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 Literary World.

THE FLIGHT OF GENIUS.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

Where in their Northern grandeur lie
Old Ocean's craggy shores—
Where waves give back the glorious sky,
And lift unce singly on high
Their deep majestic symphony,
An Eagle sunward soars!

Through upper air lies his flight's bold ring,
And its portal-guarders frown—
They throng with angry muttering,
Their rattling ice-shot round him fling,
But he shakes the small hail from his wing
And royalty soars on!

Yet a sterner, darker strife is nigh—
Wild storms come sweeping down;
Their thunders peal through the trembling sky,
Their red light gleam on the quivering eye;
Small birds to their leafy covers fly,
But the Eagle still soars on!

Gaze high! for the thunder's realm o'erpast,
Now where warm glories spring,—
Where no storm his way may overcast,
Outsoaring the lightning and the blast,
Lo, a golden cloud receives at last,
The bird of the mighty wing!

LILIAN MORE:
OR THE BLIGHTED BUD.

BY FANNY FORRESTER.

"Poor Lily!" said, or rather sighed, Rachel Blair, as she laid her knitting on the small square table by which she was seated, and walked, for the twentieth time, to the window. She was followed, as she had been each time previous, by her young brother Arthur; and, in a moment, they were joined by the great house dog, which laid his cold nose in her hand, and whined sympathetically, then looked up into her face, as though to assure her that he participated in her anxiety. After gazing, wishfully, for a moment, from the window, against which the chilling sleet was driving furiously, Rachel turned to a little rose-bush that stood beside it, and began loosening the soil around the root; although it was before as mellow as the little stick resting against the rim of the jar, and precisely the right quantity of moisture, could make it.

"It will *blow out* by to-morrow," remarked Arthur, in a low, timid tone, as though afraid of his own voice.

"I suppose it will," said his sister, and then she sighed again.

"It is just like Lily," said the boy.

"Poor Lily!"

"So pale and sweet."

"And so fragile. Just like her."

The boy was evidently anxious to say a comforting word; but he only looked at Rachel, and then at the dog, and then returning to his seat, gazed fixedly into the fire.

Rachel and Arthur were the only children of good old farmer Blair; but there was another who was as a sister to them, and a daughter, a well beloved and affectionate daughter, to their parents. Lilian More was a dear little orphan cousin, who had been for six months only an inmate of her uncle's house; but, in that short space, she had woven herself so closely around their hearts, that sweet Lily's will was the law of the entire household. Lilian was a delicate blossom, a tender flower, more fragile than the pale spring buds she loved so well; and she required the training of a careful hand. She spent the summer in the green fields, and beneath the shady trees, watched over and guarded by her kind cousin Rachel, and the careful Arthur; and when autumn came she went away to the busy city, to spend the winter months with a fashionable aunt; for thus it had been decreed that she should divide her life between her two guardians. Lilian's parting gift to her cousin was a beautiful rose-bush that she had brought with her to the farm-house, and that seemed almost identified with herself.

"Take care of it," she said, "till I come back. Aunt Brayton has promised that I shall spend the holidays here, and you must have a rose to give me on New Year's morning—do you hear, coz? A real rose, with its own sweet smell to it, and not a flower cut out of painted muslin."

Perhaps Lilian forgot her rose-bush, and thought no more of the gift she had asked; but it is certain Rachel did not. She had never cared for flowers before; for the heart is in a great measure the regulator of the taste; but the remembrance of the absent idol hallowed this rose-bush, and her devotion to it increased, until there mingled with it a deep tinge of superstition. She shielded it from even sun and rain until it began to droop; and then she feared her sweet cousin was in trouble, and wrote a letter of inquiry; but Lilian was in usual health, and even more than usual spirits. The gentle, simple, spiritually lovely girl, who had traversed the green wood, and been delighted with the song of the robin and bob-o-link, now told of the exhilerating dance and midnight music, and seemed to love them. Rachel wept, and wondered if Lily would be ashamed of the old farm house, and her country cousins, when summer came again; and then she blamed her heart for its distrust and selfishness; and was vexed to find that she could be grieved at any thing which made Lily happy.

As winter approached, Rachel's treatment of the rose bush was more judicious, and it gradually improved, until, to the delight of the whole family, a tiny bud pressed out from the midst of the green leaves. Oh! how watchfully did Rachel guard that bud! Arthur's eyes glistened with satisfaction as he looked upon it; and even old Carlo, the house dog, seemed to understand that it was something too precious for a dog to appreciate.

As the holidays drew near old farmer Blair began to make preparations for bringing home the favorite. His sleigh was newly painted; a string of bells and a new buffalo robe were purchased, and his good lady had duly prepared the double yarn mittens and the mufflers, before any one had dreamed of the possibility of a disappointment. Then came a letter saying that Lilian was ill—it was only a slight cold, taken at an evening party, but it would probably detain her until after Christmas. A cloud, during that day and the ensuing one, rested on every thing at that farm house, and at evening another letter came. Lilian was no better; indeed, she might be worse. She was feverish, and seemed quite unlike her usual self; and poor Mrs. Brayton scarce knew what to do with her, for she begged continually to be taken to her old uncle and cousins.—The old man shed tears; (he had not wept when Lilian's mother died, although she was his own sister,) and the good dame was sure they ought to go to the child, for a better or more loving one never trod the earth. "Bring her back! be sure you bring her back with you," said Rachel, as she saw her parents seated in the sleigh on the Christmas morning that had long been the subject of a bright anticipation. "Tell aunt Brayton we well nurse her—oh, so carefully! And I am sure she will get well again"

The old people had been gone almost a week, and it was now the last evening of the year. Sadly did Rachel turn from the window; and strangely tremulous was her voice, as she replied to her brother's encouraging words,—

"No, no, Arthur; they will not come to-night! Poor Lily!"

Oh, what anxious hearts sought rest in the farm house that night! Early in the morning Arthur was astir; for who could sleep when the fate of a loved one was so uncertain? Arthur built a fire and kindled it into a blaze; swept the hearth-stone, and shoveled away the snow that had, during the night, drifted in before the door; and then he went to look at the bud they had watched so carefully, and see if it had opened. The leaves looked stiff and half-transparent, with a delicate tracery of white along their edges; and the poor boy clasped his hands together in silent consternation; while the tears gushed from his eyes and rolled unheeded down his brown cheek. In a moment he was joined by Rachel; but she looked on the ruined treasure calmly, and only sighed, "Poor Lily!" as she had done the evening previous. Cold water was the only remedy that Arthur could devise; but it was useless. The frozen bud soon drooped, and they knew that the expected flower had perished.

With the blighted rose-bud passed all Rachel's anxiety. She was very sad, but no longer restless; for, as I have before said, her devotion to the flower was tinged with superstition, and she imagined it closely linked with her cousin's destiny. I said *imagined*, and I suppose it is what the world would say; but I know not why the gentle and pure in spirit, and the beautiful in person, may not have their types in birds and flowers, and the other fair frail things to which they seem so closely allied.

Rachel Blair laid the blighted bud away, and told her brother Arthur that she was sure their sweet cousin had gone to heaven to join her sister angels. And so she had. When she was brought back to them, her hands were crossed upon her breast within the coffin, and sorrowfully they had laid her down, in the humble churchyard, among the flowers she had loved so well while living.

The blighted bud has grown hard and dry; but Rachel still preserves it among her most precious treasures; and the blossoms from the parent tree, which still flourishes, are thrown on Lilian's grave.

DANGER OF PRECOCIOUS DEVELOPMENT.—There can be no doubt that many a child has been sacrificed in early youth to the pride of parents, who, delighted with the intellectual activity of their children, have striven to make them prodigies of learning. But in these cases of early and undue employment of the brain, inflamation of the hemispheral ganglion, or of the lining membrane of the ventricles, with serious effusion, has usually been the cause of either a fatal issue or of subsequent mental imbecility. The late Dr. Delville related to me an interesting case of this kind. An extremely intelligent boy, of about twelve years of age, was brought to him for phrenological examination by a parent who was very proud of the intellectual endowments of his child. Mr. Delville gave his opinion of the boy's character, at the same time cautioning the father of the dangerous course he was pursuing. But the father's reply was: "All that other boys considered labor and hard study are mere child's play to him; that his studies could not be hurting him, he enjoyed them so much." Again Mr. Delville endeavored to save the child, but the father would not attend to the warning. Two years from that time the father again called on Mr. Delville, and in reply to his inquiries about his child, the father burst into tears; his child was a maniac.—*Solly, on the Brain.*

[From the New York Times.]

RATTLE-SNAKE ON A STEAMBOAT.

A LEAF FROM THE LIFE OF A LOUISIANA SWAMP DOCTOR.

Shortly before the usual time for wending my way North to the medical lectures, an opportunity was offered me by an ingenious negro, who had caught the reptile asleep, of exchanging a well worn blanket coat and two dimes, principally in cash, for as fine a specimen of the Rattlesnake as ever delighted the eye or ear of a naturalist; nine inches across the small of the back, six feet seven-eights of an inch in length, eyes like globular lightning, colors as gaudy as an Arkansas gal's apron, twenty-three rattles and a great propensity to make them heard, were the strong points of my purchase.

Designing him as a propitiatory offering to one of the professors, my next care was to furnish him with a fitting habitation. Nothing better presenting itself, I made him one out of a pine box, originally designed for shoes, by nailing thin slats transversely, so as neither to exclude air nor vision, but sufficiently close, I thought, to prevent him from escaping. The day for my departure arrived, and I had his snakeship carried on board the boat destined to bear me to Vicksburg where I would take an Ohio steamer.

Unfortunately for the quietude of my pet, on the Yazoo boat was a young Cockney lady, who, hearing that there was a live rattlesnake on board, allowed her curiosity to overcome her maiden diffidence sufficiently to prefer a request, that the young doctor "would make his animal oller!" a process which the proverbial abstemiousness when in confinement, of the "hanimal," was accomplishing rapidly without any intervention on my part.—Politeness wouldn't allow me to refuse, and as it was considerable of a novelty to the passengers, his snakeship was kept constantly stirred up, and his rattles had very little rest that trip.

The steamer at length swung alongside of the wharf-boat at V——, and transferring my baggage, I lounged about until the arrival of a boat would give me an opportunity of proceeding. The contents of the box were quickly discovered, and the snake had to undergo the same inflictions as the day previous, until thoroughly vexed, I made them desist, and resolved thenceforth I would conceal his presence, and allow him to travel as common baggage.

"The shades of night were falling fast" as the steamer "Congress" came booming along, and after a stay of a few minutes for passengers, proceeded on her way, obtaining none however, but myself. The snake-box was placed with the other baggage on the cabin deck in front of the "social hall," jam up, as luck would have it, against one of the chimneys, making the location unpleasantly warm.

It was one of those clear, luminous nights in the autumn, when not a cloud dims the azure, and the heavens so 'beautifully blue,' (alas! poor Neal,) are gleaming with their myriad stars, and the laughing breeze lifts the hair off the brow and presses the cheek with as soft a touch as the pulpy lips of a maiden in her first essay at kissing. The clear croupy cough of the steamer was echoed back in prolonged asthmatic strains from the dark woods lining the river like an army of cowled gigantic monks, come from their cells to see a steamboat. Supper was over, and the beauty of the night had enticed the majority of the passengers from the cabin to the open decks.

A goodly number, myself among the rest, were seated in front of the social hall, smoking our cigars and swapping yarns of all climes, sizes, nations, and color.

Sitting a few yards from me, the most prominent personage of the group, smoking his regalia, and regaling the crowd with the manner which he chocked a "cobra de Copella" to death, that crawled into his hammock in India, was an old English sailor, who, from his own account, had sailed over all the world, and through some parts of it.

Weighing the words down with a heavy ballast of oaths, he said he wasn't afraid of any thing in the snake line from the sea serpent down to the original snake that tempted Eve. I asked him if he had met the rattle-snake since he had been in America, thinking I would put his courage to the test on the morrow.

"Seen a rattle snake! Yes, enough to sink a seventy-four! Went to Georgia on purpose to kill them! Pshaw! To think a man that had killed a boa-constrictor in a fair fight, should be afraid of a little noisy flirt of a snake that never grew bigger round than a marlin spike.

At this moment the boat was running a bend near in shore, and the glare of a huge fire at a wood yard was thrown directly under the stair of the braggart, when to my utter amazement, I saw there, snugly coiled up, the huge proportions of my *snake!*

I was so horrified and astonished I could neither speak nor move. I had left him securely fastened in his cage, and yet there he was at liberty in his deadly coil, his eyes gleaming like living coals.—The light was intercepted, and the foot of the sailor moving closer to the reptile, it commenced its warning rattle, but slowly and irregularly, showing it was not fully aroused.

"What is that?" exclaimed a dozen voices.

The foot being withdrawn, the rattling ceased before its nature or source could be clearly traced.

"'Twas the steam escaping," said one.

'A goose hissin," said another.

"The wind."

"A trick to scare the sailor," thought a good many; but *I knew it was a rattle-snake in his deadly coil!*

The horror of that moment I shall not attempt to describe, every second I expected to hear the shriek of the sailor as the deadly fangs would penetrate his flesh, and I knew if a vein were stricken no power on earth could avail him, and I was powerless to warn him of his danger.

"It sounded monstrous like a rattle-snake!" observed a passenger, "but there is no doctors or fool students on board, and no body but cusses like these would be taking snakes 'bout. I was gwine up the Mississippi wunst when a ratle snake belonging to a medical student on board, got out and bit one of the passengers; the poor critter didn't live ten minutes, and the sarbone's 'prentice not much longer I reckon."

My hair stood on end, for there was an earnestness about the man that told me he was not jesting.

"You didn't kill him, surely?" asked some one.

"No, no, we didn't zactly kill him, sich as cuttin' his throat, or puttin' lead in his holler cimblin, for that would have bin takin' the law inter our own hands; but we guv him five hundred lashes, treated him to a coat of tar and feathers, made a clean crop of one ear, and a swallow-fork slit under-bit and half crop of the other, and put him out on a little island, up to his mouth in water, and the river risin' a slam foot an hour!"

Not knowing but a similar fate might soon be mine, in agony, with the cold sweat streaming over me, I listened to this infernal recital of an instance of the summary punishment termed "Lynch Law," which the unavailibility of the proper law so often drove the early settlers to, and which unfortunately is not entirely abolished.

The sailor must again have moved his foot closer to the snake than agreeable, for his infernal rattling again commenced, and *this time*, clear, loud, and continuous, to the tutored ear, indicating great danger, the prelude to a fatal spring.

I shook off my lethargy, and shrieked out—"Don't move, for your life! A light! For God's sake, bring a light! Quick!—Quick!"

No one moved—thinking I was jesting. "Mister," spoke the sailor, "if it's a trick to scare us, you'll miss the figure with your child's rattles; jest bring one of your real rattle-snakes along, and I'll show you whether he can frighten an English sailor or not."

Hearing me calling so loudly for a light, the mate, a stalwart Irishman, came running up with a large torch, but hardly had he reached the deck, when he discovered the monster, his head drawn back, ready for striking.

"Snake! Snake!" yelled he, punching at him with his glaring torch.

"Whereabouts, you lubber?" still suspecting a trick, the light blinding us all.

"Under your feet!"

The sailor looked down, and beheld the hideous reptile, right under his chair! With a loud yell, he made but one spring over the guards into the river.

"Rattlesnake!" "Man overboard!" "Stop her!" "Out with the yawl." "Fire! Snake! She's sinking! Shoot him! Snake! Whose is it! Lynch him! Kill the rascal!" swelled on the air, mingled with the crashing of broken doors and chairs, the oaths and rushing of terrified men, and the screaming of still more terrified women, who knew not what to fear, while clear and distinct above the infernal melee arose the piercing rattle of the snake, who writhing his huge proportions about, and striking at every thing near him, seemed to glory in the confusion he had created.

A shot was heard and then the coil collapsed, and the rattling slowly ceased. The snake was dead.

"Who brought him on board?"

"Let's lynch the scoundrel!

"Are there any more of them?"

Here's the box he got out of."

My name was on it in large capitals!

"Throw it overboard!"

"Throw it overboard!" I yelled out, "it may have more in it! Throw it over!"

No sooner said than done, and as the only evidence of my participation floated away over the wave, no one was louder in his denunciation, no one wanted to be shown (in order that he might whip him) the rascal that brought him, more than I did, except, perhaps, it was the sailor who now thoroughly humbled, stood shivering in his wet cloths by the furnace, ready to acknowledge that American snakes were "some snakes," certain.

GENERAL TAYLOR'S HOUSE AND HOME.

We have this brief sketch of the man, his family residence, and old Whitey, by a Mississippi correspondent of the Boston Traveller:—

Baton Rogue is on the east bank of the Mississippi, some fifty feet above the level of the river. It is a pleasant village containing some 1200 white inhabitants. More than 100 died there of fever in October and November, though the place is commonly quite healthy. The Louisiana State Prison is there, and an extensive arsenal, with barracks for some 400 soldiers, and a hospital, all belonging to the United States.

Taylor's family live in a low, ordinary looking house, near the barracks, and overlooking the river. Old Whitey, his favorite warhorse, was feeding in the yard near the house. He is of a pure white, with white roguishlooking eyes, with long flowing main and tail, and much of the same order of architecture with his master; that is, short and broad.

Gen. Taylor is rather below than above the common height of men, less I should say than five feet eight inches, and is now quite thin. He seemed nervous and exhausted, having been feasted and saluted, and speechified about until, I doubt not, he was much more fatigued than he was either at Monterey or Buena Vista.

Col. Jefferson Davis, now U. S. Senator from Mississippi, some years since, made a runaway match with a daughter of Gen. Taylor, who soon after died of fever. I was told that he and the General did not speak to each other from that time until after the battle of Monterey, if I mistake not; when the General, advancing to Col. Davis, gave him his hand, saying:—"Sir, I have altogether mistaken your character, and my daughter has proved to be a better [illegible] than I am, and from that time onward the General and his son-in-law were warm friends.

EXTRAORDINARY ADVENTURES OF A HONEYMOON.

Less than two years ago, a gentleman, who dwelt at no great distance from Glasgow, became acquainted with a young lady of pleasing manners and no small share of personal attractions, and in due course became her happy husband. One half of the honeymoon had passed, when they were invited to a party at the house of a relative of the lady. At a comparatively early period of the evening, the young husband, sighing for his home, hinted to the young wife that she had better prepare herself to depart. The young wife wished to remain a little longer. The gentleman, not brooking contradiction, insisted; the lady, as little loving command, became obstinate; and the result was, the lustre of the honey-moon was dimmed, and the husband left for home in a *huff*, suffering the equally indignant wife to follow at her leisure.

But the morning dawned, and no young and blooming wife gladdened the dwelling of the now anxious husband. Hurrying to the house where he had so lately left her, he was astonished and pained to find that she was gone, and that no one knew what had become of her. Days and weeks passed away; but every inquiry that affectionate solicitude could devise, brought no tidings of the missing wife. Some months after this, when hope was not quite dead, the wifeless husband, in perusing the newspaper, has his eye attracted by an advertisement, dated Perth. The advertiser desired a situation as governess, and the qualifications alleged, and the initials attached, being those of his wife, no doubt on the mind of the husband that he had at last discovered his long looked for treasure. Overjoyed, without losing any time, he proceeded to Perth, accompanied by one or two friends.

Intimation was at once sent to the lady that a gentleman who wanted a governess for his family desired an interview at a particular place. Every moment he expected her who lay nearest to his heart to enter, and proper arrangements were made to carry her off by love or force to her wedded home. At length a lady did make her appearance, but, melancholy to relate, the lady was a stranger. Some sort of excuses were, of course, blundered out, and the disappointed party trundled back to St. Mirrens. Time rolled on, month after month was borne silently to the ocean of the past, and still no intelligence of the wife who had mysteriously stolen herself away.

About a fortnight since, the desolate husband was delighted to be informed, on authority which he had no reason to doubt, that his wife now, and had been, during this period of her voluntary widowhood, in Campsie. That very night he and a friend found themselves sitting in a public house in the village. Intelligence was sent to the fair runaway that she was desired to be spoken with by a female friend. She hastened to the house, where unknown to her, her husband anxiously expected her presence. On entering the room, the first person she saw was—we need not say whom. With a cry of affection which makes one wonder she kept herself concealed so long, she rushed into the arms of her husband. Mutual inquiries and explanations took place, and confidence and happiness were restored to both. The happy husband pleaded with his wife that she should at once proceed home with him, and, more loving and pliant than on a former occasion, she hastily dressed herself, and accompanied him.—The second honeymoon is not yet expired, and from everything we can learn, promises to last much longer and beam more brightly than is usually enjoyed by the votaries of Hymen.

IMPERTINENCE PUNISHED.—A person more remarkable for inquisitiveness than correct breeding—one of those who devoid of delicacy and reckless of rebuffs, pry into every thing—took the liberty to question M. Dumas rather closely concerning his genealogical tree. "You are a quadroon, M. Dumas?" he began. "I am Sir," quietly replied Dumas, who had sense enough not to be ashamed of a descent he cannot conceal. "And your father?" "Was a mulatto." and your grandfather?" "A negro," hastily answered the dramatis, whose patience was waning fast. "And may I enquire what your great grand father was?" "An ape, sir," thundered Dumas, with a fierceness that made his impertinent interrogator shrink into the smallest possible compass. "An ape sir—my pedigree commences where yours terminates.

SINGULAR MARRIAGE.

A remarkable affair lately happened in New York, and which is narrated as follows:—A gentleman residing in a Southern State, was a regular correspondent of a certain periodical in New York, which periodical was chiefly edited by the daughter of the proprietor. In process of time the gentleman and lady alluded to became pretty well acquainted with each other, and corresponded in a friendly manner.—The former, to make a long story short fell in love with the as yet unseen lady, and offered her his hand in marriage.—After a mature deliberation way to visit New York, were he kept himself out of the way of his intended wife, though both parties were making arrangements for their union. The day was fixed, also the hour, and the friends of the lady assembled in her father's mansion, and she was ready to become a bride. At this stage of the proceedings a gentleman made his appearance, heralded by his card. He was recognized as the future son-in-law and husband, and was warmly welcomed by all present, the lady in the meanwhile standing among her friends completely veiled. The clergyman now stepped forward, and the marriage ceremony was performed; then it was that the husband first fixed his eyes upon the eyes and countenance of his wife.

A JUST VERDICT.—A case was recently submitted to a Jury in Kentucky, which, for its novelty and happy results, deserves a place in the "the reports." It arose from the following circumstance: Two men, living, near neighbors, had a falling out about the cow of one of the parties frequently getting into the enclosure of the other, and which finally resulted in the death of the cow, she having been set on by dogs and chased till she ran against a stump and broke her neck. The case was submitted to a jury of respectable and wealthy farmers. After hearing related all the circumstances, the jury made up their minds that the owner of the cow could not afford to lose her, and that the owner of the dogs was not able to pay for her; they therefore rendered the following verdict: that the jury should pay the value of the cow, the magistrate treat the party, and the constable pay the costs.

AN ANECDOTE OF WINSOR CASTLE.—When the Princess Helena was born, it is said that the Princess Royal, on hearing that she was now blessed with another little sister, exclaimed, with the most charming simplicity, "Oh! how delighted I am! do let me go and tell mama."

HORRID MURDER OF TWO OVERSEERS.—The Columbus (Ga.) Enquirer has the particulars of a murder committed in Randolph co., upon two negro traders, Trotter and Bolton, by two of their slaves.

They had encamped for the night in a wood, and while lying together on a mattress asleep, the negro men took position, one on each side of their victims, and at a given signal cut their throats with a razor. Trotter was not so fatally cut as was Bolton, and was able to jump up, when he was despatched with an axe!—The bodies were then caried off a mile distant and thrown from a bridge into a creek when the murderers proceeded to secure the money, and burn the notes and papers of the deceased, and having set on fire the bloody mattress, put out with the carryall and horses in the direction of Marion co., taking the boy with them. The fire having communicated to the wood, the bodies of the murdered men were discovered and the slaves pursued and caught.

Secretary Walker has been named for President, with Gen. Worth for Vice President.

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