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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DIRGE FOR AN INFANT.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

He is dead and gone—a flower
Born and withered in an hour.
Coldly lies the death-frost now
On his little rounded brow;
And the seal of darkness lies
Ever on his shrouded eyes.
He will never feel again
Touch of human joy or pain;
Never will his once-bright eyes
Open with a glad surprise;
Nor the death-frost leave his brow—
All is over with him now.

Vacant now his cradle-bed,
As a nest from whence hath fled
Some dear little bird, whose wings
Rest from timed flutterings.
Thrown aside the childish rattle;
Hush'd for aye the infant prattle—
Little broken words that could
By none else be understood,
Save the childless one who weeps
O'er the grave where now he sleeps.
Closed his eyes, and cold his brow—
All is over with him now.

THE CAPTURED BANNER.

A YARN OF THE MONTEVIDEAN WAR.

"CAYAMBA! QUE INSOLENCIA!" These words were uttered by a lovely woman, whose flushed cheek, flashing eye and knitted brow, spoke even more than words of the indignation which filled her heart.

She was the wife of Commodore Coe, the commander of the small navy of Montevideo. The lady was Spanish by birth, as well as in feeling, and the cause of her anger was the sight of a ship, which had been for two days standing off and on before the harbor, using every signal of insult and defiance to induce the vessel of Coe to come out and fight him. This the latter could not do, for two reasons.—The first was illness, which confined him to his cot; the second, that he had not one third of a crew; not even men enough to work his battery.

At the moment when she uttered the words which commences this sketch, Brown, the commander of the Buenos-Ayrean ship, had hoisted a flag at his gaff whereon was embroidered, in large legible letters, the inscription: "COE, THE COWARD!" This was more than his noble, fiery wife could stand; for well she knew her husband's truth and valor. After gazing one instant at the flag she raised her jeweled hand, and taking therefrom a diamond of great value, she cried to the officers and men who stood around her on the deck;

"I will give this diamond to any man who will bring me that flag!"

For a moment there was no response. The men looked at their officers, and the officers glanced at each other, but volunteers for a service so desperate seemed scarce.

"What! is there not one of all of you who dare the trial? Is my husband's ship indeed manned with cowards?" exclaimed the lady, while her beautiful lip curled with scorn, and her flashing eye gleamed with the fire of contempt.

A young officer, an Englishman, who had been lately appointed, stepped forward and modestly said:

"I was only waiting for my seniors, to speak, Senora. Had any one of them volunteered, I should have begged to accompany him. As it is, I pledge myself to bring you yonder flag before the sun rises again, or to *die!* But I ask not your jewel as a prize for my success; one tress of your glossy hair shall be my reward."

"You shall have both, brave boy!" replied the lady; and her cold look of scorn changed into a sweet smile as she asked his name.

"It is Frank Bennett, Senora," replied the young man; and he blushed beneath her earnest gaze.

He was slim, but well formed; looked very young, but in his dark blue eye and compressed lip an observer could read one whose manhood was not made by years alone.

The sun was sitting behind a bank of slowly rising clouds, which threatened darkness and storm. The moment that his services was accepted, young Bennett turned to the crew, and as he glanced among them, said:

"I want six *men* to man the whale boat which hangs at the after davits!"

Struck by his gallantry, nearly one-half of the crew started forward. Now that they had a leader, volunteers were plenty Bennett glanced his eye over them, and in a few moments chose six by name, men whom he *knew* to be both daring and firm. They were Americans.

"Go sharpen your cutlasses, said he; "I shall not have a pistol or musket in the boat. If we fight, it must be steel to steel and breast to breast; for *we succeed or die!*"

Those men answered only with a look. They were of that class whose motto is "*Deeds, not word.*" They hurried below to obey his order, while still others proceeded by his directions to muffle the oars of the boat, to put sails, water, etc., in it.

One half-hour later the sky was covered with clouds, and darkness had set in.—Bennett had been careful to take the compass course of the enemy's ship when the last light of the dying day gave opportunity, and by this alone he hoped to find her. At this time the lady was on deck, standing by the binnacle light, regarding the preparations of the little party, who were about to shove off. At the moment when the boat's crew cried out that all was ready for a start, their young leader came aft to the side of the Senora, and taking from his neck a miniature, he handed it and a letter to her, saying:

"If I am not on board at sunrise, lady, please send that miniature to the direction of the letter."

The lady looked at the picture. It was the likeness of a young and beautiful girl. A tear filled the Senora's eye.

"You need not go!" said she. "No; you love, perchance are beloved. Your life is precious. I will not expose it. This is——"

"My only sister, whom I almost adore!" interrupted the youth; but one who would scorn me if I played the coward or dishonored my name. Send that letter and likeness to her if I fail. Farewell till to-morrow—or forever!"

The lady was about to answer, and again entreat him to stay; but ere she could speak he was over the bulwarks, and the boat had shoved off.

The night was pitchy dark. A calm was on the sea and in the air, but it was portentous of a storm. A small binnacle light and compass had been placed in the boat, and by these Frank shaped his course himself taking the tiller and steering.

"Give way cheerily, men!—a long, strong and steady pull!" said he in a low tone, as he left the ship's side; and he soon felt, by the trembling of the frail boat, that his directions were obeyed.

Out right into the offing he pulled, regardless of the rising clouds, keeping his eye fixed steadily on his compass, until he knew, if the vessel had remained hove-to as she was at sunset, that he must be very near her. But he looked in vain to see her dark hull loom up in the gloom; he looked in vain to see a light which might guide him to her. Admiral Brown was too old a fox to be showing his position by lights

At this moment, when he was completely at a loss which way to steer, the dark clouds which had been gathering over him burst with a long vivid flash of lightning, and a peal of deafening thunder. He heard not the thunder; he heeded not the rising storm. The flash of lightning had showed him the vessel, not one cable's length from him.

"Steady, boys!—steady!" he whispered when the thunder ceased; "I shall pull directly under her stern, and get on deck by the carved work and netting on her quarter."

The men rowed slowly and silently on and as he had marked well her position, the young officer in a moment found himself close under the vessel's stern. At this instant another flash of lightning illuminated sky and water; and then, as he glanced up at the gaff, where the flag had been hoisted, he saw that it was not there! It been hauled down.

He paused; thought for a moment what could be done; and then formed his resolution.

"I shall go on board alone, men," said he; "keep the boat where she is. If that flag is where I think it is, in the Admiral's cabin, I will have it. If I am not back in five minutes, and you hear an alarm, shove off, scud back to our ship and tell them that Frank Bennett died like a man! You must be cautious; reef the forsail, for the storm will be down upon us in less than ten minutes!"

All of this was whispered to the men, whose heads were bent forward to hear the orders which they dared not disobey, much as they wished to share their leader's peril.

Springing lightly from the boat, Frank caught the quarter-nettings with his hands and noisely ascended to the bulwarks.—He could hear the regular tramp of the officer of the deck, who having already had everything reefed down for the blow, had nothing to do but to pace the deck; but it was so dark that he could not see him

A second more and the brave boy was down on the deck and at the cabin door, which stood slightly ajar. He peeped through the narow crack, and saw the red faced old Admiral seated at his round-table, with two of his officers by his side, engaged over the contents of a square bottle which looked very like that usually found to contain schnaps,

A glance at a settee just to the left of this table showed the object of the enterprise. The flag for which he had perilled his life lay there, where it had been carelessly thrown after it was hauled down.

The young officer did not pause long to consider what to do, but quietly walked into the cabin, and taking off his cap, bowed very politely to the officers, and as he stepped toward the flag, said in a calm and courteous manner to the admiral:

"I have come to borrow this banner, Sir to wear to morrow, if you please!"

"Who the devil are you? What does this mean?" cried Brown, as he and his officers sprang to their feet.

"I am Midshipman Bennett, Sir, of the Montevidean service!" replied Frank, who had now seized the flag; "and I mean to carry this flag to Commodore Coe!"

As he said this he bounded to the cabin door, followed closely by a bullet from Brown's pistol, which grazed his ear and ere the alarm became general; he stood upon the taffrail of the vessel.

"Look out for me below!" he shouted, and flung himself into the sea, without a moment's hesitation. His boat's crew recognized his voice, he was caught in a moment and dragged into the boat, while a volley of pistol balls were sent down at random by those who were above.

The storm had now broken, and the wind began to come with fierce and fitful gusts.

"Up foresail! Be in a hurry, lads! up foresail, and let her slide!" cried the young hero, as soon as he could draw breath after the ducking.

The crew did so, and the next moment the little boat was flying in towards the harbor, before the blast, like a glad sea bird winging its way to its young one's nest.

The enemy opened a harmless random fire of grape shot in their direction, but it only served to tell the watcher's on Coe's vessel that something had occured. The latter, therefore, at once showed lights, and enabled Frank to make a straight course for her.

It was but an half hour after the first gun had been fired by Brown's vessel, that the boat of the young adventurer rounded to alongside of his own craft.

"Have you captured the flag?" cried the Senora, as Bennett bounded over the side.

The only answer she received was the banner, wet as it was from the water, and cut in two places by the balls which had been fired at the captor.

The lights of the vessel gleamed not half so bright as did the lady's eyes when she caught the noble youth in her arms, and kissed him again and again.

NED BUNTLINE,
—*Knickerbocker for February.*

THE BROCADED DRESS.

In the centre of Berlin, stands a massive building, devoted to the purpose of gaiety and amusement. Balls, concerts, and theatrical exhibitions are there given, at a very moderate charge to the respective lovers of the dance, the charms of music, or the drama. Masked balls are frequently held, and upon such occasions the crowd of company is excessive, and the galleries which run round the rooms, are likewise filled with spectators of the gay crowd below On one of the evenings set apart for these masquerades, I was in Berlin, and accompanied two officers of the regiment of guards to the motley exhibition; we were all carefully equipped for the occasion, and upon entering, found that the music had already commenced, and as all the sets for the dance were full, we adjourned to the balcony, to enjoy a full view of the exhilarating spectacle beneath us. Scarcely were the various and national dances at an end, when they were again recommenced; so, finding that it was almost useless, from the denseness of the crowd, to attempt joining in these most active feats of the "light fantastic toe," we determined to remain on our seats.—Immediately beneath us, the Polonaise was most beautifully entered into by a party, and, as given on the Continent, is a far more stirring dance than the tripping performance under that name in England.—In one of the changes of the dance, each lady in her turn is led to the centre, where she is danced round by the gentlemen, whilst she, holding a handkerchief in her hand, twirls it in the air, and then becomes the partner of him whose superior agility gains possession of it. This had been often repeated with much harmless mirth, when we observed a female, more sumptuously dressed than her companions, enter the circle; and as a tall young man in black, caught her handkerchief and claimed her hand, he suddenly started back, and uttered one of those piercing cries which betoken some agonizing horror, and instantly excite the most lively attention. He retreated from the girl as if he had discovered something in her pestiferous, and, overcome apparently by some terrible feeling, he sunk senseless into the arms of those who were standing near him. An accident of this nature produced the usual sensation in a crowded ball-room, and from the singular circumstances which attended this, the dancing almost instantly ceased, and all other objects were laid aside, save the gratification of the curiosity so strangely excited. A general rush took place towards the young man, whose mask had been removed, and exhibited features which had already assumed a death like hue, whilst a cold perspiration bedewed his forehead. As it was impossible to keep off the crowd, who, in their eagerness to see who was the unfortunate object, threatened to suffocate him; he was removed into the supper-room, and laid upon one of the settees which stood about. A physician was sent for, and as I fortunately had a lancet in my pocket, and knew how to use it, I pressed through the crowd, and with the assistance of a young medical student present, drew a little blood from his arm. This had the effect of bringing the young man to sense; but even then, his mind seemed a prey to some horrible phantasy, for, starting up, his whole frame shook with a violent convulson, and with marks of the most extreme terror, he exclaimed several times—"I saw her! I saw her!" He appeared to have come alone to the ball, for no one stepped forward to claim acquaintance with him; fortunately, a card in his pocket revealed his address, and with proper precaution he was taken home. When we returned to the room, we found the richly dressed mask who appeared to have been the cause of this extraordinary event, very unconcernedly dancing, seemingly unconscious of the general remarks she was exciting. She was eagerly questioned by several persons present as to the young man to whom her presence had evidently given so severe a shock, but she persisted in denying any knowledge of him, or of any circumstance which could clear up the affair. The intensity of the feeling of curiosity consequently soon subsided in almost every one but myself; it was a long time before I heard the following remarkable detail, on which I could place great reliance, and which I discovered by my restless anxiety to clear up so striking a mystery. The father of this young man was a small farmer near Berlin, who, at an early age, had been enabled to send his son to the university at Berlin, where he distinguished himself as much by his superior abilities, as by the warmth and tenderness of his feelings. Whilst in his attendance on the medical classes (he being destined for the profession of a physician) he formed an intimacy with the family of one of his companions, and became deeply attached to the beautiful sister of his friend. Amiable and accomplished, the young girl was formed to charm in every way, and in the ardent ideas of Ernest, she seemed more than earthly. A thousand little incidents strengthened the love, which was mutual, with a truly absorbing affection of the soul; and their minds being tinged with the deep romantic feeling so prevalent amongst the youth of Germany, the vows that passed between them were considered as a sacred and indissoluble link of their future destinies.—As soon as Ernest had obtained his degree, the father of the lovely girl gave his consent that the betrothal should take place, and a day was appointed, to which it may be imagined Ernest looked forward with no common feelings of delight. The great fair of Leipzig occurred a short time before the happy day which was to betroth the happy lovers, and to this place Ernest hastened, to purchase for his mistress a bridal dress, from out of the splendid treasures there to be met with. He selected one which was equally rich and appropriate, being of white satin, brocaded with a border of the most exquisitely tinted flowers, in the most brilliant colors.—His present was received with a smile of approbation, and on the happy day, the fair bride looked surpassingly lovely in her becoming attire. In the eyes of Ernest, never had she looked so attractive. The vows were pronounced, the contract signed, and the marriage was fixed for the following week. After the wedding ceremony had been performed, a sumptuous banquet was prepared, in the midst of which, the fair bride felt so suddenly indisposed, that she was compelled to seek her chamber. She threw herself on the bed, and alas, for the insecurity of human bliss, never arose from it more! A virulent fever had attacked her delicate frame, and carried her unresistingly and remorselessly to the tomb. The feelings of the peculiarly impassioned Ernest, thus robbed of his dearest earthly treasure, may be more easily conceived than described. Words would fail in portraying the intensity of his anguish. Only one request did he make—it was that his idolized bride should be buried in the rich dress which she wore at the betrothal He followed her to the grave, and, overpowered by his feelings, he threw himself upon the coffin as it was about to be covered up, and, with a frenzied vehemence, insisted on being allowed to take one more look, before the grave was closed forever on his beloved one.—The coffin lid was accordingly removed, and he gazed upon the clammy features of the decaying corpse until his head became dizzy with emotion, and he was drawn senseless from the grave. Another gazer than Ernest had also shared in the view thus offered to the richly-attired corpse—The grave-digger had perceived, with extraordinary surprise and cupidity, the magnificent dress which met his view. In the dead of the night he stripped the body, and presented to his daughter the flowered satin robe of the deceased young lady. It served her as a festival dress, for some years; and, we must do her the credit of adding, that though surprised at the costliness of such a dress from her father, she was totally ignorant of the mode in which he obtained it. It was the identical dress that met the eye of Ernest at the masked ball, to which he had resorted more from habit, than from any hope of amusement. Thus adorned in the habiliments of the grave, and bearing a striking resemblance to the form of his lost treasure, the grave digger's daughter flashed in the eyes of Ernest, & caused the sudden horror I have described. The dress was so peculiar, and from circumstances so fixed on his memory, that when he saw the figure approach, he imagined it was his departed mistress who had arisen from her grave to upbraid him for the levity which permitted his appearance at a ball. As the female was masked, the horrible conception of the young and enthusiastic Ernest will not be considered altogether as either unnatural or incredible From the notoriety which the circumstance gained, an inquiry was instituted into the affair, and by an inspection of the rifled tomb, the guilt of the grave-digger was made apparent, and he is now expiating it as a common felon. Ernest, however, never overcome the shock he had received; a severe fever, attended by repeated fits of delirium, in a very short time put an end to his existence. The unlucky brocaded dress, at the earnest request of the poor young woman who had guiltlessly caused this truly tragical event, was placed in the coffin of Ernest, where we trust it was permitted to remain undisturbed by any other profane hand.—*Home Journal.*

MR. CLAY IN BALTIMORE.

This distinguished statesman, says the American of the 24th ult., arrived in the cars from Washington last evening, and was received at the Pratt street depot with loud and prolonged cheers by a large concourse of citizens who had assembled to await his arrival. He proceeded soon after to the residence of the Hon. Christopher Hughes, on St. Paul street.

A large crowd soon gathered around the dwelling of Mr. Hughes, and after repeated calls, Mr. Clay appeared at one of the windows and addressed a few words to the multitude, when they quietly dispersed.

Mr. Clay departed for Philadelphia in the nine o'clock train on Thursday morning.

THE RECEPTION OF MR. CLAY IN PHILADELPHIA.

The Philadelphia Ledger, of the 25th ult., contains a report of two columns, describing the reception of Mr. Clay at Philadelphia, with incidents that occurred on the route. We have only room for the following graphic extracts, which commence with his arrival at Elkton, Md.

After describing the reception of Mr. Clay at Elkton, by the committee from Philadelphia, and the extensive shaking of hands which he had undergone at every stopping place on the road, the Ledger says—

In consequence of his fatigue, a formal welcome by the whigs of Elkton was dispensed with, and he was greeted in their behalf by Col. Groome, in a social and quiet manner. Mr. Clay had with him a splendid and fragrant bouquet of hyacinths, which was presented to him by a beautiful lady of Havre de Grace, and he bowed to the gentlemen present, waving his bouquet, but declined shaking hands with any of the rougher sex.

He was, therefore, presented to the ladies, and no sooner was he brought among them, than one of them, a beautiful girl of sixteen, with eyes like beaming jet, hair black as the raven's wing, and cheeks flushed with the glow of beauty, rushed up to him, threw her fair arms round his neck and placed upon his brow a kiss so heartfelt and pure that it went right to the heart of every young fellow present, and made him feel uncomfortably envious of the gray-headed old man who was honored with such a kiss, from such a girl.—The ladies used Mr. Clay tenderly, and he got through the ceremony of shaking hands without much fatigue.

It was now half past 12 o'clock, and the mail train having proceeded on, the special train, with Mr. Clay and the Philadelphia committee, left Elkton; three cheers being given by the citizens for "Harry of the West," and nine cheers being responded by the committee in honor of the Whigs of Elkton, the cortege then proceeded on, under the charge of the trusty agent, George H. Huddell.

At twenty minutes past one the outskirts of Wilmington were reached, and every thing betokened that the town was in commotion. Workmen were drawn out in front of the factories, women and children were at the doors of the houses, and eager knots occupied each corner and vantage. The schools were out, and the merry mob of schoolboys followed the cars shouting "huzza for Clay."

As the cars approached the railroad depot, the crowd became dense, so much so, that it was with difficulty the train could proceed without occasioning accidents.—Flags were displayed from the tall knob on the roof of the queer engine house, banners were displayed at the hotels, and from the vast crowd there went up one hoarse and continued series of cheers.

At the solicitation of the committee, Mr. Clay stepped out upon the platform of the car, and his appearance was hailed with redoubled acclamation. It was a curious sight, as the train moved on, for those in the car to mark the varying expressions upon the faces of the people.—Mr. Clay being upon the rear platform was not seen until the car had passed each person; those who were in advance could not see the cynosure of all eyes, and wonderment and astonishment could be seen upon each countenance as the shouts of those who saw him went up—then as he neared them it was gratifying to view the change, how the eye lighted up, the finger was raised, and the mouth opened, and out broke the heart-felt shout.

An impetuous, eager crowd now beset the car, they were the rough, hard-fisted sons of toil, who came out in their working habiliments to greet the champion of American industry. They would have Mr. Clay's hand, and they seized upon it and shook it until he complained that it was almost fractured. On every side of the car the wild and excited crowd were clamoring, and after undergoing the infliction for some time, he was compelled to withdraw his hand, and declare positively that he would not and could not shake hands with any more. The number of persons wedged in the street must have been six or eight thousand, and the enthusiasm was most extravagant.

The train then started for Chester, where it arrived shortly after two o'clock, a salute having been given as it passed Marcus Hook. At Chester there were many persons assembled, and Mr. Clay was seized upon before he could take care of himself, and one honest and warm-hearted old Whig got hold of his hand and gave it such a shake that Mr. Clay remonstrated, and told him that he used his arm as if it were a sledge-hammer. The ladies, as usual, were favored, and the old patriarch bade them take advantage of the glorious opportunity afforded them during the leap year.

When the cars reached Broad and Prime streets, the sight was one of the most exciting and gratifying kind. The whole area of Broad street, as far as the eye could reach, and apparently up as high as Spruce street, was thronged with one dense crowd of human beings.

There is no calculating the number of people there; it defies all accurate computation. A four horse barouche was provided by the committee on carriages, and Mr. Clay left the car, and with great difficulty was enabled to penetrate through the thickly packed crowd and get into the carriage. No sooner was he seen than a vast shout went up, and it is a curious fact that at that moment the clouds broke, and the warm rays of the sun beamed brightly upon the venerable head and silver locks of the Sage of Ashland.

In the barouche with him was Mayor Swift and John Struthers, Esq. In the second barouche were Morton McMichael, Henry White, John Price Wetherill and William Abbott, Esqrs The committee of reception were also in carriages.

Under the care and supervision of Peter C. Ellmaker, Chief Marshall, the line was formed as follows:—Three Buglers mounted; Chief Marshal and Aids; cavalcade of mounted horsemen, about twelve hundred strong; barouche drawn by four white horses, containing Mr. Clay and suite; the committee of arrangements in carriages, about forty vehicles were in this part of the procession; the young men's Democratic Whig Association, on foot; whig citizens on foot. The number who were actually in the procession is no test for those who were engaged in the celebration, as shout after shout went up from those upon the side walks, who were honoring the presence of the man as much as those who braved the discomfort of the muddy streets.

Through the entire route, flags were displayed, banners were hung out, and at the windows the ladies were crowded, attired in their best dresses, and arrayed in their sweetest smiles. The waving of handkerchiefs was tremendous, and bouquets and wreaths were showered in abundance by the fair enthusiasts. An eager crowd followed the barouche, and there went up a constant roar of cheers, which commenced upon his entering the vehicle at Broad and Prime streets, continued with him without ceasing throughout the entire route, and did not cease until long after he had reached the residence of Mayor Swift, and was housed within its hospitable walls. After he arrived there, the crowd solicited a speech from him, but he declined, and after bowing to them, withdrew to rest from his fatigues.

The number of people who crowded the streets was immense, and has never been exceeded within our knowledge—at a fair computation, one hundred thousand persons were in the streets, and the entire reception shows what a hold upon the affections of the Whig party is maintained by the man who never lost a friend.

CHLOROFORM.

This substance, which has lately been discovered by Professor Simpson, of Edinburg, is made as follows: Four pounds of chloride of lime is added to twelve pounds of water and twelve fluid ounces of rectified spirits, and distilled as long as a dense liquid, which sinks in the water that covers it over, is produced. Great care must be taken to have this pure, and the test is a perfect insolubility in water; if it mixes in water it is not pure, and it is apt to be attended, if so used, with troublesome results. A few drops of it when placed in a handkerchief before the mouth, cause almost instant insensibility, acting far more rapidly than ether. It is inodorous, and excites little or no coughing, and is said not to cause headache or sickness, and those unpleasant effects attending ether. It must be properly prepared and applied. Professor Simpson's discovery must be a great benefit to medical science. We are positive that it will perfectly cure whooping cough if it is properly applied.—*Scientific American.*

"Madame," said a snarling son of Esculapius, "if women were admitted to paradise their tongues would make it purgatory." "And some physicians, if allowed to practice there," retorted the lady, "would soon make it a desert."

☞An old Bachelor, who edits a paper somewhere in the Western country, puts "Melancholy Accidents" as a heading for Marriages in his paper.

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