid her finger on him, and he felt
As might a formless mass of marble feel
While feature after feature of a god
Were being wrought from out of it.
She spake, and his love-wildered and idolatrous soul
Clung to the airy music of her words,
Like a bird on a bough, high-swaying with the wind.
He looked up on her beauty, and forgot,
As in a sense of dreaming, all things else;
And right and wrong seemed one, seemed nothing;
She was beauty, and that beauty everything.
He looked upon her as the sun on earth,
Until, like him, he gazed himself away
From heaven so doing; till he wept,—
Wept on her bosom; as a stormed-charged cloud
Weeps itself out upon a hill."

THE MOTHER'S BABE.

BY J. H. DANA.

It was the baptism of the first born!

Far in the wilderness, in a lone log-hut, were gathered the family, prepared for the solemn rite.

The father, bold and sturdy, stood in advance of the group; the mother, proud and happy, carrying the smiling infant, her first-born, in her arms, pressed after him; and a gray haired, patriarchal minister of God was in the act of raising his hands in prayer, preparatory to the baptism.

It was during the old French war. Braddock had been defeated, and the victorious savages were pouring down on the frontier settlements. But as yet neither the overthrow of the British general, nor the coming massacres by the Indians were known; and all was quiet and peace in that little frontier clearing, and as its possessors fancied, for hundreds of miles around.

Suddenly a shrill, unearthly cry rent the air, seeming to fill the cabin and the atmosphere without, like some demoniac shout. Quick and startling came that yell, bursting on the silence like a thunder-clap in summer. The old minister dropt his hands; the mother became ghastly pale and looked around in wild affright. But the father, starting as a deer that hears the hunter's cry, sprang towards the chimney-piece, seized his gun, and with a single bound gained the door, which he flung open.

Too well had each one there divined that cry. They knew it to be the war-whoop of the savage; its tremendous volume assured them of the vast numbers of the foe.

If any doubt remained it was dissipated by the sight rendered visible when the door was flung open. The house stood in the centre of a clearing, about a furlong from the forest, which encircled it on every side. This vacant space was now filled with dark savages in their war-paint running toward the cabin.

"Bar the door, bar the door!" exclaimed the minister, rushing toward the opening, while, with his feeble hands, he seized the huge wooden beam used to fasten it on the inside.

"Ay, and barricade it too," said the father and husband, with that stern eagerness which showed both how well he comprehended their perils, and how resolutely he was prepared to face them. And, accompanying the words with action, he soon, with the assistance of the minister, blockaded the door on the inside with tables, chairs, and other heavy articles. This being done, he paused a moment, and glancing rapidly around the room to see if any thing else could be done, his eye fell on his wife and child.

By the sudden change which passed over his countenance—the transition from the look of conscious strength and defiance to that of love, pity and agony, all combined. It was evident that, in the excitement of the few preceding moments, he had quite forgotten the presence of those two dear beings.

For dear they were to him inexpressibly. Oh! how are the rich mistaken, when they weep over fashionable tales of love, if they fancy that the poor know nothing of affection. Hearts beat under russet cloth as well as under silk or velvet. A wife, a child, is often all the treasure a poor man possesses. John Harding, the frontier farmer of our story, was one of these. He had none of this world's goods, except the wild clearing and his gun; but he had a bosom that throbbed with the most devoted affection for his wife and child.

Yes! for that wife was the love of years. She had been of prouder blood than his own, a family once rich but now decayed, and her parents and brothers had long resisted her marriage to an almost penniless man. But the lovers had at last triumphed, and the young wife, without a complaint, nay, with her blue eyes beaming on the contrary with love, had left her friends and followed her husband to his frontier home on the very borders of the civilized world. Here, after a sojourn of five years, a child had been born to them. Long desired had been that little stranger, and when it came, the hearts of the parents were in a flutter of joy. The infant had grown to the age of nearly a year, and was becomin more interesting daily, when an itinerant minister of God, one of those patriarchs who may still be found in our frontier settlements, blessing and doing good wherever they go, came along, and now, for the first time, the mother's heart could be gratified by having the long desired rite of baptism bestowed on her child.

When Harding's eye fell on his wife she had sunk into a chair, hopeless, agonizing, every faculty apparently paralyzed. The infant was gazing up into her face with its great blue eyes as if in inquiry and astonishment. The group, thus made visible to the husband and father, recalled the remembrance of his early love and all the still sweeter memories of married life; then, by a sudden flash of thought, that wife and child, so dearly cherished, rose before his mind's eye, mangled and bleeding under the tomahawk of the savage. It was this reflection, vividly presented, which had changed his look from that of high energy and defiance to utter agony and despair.

But now that patriarchal man of God advanced. He had seen the transition in Harding's demeanor and guessed at once the cause. He laid his hand on the husband and gently shook him.

"Rouse yourself," he said, "Faith worketh wonders. The God of battles will surely be on the side of innocence and youth."

As he spoke he glanced at the young mother, whose eye kindled at the words with sudden hope. Harding saw it. He too was a changed man. Grasping the old man's hand, while the tears dried in his eye, he said,

"You are right; in God let us trust.—Mary, we will save you and the child, or all die together. Ha! they are on us."

The words were called forth by a yell of anger which the savages sent up on having reached the house, to find it securely barricaded against them.

Immediately blows were heard on the door, followed by deafening yells. Harding examined the priming of his gun, ready to fire on the falling in of the first panel. At last with a crash one of them gave way. The farmer stooped, leveled his piece, and pulled the trigger. The sound of a heavy body was heard falling against the door, and then a tremendous yell of agony and vengeance broke from the crowd outside. After this all was still.

"The villains have got enough for the present," said Harding, as he coolly reloaded the piece.

His words proved true, for during full five minutes nothing was heard from the savages. The silence of that suspense was death-like. There was no opening except that of the shattered panel through which to reconnoitre the enemy, and here no signs of the foe were visible, so the little group stood motionless and waiting, breathless with anxiety. Harding was by the door, the minister beside him, the mother stood apart, striving to quiet the child, which had been frightened by the firing.

Suddenly she shrieked, and Harding turning around saw a dark form emerging from the chimney. In another instant, a second savage, descending from the roof in the same way, dashed into the room.—Though paralysed for a moment, Harding fired almost immediately, and one of the savages fell, but the other sprang on him, and a third dropping noiselessly but swiftly into the room, engaged the minister in combat, while a fourth appearing in the same way, hastened to unbar the door.

The room was now filled with the terrible war-whoop, which was replied to by the savages outside and, in an instant, the door yielding to the combined efforts without and within, the apartment was filled with foes.

In that moment, true to a mother's instinct, Mrs Harding thought only of her babe. Even before the door gave way she had retreated into a corner behind the bed, where she stood partially screened from sight. Pressing her infant to her bosom and engaged in hushing its cries, she saw, for some seconds, nothing of the terrible conflict going on so nigh.

Ay! it was terrible. The minister, weak and unused to personal strife, was soon flung bleeding and stunned on the floor, when his assailants seeing his companion hard-pressed, hurried to his help. Harding, thus beset by two, fought like a noble stag at bay. Seizing the large hatchet, which fortunately lay on the hearth with a pile of wood, he retreated into a corner and prepared to make good his defence; but before doing so he glanced around the room, and seeing his wife safely concealed for the present, he began the fight, dealing a single blow with his heavy weapon that felled one of his assailants like an ox. The other then drew warily off.

But by this time the room was filling with savages, who, hesitating but a moment; made a second rush on Harding.

It was at this instant the wife thought, for the first time, of her husband. She glanced wildly around, and though the intervening savages almost hid him from sight, she distinguished his tall form raging above the fight. Spell-bound she gazed! Her babe now lay hushed, because terror-struck on her bosom: while, with parted lips and eyes straining in agony she watched the fearful conflict. To and fro, flashing meteor-like, she saw the huge axe of her husband fly, and wherever it struck, an enemy went headlong to the earth. So rapid were its motions that even the nimblest of the foes failed to break the charmed circle which Harding kept around him. Yet, for a while, the dense, crowds pouring into the room and pressing toward the scene of the fight, actually forced their comrades forward in a body on the weapon of Harding, so that those in the foremost rank had no resort but to engage this terrible foe, nor could they do it otherwise than with their tomahawks, the crowded space did not allow them to use fire-arms. At last, however, the carnage was so terrible beneath that terrific weapon wielded by Harding's sturdy arm, that, by a violent, convulsive effort, the foremost savages forced back their comrades and stood at a safe distance, regarding their foe, like dogs before they rush in again on the boar.

All this had not occupied a minute. Yet to the wife and mother it seemed an age. Every hope hung on that single defender—and he was her husband! Can feeble words depict her agony?

It was but a moment the savages stood irresolute. One of them levelled his gun and was in the act of pulling the trigger, when Harding, whose keen eye, sharpened by peril, seemed to take in every motion of his foes at once, darted forward and with a blow of his axe, laid the Indian a mangled mass at the feet of his companions. The next instant, the borderer had regained his place and stood once more on the defensive.

This terribly bold act appeared to paralyze the foe for the third time. They looked at each other, and shrank instinctively back further from Harding. But, at this instant, a shrill, re-animating cry rose from the outer edge of the crowd, and a tomahawk, hurled with unerring aim, would have transfixed the defender, but he saw it coming and dodged the blow. The steel grazed his hair and sank into the log behind, where it stuck, its handle quivering violently.

At that whoop, accompanied by that onset, the savages appeared to cast off the awe in which the prowess of a single man had enchained them, and remembering their numbers, made a third onset on Harding, not this time only with hatchets and knives, but with fiery arms.

Wounded, hard pressed, and weak from loss of blood, Harding could be seen for some minutes longer, by his agonized wife, fighting with superhuman vigor and desperation. Her very breath hung suspended as the conflict progressed. Now she hoped, for she saw his tall form soaring pre-eminent; now she despaired, for he was dashed down by the tide of foes surging fierce and high over him. But again he re-appeared; he had only sunk to his knee; and now he raged again the master spirit of the fight. At last his proud front was bowed once more. There was a terrible crash of crossing weapons, a violent convulsion in the crowd of assailants, who fell back, but instantly advanced again.—Then followed a breathless hush, succeeded all at once by a simultaneous yell of the savages. The wife knew that all was over.

She had been held motionless by the spectacle of that terrific struggle—motionless as if paralyzed by some enchanter's spell. She had thought of neither child nor husband definitely. Only a vague sense of horror possessed her, a breathless suspense! But now she again remembered her child. To save it was her instinctive impulse.

The savages were tumbled, pell-mell on top their victim, who, though prostrate, still appeared to struggle desperately. The door stood open, and no one interposed between her and flight, for all were occupied, either as participators, or spectators of the combat. She dashed toward the opening.

But she had miscalculated her foe.—Noiseless as was her step, it arrested the ear of one of the savges who turning quickly, seized her just as she reached the door, and snatching the infant from her arms, as if he divined instinctively in what way to torture her most; he brandished his tomahawk above its little head to strike.

All her preceeding suffering had been nothing to those the mother experienced at that moment. Her babe, her first-born, her only one—murdered—and before her eyes—even while its little arms were stretching out to her!

She fell on her knees at the feet of that savage, she clasped his hand.

'Oh! spare him—spare him,' was all she could articulate; for, those words, her tongue, parched with agony, clove to her mouth. She would have given worlds for the ability to speak, vainly hoping she might thus move the Indian; but she could only grasp his hand more convulsively and lift her dry, stony eyes in eager supplication to his face.

For he had paused, at her words, in his work of death, and she hoped—the poor, deluded mother!—she had hoped. She wound herself around his knees with one hand, she lifted the other to her child, for the moment almost believing he was relenting. And the babe had crowed, and smiling, stretched down its little arms to hers. Vain hope, young mother! It was only to delude you thus that the savage fiend had withheld the blow midway.

Tomahawk descended. A shrill shriek of agony rose from the mother's lips.—But, shriller than that shriek, simultaneously came the crack of a rifle, and the savage fell headlong without cry or motion, his blow spending itself on the floor.

Was it a dream—was it a miracle?—The mother could scarcely believe what she heard or saw. Her babe alive and unhurt. The assassin dead. She glanced at the sweet smiling face of her infant and pressed him convulsively to her bosom: she then looked up with a start, for a dark shadow fell across her.

But no Indian met her sight. The shadow was that of a tall, powerful man, who wore a buck-tail cap and an ordinary hunting undress, yet it needed not the epaulet on his shoulder to show that he was one accustomed to command. Behind him, crowding up the narrow door-way and pressing forward in dense masses came scores of men attired in the provincial uniform.

'Washington forever! Down with the heathen murderers!' was the excited cry of his followers.

Into the apartment they burst, those brave sons of Virginia, with a wild hurrah, startling the astounded savages, on whom they instantly fell. It was scarcely a fight after the first minute; it was a butchery. As the soldiers drove the indians back to the wall, they found the savages repelled on them from that direction, & with a roar of defiance, like a lion who has just shaken himself from the hunters, Harding, to the astonishment of his wife, sprang to his full height and renewed the fray.

In five minutes all was over. Not one of the savage assassins escaped; indeed they disdained quarter and died fighting.—When the conflict was done, Harding sprang to his wife's side, bleeding indeed in a dozen places, but, as was subsequently found, not mortally wounded. The aged minister was dragged from under the heap of dead, bruised and stunned, but scarcely hurt otherwise, for he had remained by Harding who, as he fell, and only suffered from being trodden down by the foe.

Harding was standing, with one arm around the waist of his wife, who, with her head buried on his shoulder, was now sobbing and trembling violently, the excitement which had sustained her being over. His other hand had dropped at his side, still holding the terrible axe. He was smiling at his infant, whose little round face was upturned, half in alarm half in recognition at his disordered countenance.—Suddenly, the leader of the party which had come so opportunely to his aid, advanced.

'God bless you, sir, you have saved me, and those who are dearer to me than myself,' said Harding, and a tear stood in his eye. 'I must ask your name, so that we pray for and bless you night and morning.'

A tear rose to the stranger's eye.

'My name,' he said, modestly, but with a quiet dignity that foreshadowed the future greatness of the man, 'is Washington.'

'Colonel Washington! Then Braddock has been defeated, and I understand all.'

Washington nodded: then he resumed, 'we are as you suppose, retreating; and you had better join us. We must be off at once; it is not safe for you or us to remain here.'

'You are right. We follow you, *the Saviour of ourselves and country*,' answered Harding, enthusiastically.

Was it prophecy which thus foretold the future?

A CLERGYMAN in Scotland desired his hearers never to call one another liars, but when any one said a thing that was not true, they ought to whistle. One Sunday he preached a sermon on the parable of the loaves and fishes; and being at a loss how to explain it, he said the loaves were not like those now-a-days they were as big as the hills in Scotland. He had scarcely pronounced the words, when he heard a loud whistle.

"What's that," said he, who calls me a liar?"

"It is I, Willy McDonald, the baker.

"Weel, Willy what objections ha' ye to what I told ye!"

"None, Master John, only I wanted to know what sort of ovens they had to bake those loaves in."

DR. JOHNSON AND MILLER.—When Dr. Johnson had finished the copy of his Dictionary, which had wearied Miller the bookseller, exceedingly, the latter sent the following card to the Doctor: 'Andrew Miller sends his compliments to Mr. Samuel Johnson, with the money for the last sheet of the copy of the dictionary, and thanks God he has done with him.;' The Doctor sent the following brief reply. "Mr. Samuel Johnson sends his compliments to Andrew Miller, he has received his note and is happy to find that Andrew Miller has the grace to thank God for *anything*.

☞"Why does father call mother 'honey?" asked a small boy of his brother.

"Can't think, Sam—'except it be cos she's got a large comb in her head."

SUPERSTITION.

It is singular, but it is true that superstition prevails in this day of knowledge. It is an impossibility to reason people out of the belief that the breaking of a looking a looking glass, the howling of a dog, the lowing of a cow at night the gnawing of an insect upon the wall, etc., prognosticates the near approach of death to some member of the family. After the death of a child, a brother or a parent, we have heard persons remark, with all sincerity, 'I knew some one would die; I was forwarned of it—I heard a groan one day under the window, and no one was there We have also heard the remark after the death of a friend—'I expected it. Our dog dug several graves in the yard, and these were the signs of death.' Foolish as this language may appear, we have heard it time and again, especially from those who live in the country and are less informed. These very persons who are thus superstitions had they lived in the days of Mather, would have been firm believers in witchcraft, ghosts, and hobgoblins. And while they are thus deluded, they are wretched. The barking of every dog, the burning of every candle, the breaking of every glass, makes them turn pale with fear. They are warned of death by every breeze. Night brings them but little repose. The death tick may be heard, or they may be warned of the grim destroyer in a terrible dream.

Gen. Walstein, who lived in the seventeenth century, was singularly superstitious, though he was brave and intrepid on the field of battle, In 1625, while planning one of his campaigns, he sat up all night as was usual on such occasion, to consult the stars. Sitting by his window, but in contemplation, he felt himself violently struck on the back. Feeling that he was alone, and his chamber door locked, he was siezed with affright. He doubted not this message was from God, to warn him of his speedy death. He became melancholy, but his friends knew not the cause. His confessor, however, discovered the cause, and one of the pages of the General, confessed that, being intent on playing a trick on one of his comrades, had hid himself in Walstein's apartment, and mistaking him for his friend, had struck him on the back. While his master was examining the room, he jumped out of the window. The confessor pledged his word that no evil should befall the page, and felt happy to be able to quiet the General.—Great was his surprise when he heard Walstein order the immediate hanging of the young man He would hear no words the gibbet was prepared, the page delivered up, the executioner provided. The whole army, from the highest to the lowest in rank, felt indignant towards the General, while the confessor threw himself at the feet of Walstein, begging for the life of the youth, but in vain. The page mounted the ladder, and in a moment more the unfortunate youth would have been in eternity, when suddenly the General cried out—"Stop" and in a loud voice exclaimed, 'Well, young man, have you now experienced what the fears of death are? I have served you as you have served me, now we are quits.' More dead than alive the poor youth descended from the gibbet amid shouts of joy from the whole army.

Thousands of people suffer from their superstitious notions, when, if the causes of certain noises and signs were explained they would see at once how foolish they had been. There is a natural cause for every thing The death-tick in the wall is from severe exertion, or over eating. The faces and forms we imagine we see before us are caused by defect in our vision.

We have warnings enough in the falling leaves—the decay of nature and the death of friends—without making ourselves eternally miserable by our superstitions.

A NOBLE STORY.—"I will show you a man worn spent; the body outline of a human thing, with toil and want cut, as with an iron tool, upon him; a man to whom the common pleasures of this our mortal hermitage are unknown as the joys of paradise. This man toils and starves and starves and toils, even as the markets vary. Well, he keeps a heart, sound as oak, in his bosom. In the sanctity of his soul he bestows the kiss of peace upon a grudging world; he compels the homage of respect, and champions himself against the hardness of fortune. In his wretched homestead he is throned in the majesty of the affections. His suffering patient loving wife, his pale-faced, ill clad children are his queen and subjects. He is a king in heart, subduing and ruling the iron hours; unseen spirits of love and goodness anoint him; and, sir," said the hermit in a solemn voice, "as surely as the kingdom of God is more than a fairy tale, so surely do God's angels sing that poor man's jubilate."

CURE FOR THE TOOTHACHE.—Take a piece of sheet zinc, about the size of a sixpence, and a piece of silver—say a quarter of a dollar, place them together, and hold them between and contiguous to the defective tooth—in a few minutes the pain will be gone as if by magic. The zinc and silver acting as a galvanic battery will produce on the nerves of the tooth sufficient electricity to establish a current, and consequently relieve the pain.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

Mr. Adams is of middle statue, his eyes dark and piercing; his countenance pleasing and beaming with intelligence; his manners rather reserved and distant. He has always led the most active life, and enjoyed good health; and accustomed from his youth to habits of early rising and constant employment of his mind in literary and scientific knowledge, he is at this day considered one of the most (if not the most) accomplished scholars in America.

The private character of Mr. Adams has always been above reproach, in his intercourse with his fellow-men, and in all the various duties of a long life. Without any uncommon professions, he has uniformly shown a great respect for the Christian religion, and, like his father, given a preference to the doctrines of the Unitarian church.

In March, 1829, Mr. Adams retired to private life (from the Presidency,) carrying with him the esteem of his political friends, and the respect of his opponents, who generally gave him the credit of good intentions, however they have differed with him in his views of public policy.

But the people of his own immediate neighborhood were not willing to allow him to remain long in retirement In 1830 he was elected to represent the district in which he resided, to the Congress of the United States, and the following year, namely, in December, 1831, he took his seat in the House of Representatives, at Washington city, being then in the 65th year of his age, and having passed already about 40 years in the public service. In the National Legislature he has taken the stand to which his eminent talents and distinguished services fully entitle him.—The continued confidence of his constituents has been manifested by seven re-elections to the House, of which he has now been a member fourteen years. (Mr. Adams has since been re-elected for another term. Nov. 1846.)

He has taken an active part in debate on nearly every topic of public interest, and his speeches have been frequently marked with the most fervid eloquence, and with that stern and peculiar independence which has characterised his whole life.

The subject of this memoir is now in his 80th year, and although "his eye is dim, and his natural force somewhat abated," he was at the last session of Congress, still found at his post, in the public service, where, like the Earl of Chatham, it may be expected his mortal career will finally close.

AN INFIDEL'S VIEWS OF WAR.

FROM THE FRENCH OF VOLTAIRE.

All animals are perpetually at war; each species are born to be devoured by another. Even sheep and doves swallow a prodigious quantity of animals, imperceptibly. The males of the same species war for the females, like Menelaus and Paris. The air, the earth, and the waters are fields of carnage!

It would seem that, God having granted reason to men, reason should cause them *not* to imitate the animals, especially as nature has not provided them with weapons to slay their kind, nor with instinct to suck their blood. Yet murderous war is so much the frightful lot of man, that, with exception of two or three nations, there is not one of their ancient histories that does not represent them armed against one another. In some places, a man and a warrior are synonims; in others, a robber and a soldier are the same thing.

The greatest flatterers will admit that in the train of war, comes pestilence and famine, if he has seen the hospitals of the armies of Germany, or passed through any of the villages where has been a warlike exploit; and doubtless it is a grand art, that which desolates cultivated grounds, destroys habitations, and causes to perish, in the same year, forty thousand out of one hundred thousand men!

And the marvel of this infernal enterprise is, that each chief of murderers causes his banner to be blessed, and invokes God solemnly before he goes to exterminate his neighbor.

But what care I for humanity, good works, modesty, temperance, amiability or piety, when a half pound of lead, shot from six hundred paces, shatters my body, and I die at twenty years of age, with inexpressible torments, in the midst of five or six thousand, dying too; whilst my eyes open for the last time, to behold the village where I was born destroyed by fire and sword, and the last sounds in my ears are the cries of women and children expiring in its ruins?—and all this for the interest of individuals who hold upon me no claim whatever of consanguinity, or even of acquaintance!

☞Decidedly the most amusing exhibition since the occasion that gave rise to the fable of the ox and the frog, took place in the Senate of the United States on Thursday last, when the remarkable Hopkins L. Turney, of Tennessee, sought and got up a rencontre with Mr. Calhoun.—There was a fellow once who boasted that the Duke of York had kicked him. Turney's ambition is of the same kind. He wished the great Carolinian to honor him with a kick, but that was a piece of condescension to which Mr. Calhoun would not stoop. But Mr. C.'s colleague belabored he Tennesseean until every portion of his body was black and blue excepting a streak under each eye where the color is unchangeably green.—*Prentice.*

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