EASTON GAZETTE.

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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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SCENES & INCIDENTS ON THE OCEAN.

Mr Carter, one of the editors of the New York Statesman, who left this country a short time since for the purpose of making a tour in Europe, has sent home a most interesting narrative of his passage over the Atlantic. We have room only for the following extract, dated at sea, on board the ship Corinthian, which will be found very amusing and instructive:

"On Monday the 13th June, we experienced a severe thunder storm, accompanied by heavy gusts, which continued from 4 o'clock in the afternoon till midnight. It was truly a terrific scene especially after night came on. The flashes of lightning were frequent and vivid, and the peals of thunder mingling with the roaring of the sea, were tremendous. The bolts fell thick around us, but the lightning did not appear to strike near the ship. A more sublime and awful spectacle than the ocean presented during this storm, can hardly be imagined. The sea as well as the skies seemed to be in a blaze, the phosphoric flashes of the former being scarcely less vivid than those of the latter. This tumult and war of the elements continued for many hours, with unabated violence. The grandeur of the scene was heightened by the active bustle and cry of the hardy mariner, as he went aloft amidst the storm, to furl the sails. To a landsman it is really surprising to see with what alertness the sailor will climb to the dizziest heights, and leap from one part of the rigging to another. There is an active and interesting little boy on board, only thirteen years old, who is sometimes seen poised like the lark at the top of the mast, handing the royal. His name as well as his activity in climbing or descending has often reminded me of Gay's beautiful simile, in "Black eyed Susan."

"At 10 o'clock on the night of this storm, Capt. Davis called me to the deck (for the rain was so severe as to drive the passengers to the cabin) for the purpose of witnessing what mariners term a *carpo sainto*, or sacred body—a phenomenon I was very anxious to see. A ball of fire was visible at the top of the main-mast, emitting a light not unlike that of a lamp. Indeed so striking was the resemblance, that I at first suspected some one had been playing off a quiz, by sending up a lamp, or that one of the crew was aloft with a light. But the reality of the phenomenon was soon ascertained. As it never appears except in storms, some have supposed it to be electrical; but the mate of the ship assured me, that he had often examined the substance emitting the light and found it to be a mass of jelly, apparently composed of quarls or animalcules, exactly similar to those producing the phosphoresence of the ocean. This testimony, as well as my limited observation, seems to corroborate the theory of Mr. Baldwin, broached in the Statesman, in the year 1822.

When we had escaped the Gulf Stream, and had arrived at the Grand Bank, a sudden and very sensible change took place in the temperature of the atmosphere indicated by our feelings and not less by the thermometer and barometer. All the cloaks on board were put in requisition, and even these were scarcely sufficient to keep us warm. We were upon the look-out for mountains of ice, amidst the fogs which constantly envelope this extensive shoal, June and July, are the months when these masses of ice from the arctic regions arrive at this part of the ocean, and are frequently seen in the most fantastic forms, resembling enchanted islands, mountains, churches, and castles. The passengers were desirous of witnessing so great a curiosity, although they did not care to come very near to such dangerous and formidable obstructions to navigation. The melting of the ice creates a thick vapour around it, and vessels frequently run close upon the floating masses, before they are discovered, as was the case with the Packet Liverpool, which was lost a year or two since. Our eyes were strained in vain, and a few days bore us beyond the region of these mountains from the pole. From the 20th to the 22d of June inclusive, the ship lay in a dead calm. On the last mentioned days, so perfectly tranquil was the ocean, that the Captain ordered the jolly boat to be launched, and four of us with a man at the helm rowed to the distance of a mile from the ship, the little boat climbing over the smooth swells with an easy and delightful motion. We brought back with us a large nautilus or Portuguese man-of-war, as this animal is generally called by the sailors. He is a curious creature, peculiarly fitted for the element on the surface of which he moves, being furnished with a keel, anchor, sails, and ballast, for the purposes of navigation. Possessing the power of locomotion, he can shift his position so as to catch the gale, and glide over the highest waves with ease and safety. Some times when the sea is calm and the sun warm, he will turn himself upon his side, wet his sail, and then right his little bark and resume his passage. These animals frequently navigate the ocean in fleets, perhaps under the command of an admiral. Their sails, which are transparent and beautifully bordered with a bright pink colour, vie in richness and elegance, particularly when seen in the direction of the sun, with the silken sails of Cleopatra. We have seen thousands of them bounding over the billows, reminding us of Pope's couplet:

"Learn of the little *Nautilus* to sail,
Spread the thin oar, and catch the rising gale."

After our return to the ship, the Captain and another party made an excursion in the jolly-boat, taking a musket with them, and bringing back a *haglet*, a large sea-bird, apparently very fierce in its disposition. It was slightly wounded in its wing, and some of the more mischievous passengers got up a cock fight, putting the haglet against *Dick* a proud rooster on board, which had worn the gaffs, and acted the part of a bravado to all the other animals. The combat lasted for some minutes, when the bird seized Dick by the throat and held him fast, till the Captain was obliged to part them. The latter was completely beaten, and could not be brought to another engagement."

[From the New-York Statesman.]

LETTERS FROM EUROPE—No. II.

Cork, 4th of July, 1825.

I avail myself of an opportunity afforded by the brig Cambridge, bound to New York, which will sail to morrow morning, to forward a sketch of my adventures by sea and land; since the date of my letter of the 25th ultimo, together with a file of the latest papers of this city. The residue of my first voyage will be despatched in as few words as possible. Indeed, very few incidents occurred between the 25th of June and the 1st of July, to break the monotony of our passage, or to add to the prolixity of the detail already given.

A melancholy accident happened on Monday, the 27th, which occasioned much regret, and for a time depressed the feelings of the crew and passengers. One of the sailors, of the name of Burgess, belonging to Gardiner, in the state of Maine got overboard and was lost. He had been unwell for some days apparently in a state of despondency if not insanity. While we were at dinner, he crept to the bow of the ship, and either threw himself into the sea, or fell over accidentally. Nothing was seen of him afterwards. The ship was running at the rate of nine knots the hour, before a stiff breeze with a heavy swell. His trunk and papers were examined, but no trace could be found which disclosed his intentions.

As it was very uncertain whether we should reach land, before the 4th of July preparations were made to celebrate the anniversary of our national independence on board the Corinthian, in a style commensurate with our means, and with feelings suited to the occasion. An oration was to have been delivered in form, and one or two odes would have been in readiness, with the requisite number of toasts. Our volunteers would have been sufficiently numerous to appear respectable on paper. As to the rest, Captain Davis would have given us as bountiful and genteel a dinner, with as good wines, as any of our countrymen will enjoy on this day. But subsequent events rendered all our arrangements unnecessary.

On Saturday evening, as was mentioned in my first letter, it is customary at sea to drink "sweethearts and wives." One of our passengers, in an idle moment, attempted to *poetize* the toast and wrote the following stanzas, to be said or sung on the occasion:

Come, send round the can! though the last of our lives
Be this night, we will drink to our "sweethearts and wives,"
And pledge them the warmer, and dream of them more,
The farther we rove from our dear native shore.

Good angels protect them, wherever they are,
And peace be their portion while we are afar;
May their spirits pursue, as the billows we stem,
And be thinking of us while we're drinking to them.

As trembles the *Needle*, and points to the pole,
Let each still be true to the girl of his soul;
And whatever *attractions* may lead us to roam,
May the *magnet* of feeling be ever at home.

From the full flowing goblet as each of us sips,
Let him think how much sweeter's the nectar of lips:—
Then send round the can! though the last of our lives
Be this night, we will drink to our "sweethearts and wives."

At half past 3 o'clock on the morning of the first of July, land was dimly described through the clouds and mist, which obscured the horizon. The report soon circulated through the ship and called the passengers from their births to the deck; for although our voyage had been neither long nor tedious, the sight of the shore was welcome. To some of us, the interest of the view was heightened by novelty; and to others, by the ties of kindred and country. Even the eyes of *Jemmy* sparkled with Joy, as the distant hills of the Emerald Isle were seen skirting the horizon. The first land we made was Mizen Head, and the high lands in the vicinity, forming the south western part of the island. So accurately was the ship's reckoning kept, that it did not vary three miles from the Captain's estimate.

By 8 o'clock we were opposite Cape Clear, which is a high promontory, with a light house upon the summit, in a very conspicuous situation. As the wind was fair and the sky clear, the ship ran within a few miles of the shore, affording us by the aid of the glass a full and perfect view of every object along the coast. A large number of boats and small vessels covered the Channel, frequently sailing close under the cliffs, to the very bases of which the sea is in most places navigable for the largest ships. A whale boat, with a crew of seven miserably clad and dirty fishermen, boarded us off Cape Clear, and supplied us with fresh fish, eggs and new potatoes, taking in exchange, pork, beef, bread and a bottle of rum, prized above all the other articles received in the way of barter. This crew furnished a specimen of the rudest portion of the population of Ireland. Their language was scarcely intelligible; and they had made but little progress in civilization.

The aspect of the island, for some distance after making Cape Clear, is rude, barren, and solitary, the high hills being composed of naked rocks and wastes, exhibiting neither tree nor shrub, and but little vegetation of any kind. Farther up the Channel, the appearance of the country greatly improves, the sloping highlands being laid out into regular fields to their very tops, covered with verdure, and bordered with flowers: which were visible through the glass from the deck of the ship. It is however a rugged, precipitous, and inhospitable shore, with few buildings in sight, and those apparently inaccessible. The cliffs are in many places abrupt, craggy and cavernous, with here and there insulated rocks rising above the water at some distance from the shore.

At about 12 o'clock we arrived opposite the cliff, on which the packet ship Albion was wrecked. It is a memorable spot, and every passenger manifested an eager curiosity to examine the rocks which proved fatal to so many of our countrymen, and caused so much affliction. We were near enough to have a distinct view of the precipitous ledge, which is more than a hundred feet in height. On one side is a sandy beach, and on the other, a small bay or inlet indenting the coast. Had the ship providentially drifted a few rods on either hand, the passengers and crew would probably all have been saved, as the shore slopes to the water's edge. But such was not the destiny of the melancholy wreck, which drifted to a point where no human aid could be afforded. Two transports, filled with troops to the number of about twelve hundred, were wrecked near the same place a few years since, and the whole perished. A large hole was dug in the earth, and officers and men made a common grave. More respect was paid to the remains of the passengers, who were lost in the Albion. Their bodies were numbered, and decently interred side by side, at a little distance from the fatal cliff. It has been my good fortune to become acquainted with Mr. Gibbons, of Kinsale, and Mr. Mark, the American Consul at this place both of whom witnessed the wreck of the Albion, and did every thing in their power, for the preservation of life and property. They have given me minute descriptions of the awful scene. Most of the particulars were however publicly stated at the time; and I have no wish to revive the sorrow which this afflicting event occasioned in our city and country.

In the course of Friday forenoon, a pilot boat came alongside the Corinthian and offered to take us ashore at the Old Head of Kinsale. As the sea was tranquil, the landing convenient, and the passage up the Channel to Liverpool might be protracted and tedious, six of us concluded to accept the offer, unwilling as we were to desert the ship, until she had reached her port of destination. The Captain gave us a parting dinner, a social glass, and a sentiment. After making our arrangements, and shaking hands with our fellow-passengers, who in feeling had become as one family, among whom the utmost cordiality and even attachment prevailed, we embarked at 4 o'clock in the afternoon and made for the harbor of Kinsale, at the distance of seven or eight miles. As the wind blew off the shore, our crew, consisting of four Irishmen, were obliged to row the whole way, which they effected without difficulty by the aid of a bottle of brandy, a sip of which was proposed by the pilot as a premium to his subalterns for pulling manfully from point to point.

Our passage was sufficiently slow to afford us a very fine view of the lofty promontory of the Old Head of Kinsale, close under the brow of which the little boat glided along the waters. The summit is smooth and green, crowned with a handsome light house, which is seen at a great distance up and down the channel. In many places the cliffs are tremendous, with deep caverns in the rock, which is of secondary formation. At one point, a fissure wide enough for the passage of a boat, was observed to extend quite through the projection on a level with the water. It is a fine place for smuggling, and if reports be correct, the natural advantages of the coast are not neglected. Back of the head-land, the hills are covered with groups of Irish cottages, and the fields exhibit marks of a high state of cultivation. On the heights are several of those castles in ruins, which are so common all over the Island. As these were the first we had ever seen, their rude, crumbling, and fantastic forms were regarded with an eye of curiosity.

The harbor of Kinsale is easy of access, the water deep, and completely land-locked by the eminences projecting on both sides of the river Bandon, on the left bank of which the town is situated. On the right, as you enter the basin, is Fort Charles, a very strong and expensive work, commanding the harbour, and at present garrisoned by a regiment. On the opposite side, are the ruins of an ancient fortress, where James the Second landed with an army from France, at the time he was driven from his own country and thought to regain his throne occupied by William of Orange. In the year 1690 the fort was stormed by the Duke of Marlborough. It was a severe and bloody conflict, the Governor of Ireland being killed in the breach. In 1660, it was captured by the Spaniards. The work is now a mere ruin with its dilapidated ramparts mantled with ivy. Immediately after passing the point on which it stands, the town of Kinsale opens on the view, at the distance of only a few rods, standing upon an activity so steep, that the roofs of the houses on one street, are on a line with the basements of those above. The heights are planted with trees, and many of the houses have gardens in front, presenting a picturesque and romantic view from the basin, which spreads before the town and is covered with boats and vessels. Ships of war may ride to the very doors of some of the houses; and we were informed that the officers on deck sometimes converse with the ladies at the windows of their drawing rooms.

WOMAN.

A work just published in England, entitled "*Tales by the O'Hara Family*" furnishes the following touching tribute to woman—to the truth and justness of which the feelings of every man, on whom the hand of severe sickness has been laid, will involuntarily respond. Never was a more faithful portrait drawn by the painter's happy hand.

It has been often remarked, that in sickness there is no hand like woman's hand, no heart like woman's heart; and there is not. A man's breast may swell with unutterable sorrow, and apprehension may rend his mind; yet place him by the sick couch, and in the shadow rather than the light of the sad lamp that watches it; let him have to count over the long dull hours of night, and wait alone and sleepless, the struggle of the grey dawn into the chamber of suffering; let him be appointed to this ministry even for the sake of the brother of his heart, or the father of his being, and his grosser nature, even where it is most perfect, will tire; his eye will close, and his spirit grow impatient to the dreary task; and though love and anxiety remain undiminished, his mind will own to itself a creeping in of irresistible selfishness, which indeed he may be ashamed of and struggle to reject, but which despite of all his efforts, remains to characterize his nature, and prove, in one instance at least, his manly weakness. But see a mother, a sister, or a wife, in his place.

The woman feels no weariness, owns no recollection of self. In silence and in the depth of night she dwells, not only passively, but so far as the qualified term may express our meaning, joyously. Her ear acquires a blind man's instinct, as from time to time it catches the slightest stir, or whisper, or breath of the now more than ever loved one, who lies under the hand of human affliction. Her step, as in obedience to an impulse or a signal, would not waken a mouse; if she speaks, her accents are a soft echo of natural harmony, most delicious to the sick man's ear, conveying all that sound can convey of pity, comfort and devotion; and thus, night after night she tends him like a creature sent him from a higher world, when all earthly watchfulness has failed—her eye never winking, her mind never paled, her nature, that at all other times is weakness, now gaining a super-human strength and magnanimity, herself forgotten, and her sex alone predominant.

We feel satisfied that every Colombian, and more especially every Caracanian, will participate in those feelings of admiration and gratitude which have induced Mr. Lancaster to send us the following letter for publication. It contains a princely donation from His Excellency the Liberator, to Mr. Lancaster, conveyed in a style, alike honorable to the giver and receiver. The interest therein expressed by General Bolivar for the instructions of his "young fellow citizens," and the culture of the human intellect, does him even more honor than his countless victories, and is that which, after all, must give him his best claim to the title of "Liberator." We trust that His Excellency's noble sentiments and conduct in behalf of the Lancasterian system will not be lost on the country, but will animate every section thereof to similar zeal in favor of the existing generation, and the best hopes of Colombia.—*Colombiano.*

TO MR. LANCASTER.

Lima, March 16, 1825.

My Dear Sir.—I have had the honor to receive your very flattering letter from Baltimore, the answer to which was directed to the United States of America by a circuitous rout, which would considerably delay your receipt of it. I have now the greatest pleasure in learning by your favour from Caracas, the determination you have formed of residing amongst us, with the laudable object of disseminating and bringing to perfection, the Lancasterian system of education, which has done and will continue to do, essential service in promoting the cultivation of the human intellect: a wonderful work which we owe to the singular genius of the man who has had the goodness to devote himself to the instruction of my young fellow citizens!

You seem to think assistance necessary to the realization of your beneficent intentions: I therefore hasten to offer you twenty thousand dollars to be employed in advancing the education of the children of Caracas. These twenty thousand dollars will be paid to you in London by the Agents of Peru, on whom you may draw for this sum in three or four months. The said Agents have orders to pay the amount to whoever you may direct to receive it. In case it should not be your wish to employ the entire sum in London you may easily cause the remainder of it to be transmitted to Caracas.

I have further to add, that I will with pleasure advance you a larger sum with the like view, should you think it can be usefully employed. To enable me to comply with this offer, be pleased to communicate to me your opinion in such terms as you may think fit.

The Government of Peru has been to me most generous in a thousand ways, and has moreover placed at my disposal a million of dollars for the service of the Colombians. Public education will receive my first attention in the distribution of this sum. For this reason it is no inconvenience to me, to promote the advancement of those establishments for education which are under the direction of your fine genius.

Receive the expression of my admiration, my respect, and my gratitude for the preference you have given to my native country, by establishing yourself therein.

I am your affectionate, and attentive servant,

BOLIVAR.

From the Boston Medical Intelligencer.

DULL TIMES FOR DOCTORS.

This is the general complaint among physicians. There is no prevailing epidemic, and, what is better yet there is no prospect of any. We have lately been on a tour through the country, and have taken particular pains to ascertain whether there is any thing like a prospect of any prevailing disease, the present season; but there is none. Thus far, in town and country, there never has been a more general period of health, in the United States, than since the commencement of 1825. The faculty says it is distressingly healthy!

We beg, however, not to be understood that the work of death has been suspended. Oh! no—people are dying daily, as at former periods, by nearly every sort of ill but venerable old age. Men will drink more than is necessary, notwithstanding the destruction it makes with their constitutions; and women cannot be fashionable without being skewered up in whalebone. The business of quenching thirst makes shocking destruction in the world—still it is very ungenteel not to conform to the fashion—so some thousands of new drunkards are manufactured yearly, who might otherwise be the first rate of useful citizens. A medical gentleman has been prophesying not long since, a great mortality, which will be confined exclusively to young ladies. The first approach of this alarming malady, may be known by stertorious breathing, after the slightest exercise; sudden fainting fits at church; a pale face, and nothing at all like an appetite. The sanative measures to be adopted by those who may now be suffering from the like embarrassments, consists altogether in giving freedom to the respiratory organs; and this can only be done by wearing loose flowing dresses at the same time their stomachers are used for heating a bath, by five o'clock in the morning.

How the times have changed within a few years! There is nothing now more pleasant, nor more in vogue, than to be in ill health—because it sounds well, and makes people talk; so away they go to the springs, and put their ancles out of joint in waltzing, when, in fact, at home, it required a servant to draw their stockings on. Health and happiness have been at war ever since the revolution; if one is sick, why then there is leisure to enjoy friends, visit Saratoga, Niagara, Mount Holyoke, and forty other places. Red cheeks, a sound stomach, and industry, are poor recommendations in a wife—they are so masculine—and pray, what is more vulgar in any thing like a man, than to hear him positively declare, in the very face and eyes of well-bred people, that he never had the dyspepsia, when it is all the go! In this

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