EASTON GAZETTE.

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

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THE CONTRAST.

In almost every young Scotsman there is an enusiastic ambition to be distinguished, & perhaps, a discontent of home, which propts him to forsake the country he loves, & seek his fortune in a foreign land. Like my companions, I early imbibed this desire to go abroad, but unlike many of them, this inclination remained as I grew up; and while I saw others gradually settling into advocates and physicians, the desire to try my fortune abroad remained unaltered. As my parents had several other children, they did not discourage this inclination. My mother, it is true, did not seem to relish it much, but my father was not rich, and he justly thought that one of his family might be spared with advantage to the rest. Thus, sanctioned by them, and encouraged by all my friends, it was early resolved that I should push my fortune in India.

I have said that my father was not rich, and a poor man has seldom much influence at the India House. Year followed year without an appointment being obtained, and when I entered my twentieth year, my friends began to hint about there being many eligible situations at home. At this crisis my father received notice that I would be sent out as a cadet, and that my presence was instantly required, as the last India ship was to sail in about a fortnight. For years did I tease the gods for a cadetship. I had now obtained one, but, alas! I was far from being contented. I perceived how dear were my home and friends to me, now that I was about to lose them, and I almost wished to be allowed to remain where I was. But the die was cast; I had put my hand to the plough, and to look back now was in vain. So suddenly was I called up, that I had only two days to remain at home, and these were passed in such a perpetual bustle, that the whole almost appeared to me a dream. Still I felt a pang as I left each house, and said "farewell" to its inmates—a pang which every one must feel when leaving a friend he is never again to see. To me those friends were forever to be as dead, and as if I were losing them all at one blow.

It was now the evening before I sailed, but there was one thing which yet remained to be done; it was to bid a last farewell to Mary. Oh God! how my heart burst within me when I thought that I was to see her no more, that the star which had illumined my life was forever to be withdrawn from my eyes? Oh! how I loved that girl! Never was there a lovelier creature in the world, and never was there a better. Her blue eyes beamed with the tenderness of an innocent heart; when she looked at me, I saw she was all my own; for who could look at that countenance, and believe it harboured deceit? I felt that she was dearer to me than the whole world; and yet I was about to leave her forever. What a strange, inconsistent being is man! To think of taking her along with me was vain. At that time a voyage to India was nearly as formidable as a voyage to the Pole; and, besides, Mary's delicate frame would have wasted and withered away beneath a tropical sun.

Mary resided at her father's house, which was situated a short distance from town. Thither I accordingly repaired, and soon found myself sitting in the old fashioned parlour where I usually met her. There stood her harp, over which I had often hung enraptured, drinking in love and sweet music, till I was almost intoxicated with delight; it was now mute,—to me it would be silent forever; there lay a landscape I had asked her to paint, but which I was never to see completed. Alas! thought I, in this very spot others will listen delighted as she sings and gaze at her as she works perhaps, at this little picture, while I, poor I, forgotten by all, am burning away my life under the influence of a tropical sun. At this moment, casting my eyes upon a large mirror I could not help smiling at my wo-begone visage; so, rallying a little, I waited the arrival of Mary.

It was but that forenoon that poor Mary had been told of my intended departure, and she now entered the room with a cast down dejected air. She approached me with something between a tear and a smile: but when our eyes met, when I said I had come to bid her farewell, the big tear started to her beautiful eyes, and, throwing herself into my arms she wept aloud and in an agony of grief. I am now an old man, and many a sorrow have I felt; but these two hours were the bitterest I ever knew, and yet, strange as it may seem, there is a kind of pleasure in melancholy.—Sad as I was, my heart was filled with a soothing sweetness, like that which fills the soul when we listen to some old melody we love;—there is surely some mysterious connection between music and melancholy, for the nature of their effect on the feelings is the same. It was long before I could think of leaving her. Often I tried to say farewell, but as the sound trembled on my tongue, an entreating look from Mary again drove away the half formed words, and so I sat still, while we talked of the many pleasant hours we had passed together, hours which absence was soon to render sacred. But at last I had to depart—and, as the wretch on the scaffold, through very desperation, flings off the fatal handkerchief, so, straining my Mary to my beating heart, I kissed her with a deep, a last kiss, and then rushed to the door. The interview was over; I saw her no more. About an hour after, I received a small packet, it contained a lock of dark brown hair, with these words—"Keep it for the sake of Mary." Poor Mary! she had been weeping when she wrote it, for the paper was still wet with her tears.

When I returned home, I found my parents sitting with the rest of the family, all anxiously waiting for me. I felt that I had been unkind in spending so much of the night away from my own family. What time I had should surely have been devoted to my poor father and mother. Others I might see again, but long before I returned their heads would be beneath the green turf. I dare say all our reflections were sad enough. My father tried to rally our spirits, and smilingly talked of the time when I should return and be the support and joy of his old age. But the attempt was vain, it was but a mockery of cheerfulness, & we were sadder than before. At length we had to separate. I bade them all an affectionate good night, and promised to see them before I departed in the morning. But that promise was meant to spare us the pain of parting. When all was quiet I quitted my chamber, and glided along the passage. As I passed my parents' room I perceived that there was still a light in it. I was tempted to look through the key-hole.—I saw my mother on her knees, doubtless, she was praying for me. Oh! how I longed to fly to her arms, to indulge in bidding her adieu! but restraining my feelings I took a last look, and then went on. I could not leave the house without visiting our little parlour—that room where we had all spent so many a happy hour. Never, never on earth was that happy circle to be again re-united. As I looked round the room tears sprung to my eyes, and overcome by my feelings, I laid my head on the table and wept. But the clock struck two—it was the hour of my departure, and dashing away the tears, I quickly stole out of the house. When I gained the outside I took a last, long look—the light was still burning in my mother's room; in my heart I invoked a blessing on her, and on them all—and thus, sorrowfully and in silence, I quitted my once happy home.

After sojourning nearly forty years in the East, I found I had emassed a fortune exceeding even the most sanguine expectations of youth. Still I hesitated whether to return to Britain. I had been so long in India that it now appeared to me my home, and friends had grown up around me, from whom I felt unwilling to part. I felt that in returning to Scotland, I was going as it were to a strange land; my parents, and brothers and sisters were dead, and after so long an absence, the few friends of my youth who still remained would in all probability have forgotten me. But in spite of all this, I felt a something within me which prompted me to revisit the scenes of my youth, and though nearly sixty I confess I had a desire to see once more, my first, my only love, my dear Mary. To say I loved her would be nonsense; love will seldom survive a separation of forty years; but I still thought of her with tenderness, and in revisiting my native country she was the only one whom I felt happy at the thought of seeing.—the only one who, I expected, would be happy again to see me. Like me, she could never again love, —like me she, was still unmarried. At length I returned to Scotland.

The feelings of youth had long been calmed by age, and I reached my native place without those agitating, but delightful emotions, which many will imagine the sight of home was so calculated to produce. I thought with a melancholy smile of the grief I had felt when I left it. Aye, all are gone, said I; in my father's house I am a solitary stranger; for what end was I to toil away my life in a foreign land! that I might return rich and happy to my friends: rich I am, but where are my friends with whom I was to have spent the evening of my days? Alas! they are gone, and my life has been passed in vain.

In the same spirit did I wander along the streets of my native town. I felt myself an isolated lonely being. Every one seemed happy except myself; every one had his pursuits, every one had his companions and friends. I alone had none; a new generation had sprung up, and those whom I had formerly known as young men, were strangely metamorphosed into grave looking gentlemen, with grown-up families, and many of them with grand-children. Such as they were, however, I was glad to meet with them, though I often could not help wondering that they looked so old. The town itself too, seemed no longer the same I had left behind me. Magnificent buildings had succeeded to old fashioned habitations, and the fields over which I used to shoot were now loaded with dwellings like palaces. It was a proof of the prosperity of the place, and yet I was half angry at the alteration. Had I been a magician, I should have restored the town to the state I remembered it to have been in when I left the place forty years before.

On reaching home, I found that Mary Lindesay was in the country; but when she returned my first care was to visit her. I have said she was still unmarried, and though I had long ceased to love, yet I felt my heart beat as I approached the well remembered house.—I pictured to myself the transport with which she would throw herself into my arms, and fondly believed that the joy of our meeting would repay us for the pain of parting. My heart began to beat more quickly as I gently knocked at the door; and when the servant appeared, could hardly ask him if Miss Lindesay was within. 'Miss Lindesay—Miss Lindesay,' said he, slowly repeating the name, as if uncertain whom I meant; 'O yes, sir,' and then shewing the way, I soon found myself alone, and seated once more in the old oaken parlour.—It was the only thing I had yet seen which was still the same as I had left it. Looking about me, I soon discovered old friends in the pictures which were hanging round the room. There was but one new one,—it was the landscape I had asked her to paint, and there it was hanging half finished, exactly as I had last seen it. At the other side of the room was the portrait of a youthful and beautiful face, which I at once recognised to be Mary's. I could scarcely help thinking that all that had passed for the last forty years was nothing but a troubled dream, so completely did the scene carry me back to the days of my youth.

In a short time the door opened, and my heart beat quick,—but it was a false alarm only, the servant sent to say that Mrs. Lindesay would be down presently. Good God! thought I, is the old mother living yet! she must be a very aged woman by this time: let me see, when I left this in the 17 —she was at least—but here my calculations were cut short, for the door again opened, and the old woman herself entered the room. The old lady's face flushed as she approached and she seemed embarrassed, and I was astonished to perceive that she looked as young as when I saw her last, but making a respectful bow, congratulated her upon her good looks, and eagerly inquired after Mary. The old lady smiled. "Indeed William" said she, and I started at the voice, "indeed we have both paid the tax of growing old: in the aged woman who speaks to you, you see your once loved Mary." At that moment, casting my eyes in the direction of the mirror, I saw the reflection of a withered old man. I remembered what I had been when I looked there last, and I now saw that I was as much altered as even poor Mary, or, as she now termed herself, Mrs Mary Lindesay. And yet, so gently and gradually had Time laid his hand upon me, that till that moment I never thought myself half such an antique as in reality I was.

Here, then, was an end to all my dreams. The hope of returning to Mary was what cheered me when I left home,—it was that which sustained me while in India. I foolishly believed that I was to find her the same fond, blushing girl, that I had left her: and never reflecting that time would rob the face of its youth, and the deepest love of its romance, I expected that when I returned there would be many a year of happiness and love in store for us. These delightful visions were baseless. I came home an old man, and found Mary—an old woman. A short time however, blunted the edge of my disappointment. Reconciled to old age, I may say that I am happy. —Mary and I have for several years been man and wife; we have retired to a sweet spot away from the bustle of town, and if we do not feel the raptures of a youthful love, we at least experience the happiness which springs from a wellfounded friendship.

THE NAVY OF THE REVOLUTION.

Sketches from the "United States Naval Chronicle;" published recently in Washington, by Charles W. Goldsborough, and narrating the progress and history of our navy.

"It would appear that, when a resistance was contemplated by the colonies, a naval force was not taken into consideration Such an idea might have been discouraged by the utter hopelessness of contending with the mistress of the ocean. It was not until provoked by wanton aggressions upon their defenceless commerce, that they adopted measures of retaliation. These measures, for some time, were not the result of any executive or legislative authority, but sprang from the patriotic ardour of individuals or corporations.—One of the most conspicuous of these incipient and spontaneous enterprises occurred at Machias, Maine, soon after the battle of Lexington. A British armed schooner was at that time lying at Machias. Considering hostilities as now begun, a plan was immediately formed to capture the unsuspecting enemy. The first intention was to seize upon the officers of the schooner, while attending church on the next day which was Sunday; but this design was defeated by the vigilance or the activity of the officers, who made their escape to the vessel, and after firing a few random shot at the town, dropped down the bay. Unwilling to lose the prize, a party of volunteers the next day took forcible possession of a lumber sloop, and immediately began pursuit. The whole equipment for this sudden cruise consisted, according to Mr. Goldsborough, of three charges of powder and ball for twenty fowling pieces, thirteen pitchforks, ten or twelve axes, a few pieces of salt pork, &c.

No circumstance could more strikingly exhibit the reckless and confiding bravery of this little band, than that it should have been without any acknowledged leader, until the moment of overtaking the enemy, when Mr. Jeremiah O'Brien was chosen by unanimous consent.—Unappalled by the disparity of force he at once laid his sloop alongside of the schooner, and after a short but severe contest, carried her by boarding. The British vessel is said to have had four six pounders, twenty swivels, two small pieces, and an abundance of cutlasses, fire arms, and ammunition, and a crew consisting "of two commissioned officers and thirty eight petty officers and men." The crew of the lumber sloop is stated to have been less than forty.

With the armament of his prize, O'Brien fitted out a small vessel called the Liberty, and soon captured two other British armed schooners, sent out in pursuit of him, whose crews he conducted prisoners to Boston, where, upon the recommendation of General Washington, he was appointed a Captain by the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts. Returning to Machias, he soon manned two vessels, the Liberty and the Diligence, with volunteers, sailed for New Brunswick, and took by surprise Fort Howe, with its garrison and military stores, and a loaded brig, lying in the harbour, that was destined for the British troops at Boston."

"The declaration of Independence had not yet been made. There was still an opening for accommodation; a lingering allegiance still existed in the hearts of the multitude, and a willingness to discriminate between king and ministers; and while the contest was supposed to be only with the latter, measures seldom extended beyond a defensive character. A small fleet was however equipped by the General Congress near the close of the year 1775, with a view to more energetic operations. This first squadron that went forth upon the deep, in defiance of a power, whose immeasurable superiority gave it the character of a forelorn hope, consisting of the Alfred, thirty guns; the Columbus, twenty eight guns; Andrew Doria, sixteen guns; Sebastian Cabot, fourteen guns; and the Providence, twelve guns; and was under the command of Commodore Ezekiel Hopkins, who hearing that the Island of New Providence, had large military stores unprovided with a proper defence, sailed thither, and succeeded in capturing the governor, the garrison, and stores.—On his return, he made prize of a bomb brig; but failing in an engagement with the Glasgow, of twenty guns, which, after a gallant defence against the Cabbot and Alfred, made his escape from the fleet, he was much censured by his countrymen."

"The beginning of the year 1776 was marked by many achievements, which were as honourable to the actors as serviceable to the country. The short and brilliant career of Captain Mugford, of Boston, attracts particular attention. According to Clarke's Naval History, this active and intrepid mariner was the master of a trading vessel, when he was appointed by Gen. Ward, after much solicitation to the command of the Franklin, a public armed vessel of four guns. It appears that General Ward, through want of confidence in him, which is not accounted for, subsequently intended to revoke the appointment; but Capt. Mugford, through his indefatigable exertions had already put to sea.

His first prize was the Hope, a ship of 300 tons and six guns, which he captured in sight of the English Commodore, Banks. "This vessel exceeded in value," says Mr. Clarke, "any thing which had yet been captured by the Americans. Her cargo consisted of 1500 barrels of powder, 1000 carbines, a number of travelling carriages for cannon, and a most complete assortment of artillery instruments and pioneer's tools. The unpreparedness with which the colonies had begun the contest, rendered every acquisition of this kind of incalculable importance. In conducting his valuable prize to Boston, it was necessary, in order to avoid the British cruizers, to attempt a difficult and almost untried channel. He was successful in going up, but in coming down again shortly after, on another cruise through the same passage, he ran aground and while in that situation was discovered by the British squadron. Eight or nine barges were immediately despatched against him. Being aware of their approach he first received them with his small arms, and then, cutting his cable so as to swing around, brought his broadside to bear; but before a second discharge could be made, many of the boats had reached his vessel. All efforts to board, however, were promptly and successfully repelled. In the midst of this close and desperate struggle, captain Mugford, while reaching over the quarter to seize the masts of one of the boats and upset her, received a pistol ball in his breast. Undismayed by the mortal wound, he called to his first lieutenant, "I am a dead man; do not give up the ship; you will be able to beat them off," and a few minutes after expired. But his daring spirit still animated his crew; the enemy was repulsed, with the loss of two barges, and many killed and wounded."

"In 1776, Captain Nicholas Biddle was appointed to the Randolph, of 32 guns. He stood in the foremast rank of his profession for seamanship and courage. He sailed the next year with a small squadron on a cruise; after having made many important captures, in March 1778, he fell in with the Yarmouth, a British 64 gun ship. As they did not approach each other till the close of day, it is probable that her force was not distinctly ascertained by the Randolph, before the action commenced. Captain Biddle, however, ranged alongside with a resolute fearlessness, determined to engage her, whatever might be her force. A severe conflict began after dark, in the early part of which, captain Biddle is said to have been wounded. Unable to stand he had a chair brought on deck, and continued to animate his crew by his presence. After sustaining this unequal fight for about twenty minutes, the Randolph blew up, involving in awful and instantaneous destruction, her gallant commander, and all her valiant crew, excepting four men; who were discovered four days afterwards by the Yarmouth, floating on a piece of the wreck. Captain Biddle was but 27 years of age, when he was thus abruptly cut off from his friends and his country. But his name would still have been gratefully remembered, even if a later war had not revived it, on the same element, in all its early glory."

"During the same year 1778, Capt Daniel Waters, who had become distinguished for his nautical skill and activity, took command of the privateer Thorn, 16 guns. Not many days after leaving port, he discovered two sail in pursuit of him. They proved to be the Governor Tryon, 16 guns, and the Sir William Erskine, 18 guns. The unequal combat began, and was kept up for two hours; when the Tryon struck, and the Erskine drew off. After repairing damages, capt. Waters, leaving the Tryon a complete wreck, pursued the Erskine, & coming up with her, compelled her likewise to strike.—Removing her officers on board the Thorn, he returned in search of his other prize, but where he expected to meet her, he found only floating spars and casks, and other indications that she had sunk.—Captain Waters then manned the Erskine and ordered her to Boston; retaining on board the Thorn only 60 men, with which diminished crew he was to run new hazards and acquire new laurels. For not many days subsequently, he encountered the Sparlin, 18 guns and 97 men, and after an action of about an hour obliged her to yield to his thrice conquering flag

"In June 1779, an expedition of United States vessels was fitted out, and sailed from Boston It consisted of the Providence 32 guns, Com. Whipple; the Queen of France, 28 guns, capt. J. P. Rathburn; and the sloop of war Ranger, capt. Simpson. About the middle of July near the Banks of Newfoundland, as the Squadron lay in a fog, signal guns were heard; and at intervals the sound of ship's bells striking the hours. From this they supposed themselves to be near a fleet.

About 11 o'clock the fog began to clear off when the crew of the Queen of France, to their great surprise, found themselves nearly alongside a large merchant ship, and soon after perceived themselves to be in a fleet of 150 sail, under convoy of a 74 and several frigates and sloops of war.

The Queen of France immediately bore down to the large ship and hailed her. She answered the fleet was from Jamaica bound to London. The English ship then hailed the American, and was answered his majesty's ship Arethusa, from Halifax on a cruize. The American then enquired if they had seen any rebel privateers. The English replied that several had been driven out the fleet. The American Captain Rathburn, then requested the captain of the English vessel to come on board, which, he did, when, to his great astonishment, he found himself a prisoner Captain Rathburn then sent one of his own boats and the English captain's boat, both well manned, to the ship of which they took quiet possession, without exciting the least alarm in the fleet, notwithstanding many of the vessels were nearly within hail of the one captured. Rathburn then went along side another large ship and captured her in the same manner. Soon after the capture of the second ship, Com. Whipple came alongside, and ordered capt. Rathburn to edge away out of the fleet as soon as possible, as he was persuaded they would be discovered and overpowered. Captain Rathburn then pointed out the two large ships he had captured, and requested permission to remain. The Commodore at first disapproved of this project, but was at length prevailed upon by captain Rathburn to stay in the fleet all day, and capture as many vessels as they could in the same cautious manner. As soon as it was dark they left the fleet, after

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