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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From the Sunday Times.

THE DYING ITALIAN TO HER LOVER.

BY MRS. H. MARION WARD.

Darling, fold thine arms around me,
Press thy warm lips close to mine:
Fast are breaking links that bound me
Gently to thy bosom's shrine.
Death's dark shroud is falling o'er me,
All around me and above:
Dark the valley lies before me,
All is gloomy—*all but love!*

Thou art there—thy heart is beating,
Wildly beating 'gainst mine own,
As thou count'st the pulse that, fleeting,
Soon will leave thee sad and lone.
Dear one, things that most we cherish—
Brightest flowers that strew our way,
Only smile to love, and—*perish*—
Only blossom to decay.

Clasp me, though my cheek is paling—
Breathe love's sweet tones in mine ear;
As the sands of life are failing,
Thou to me dos't grow more dear.
Darling lover, hope is over—
Still each thought *will* grow profane;
Still will hover round thy lover,
Weaving fancies wild and vain.

When the wealth of sunny flowers
Crown with gold our trysting tree,
Will it mind thee of sweet hours
Pass'd beneath its shade with me?
When the brook with wild leaves darkling,
Makes sweet music in the dell,
Wilt thou ask its wavelets sparkling,
Where is *she* who loved so well?

Now my breath is failing—failing—
Draw me closer to thy breast;
Nay—thy grief so unavailing
Holds my spirit from its rest.
Even midst the joys of heaven,
Dost that think I *could* be glad,
If to me the power were given,
Knowing thou wert lone and sad?

* * * * *

Let us fling a veil around them—
Shroud idolatry and love:
Soon the golden cham that bound them
Gather'd strength in heaven above!
Soon as falls the withered blossom
Noiselessly upon the sod,
So, upon the loved one's bosom,
Stole her spirit to its God!

THE LITTLE HOP-PICKER'S DREAM.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"And after, all another," said Phœbe Young, "after all, mother, there is nothing so very hard in hop-picking—it is not like digging or ploughing. I have seen ladies make hay———"

"Spoil hay, my dear," interrupted her mother.

"Well, toss it about,—and hop-picking is not harder work than hay-making; and the weather is so fine, and there is so little money to be earned by sewing or knitting, that it was very kind of the master to have me, considering how many girls are out of bread, and all willing to work: —long ago, when we were better off," continued Phœbe, in answer to her mother's tears—"Long ago I have often stopt in the road to look at the hoppers, and longed to be with them, they seemed so happy, and now, dear mother, I have my wish."

Mrs. Young pressed her daughter to her heart.

A poor woman, circumstanced as Phœbe's mother had always been, must have encountered much of this world's sorrow, because they must have had much to bear from that hard task-master—POVERTY. Her life was a repetition of the old story: early won—early wed—children born to die, weeping their little lives away in a few short months, wailing at the world, it might be, for a year or two,—of these, Phœbe was the youngest; the eldest born, a son, was sailing about some foreign seas that his mother, perhaps, had never heard of. But it was not only the loss of her children and her time (the only inheritance of the poor) in nursing hopeless children, that Mrs. Young had to contend with; her husband sickened—lingered—now better, now worse—a little uprising—and then, the never-to-be-overcome sorrow, his death—and again poverty; and then her own strength failed, and the armour she wore to defend her against all these trials was a Christian's faith in the future. She never sat down with sorrow and cherished it; but when fever so enfeebled her limbs that she could not walk, or move even to the green bench outside her door, she would sit at work on her straw mattress; no matter whether she was paid for what she did or not, she worked;—and those who passed heard her sweet full voice singing not joyously that it never did after her husband's death, but habitually—old trolls and snatches of songs, but most generally psalm tunes, such as she had learned from her grandfather, who had been parish clerk for fifty years. Every evening, in the summer at sunset, and in the winter at nightfall, if you passed the Widow Young's cottage, you were certain to hear the "old hundredth," and the very merriest and noisiest of the hamlet children would subside into silence when they heard the melody creeping over the village green, and steal to the window on tip-toe though they had listened to it the night before; there was something so touching and so devotional in the sound of the poor woman's voice; that men, tardy at removing their hats at the church-door, would uncover whenever they heard Mrs. Young sing old hundredth.

"Industry," she used to say, "made her cheerful; and patience, some time or other, brought prosperity." But, poor thing, thought she had a deal of patience, the prosperity did not come.

Her eldest son, Harry, had been at sea for many years, so many, that Phœbe could not remember him; and his mother gave up all thoughts of ever seeing him again. When she wept over his forgetfulness, she apologized to herself by saying, that she did so because he was her first-born; and when Phœbe's wants drew tears from her eyes, she did in the same simple way observed, that she would not fret as she did about the girl, were it not that she was her youngest child! None of her humble neighbors smiled at these excuses, because they were natural—they were just like what they would have framed themselves.

For all her cheerful words, Phœbe's thoughts took a different range than they take in general with girls of her class.—She would sit knitting midway between a little *burn*, or streamlet, and her mother's bee-hives, and the soothing murmur of the water, as it crept on through the sedges and pebbles, the hum of the bees; and the sweet solemn sound of her mother's voice, chaunting forth the "old hundredth," never failed to set her musing or dreaming, which amounted to the same thing as far as her knitting was concerned. She was conscious that this was evil and she thought she would become more happy and more useful if an active employment broke up the habit altogether.

"You shall not have to reproach me with idleness in future, dear mother," she said, when resolved to 'go hopping;' "and I will be obliging to all; no complaints shall come from the hop fields; and you are well enough now to do a great deal for yourself; you will not miss me at all, my mother, in these long days. I shall make a little money, and a very little does for us."

Phœbe went to the hop-garden with a determined resolution to work—not dream: but, more than once during the first week her companions saw her loitering beside the well that supplied the hop-ground with water, and when recalled from her reverie, poor Phœbe found it no easy matter to get to active work immediately.

Those who have never seen the vineyards of France, rave about their beauty; but a Kentish hop-ground is much more beautiful; the green and graceful tassels of the hop form more picturesque garlands, as they swing in the breeze, than the crop vines are permitted to achieve; and the gatherers were joyous, when, not very long since, they had the assurance that a day's labour would produce something more than a day's bread.

The perpetual looking to the future, which is one of the great characteristics of an Englishman, is also one of the great sources of English wealth; and if last summer the song in the hay and the hop-field was less frequent and less joyous along our Kentish shores, it was simply because the peasants were forced to think of the pressure of the times, to anticipate that the small loaf would become still smaller, and that some who enjoyed the privilege of breathing the fresh air freely, would be doomed to the reproach of the workhouse before the next spring came. But Phœbe indulged, so to say, in no such speculations; she endeavored to work, yet her thoughts were perpetually of her brother; this feverish anxiety to learn something of one she could not remember, marred poor Phœbe's exertions, and rendered her so dream-like and uncertain, that many of her companions did not consider her over wise. Sometimes these fits of musing would come on in the little garden; but whenever from any of the heights she caught a view of the sea, she remained as one spell-bound, fixed in a moment, her hand raised so as to overshadow her eyes, her lips apart, her energies bent on discovering a sail, and then wondering if any beneath its shadow knew aught of her brother. Had she been a boy she would have gone to seek him, ploughing her way from ocean to ocean; and even as it was, so eager was the girl to find her brother, that nothing but her mother's helplessness prevented her changing her dress and going fairly "aboard." Whenever she could borrow a book of travels, she would read and read, only wondering that people wrote so much more about the dull land than the bold adventurous ocean; and nothing could surpass the eagerness with which she conned over the maps, which modern improvement hangs in our schools.

Phœbe delighted her companions by her acquaintance with the seas; but she had no knowledge of the land. Soldiers would pass her unnoted, almost unobserved—but sailors could not do so. She would stand and stare after them, and sometimes looking with her eloquent eyes into the face of some good-natured jack-tar, "ask if he knew her brother, Harry Young, who sailed away in a great ship years ago?"

The hop-picking season was drawing to a close, and except when Phœbe went to the well, all things proceeded in their usual way, but whenever she went there, the sight of the blue sea beyond set her musing, and all else was forgotten.

If she had heard of "castles in the air," she certainly did not understand what they meant, and yet she was an admirable architect of cloud-capt towers herself.—She pictured her brother in a blue jacket and a round glazed hat, singing a song called "Poor Jack," and dancing perpetual hornpipes, such as she once saw danced at the theatre in Gravesend. Her visions were not ambitious. He would be able to take care of their mother, and they should never be obliged to leave their cottage—that was all. Nothing could be more pure and simple than Phœbe's love for her absent brother.

"Who knows," said one of her companions, "but your brother may come home and make a lady of you."

"I don't know I should be any the happier," was her reply. "I have heard that fine ladies cried as salt tears ae poor girls —mother says it's all balanced. No, if he would come home in that pretty glazed hat—if I could only hear him say the seawords the gentleman did in the play, and see him dance the horn pipe, I should be content."

She endeavoured to learn Dibdin's songs —those songs that kept alive the brave sea spirit of old England in its time of peril—until she perceived the exertion of learning them affected her mother; indeed the nearer the widows' pilgrimage approached its earthly termination, the more continually did she confine herself to her favourite psalms. Sometime Phœbe's heart would overflow, and she would talk of her brother—of how trim and handsome he undoubtedly was; how much he would be admired; how every one would inquire who he could be; how well his little round glazed hat would look upon the nail beside the old clock; and, above all, how astonishingly he would dance the sailor's hornpipe. This poor Phœbe had deemed a certainty; a sailor who could not dance a hornpipe was no sailor at all in her opinion—the sailor's hornpipe was one of the glories of the Enlish navy.

The length of time elapsing between the formation of these dreams and their realization did not discourage her in the least; on the contrary, whether knitting or sewing, or hopping, or hay-making, it was all the same. Even during the long nights of the past winter, when a hasty step paused at her door, she held her breath, thinking it must her brother. When it continued its way, she only murmured, "Well, perhaps to-morrow night." Tidings of wreck and destruction of ships, far far from their homes, often caused Phœbe's eyes to overflow; but in an hour she was afloat again—her hope as bright as if it had never been dimmed by a single tear.

When her day's work in the hop-field was finished, she would go half a mile round to catch a glimpse of the sea, and perhaps the close of evening would find her transfixed to the spot. She loitered and wasted her time certainly, but not in sport or evil company.

The hop harvest was finished, the breeze no longer flaunted amid the tall alleys and tangled foliage of the vine—the crisp leaves of the beech, and the cones of the fir, the acorns, and the curled leaves of the oak, were so thickly bedded over the wood paths that you could hear the foot falls of the lightest hare, the total effect of the landscape was changed—the sea no longer showed like a blue band, girding the green and swelling landscape, but had become heavy and lead coloured, and fields were hard and brown. Shrill winds whistled through the village, and rattled against the windows Age and childhood cowered over the fire, while youth and manhood met the weather with a defiance nerved for the effort. The voice of the widow was not heard distinctly, as in summer, for the lattice was closed, and truth to tell, it was more feeble than it had been. There was no fire on her breath, and Phœbe sat beside her bed, not musing, but working, her needle quickened by necessity. There was a pause in her mother's voice.

"Thread this needle for me, Phœbe—my sight grows very dim; you do twice as much as I do in the day now."

"So I ought, mother."

"I wonder, dear, shall I see another summer. If I do not, and if your brother should return, you will give him my blessing. Tell him I kept out of the workhouse; and surely, Phœbe, I might have given way and gone in, but for the feeling about you both not to have it said, dear, that your mother died there. It was intended to make that house the refuge, not the terror of the poor!—Ah, dear!"

Phœbe turned away to hide her tears.

"Are you cold, dear?" persisted Mrs. Young, during another pause in the psalm, "are you cold? Let me look what you've done. Why, child, you have wetted the cambric. Oh, dear! how can the needle get through the wet cloth? Why do you cry?—when this is finished we shall have fire, for the lady pays the minute the work goes home; and again she trolled the psalm.

There was want enough within that little room, and much endurance had damped the cheerful spirit of both mother and child; but though damped, it was not extinguished, and the widow's was sustained by the hope not of this world. Her pure transparent complexion, the lustre of her deep, eyes, the purple hue of her lips, combined with her attenuated form, were all eloquent of the passing away of the present; this it was that caused poor Phœbe's eyes to overflow; her mother had been "bad" so long that she never thought she could get worse—never, until that day, had she thought that the time was at hand when she should be left quite alone.

Again. her mother paused.

"Phœbe," she said, at last, "I have just thought, if Harry should come home when I am gone, how would you know him?"

"He is my brother."

"True, child; but you are changed, and so is he."

"He is a sailor."

"Yes, but there many sailors beside Harry."

"Blue jacket and trousers, and round black hat," she replied smiling through her tears.

"There are hundreds such"

"I have heard you describe him. Blue eyes, fair hair, long and curly—beautiful hair, mother."

"My boy——he had!" said the widow, clasping her hand, and looking into the vacancy in which she placed his form —"He had the loveliest fair hair the sweetest voice and smile that ever were heard or seen—and such a scholar!"

"And danced mother?"

"Nay, I never saw him dance," she answered; "but he was a lovely rosy child—the only healthy one I ever had"

indeed, indeed, I should anywhere."

"I would know my brother among a thousand," said Phœbe; something *here* would tell me. Not know my brother—

"There have been times when mothers have not known their own children," was the reply; "time makes such changes. I am not what I was, nor you, my child, what you were. You are sunburnt, freckled; and sometimes, Phœbe, God forgive me! I think you have a hungry look. I have fancied you give me more than I ought to have of food—tell me, child, is it so?"

There was a terrible earnest in the poor woman's manner as she said this. Phœbe turned off the question; wondered at her mother's fancying such a thing; and plied her needle so quickly, that, her task finished, she set out through the sleet and wind and take it to its destination. The lady was not at home—her hope of fire and light destroyed. It was not new to her to be so circumstanced, for the long nights of winter are great trials to the poor But she felt it bitterly, her mother was so unwell; and if she got worse, she should not have light to see how she looked.—This afflicted Phœbe sadly. She walked on slowly, breasting the wind; and the sleet was so sharp, that she fancied it cut her face. She passed through the village the windows were closed—she almost thought on purpose. She then hastened forward; but not so fast as to prevent a man, stumping along on a wooden leg, from overtaking her. He said it was a cold night, and she shivered out some reply. She thought he spoke in a gruff voice but it might be only imagination. He asked her various questions; and when she said she was Mrs. Young's daughter, he seized her by the arm suddenly, and dragged her to where the last oil lamp of the village shimmered an in-and-out sort of light. He held her there for an instant; she saw his red face, and his stubbly hair sticking out from beneath a travelling cap, his gold chain, and the ring on his finger. She thought him a hideous man; and when he released her, she darted forward with the swifness of a roe. Before she could fasten the door of their cottage, the man had forced himself into the room. Some kind neighbor had brought and lit a candle during her absence, it was burning on the table, and Phœbe saw that her mother slept; she turned to the stranger, and pointed with her finger to the poor bed; his features were convulsed by strong emotion tears overflowed his face. He approached the bed, the girl trembled violently.—"Sir, dear good sir, do not harm her!" she exclaimed.

"Harm *her*!" he repeated, in a voice hoarse and suffocated, "harm MY MOTHER!"

A wooden leg, a red face, grizzled hair, and and a loose travelling cap!—could that be her brother?—was such the realization of her dream? But the reality was better than the ideal; and so she thought before the next day was done—though she could not help smiling to herself at the idea of the *real*, not the *imaginary* Harry dancing a hornpipe.

The las days of the widow, though not many in number, were rich in happiness; and her parting hours were so tranquil that her breath passed away with a note of the "Old Hundreth"—mingling with a prayer of gratitude that Phœbe had found not only a rich, but a kind protector in her long lost brother.

WELL ANSWERED.

Dr. Cooke Taylor, at the recent meeting of the British Association, gave an account of the couse pursued at Trinity College, Dublin, as to the *viva voce* examination of students there on entering. On one occasion, the Rev. John Martin, was examining a class in hydrostatics, and asked a not very popular student:

"Mr. Spicer, what would be the consequence if I thrust you into a pond?"

The examiner's object being to test the student's knowledge of the law that water rises in proportion to the body immersed. The student not being able to give a solution to the question, it was put to his neighbor:

"What would be the consquence if I thrust Mr. Spencer into a pond?"

"'Pon my word, sir," was the reply, "I think it would be of very little consequence indeed."

Another student being examined on Locke, where he speaks of our relation to the Deity as which we most neglect, was asked:

"What relations do we most neglect?

The youth very cooly answered:

"Poor relations!"—[*Uncle Sam.*

LOVE IN MEXICO.

We take the following paragraph from one of the New Orleans Picayune's Vera Cruz letters of the 25th ult.

A friend of mine, a fine looking dashing officer of the army, stationed here, resides on the same stoop with a superior officer, in the second story of a house up town; directly opposite there lives also in the second story a Mexican merchant with a house full of pretty daughters. One of these young ladies—who is not more than sixteen and very beautiful—attracted the attention of the superior officer; his heart took fire like tinder, and he was soon able to convey by gestures to the fair creature the deplorable condition of his suffering bosom. She seemed for a while to take pity on him, and sometimes returned tokens of recognition to his enthusiastic telegraphic signs. But alas! for our friend, the superior officer; the attention of our other friend, the dashing subaltern, was one day directed to the pretty senorita across the street—and from that day the unlucky superior was doomed to pine in bitter disappointment. Every day he saw his rival (who did not fail to crow over him) establishing himself more firmly in the affections of the little belle—kisses were sent and returned by telegraph—if the lieutenant's hand fell heavily upon and pressed tightly the left breast, Mademoiselle's little hand did the same upon her plump bosom.

It was bitter for the gallant superior who had fought so many battles, under both Mars and Venus, to be thus superseded, but there appeared to be no help, and he strove to bear it like a philosopher. One fine morning our young lieutenant was observed by his ranking friend to be gazing intently across the street, and to show evident signs of impatience; his hand was raised to shade his eyes, and he was looking into an open door, which exposed a long dark interior gallery. "Something serious is going on," thought the unlucky rival, "and I'll see what it is," and he took his position behind his young friend.—"Yes," exclaimed the latter, in a voice of anger, to himself, "it is that infernal puppy, and it isn't anybody else—the scoundrel! I'll impale him! And she, a little hypocritical devil, who'd have thought it!" "Ha, ha, ha!" shouted his friend in his ear. The fact is, the lovely senorita was discovered receiving and reciprocating the caresses of a very nicely dressed individual, who made his living by shaving the officers! Susceptible young gentlemen from the States should be extremely careful how they fall in love, and contemplate matrimony with the bright eyed senoritas.

SINGING MOUSE.

The last number of the Journal of the Franklin Institute describes, in the following manner, a natural curiosity, which had been exhibited at the September meeting of the institute:

A natural curiosity was next exhibited, which excited considerable interest. This was a singing mouse, which, though declining on this occasion to perform in its best style, yet gave sufficient proof that its musical powers are wonderful, for an animal of its kind. It is a common domestic mouse, (*mus musculus,*) and in appearance differs, in no remarkable particular, from other individuals of its species.

It was the musical talent of this little creature which led to its capture. A lady, who kept some canary birds in her room through the day, but who was in the habit of having the cages removed to another apartment for the night, happened to hear, after retiring, a musical chirping in the room apparently proceeding from beneath a bureau. Supposing that one of her birds had escaped from its cage, and remained in the room, she attempted to dislodge it from its supposed concealment.—No bird, however, made its appearance; but a mouse was startled from beneath the bureau, and ran to another part of the room, where it recommenced its song. It was caught and confined in a cage, which it has now inhabited about six weeks; having become quite tame, and evidently recognizing individuals, by showing more familiar regard to its keeper than to strangers.

It is seldom entirely silent, except when sleeping; almost constantly emitting a low chirping series of notes, resembling, somewhat, the twittering produced by a nest of young birds. As the evening advances, its musical disposition is more fully developed, until, usually towards midnight, its notes increase in power, compass, and variety—it then frequently pours forth a gush of melody, resembling the song of a canary bird; but softer and less shrill than the notes of the feathered songster.

A slip of the foot you may soon recover; But a *slip of the tongue* you can never get over.

HORRID MURDER.

Massacre of Indians in Cold Blood.—Last evening's western mail brought us St. Louis papers of the 28th ult., containing letters from Fort Mann, the headquarters of Lt. Col. Gilpin's "Indian Battalion," dated on the 25th of November. They were brought to Independence by a trading train, and convey intelligence which will shock the sensibilities of the American people. From these letters we condense the following statement:

Nothing particular occured worthy of remark until the 16th, when a body of Indians were observed descending the heights on the opposite side of the Arkansas river. The troops were instantly beat to arms within the fort, while the Indians crossed the river and encamped, about half a mile below the fort. Soon after they had encamped, four of their body left their camp and advanced towards the fort, when they were met at some distance by Capt. Peltzer (the commandant *pro tem,*) and Lieut. Tuttle, the officer of the day. They met our officers in the most friendly manner and warmly embraced them under the white flag which they had displayed during their advance. One of the four was the principal chief, and was dressed in the uniform of a Mexican officer. They accompanied our officers to the fort, and one of our six-pounders was fired in their presence—at the same time it was observed that a considerable number of their body had left their camp and were advancing. Several of our officers and a number of the troops accompanied the chief to meet them.

The chief harrangued them for a considerable time, and they frequently answered him with "ave" or "no." The whole body present then advanced to the Fort, where the Indians squatted themselves around a cooking fire, excepting the chief, who accompanied Captain Peltzer into the interior of the Fort and the officers' quartes, during which time they were mutually smoking the "pipe of peace," and the utmost harmony and affability seemed to prevail. Unfortunately we had no interpreter, consequently we were in utter ignorance as to the object of their visit.—Various surmises were therefore afloat, and a degree of indecision was for some time prevalent. At last Capt. Peltzer took the responsibility upon himself and determined to take the whole body prisoners, and with this intent the guard was ordered under arms, which movement was immediately observed by the Indians, and seemed to alarm them in a considerable degree. Part of the guard had been sent to bring in those who were outside and still remained at the Indian encampment. The first brought in gave the others information of these movements, when, after some words had passed among the Indians, they simultaneously made for the gate of the fort. Orders were instantly given to fire on them, and the confusion was now beyond description. A great number of our men were outside the fort, unarmed, and in the rush the Indians mixed among them, while the balls were flying around at random, and it assuredly was a most providential circumstance that several of our men were not sacrificed amid the confusion —but, I have great pleasure in adding, all escaped unhurt.

Orders were given to pursue the Indians and shoot them down, but the fleet-footed redskins soon distanced their pursuers—and the chase was soon relinquished; but not before a great number had been wounded, probably from fifteen to twenty, and no doubt several must have ultimately proved mortal. On our return, we found two Indians weltering in their blood outside the Fort. On examination, it was ascertained that one of them had only his leg broken, and Captain Koscialowski very humanely ordered him to be conducted within the fort and taken care of and placed in safety. There were still four Indians within the fort; but soon after one made a bold and desperate effort to effect his escape. He made a sudden rush to the gate of the fort, although surrounded by a number of the troops, and made his way a considerable distance outside, when a musket ball stopped his career, and he fell.

The officer of the day, Lieut. Tuttle, took him in charge and ordered a non-commissioned officer to conduct him in safety within the Fort. Lieut. T. had only left him a few minutes, when orders were given by Capt Peltzer to shoot him down on the spot. Lieut. T. then remarked "that his hands were free from that man's blood, and that he would meet the Indians in a fair fight, but could never consent to murder them in cold blood." The other Indian, who lay outside, was shot dead at the same time; but whether this was by official orders or not, I am not able to state. One of the remaining three within the Fort was wounded and taken prisoner. The other two had taken refuge in Capt. Peltzer's quarters and shut themselves in. Orders were given to fire on them, but it took sometime, and at least fifty shots, ere we were certain they were actually dead.

The above remarks can only convey a faint idea of the excitement which prevailed and the circumstances that took place. I shall merely add the Indians approached under the white flag. They met our officers and men freely and unreservedly. No part of their conduct was in the least degree censurable. Nothing suspicious occured to warrant the punishment they received or their intendeded confinement.

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