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 SEA VOYAGE.

BY RICHARD PENN SMITH,
Assistant Editor of the Aurora & Franklin Gazette, Philadelphia.

"Mess mates, hear a brother sailor,
Sing the dangers of the sea."

[*Concluded.*]

Lights were speedily brought, & lying on the deck we beheld Campbell weltering in his blood. I raised him—the wound was in his bosom, and bleeding profusely.—"Good God!" I exclaimed, "who has done this?"

'The Tempest Fiend,' he answered.—"We had a long and fearful struggle; but thank God, it is over. I proved unequal to the combat, and he has marked me for the caverns of the deep.' He laughed hysterically, and big drops of perspiration burst from his pale forehead. I called for assistance to carry him below.

'No, no,' he cried, 'let me die here. I shall be called for before the morrow's sun rises for the spirits of the waters are preparing my abode in their coral caves.—Let me rest here until they come for me.'

The captain demanded of the sailors who were on watch, an explanation of this mysterious and melancholy occurrence.—They stated, that during the intervals of the storm they had heard voices, but conceived them to be nothing more than the ravings of Campbell. One man, however protested that immediately after the shriek; a vivid flash of lightning afforded him a momentary & indistinct view of a figure gliding down the gangway of the forecastle. Suspicion immediately fell upon the shipwrecked stranger, for adversity is too frequently considered by the prosperous superior to no action, however attrocious. The physician vouched for the innocence of his patient, declaring it physically impossible that he could stir from his hammock. He pronounced him in a fair way to recover, but as yet incapable of moving. 'And then what motive,' said he "could possibly exist in the bosom of a man, himself apparently on the verge of eternity, sufficient to excite exhausted nature, to the performance of the act of a fiend?"

Campbell was carried below, and after his wound was staunched, was left alone with his wife, the presence of any other person being painful to him. We then entered the place where the sick sailor lay, and on beholding his enfeebled condition, readily admitted that we did him injustice by the suspicion we had entertained. But as we were about to leave him, I imagined I espied a speck of blood on the covering of the bed. One of his hands hung over the side of the hammock; the light fell upon it, and betrayed that it also was stained with blood. Conviction flashed on the minds of all present, and I hastily exclaimed, "behold the murderer!"—He shrunk not at the charge, but a smile of derision illumined his ghastly countenance. He kept his eye keen fixed upon us; it was lighted up with a fiendish glare, and added an expression to his lengthened and emaciated visage, which was painful to behold, and yet the spectator had scarcely power to turn from it. He faintly said with a scornful laugh, "I a murderer!"

'Impossible!' exclaimed the physician; 'the poor wretch is incapable of leaving his hammock, much less to contend with a man in the vigor of life.' I drew the cover from his bed; it was stained in many places. Our suspicions were strengthened, and yet the sick man betrayed no signs of guilt or fear, but silently pointing to his left arm, explained the mystery. His physician had bled him the day preceding, to allay a raging fever: the bandage had been removed, and the orifice was bleeding afresh. I shrunk abashed at the preposterous charge I had made, & after endeavouring to appease his injured feelings withdrew and left him to the care of the physician. His eyes followed me, and I felt relieved when I had escaped from their glare.

I retired to my birth, and endeavoured to sleep, but my mind had become so feverish by the dreadful occurrences of the night that I tossed about for several hours in a painful state of restlessness. At length I fell into a slumber, but it was a slumber more dreadful than my waking contemplations; for the ghastly face of the seaman was seen wherever I turned my eyes. It assumed various expressions, and was blended in my imagination with the figure of the murdered Campbell, producing a succession of scenes and shapes that would have driven the waking imagination to frenzy. I arose early and hastened on deck, happy to escape to a scene of life & bustle, from the solitary horrors of the night. The storm still continued, and appearances indicated that it would do so for some days.

Mrs. Campbell watched by the bedside of her husband during the night, in a state of agony that can be more readily conceived than described; for the surgeon on examining the wound, had pronounced a speedy death inevitable. When the earthly ties which bind the pure to the innocent are violently severed, the pang sustained by the survivor is too frequently almost insupportable, although the bright promise of meeting hereafter may cast a ray of comfort around the heart of the mourner; what then must the guilty feel, who are bound by ties that cannot exist in heaven, and which when broken here, leave the torn heart without a hope remaining! The mournful visage of Mrs. Campbell, as she clapsed the hand of the dying man, was painful to behold, for even the most careless observer could discover utter hopelessness written there.

The surgeon on interrogating Campbell respecting the manner in which the wound was inflicted, was led to believe that the unhappy and mysterious man had fallen the victim of his own hand, and the deep rooted melancholy that had obtained possession of his mind and actions, rendered it highly probable that this supposition was correct. When first carried below, after his wound had been staunched, he turned to his wife and said in a tone scarcely audible, "behold my prediction verified; you treated lightly my superstitious feelings; but I had a prescience that I should never tread on earth again."

The violence of the storm every hour increased, & towards noon all hands were aloft, busily engaged among the rigging, preparing to encounter a tempest that threatened our destruction In the midst of the bustle the captain was summoned below, as it was said Campbell was dead, and his wife was dying. On entering the cabin, Mrs. Campbell was discovered lying on the bed in a swoon beside the lifeless body of her husband. The melancholy expression of Campbell's countenance still remained fixed in death; but there was a serenity about it which spoke more of hope than despair, though every line plainly indicated deep rooted wretchedness. Mrs. Campbell was gently removed from the body around which she clung in the agony of grief.

It was a scene calculated to awaken the sympathies of all present, and even the philosophical Frenchman, "though all unused to the melting mood," opened the sluices of his heart, and his time-beaten cheek was bedewed with a tear, though for years it had been moistened alone by the sea or the tempest. He caught my eye, and understood what was passing in my mind; he wiped his tears away, and in vain endeavoured to assume the philosopher again. As we turned from the disconsolate woman, the captain muttered to himself, "oui, oui, je suis philosophe, mais, je suis homme" I replied, 'that being a man, it was impossible that philosophy should deaden the feelings to a scene of that description.' 'I can bear,' said he, 'like Seneca or Diogenes, whatever, burthen may be cast on my own shoulders, but not the afflictions that are visited on the heads of others.' I grasped his hand; he understood the pressure, and returned it.

The storm continued with unabated fury, and as night approached, it was deemed expedient to consign the remains of Campbell to a watery grave. Preparations were accordingly made, and the body was literally torn from the agonizing embrace of the disconsolate wife, and wrapped in sailcloth to receive the last human rites. It was now night when the corpse was placed upon deck The captain, the passengers and such of the crew as were not engaged, stood around it. Becoming sorrow was depicted in every countenance. Torches were brought and I read a brief service before consigning the body to the waves. Having performed this duty, Mrs. Campbell was gently raised from the corpse, over which she had knelt during the service, and two sailors taking hold of it by the head and feet, committed it to the sea. The heart broken widow swooned. The solemn plunge was distinctly heard and immediately followed by a fiend like laugh. I turned to discover whence this ill-timed merriment proceeded, and beheld among the crowd, the ghastly visage of the shipwrecked man. The clothing from his bed was wrapped around him, and his features were horribly distorted. He still laughed hysterically, and as the light of the torches rested on the dark surface of an ascending billow, and disclosed where the unhappy Campbell floated in his winding sheet, the sailor pointed at it and shouted with laughter. We were all struck with amazement; but on securing him we discovered that he had become a maniac. The cause remained a mystery, but the physician ascribed it to the agitation his mind must have undergone at being innocently charged with murder, and to having exposed himself to the night breeze, whilst under the influence of a burning fever. He considered the explanation both learned and natural, and as no one on board was profound or bold enough to contradict a man whose business it was to deal out life and death at pleasure, his opinion was taken, as we usually take physic, without examination, and consequently received full as much credit as it deserved.

Day after day passed on, and still the contending elements threatened us with destruction—Our ship had become materially crippled by the violence and obstinacy of the storm; alarm began to be felt by all on board, and even the philosophical captain at length betrayed some apprehensions for our safety. The sails and rigging were torn away piece by piece, the masts were splintered, and finally there was little left but the hulk of the beautiful ship which had a few days before sailed so proudly over the waves. To add to our distress, on trying the pumps we found that there were four feet water in the hold. The alarm of all on board increased, and I could perceive by the lengthened physiognomy of the captain, that he had never stood more in need of his philosophy than at that moment. He however still stormed at the sailors to urge them to exertion, and calmly quoted Seneca to satisfy himself of the vanity of life.

The sailors laboured night and day at the pumps to keep us afloat. We had been driven in this manner at the mercy of the waves for about a week, every day the leak increasing, but as the wind was favourable, and we constantly sailed in nearly the same direction, we still hoped to reach some haven in safety. On the tenth day when even the most sanguine began to despair, our drooping spirits were revived by the sight of land. The sea was running high, and we rapidly approached the coast, but our feelings of joy at the prospect of being rescued from the watery grave, were now changed to those of terror, for the helmsman had lost all control over the ship, and there were breakers ahead, upon which she must inevitably strike and go to pieces. The captain foresaw the danger, and ordered the long boat to be got in readiness. He then awaited patiently the moment that should decide our fate. The interval was truly awful, and as I stood gazing on the coast now so near us, I felt that death in the midst of the dreary waste of waters would not have been so terrible as in the sight of the haunts of men and a place of safety. All were assembled on deck; we drew near to the spot where the furious waves were lashed into foam; every eye was fixed upon it, and each held his breath in dreadful suspense, as the wreck was borne aloft by the irresistable surf that was to dash it upon the pointed rocks indistinctly seen in the chasm beneath. The vessel struck, which was denoted by a shriek of terror. The long boat was hastily lowered and we got on board as speedily as practicable. The little captain even in this extremity displayed the influence of the precepts of Seneca & Boetheus on his mind; he was the last to leave the ship, though the fury of the waves threatened every moment to dash her to pieces. The boat pushed off from the wreck. it was well manned, and in a few minutes we were beyond the dange of the breakers. Our eyes were still turned towards the ship which was labouring to pass the shelving rock, when suddenly two figures appeared on board. Our hearts sunk within us, and each anxiously looked around to see if his friend were with us. A voice near me, scarcely articulate with grief, sobbed "O! my mother, my dear mother!" I turned and beheld Mrs Campbell's child in the arms of the boatswain. Those left behind proved to be the maniac and unhappy female, Mrs. Campbell. The captain ordered the boat to put back, and we endeavoured to approach the wreck, but in vain. The safety of those in the boat obliged us to desist, and with heavy hearts we turned round the prow towards the shore The child continued to cry, 'my mother, my dear mother, Oh! take me back to my mother," while the rough boatswain as he endeavoured to sooth her, mingled his tears with hers.

The figures on the wreck appeared unconcerned at their approaching fate. Mrs. Campbell was seen kneeling at the feet of the maniac, who stood in the attitude of devotion. He placed his hand on her head, and raised his eyes. as if asking forgiveness for her sins. He bent forward, and touched her forehead with his lips. She arose and fell upon his bosom. He gave her one agonized embrace; her slender form lay upon his left arm, and his right was raised towards heaven. The ship was thrown violently on the breakers, went to pieces, and the objects of our solicitude disappeared amid the waves.

We reached the shore in safety, and soon learnt that we were on the coast of Spain. We found shelter in the cottages of the peasants, and the succeeding day, as the sailors were searching the strand for whatever might be washed ashore from the wreck, they found the bodies of Mrs. Campbell and the maniac, locked in each others embrace; and as death had united those who in life had been parted, we did not break the mortal bond, but consigned them to the same grave. The sorrow of the destitute orphan child touched the best feelings of the roughest seaman's heart, and the little Gascon lifted the mourner in his arms, as the earth was heaped on the mortal remains of her parents, and soothingly said, "Poor unfortunate, you shall never want while I have aught to give." He had a widowed sister in Havre, under whose protection he designed to place her. On inquiring how she had escaped from the wreck, the boatswain stated, that a few moments before the vessel struck, the maniac had rushed upon deck, placed her in his arms, and conjured him to save her life—He immediately disappeared in the bustle and confusion that prevailed. He had doubtless gone below, resolved to remain there and sink with the ship, as the actual ills of this life were to him more appalling than the untried suffering of the life to come.

The Spanish peasants planted a rude cross over their grave to denote the spot where the shipwrecked strangers lie, and a wandering monk sanctified it and offered up an orison that their sleep might not be disturbed.

After their interment the physician informed us that he had some matters of interest to communicate, which had been related to him in confidence by the shipwrecked sailor, at a time when, as he said, he had abandoned all hopes of safety, and he wished to relieve his mind from the weight of secret guilt.

"I committed his relation to paper," said the physician "as it fell from his lips, but can convey no idea of the impassioned strain in which it was delivered. His death exonerates me from secrecy, for neither the dead nor the living will be wronged by what is contained in this paper." Saying which he handed me a scroll containing the following:—

"Campbell was long my friend; my earliest and dearest friend; but for several years past we have been as bitter foes as ever walked the earth for each others's torment. His vengeful and hated image even now is before me; his dying groan rings through my brain, and his bloody corpse presents itself whichever way I turn as it appeared on that dreadful night when it was consigned to the waters. I see it now as when it rose upon the dark billow that bore it forever from the sight of all mankind—all but me? I loved him as a brother, but like a villain I wronged him. Ye, mine was the first breach of confidence: I inflicted the first injury; and now the accumulation of guilt and suffering rest on my devoted head. He loved the poor, guilty and broken hearted female who now survives him. She then was innocent, and I thought her rather a being of Heaven than of earth. He made his love known to me, but regardless of the voice of friendship and of honor, by the basest insinuation, I supplanted him in her affections It matters not what arts I used; they were those of a demon, and proved but too successful. The unsuspecting innocent maid discarded him who deserved her, and placed her hopes on a wretch defiled with duplicity and baseness. We were married. Campbell disappeared and from that moment until we met on board this ship, I neither saw nor heard of him. I knew he was an enthusiast, but ill calculated to encounter the disappointments of this world, and I supposed that an early grave had closed over his sorrows. The thought, horrible as it was, allayed the poignancy of my feelings. My business necessarily drew me from home for months together. Campbell and my Louisa must have met during my absence, when my villainy became divulged, and was seen by them, no doubt, in its blackest colours. If so, who can blame them if in a moment of frenzy they spurned aside the miscreant who stood between them and happiness. The immaculate and unspotted may condemn without a tear, but even I, though they have sunk me to the lowest depth of human wretchedness, cannot curse them.

"I pass over my life until the fatal time when I was brought on board of the ship. Oh! that I had undergone the most poignant sufferings that death can inflict before I had been rescued to perform the terrible deed I have done, and live in this agony! The spark of life was nearly extinct; I was insensible to what was passing around me, and when the ray of intellect broke on my darkened imagination, the first objects that presented themselves to my view, were Campbell and my wife! The shock had nearly accomplished the work that privation and the waves had left unfinished The fatal truth rushed like a torrent on my mind; my bosom was rent with contending passions; my brain ached, and a veil of obscurity overclouded my reason. While lying in my hammock, I occasionally caught a glimpse of my innocent child whilst at play, my heart revolted from it, and I viewed it with the same abhorrence that I should a young viper. Once the feelings of a father came over me; the mother's guilt was forgotten; and I called the little innocent to me to receive her father's dying blessing. I called her by name; she raised her lovely face to ascertain from whence the sound proceeded —her mother's smile was on her lips, and that changed my blessing to a curse. I would at that moment have given the universe had she not resembled her guilty mother.

My shame and wreck of happiness now engrossed all my thoughts. Sleeping and waking, Campbell and my wife stood before me—In vain I sought for rest; they still pursued me, and there was no fleeing from them. My mind enfeebled by sickness and anxiety, sunk beneath the conflict. I became deranged.—The night that Campbell received his death wound you may remember I was seized with a raging fever. It imparted a preternatural strength to my exhausted frame: my mind was burning with revenge;—images the most horrible presented themselves & goaded me to madness. I had a sailor's knife in my hammock, I seized it and arose. My tread was firm. I stifled a convulsive laugh, as my bloody intent came across my imagination. I stole softly to the gangway, and my heart throbbed audibly with a fiendish joy as I hurried upon deck. I paused for a moment; the raging of the storm was in unison with my feelings, and its coolness gave my frame new vigor. A flash of lightning showed me where my victim sat. I rushed upon him and uttered my name; he sank upon the deck beneath me, but soon regained his self possession. The struggle was in silence; we both felt that it was for life and vengeance, and I strained every nerve to hurl him into the sea; my strength was unequal to the task. The conflict now became desperate, and I was near being vanquished, when I drew the knife & buried it in his bosom. He sunk at my feet I see him now; I still hear the sound of his body as it fell upon the deck, and the shriek he gave as I stabbed him. Every sense and feeling is engrossed in these; I hear nought beside; see nothing but his bleeding form; it has pursued me until reason abandoned her station. I became a maniac, and the image was more distinct & terrible. I cannot fly from it; I feel it will pursue me until the shadows of death shut out the scenes of this life forever; and then, Oh God! I fear that the impression is so indelibly fixed in my soul, that in the life to come I shall seek for rest in vain!"

Here ended the physician's manuscript.

Having read it to the captain, he observed, that philosophy is a cure for most evils which Providence inflicts upon man, but it is of no avail in cases like the present, where the sufferer himself is the sole cause of the evil he endures.

After having saved as much from the wreck as practicable, we proceeded to Cadiz, and thence took shipping to Havre The little philosopher, as he took a last view of the wreck of his favourite vessel, said with a sigh, "behold all that is left to me after forty years toil and danger! I am now old and pennyless; but he whose mind is not to be shaken by the vicissitudes of fortune needs not her golden smiles to make him happy." He kissed the child, leisurely wiped his spectacles, took his Seneca from his pocket, and in a few moments his irreparable loss and the dangers he had just escaped, were alike forgotten.—*Album.*

TITLES OF LAWS

Passed at the present session of our Legislature.

No. 1. An act to alter and change the name of James Tolly Howard, of Harford county to that of James Walter Tolly.

2. An act to alter the time for the transaction of equity business in the county courts of the first judicial district.

3. An act to change the name of John Cullember, and Ann his wife, and Mary Ann his daughter, of Calvert county, to the name of John Williams, Ann Williams and Mary Ann Williams.

4. An act to alter and change the name of James Mills, a minor of Dorchester county, to that of James Applegarth.

5. An act to extend to Thomas St. Clair of Harford county, the benefit of an act passed February the eleventh, eighteen hundred and twenty-two, chapter one hundred and fifty-two, relating to public roads in the several counties therein mentioned.

6. An act for the relief of Mary Hall, of Worcester county.

7. An act for the relief of certain minors therein mentioned.

8. An act to close up part of an old road and make public, in lieu thereof, the new road therein mentioned.

9. An act relative to public roads in Prince Georges county.

10. An act to repeal an act, entitled, an act to exempt the servants of overseers of the county roads in Dorchester county from doing duty on said roads, passed at December session one thousand eight hundred and twenty three, and for other purposes.

11. An act for the relief Wilson Carey Seldon, senior, and Wilson Cary Seldon, junior, citizens of Virginia.

12. An act to repeal an act of assembly, entitled an act requiring the judges of the fourth judicial district of this state to set apart certain days for the transaction of chancery business in said courts.

13 An act to divorce Catharine Will and her husband George Will, of Frederick county.

14. A supplement to an act, entitled an act for the re-valuation of the real and personal property in Allegany county, passed at December session, 1824.

15 An act to repeal an act relating to the public roads in Talbot county, passed at December session, 1825.

16 An act to confirm the proceedings of the orphans court of Somerset county.

17 A supplement to the act, entitled an act to authorise the governor and council of Maryland to appoint the inspectors of flour for this state.

18. A supplement to an act, entitled, an act authorising the commissioners to lay

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