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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From the Virginia Free Press.

IRVING'S LIFE OF COLUMBUS.

From this interesting work, we extract an account of one of the most perilous adventures recorded in the annals of navigation. In the fourth and last voyage of Columbus to the new World, his ships, perforated with worms, and reduced to mere wrecks by storms and tempests, were at length stranded on the coast of Jamaica. He ordered them to be run aground near the shore, where they soon filled with water to the decks. In this situation under thatched covering erected on the deck Columbus and his crew spent twelve tedious months before they were relieved, sometimes suffering for want of provisions, and the Admiral himself during almost the whole of that time, confined to bed with severe illness. No hope of relief presented itself to those adventurous mariners, but to send notice of their situation to Ovaudo, the governor of San Domingo, entreating him to despatch a vessel to their relief. But how was this message to be conveyed?—The distance between Jamaica and Hispaniola was forty leagues, across a gulph, swept by contrary currents, and no means of transporting a messenger except in the light canoes of the savages. The voyage was undertaken by one Diego Mendez, a man of daring courage, and one who gloried in dangerous enterprise. He was accompanied by one Spaniard and several Indians.

"When they had taken leave of the adelantado, at the east end of the island, they continued all day in a direct course animating the Indians, who navigated their canoes, and who frequently paused at their labour. There was no wind, the sky was without a cloud and the sea was perfectly calm, the heat, therefore, became intolerable.—They had no shelter from the sun, whose burning rays were reflected from the surface of the ocean, and seemed to scorch their very eyes. The Indians, exhausted by heat and toil, would often leap into the water to cool their glowing bodies, and refresh themselves, and after remaining there a short time would return with new vigour to their labors. At the going down of the sun, they lost sight of land. During the night the Indians took turns, one half to row, while the others slept; the Spaniards in like manner divided their forces.—While one half of them took their repose the other half kept guard with their weapons in hand, ready to defend themselves in case of any perfidy on the part of their savage companions.

Watching and toiling in this way through the night, they were exceedingly weary at the return of day. They beheld nothing around them but sea and sky. Their frail canoes heaving up and down with the swelling and sinking of the ocean seemed scarcely capable of sustaining the broad undulations of a calm, how would they be able to live amidst the waves and surges, should the wind arise? The commanders did all they could to keep up the flagging spirits of their men. Sometimes they permitted them a respite; at other times they took the paddles and shared their toils. But labour and fatigue were soon forgotten in a new source of suffering. During the preceding sultry day and night, the Indians, parched and fatigued, had drank up all the water. They now began to experience the torments of thirst. In proportion as the sun rose, their thirst increased; the calm, which favored the navigation of the canoes, rendered this misery the more intense. There was not a breeze to fan the air nor counteract the rays of a tropical sun. Their sufferings were irritated by the prospect around them; nothing but water, while they were perishing with thirst. At mid-day their forces failed them, and they could work no longer. Fortunately, at this time, the commanders of the canoes found, or pretended to find, two small kegs of water which they had no doubt secretly reserved for such an extremity. Administering the precious contents, from time to time, in sparing mouthfuls to their companions, and particularly to the labouring Indians, they enabled them to resume their toils. They cheered them with the hopes of soon arriving at a small island, called Navasa, which lay directly in their way, and was only eight leagues from Hispaniola. Here they would be able to procure water to allay their thirst and might take repose.

For the rest of the day, they continued faintly and wearily labouring forward; and keeping an anxious look out for the island. The day passed away, the sun went down, yet there was no sign of land nor even a cloud on the horizon that might deceive them into a hope. According to their calculations, they had certainly come the distance from Jamaica at which Navasa lay.—They began to fear that they had deviated from their course: if so, they should miss the island entirely, and perish with thirst before they could reach Hispaniola.

The night closed upon them without any sight of the island; they now despaired of touching at it; for it was so small and low that even if they were to pass near, they would scarcely be able to perceive it in the dark. One of the Indians sank and died, under the accumulated sufferings of labour, heat, and raging thirst. His body was thrown into the sea. Others lay panting and gasping in the bottom of the canoes.—Their companions, troubled in spirit, and exhausted in strength, feebly continued their toils. Sometimes they endeavored to cool their parched palates by taking sea water in their mouths, but its briny acrimony rather increased their thirst. Now and then but very sparingly, they were allowed a drop of water from the kegs; but this only in cases of the utmost extremity and principally to those who were employed in rowing.

The night had far advanced, but those whose turn it was to take repose were unable to sleep from the intensity of their thirst; or if they slept, it was but to be tantalized with dreams of cool fountains and running brooks and to awaken to redoubled torment. The last drop of water had been dealt out to the Indian rowers, but it had only served to irritate their suffering. They scarce could move their paddles one after another gave out, and it seemed impossible that they should live to reach Hispaniola.

The commanders by admirable management, had hitherto kept up this weary struggle with suffering and despair.—They now too began to despond. Diego Mendez sat watching the horizon, which was gradually lighting up with those faint rays which precede the rising of the moon. As that planet arose he perceived it to emerge from behind some dark mass elevated above the level of the ocean. He immediately gave the animating cry of land. His almost expiring companions were aroused by it to new life. It proved to be the island of Navasa; but so small and low, and distant, that, had it not been thus revealed by the rising of the moon, they would never have discovered it.—The error in their reckoning with respect to the island, had arisen from miscalculating the rate of sailing of the canoes; from not making sufficient allowance for the fatigue of the rowers, and for the opposition of the current.

New vigour was diffused throughout the crews. They exerted themselves with feverish impatience; by the dawn of day they reached the land, and springing on shore, returned thanks to God for such a signal deliverance. The island was a mere mass of rocks, half a league in circuit. There was neither tree nor shrub, nor herbage, nor stream nor fountain.—Hurrying about, however, with anxious search, they found, to their joy, abundance of rain water in the hollows of the rocks. Eagerly scooping it up with their calabashes, they quenched their burning thirst by immoderate draughts. It was in vain that the more prudent warned them of their danger. The Spaniards were in some degree restrained; but the poor Indians, whose toils had increased the fever of their thirst, gave way to a kind of frantic indulgence. Several died upon the spot, and others fell dangerously ill.*

Having allayed their thirst, they now looked about in search of food. A few shell fish were found along the shore, and Diego Mendez striking a light, and gathering drift wood they were enabled to broil them, and to make a delicious banquet. All day they remained reposing in the shade of the rocks; refreshing themselves after their intolerable sufferings, and gazing upon Hispaniola, whose mountains were seen rising above the serene horizon, at eight leagues distance.

In the cool of the evening they once more embarked, invigorated by repose, and arrived safely at Cape Tiburon the following day, the fourth since their departure from Jamaica. Here they landed on the banks of a beautiful river where they were kindly received and treated by the natives. Such are the particulars, collected from different sources, of this adventurous and interesting voyage, on the precarious success of which depended the deliverance of Columbus and his crews."

*Near the Island of Navasa, there gushes up in the sea a pure fountain of fresh water, that sweetens the surface for some distance; this circumstance was of course unknown to the Spaniards at the time.

Magistrate's Blanks
FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

PRISON-SHIPS.

Extract from "Recollections of the Jersey Prison Ship," just issued from the Press of Mr. Hugh H. Brown.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

'Black as the clouds that shade St. Kilda's shore,
Wild as the winds that round her mountains roar,
At every post, some surly vagrant stands
Gull'd from the English or the Scottish bands.
O'ersp'ring death, triumphantly they stand;
Their muskets ready to obey command.
Wounds are their sport, as ruin is their aim;
On their dark souls, compassion has no claim;
And discord only can their spirits please;
Such were our tyrants—only, such as these."
FREANEAU.

A few days before the fourth of July we had made such preparations as our circumstances would admit for an observance of the anniversary of American Independence. We had procured some supplies wherewith to make ourselves merry on the occasion; and intended to spend the day in such innocent pastime and amusement as our situation would afford; not dreaming that our proceedings would umbrage our keepers, as it was far from our intention to trouble or insult them. We thought, that although prisoners, we had a right, on that day at least to sing and be merry. As soon as we were permitted to go on deck in the morning, thirteen little national flags were displayed in a row upon the booms. We were soon ordered by the guard to take them away; and as we neglected to obey the command, they triumphantly demolished and trampled them under foot.

Unfortunately for us our guards at that time were Scotchmen, who next to the Refugees, were the objects of our greatest hatred; but their destruction of our flags was merely viewed in silence, with the contempt which it merited.

During the time we remained on deck several patriotic songs were sung, and choruses were repeated; but not a word was intentionally spoken to give offence to our guards. They were, nevertheless evidently dissatisfied with our proceedings as will soon appear. Their moroseness was a prelude of what was to follow. We were in a short time, forbidden to pass along the gangway; and every attempt to do so was repelled by the bayonet.—Although thus incommoded, our mirth still continued. Songs were still sung accompanied with occasional cheers. Things thus proceeded until about four o'clock; when the guards were turned out, and we received orders to descend between decks where we were immediately driven at the point of the bayonet.

After being thus sent below in the greatest confusion, at that early and unusual hour, and having heard the gratings closed and fastened above us, we supposed that the barbarous resentment of our guards was fully satisfied; but we were mistaken, for they had further vengeance in store, and merely waited an opportunity to make us feel its weight.

The prisoners continued their singing between decks, and were of course, more noisy than usual but forebore even under their existing temptations, to utter any insulting or aggravating expressions. At least I heard nothing of the kind, unless our patriotic songs could be so construed.

In the course of the evening, we were ordered to desist from making any further noise. This order not being fully complied with, at about nine o'clock the gratings were removed, and the guards descended among us, with lanterns and drawn cutlasses in their hands. The poor helpless prisoners retreated from the hatchways, as far as their crowded situation would permit: while their cowardly assailants followed as far as they dared cutting and wounding every one within their reach; and then ascended to the upper deck, exulting in the gratification of their revenge.

Many of the prisoners were wounded: but from the total darkness, neither their number nor their situation could be ascertained; and if this had been possible, it was not in the power of their companions to afford them the least relief. During the whole of that tragical night, their groans and lamentations were dreadful in the extreme. Being in the gun room I was at some distance from the immediate scene of this bloody outrage; but the distance was by no means far enough to prevent my hearing their continual cries, from the extremity of pain, their supplications for assistance, and their curses upon the heads of their brutal assailants.

It had been the usual custom for each prisoner to carry below, when he descended at sunset, a pint of water to quench his thirst during the night. But on this occasion, we had thus been driven to our dungeons, three hours before the setting of the sun, and without our usual supply of water.

Of this night I cannot describe the horrors. The day had been very sultry, and the heat was extreme throughout the ship. The usual number of hours during which we had been crowded together between decks, the foul atmosphere and sickening heat, the additional excitement and restlessness caused by the wanton attack which had been made—above all, the want of water, not a drop of which could we obtain during the whole night to cool our parched tongues, the imprecations of those who were half distracted with their burning thirst, the shrieks & wailing of the wounded, the struggles and groans of the dying together formed a combination of horrors which no pen can describe.

In the agonies of their suffering, the prisoners invited, and even challenged their inhuman guards to descend once more among them; but they were prudent enough not to attempt.

The cries and supplications for water were terrible and were, of themselves, sufficient to render sleep impossible.—Oppressed with the heat, I found my way to the grating of the main hatchway where on former nights I had frequently passed some time, for the benefit of the little current of air which circulated through the bars. I obtained a place on the larboard side of the hatchway, where I stood facing the East, and endeavoured as much as possible to draw my attention from the terrific sounds below me, by watching through the grating the progress of the stars. I there spent hour after hour in following with my eye the motion of a particular star, as it rose and ascended, until it passed over beyond my sight.

How I longed for the day to dawn! At length the morning light began to appear—but still our torments were increasing every moment. As the usual hour for us to ascend to the upper deck approached the working party were mustered near the hatchway, and we were all anxiously waiting for the opportunity to cool our weary frames, to breathe for a while the pure air, and above all to procure water to quench our intolerable thirst. The time arrived; but still the gratings were not removed. Hour after hour passed on, and still we were not released.—Our minds were at length seized with the horrible suspicion that our tyrants had determined to make a finishing stroke of their cruelty, and rid themselves of us altogether.

It was not until ten o'clock in the forenoon that the gratings were at length removed. We hurried on deck, and thronged to the water cask, which was completely exhausted before our thirst was allayed. So great was the struggle around the cask, that the guards were again turned out to disperse the crowd.

In a few hours, however, we received a new supply of water; but it seemed impossible to allay our thirst; and the applications at the cask were incessant until sun-set.

Our rations were delivered to us, but of course not until long after the usual hour. During the whole day, however no fire was kindled for cooking in the Galley.—All the food which we consumed that day we were obliged to swallow raw. Every thing indeed had been entirely deranged by the events of the past night, and several days elapsed before order was restored. This was at length obtained by a change of the guard, who, to our great joy, were relieved by a party of Hessians.

The average number who died on board during the period of 24 hours, was about 5; but on the morning of the 5th of July, eight or ten corpses were found below.—Many had been badly wounded, to whom in the total darkness of the night, it was impossible for their companions to render any assistance; and even during the next day they received no attention, except that which was afforded by their fellow prisoners, who had nothing to administer to their comfort—not even bandages for their wounds.

I was not personally acquainted with any of those who died or were wounded on that night. No equal number had ever died in the same period of time, during my confinement. This unusual mortality was of course caused by the increased sufferings of the night.

Since that time I have often, while standing on the deck of a good ship under my command, and viewing the rising stars, thought upon the terrors of that night, when I stood watching their progress thro' the gratings of the old Jersey. And when I now contrast my former wretchedness with my present situation, in the full enjoyment of liberty, health, and every earthly comfort, I cannot but muse upon this contrast, and bless the great and good Being from whom my comforts have been derived. I do not now regret my captivity or my sufferings, for the recollection of them has ever taught me how to enjoy my after life with a greater degree of contentment than I should perhaps have otherwise experienced.

Blushing.—A certain fashionable youth more famed for his red nose than his wit, on approaching a lady who was highly *rouged*, said, "Madam, you blush from *modesty*." "Pardon me, Sir, replied the lady, "I blush from *reflection*."

From the Boston Bulletin.

Since the departure of Mr. Surveyor Noah from the pains and perplexities of editorship, the merriest wight remaining among the scribbling fraternity, is Daniels, of the Camden (S. Carolina) Journal—"This man is full of righte witte conceits & oddities." To judge of him by his paper, one would imagine that, in physical appearance, he might be a complete personification of fun and fatness—a very Momus, with a mouth perpetually stretched, and a stomach eternally quaking with laughter. Yet, on the contrary, he is one of the most sedate looking little bipeds that ever figured in a court of mirth—his phiz, when we saw it, was a perfect epitome of seriousness—gravity, of the most ponderous sort, hung upon his aspect; but this heavy and somnolent property does by no means reach his quill. The last number of his paper is filled with *facetiæ* of which the following are specimens:—

A warm subject.—We are having about these days genuine Anti-Tariff weather, for none of this *fabric* was ever manufactured north of the Potomac. "Tis very true that the mercury sometimes indicates a higher temperature, for we have seen it up to 102 in old New England—but the mercury in Farenheit's Thermometer fibs abominably sometimes. This blessed Thursday of ours would prove it in any unprejudiced court of competent jurisdiction; for it refuses to rise to any thing like the altitude to which we have frequently seen it mount in New York and still it is a very different kind of weather. Let these Yankees experience two or three weeks of continuous hot weather, night and day, until the bedstead posts to which they sometimes put out their hand to feel something cool, makes them start like a taylor's apprentice the first time he touches a hot goose, and they will have some knowledge of heat. Oh! we would ourselves give any price short of a pound of ice, for a few minutes recreation at the furnace of a New York steamboat; there would be something so *refrigerating* about it.—What ill natured mastiff was it that first bestowed on us S. Carolinians the epithet "hot-headed?" He ought to be baked in Monsieur Chaubert's oven till that eminent fire eater come out blowing his fingers. There is most cruel impiety in talking about our hot-headedness. We are the coolest headed people under heaven, considering the Caloric we live in—Talk about people's "keeping their temper!"—A walk through Broad street would take the *temper* out of Rogers' best "cast steel," and there is no way to put it back again but by a jump into Captain Carter's mill pond—a remedy we have tried so often lately, that we have become *case hardened* ourselves—by the way this latter circumstance is lucky, for the water there is getting so hot that a man would otherwise *cook* in it, in less time than it would take to boil a corn dumpling. Let us hear no more about hot weather in New York.

Hydrophobia.—This dreadful malady has recently become exceedingly rife all about the country, and should it break out among us, we wash our hands of the blame. We have already denounced the Camden dogs and we hereby once more denounce them as the most numerous, the noisiest, and most blackguardly set of vagabonds, that ever were collected in a town of this size upon the face of the earth. Should this hot weather produce madness among them, as it is as likely to do here as elsewhere, our worthy Town Council will wish they had taken the advice which we intended at this very moment to volunteer. Order every useless rascal who prowls about our streets a nights to be shot forthwith. They don't come near enough to our window since the threat, or we would n't wait for municipal liberty to take "gentlemanly satisfaction" of them. It is too bad to roast under 95 degrees of Farenheit's thermometer through the day, and then be yelped to death at night.

Chanee for the Dentists.—The Macclesfield silk weavers in England have inserted an advertisment in the newspaper, in which they offer their teeth for sale; having, they say in these hard times, no farther use for them. Poor fellows, unless the times grows better, we are afraid they will starve in "spite of their teeth!" Their case is almost as deplorable as that of the London Alderman, who offered £5 for a beggar's appetite, and we wish he and some of these weavers could exchange places a short time.

A PUZZLE.

There is one letter in the marriage ceremony, the substitution of which by another, would induce thousands to marry who are now single, and would give a license for unfaithfulness to thousands who are married. Which is the letter?

Ans. The letter *V*: for which substitute *K*, in the following sentence:—*So long as ye both live;* which will then read:—*So long as ye both like.*

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