EASTON GAZETTE.

WHERE THE PRESS IS FREE—"Literature well or ill-conducted is the Great Engine by which all Popular States must ultimately be supported or overthrown—RELIGION purifies the Heart and teaches us our Duty—Morality refines the Manners—Agriculture makes us Rich, and Politics provides for the enjoyment of all."

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THE SILENT LAND.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SALIS.

Into the Silent Land!
Ah! who shall lead us thither?
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
And shattered wrecks lie thickly on the strand;
Who leads with a gentle hand
Thither, oh thither,
Into the Silent Land!

Into the Silent Land!
To you, ye boundless regions
Of all perfection! Tender morning visions
Of beautious souls! The future pledge and band!
Who in Life's battle firm doth stand
Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms
Into the Silent Land!

O Land! O Land!
For all the broken hearted
The mildest herald by our fate allotted
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand
To lead us with a gentle hand
Into the land of the great departed,
Into the Silent Land!

PIERRE PITOIS:
OR, MOTHER AND SON.

A TOUCHING SKETCH.

In the year 1809, Pierre Pitois was sergeant in the 12th regiment of the line, then quartered in Strasburg. He was a native of that half savage half civilized, part of Burgundy known under the name of Morvan; and his comrades never spoke of him but as "a tough customer." Always the first and the last to fire, he had the reputation of liking but two things in the world—the smell of powder, and the whistling of bullets.

Now, one fine day, our friend Pierre took it into his head to address a letter to his Colonel, in which he applied for leave of absence to go and see his aged mother who was dangerously ill. He added that his father, being seventy eight years of age, and suffering under a paralytic affection, could not be of any use in nursetending the poor woman; and he pledged himself to return as soon as the health of his mother should be restored.

The Colonel's reply to Pierre's application was, "that, as the regiment might at any moment be ordered to take the field, no leave of absence could be obtained."

Pierre Pitois submitted. A fortnight elapsed; a second letter was received by the Colonel, in which Pierre informed him that his mother had died without the consolation of giving her last blessing to her only child, and in which he again solicited leave of absence, saying, that "he could not state his reasons for this request—it was a family secret,"—but earnestly imploring his Colonel not to deny him this favor.

Pierre's second letter was as little successful as the first. The poor fellow's captain merely said, "Pierre, the Colonel has received your letter; he is sorry for the death of your old mother, but he cannot grant the leave of absence you require, as the regiment leaves Strasburg to-morrow.

"Ah! The regiment leaves Strasburg; and for what place, may I ask you?" said Pitois.

"For Austria," replied his officer. "We are to see Vienna, my brave Pitois;—we are to fight the Austrians. Is it not good news for you?—You will be in your element, my fine fellow!"

Pierre Pitois made no reply; he seemed lost in deep thought. The Captain caught his hand, and shaking it heartily said—

"Why do you not speak, man? Are you deaf to day? I am telling you that in less than a week you are to have the pleasure of a set to with the Austrians, and you have not one word of thanks for the good news!—Nay, I verily believe you have not even heard me."

"Indeed, Captain, I have heard every word, and I thank you with all my heart for you news, which I consider very good news."

"I thought you would," said his officer.

"But, Captain, is there is no chance of obtaining the leave of absence?"

"Are you mad?" was the reply. Leave of absence?—the very day before taking the field!"

"I never thonght of that," said Pierre. "We are then on the point of taking the field; and at such a time, I suppose leave is never given?"

"It is never even asked."

"It is quite right—it is never even asked." It would have the appearance of cowardice. Well, then, I will not press it any more; I will try and get on without it."

"And you will do well," replied the Captain.

The next day the twelfth regiment entered Germany; and the next Pierre Pitois deserted.

Three months after, when the twelfth regiment, having reaped in the field of battle an abundant harvest of glory, was making its triumphal entry into Strasburg, Pierre Pitois was ignominiously dragged back to his corps by a brigade of the *gens d'armes*. A court martial is immediately called. Pierre Pitois is accused of having deserted at the very moment when his regiment was about to meet the enemy face to face. The court presented a singuler spectacle. On the one side stood forth the accuser; who cried,—

"Pierre Pitois, you, one of the bravest men in the army, you, on whose breast the star of honor glitters, you, who have never incurred either punishment or even censure from your officers, you could not have quitted your regiment—quitted it almost on the eve of battle—without some powerful motive to impel you! This motive the court demands of you; for it would gladly have it in its power—if not to acquit you which it ought not perhaps either to do or to desire—at least to recommend you to the Emperor's mercy."

On the other side stood the accused, who answered, "I have deserted without any reason, without any motive; I do not repent: if it were to do again, I would do it again—I deserve death . . . . . pass sentence."

And then came some witnesses who deposed,—"Pierre Pitois is a diserter, we know it is a fact but we do not believe it." And others averred "Pierre Pitois is mad; the court cannot condemn a madman. He must be sentenced then not to death, but to the Lunatic Asylum.

This last alternative had very nearly been adopted, for there was not one person in the court who did not consider the desertion of Pierre Pitois as one of those singular occurrences beyond the range of human posibilities, which, while every one is forced to admit as a fact, no one can account for or comprehend. The accused, however pleaded guilty most positively, and was most pertinacious in his demand for the just penalty of the law to be inflicted upon him. He so boldly and fearlessly avowed his crime, continually repeating that he did not regret it that at length his firmness assumed the character of bravado, and left no room for clemency. Sentence of death was therefore pronounced.

Pierre Pitois heard his sentence read with the most steady unflinching gaze. They warmly urged him gaze. They warmly urged him to plead for mercy, but he refused. As every one guessed that at the bottom of this affair there was some strange mystery, it was determined that the execution of Pierre should be delayed.—He was carried back to the military prison and it was announced to him, that, as a mark of special favor, he had three days given him to press for pardon. He shrugged his shoulders and made no reply.

In the middle of that night on which was to dawn the day fixed for his execution, the door of Pierre's dungeon turned softly on its hinges, and a subaltern officer advanced to the side of the campbed in which the condemned was tranquilly sleeping; and after gazing on him some time in silence awoke him.

Pierre opened his eyes, and staring about him, said—"The hour, then, is at last come?"

"No, Pierre," replied the officer; "it is not yet the hour, but it will soon come."

'And what do you want with me until then?'

'Dost thou not know me, Pierre?—No matter;—I know thee well. I saw thee at Austerlitz, and bravely didst thou bear thyself. From that day, Pierre, I have had for thee a regard no less warm than sincere. Yesterday, on my arrival at Strasburg, I learned thy crime and thy condemnation. I have prevailed on the goaler, who is a relation of mine, to allow me to see thee; and now that I have come, I would say to thee, Pierre, it is often a sad thought to a man about to die, that he has not a friend near him to whom he might open his heart, and intrust with some sacred commission to discharge when he should be no more. If thou wilt accept me, I would be to thee that friend.'

'I thank you, comrade,' replied Pierre, briefly and coldly.

'Why! hast thou nothing to say to me?'

'Nothing.'

'What! not one word of adieu to thy sweetheart, to thy sister?'

'A sweetheart?—a sister? I never had either.'

'To thy father?'

'He is no more. Two months ago he died in my arms.'

'Thy mother, then?'

'My mother!'—and Pierre, whose voice suddenly and totally changed, repeated—'my mother!—Ah, comrade, do not utter that name; for see, how I have never heard that name—I have never said it in my heart without feeling melted like a child—and even now, methinks, if I were to speak of her—'

'What then?'

'The tears would come—and tears do not become a man . . . Tears!' continued he, 'tears when I have but a few hours to live—ah! there would not be much courage in that!'

'Thou art too stern, comrade. I think I have, thank God, as much courage as other people; and yet I should not be ashamed of weeping, if I were to speak of my mother.'

"Are you serious?' said Pierre, eagerly seizing the officer's hand. 'You, a man and a soldier, and not ashamed to weep?'

'When speaking of my mother? Certainly not. My mother is so good, so kind; she loves me so much, and I, too, love her dearly.'

'She loves you? and you love her?—Oh! then I may, indeed, tell you all. My heart is full; it must have vent, and, however strange my feelings may appear to you, I am sure you will not laugh at them. Listen then, for what you said just now is quite true. A man is glad, when about to die, to have a heart to which he can pour out his own. Will you really listen to me, and not laugh at me?'

'Surely I will listen Pierre,—a dying man must ever excite compassionate sympathy.'

'You must know that, since I came into the world, I never loved but one being—that being was my mother. But her I loved as none love—with all that was in me of life and energy. While yet a babe, I used to read her eyes, as she read mine; I guessed her thoughts, and she knew mine. She was the heart of my heart, and I the heart of hers. I have never had either sweetheart or wife; I never had a friend: my mother was everything to me. Well, I was summoned to take arms, and when they told me I must leave her, in a paroxysm of despair I declared that they might drag me limb from limb, but never should they take me from her alive. With one word spoken in her holy fortitude and strong courage, she changed my whole purpose. 'Pierre,' said she, 'you must go—it is my wish.' I knelt before her, and I said, 'I will go, mother.'—'Pierre, she added, 'thou hast been a good son, and I thank God for it; but the duties of a son are not the only ones a man has to fulfil. Every citizen owes himself to his country;—it calls thee,—obey! Thou art going to be a soldier; from this moment thy life is no longer thine own, it is thy country's. If its interests demand it, lay it down cheerfully. If it be the will of God that thou shouldst die before me, I should weep for thee my heart's tears, but I would say—'He gave, and He has taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord!' Go now, and if thou love thy mother, do thy duty.' Oh how precious those words! I have never forgotten them. 'Go thy duty,' she had said; now the duty of a soldier was always and in all things to obey; and in all things, and always I obeyed. It was to go straight forward, to face danger without hesitation—without a second thought; and I went straight forward, faced danger without hesitation, without a second thought. Those who saw me thus, as it were, seek to meet the bullets, said, 'There is a brave fellow!' They might have better said, 'There is a man who loves his mother!'

'One day a letter brought the tidings that she was ill—my own poor mother; I longed to go to her. I asked for leave of absence; it was not granted. I remembered her last words—'If thou love thy mother do thy duty.' I submitted. A little after I heard that she was dead. Oh! then my senses forsook me: at any risk I determined to return to the country. Whence proceeded so ardent, so impetuous a desire to see once more the place where my mother had just died? I will tell you; and as you have a mother, as she loves you, and as you love her, you will understand me. . .

'We peasants of Morvan are a simple and confiding race; we have not received the instruction, nor attained the knowledge, that they have in the cities; but we have our beliefs, which the townsfolk call our superstitions. What matters the name? Be they superstitions or beliefs, we have them, and clever would be the man that could uproot them. Now one of these beliefs to which we cling the most, is that which attributes to the first flower that blows in the grave-mould such a virtue, that he who gathers it is certain of never forgetting the dead, and of never being forgotten by them. Belief, how dear! how sweet! With it death has no terrors; for death, without forgetting, or being forgotten, is but a sweet sleep, but calm repose after long toil. That flower—I panted to see it bud; I panted to gather it; I abandoned my post and went on my way. After ten days of a long and weary march, I reached my mother's grave. The earth seemed yet fresh; no flower had appeared: I waited. Six weeks elapsed; and then one lovely morning I saw a little blue flower 'Forget-me-not.' As I plucked it, I shed glad tears, for methought that little flower was my mother's soul; that she had felt that I was near and under the form of that flower had given herself to my heart once more.

'There was nothing now to detain me in the country, for my father had soon followed my mother to the grave, and I had plucked my precious flower: what more did I want? I remembered my mother's charge—do thy duty! I sought out the *gens d'armes*, and I said, 'I am a deserter, arrest me.' . . . And now I am to die, and if, as you have assured me, I have in you a friend, I die without regret, for you will do for me the only service I require. The flower which at the risk of my life I plucked from the grave is here, in a little case next to my heart. Promise me that you will see that they do not take it from me. It is the link which unites me to my mother, and if I thought it would be broken—Oh! I should not have the courage to die. . . . Say, do you promise to do what I ask of you?'

'I promise,' said the officer.

'Your hand, that I may press it to my heart; you are very kind to me; and if the Almighty God were in his omnipotence to give me my life a second time, I would devote it to you.'

The friends parted.

The next day dawned. They had arrived at the place of execution; and already had the fatal sentence been read, when the low murmurs which ran through the ranks suddenly changed into almost deafening shouts, 'The Emperor! The Emperor! Long live the Emperor!'

He appeared, dismounted from his horse; then with his short quick step, he walked up to the condemned. 'Pierre,' said he to him. Pierre gazed at him, and made an effort to speak, but a sudden stupor seemed to overwhelm him. 'Pierre,' continued the Emperor; 'remember your own words of last night. God gives thee life a second time; devote it not to me, but to France! She too is a kind and a good mother!—Love her as thou didst love thy first—thine own.' He then turned to depart and greeting shouts of admiring love followed him till he was out of sight.

Some years after this, a captain of the Old Guards fell mortally wounded on the field of Waterloo.

Amid the din of battle, he was heard to shout in his death pangs—

'Long live the Emperor! France forever! My mother! My mother!'

It was Pierre Pitois!

From Sharpe's London Magazine.

JUNE IN ENGLAND.

JUNE was named by Romulus either from the Pagan goddess Juno, in honor of whom a festival was celebrated in this month, or out of compliment to the *junior* or inferior branch of the Roman senate. Mercury was regarded by the old Romans as the deity who presided over June. The Saxons called it *weyd-monat*, because the beasts did then weyd, or go to feed in the meadows, *wold* or weed month, and *sere-monat*, or dry month. It was represented by the ancients as a young man clothed in a mantle of dark grass-green color, having his head ornamented with a coronet of *bents, king-cobs*, and *maiden-hair*, bearing on his arm a basket of summer fruits, and holding in his left hand an eagle. In his right hand he held the sign *Cancer*, the *Crab*, "which," says Brady, "the sun entering on the 22d, makes the summer solstice; and that orb, being then apparently stationary, but about to recede, is ably typified by a crab, whose motions are either sideways or retrograde; and in that eccentricity of motion differs from all other animals."

Summer begins in June; which is really in this climate what the poets represent May to be—the most lovely month in the year. "The hopes of Spring," observes a writer on the Seasons, "are realized, yet the enjoyment is but commenced; we have all Summer before us; little clouds lie in lumps of silver about the sky, and sometimes fall to complete the growth of the herbage; yet we may now lie down on the grass, or the flowering banks, to read or write. . . . . At night, the moon looks silveriest; the sky at once darkest and clearest, and you may hear the undried brooks of the spring running and panting through their leafy channels."

Towards the end of this month, the birds are busily occupied finding food for their young, and become almost silent.—The cuckoo's note ceases; and the lark, blackbird, stone-curlew, and golden crested wren are only occasionally heard.—Swallows are only absent from their nests for half a minute at a time, and yet return loaded with insects; of which great numbers are now on the wing. The barn-owl may be seen in the mild evenings gliding along hedge-rows, and now and then pouncing upon a mouse. The bat and owl also venture forth, flitting through the glimmering quiet. Grass hoppers click in the warming verdure. Butterflies, beetles, flies, and fern-chaffers abound. The anglers' May fly, which only lives five or six hours, appears for about a fortnight at the beginning of June; and wasps make their nests in this month. The trees are now in their fullest garniture, and the fields in hedges in full blossom with the clover, the still more exquisite bean, the blue and yellow nightshade, the fox-glove, the mallow poppy, corn-cockle, water-iris, catchfly, bind-weed, ragged-robin, thyme, white briony, wild honeysuckle, and the flower of the hip or wild rose, which blushes through all gradations of delicate white and red. The leaves of the hip, especially the young ones, are as beautiful as those of any garden rose. In addition to the flowers of May, the parterre beams with the jasmine, golden-road, larkspur, sunflowers, amarynths, lupins, carnations, Chinese pinks, hollyhocks, ladies'-slippers, campanulas or little bells, martagons, periwinkles, lilies, sweet-williams, poppies, roses, snapdragons, nasturtiums, chrysanthemums, convolvuluses, &c. The farmer is now fully employed. Turnips are to be sown, old pastures to be cleared, and young corn to be weeded. But the rural business of this month consists of two occupations, as beautiful to behold as they are useful,—sheep-shearing and hay-making. Something like a holiday is still made of the former, and in the south-west of England the custom, we believe, is still observed, of throwing flowers into the streams,—an evident relic of paganism. The season for sheep-shearing begins as soon as the warm weather is so far settled, that the sheep may without danger lay aside a great part of their clothing. The latter part of June is the commencement of hay-harvest for the southern and middle parts of the kingdom. This is one of the busiest and most agreeable of rustic employments. Both sexes and all ages are engaged in it. The sweetness of the new-mown grass, the gaiety of all surrounding objects, and the genial heat of the temperature, all combine to render it a period of delight. There is not much work for the gardener in June, beyond weeding, watering plants, and removing insects.—Fruits are ripening, and young potatoes fit for the table.

Romulus assigned to this month thirty days, though in the old Latin, or Alban kalendar, it consisted of twenty-six only. Numa deprived it of one day, which was restored by Julius Cæsar; since whose reign it has remained undisturbed.

SEVERE TRIAL FOR THE NERVES.

The eminent French landscape-painter, Robert, when pursuing his studies at Rome, had ascended the cupola of St. Peter's, and was watching the proceedings of some workmen employed upon certain repairs required in and about the dome. To facilitate the bringing up of the water necessary for their operations, they had bethought themselves of throwing a couple of planks, fastened together in the centre, across the inside of the cupola, and, by means of ropes attached to them, drawing up buckets from the basement of the church. A bridge was thus formed of about two feet wide; but, as it had been only constructed for the convenience of raising water, no attention had been lavished on its capability for the support of a human being. A sudden and irresistible impulse to cross this insecure and narrow bridge seized Robert; and not till he had taken three or four steps along it did he become fully sensible of the extreme danger of the enterprise. At the same tune he discovered the impossibility of turning back. To stop short and close his eyes was, as he himself afterwards declared, the only expedient which saved him at the moment from falling, overpowered with vertigo and startled by a volley of imprecations uttered by the workmen upon seeing the Frenchman thus perilling his life. Straining his presence of mind to the uttermost, the artist opened his eyes, and, with a firm step, strode the tottering plank. As he approached the centre part he felt it crack beneath his feet. "The plank is rotten, the unhappy man will—" cried one of the men, & a violent blow on the mouth from one of his comrades preventing him from completing his sentence. Aghast and breathless, the Frenchman reached the opposite side of the cupola, and fell on his knees in speechless gratitude to Heaven. He was roused to consciousness by receiving blows and abuse from the workmen for having caused them such a moment of terror. Robert was at first disposed to be very wrathful at such usage; but, observing a boy's mouth bathed in blood, inquired why it was in such a state. "Would you have had us let him go on bawling in such a manner as to have deprived you of the few senses you had left?" was the reply. Its bluff good will disarmed the artist's anger, and, with a cordial grasp of the hand, he acknowledged his grattude for the mason's friendly interest, thus rudely, but effectively, exerted in his behalf.

AN ENGLISH PEER.—The Duke of Northumberland—one of the richest peers in Great Britan—died in April last quite suddenly, in his bed at night, after having suffered a few days' attack of influenza.—A foreign correspondent of an American paper says of the event—

It is an awful thought to reflect that all the enormous wealth of this nobleman—the descendant of the renowned Percys—with an income averaging him £2,000 to £3,000 daily, perfectly unincumbered—could not procure a single hand to close his eyes, or which he might have grasped and breathed 'farewell.' His grace died without issue, and is succeeded in his titles and possessions by his brother, Lord Prudhoe. Though not a man of great abilities, the late duke held the high office of Chancellor of the University of Cambridge. He also had been Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Ambassador to the Court at St. Petersburg, and special envoy to France at the coronation of the ill-fated Charles the Tenth. During the embassy he refused to receive any money for outfit, or anything else; though a diamond hilted sword of the value of £10,000 sterling, voted to him by the House of Commons, he subsequently accepted. During the whole time that he remained in France, he had, independent of retainers, three hundred gentlemen of birth in his suite. As he progressed through France to Paris he scattered gold among the crowds that surrounded his train of equipages at every post-town. His wife was governess to Queen Victoria.

The remains of the duke were interred in Westminster Abbey, in the tomb of the Percys, and with royal state.

A YANKEE, "DOWN EAST," has invented a machine that will reap, thrash, and grind; spin cotton, scrape potatoes, rock the cradle, darn stockings, whittle shingles, whistle "Yankee Doodle," play checkers, and puff itself in the newspapers!

THE SCHOOL MASTER ABROAD.

The Baltimore Clipper tells a good story, of which the following is the substance:

A board of "School Commissioners," who encumbered a consequential little village in Maryland, being in want of a teacher, advertised in the newspapers for "a well disposed, moral man, who was capable of teaching the dead languages, and did not chew tobacco or drink whiskey." After a fortnight of this advertising had been elaborated, a raw boned Yankee made his appearance, with a knife in one hand, and a Cape Cod Protection, alias a cake of gingerbread, in the other; and held the following dialogue with the committee aforesaid:—

"Well, sir," said the chairman, eyeing the candidate from head to foot, "do you possess the necessary requisites for a public school teacher?"

"I guess I do," answered Slick, whittling his stick.

"Do you understand Latin?" asked one of the committee men, a Dutch farmer.

"I guess I do," replied Slick again rounding the end of the stick with his knife.

"Well, let's hear some of your Matin," said the Chairman.

"Quambo hic squashicum, et punkinton lingum," said Slick drawing his coat sleeve slowly under his nose.

"Humph!" exclaimed the Dutchman, "ish dat Latin? Who's te autor?"

"Josephus," replied Slick, "he says in his life of Governor Hancock, 'Sic transit gloria Monday morning—Hancocibus quaderat demonstrandum.'"

"Dat's goot!" exclaimed the Dutchman rubbing his hands, "tere never was petter Latins!';

"Now, sir," said the the chairman, "I suppose you understand geography?"

"I guess I do," said Slick sharpening the end of his stick.

"How far have you been?"

"As far as the District of Columby."

"What State is it in?"

"A State of desperation."

"What latitude are we in?"

"According to the thermometer, we are ten degress below zero."

"What is the most western point of North America?"

"Cape Cod."

"Good. Now, sir let us know how far you have studied mathematics. What's the area of a square acre of land?"

"That depends upon the quality," replied Slick, snapping the blade of his knife.

"Well, suppose it be corn land."

"Why, it depends upon the number of hills.

"Say five hundred."

"Guess you might as well tell a feller how many grains to the hill."

"Five."

"Then, accordin' to Euclid, it would be 750 feet horizontally perpendicular."

"Excellent! Pray, where are you from"

"Stanton, down in the Bay State—and I can do most any."

"No doubt; but there is one thing you cannot do; you cannot humbug us. You can go."

THOUGHTS.—Self-love is the parent of presumption. We are never so bad or so old but self-love may keep us in favor with our selves.

Vanity is a refined selfishness, which is ever exacting homage, but never paying any.

If a vain person flatter you, it is to try his power on you, and you must be made his tool, or he your enemy.—*Herman Hooker.*

A FARMER'S BAROMETER.

A writer in the Georgia Farmer gives directions for making a cheap barometer, to aid in foreteling the weather. He takes a stick three feet long, and attaches to the butt end a phial, full of air, of course, and and corked tight. The stick is then suspended in a horizontal position on a pivot where it will readily turn, say on a thread tied near its centre. When the storm is coming on, the air outside is lighter than that within the phial; of course the phial sinks, and indicates a change in the atmosphere. Such a barometer may be made in ten minutes, & some of our young philosopical farmers will incline to have barometers of their own manufacture.

TO PROTECT GRAIN FROM RATS.—An individual of much practical experience informs us that green elder deposited in and about the mows of hay and grain, will prove an effectual preventive against the depredations of mice and rats. These animals are frequently very destructive in their ravages and if a remedy so simple and easy of attainment is efficacious it deserves to be known and remembered by all. We have long known that the leaves of the common mullein with drive rats from their haunts. There is something in the odour of this plant that is as disgusting to their ratships as was the leek to ancient Pistol—they cannot abide it.'

TO PREPARE BEES-WAX.—To obtain wax, boil the combs in a strong muslin bag, in a saucepean, with water sufficient to keep the bag from burning; and whilst boiling, continue to press the bag with a wooden slice or spoon, to extract the whole, as you skim off the wax. Drop the wax into cold water, where it will swim on the top surface. The wax thus obtained will still want refining, to effect which, place it in a clean saucepan, and melt it over a slow fire. Then pour off the clear wax into proper vessels and let it cool.

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