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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ADVERTISEMENTS

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ULTRAISM —The "besetting sin" of the present day is the spirit of *ultraism* on every subject and topic, which has apparently taken hold of the people This spirit is pushed to the most ridiculous extremes. A *joke* cannot even be started but it is run to death—and Davy Crockett and Jack Downing were made *bores* before they had time to show off half their humors. In religion, morals, politics, science, every thing, the same disposition for exaggeration an excess seems to prevail The most salutary movements are converted into mad and fanatical schemes, and a really good man is now almost afraid to embark in a benevolent design lest he may find himself in the end leagued with persons engaged in some unprincipled, or, at least, wild and visionary undertaking. No more striking example of this can be given, than the efforts that are now making to carry the cause of Temperance to the extent of forbidding the use of wine at the Communion service in our churches! This, however, is but a solitary instance of the mischievous tendency of the disposition of which we complain, and which has indeed become so general as to call for the notice and disapprobation of all those who are concerned in maintaining a sound and healthy state of public morals, and in upholding the cause of true benevolence as distinguished from false philanthropy.

Alexandria Gazette.

Might not our citizens derive a profitable hint from the example of the people of Salem?

There is a "fire club" in Salem, consisting of 50 or 60 men, who when the house of any member is in danger, remove & guard the property within. During the recent fire there, a house occupied by two of the members was thought to be in danger, the club took possession of it, & removed all the furniture, except [illegible]. Fortunately the house escaped injury, and as soon as the danger was past, the club restored every article of furniture to its appropriate place without a particle of it being destroyed, and with such coolness and precision did they proceed, that even a bowl of milk, with a silver spoon in it, was restored to the shelf from which it was taken, without a drop of milk being spilled.

YET ANOTHER.—The *Lynch*-burg Va. Democrat of September 14, contains the following letter.

"KANAWHA SALINES, Sept. 6. 1835.

"Our village was thrown into a considerable commotion on Friday morning last in consequence of the arrival of Judge Lynch among us. His business was soon ascertained, and by his authority 4 white men from Ohio, bearing the names of Joe Gill, —— Drake, —— Drake, and —— Ross, were soon arrested and tried before 12 intelligent persons of our county, for, endeavouring to persuade several slaves to leave their masters, for some free state, with an assurance on their part that they would render them, all the necessary aid for the accomplishment for such an attempt.—These congenial spirits of Garrison, Tappan & Co were arrested in the neighborhood of our village, tried, condemned, and received the sentence pronounced on them by the jury. That is to say, Joe Gill, and the elder Drake, to receive nine and thirty lashes each, and leave the county in 24 hours; the younger Drake with Ross, to be discarged for want of evidence, but with a promise from them that they would also quit the county in 24 hours The evidence against these men (I heard it) was of such a character as left no doubt of their guilt, which produced an unanimous verdict on the part of the jury, that two should be *Lynched* and the other two excused, provided they would leave this part of the country.

GAMBLING, OR RAIN AND SUNSHINE.

'Why do you keep me for so long a time at the door?' said Edward F. passionately to his wife?. The night had passed, but its cold wind entered the house as Mrs. F., with a sorrowful heart, undid the lock.

'It is late, Edward, and I could not keep from slumbering.'

He said nothing in return to this, but flung himself in a chair, and gazed intently on the fire. His son climbed upon his knee, and putting his arms round the father's neck, whispered, 'Papa, what has mama been crying for?' Mr. F. started, shook off his boy, and said with violence, 'Get to bed, sir: what business has your mother to let you be up at this hour?' The poor child's lower lip pouted, but he was at the time too much frightened to cry. His sister silently took him up, and when he reached his cot, his warm heart discharged itself of its noisy grief. The mother heard his crying, and went to him; but she soon returned to the parlor. She leant upon her husband and thus addressed him:—'Edward, I will not upbraid you on account of your harshness to me, but I implore you not to act in this manner before our children —You are not, Edward, as you used to be! Those heavy eyes tell of wretchedness, as well as of bad hours. You wrong me, you wrong yourself, thus to let my hand show I am your wife, but at the same time let your heart know singleness in matters of moment I am aware of the kind of society in which you have lately indulged. —Tell me, Edward—for heaven's sake tell me! we are poor—we are reduced—we are ruined: is it not so?'

Edward had not a word to say for his wife, but a man's tears are more awful than his words. 'Well, be it so, Edward! Our children may suffer from our fall, but it will redouble my exertion for them. And as for myself, you do not know me if you think that circumstances can lessen my feelings for them. A woman's love is like the plant which shows its strength the more it is trodden on. Arouse yourself my husband it is true your father has cast you off, and you are indebted to him in a serious sum: but he is not all the world—only consider your wife in that light!'

A slight tap was now heard at the door, and Mrs. F. went to ascertain the cause. She returned to her husband—'Mary is at the door; she says you always kissed her before she went to bed'

'My child—my child,' said the father: 'God bless you! I am not well, Mary. Nay, do not speak to me to night. Go to rest now: give me one of your pretty smiles in the morning, and your father will be happy again.'

Mr. F. was persuaded by his affectionate partner to retire: but sleep and rest were not for him—his wife and children had once given him happy dreams; but now, the ruin he had brought upon them was an awakening reality. When the light of the morning faintly appeared above the line of the opposite houses, Mr F. arose

'Where are you going, Edward?' said his watchful wife.

'I have been considering,' he replied calmly; 'and I am determined to try my father. He loved me when I was a boy —was proud of me— It is true I have acted dishonorably by him, and should no doubt, have ruined him. Yesterday I spoke harshly of him, but I did not then know myself. Your deep affection, my wife, has completely altered me. I can never forget my ill temper towards you But I will make up for it—I will—indeed I will Nay—do not, do not grieve in this way —this is worse to me than all. I will be back soon.'

The children appeared in the breakfast room. Mary was ready with her smile, the boy was anxious for the notice of his father. In a short time Mr. F. returned.

'Why so pale, my husband? Will your parent not assist you?'

'We must sink, my love! He will not assist me. He unbraided me —I did not, I could not answer him a word. He spoke kindly of you and our little ones, but he casts us off forever!'

The distressed man had scarcely said this when a person rudely came in. The purport of his visit was soon perceived. In the name of F's father he took possession of the property, and had the power to make F. a prisoner.

'You shall not take papa away,' said the little son, at the same time kicking at the officer.

'Mama,' whispered Mary, 'must my father go to prison? Wont they let us go too?'

'Here comes my authority,' said the deputy-sheriff. The elder Mr. F. doggedly placed himself in a chair.

'You shall not take my papa away,' cried out the boy to his grandfather.

'Whatever may have been my conduct sir," said the miserable Edward, "this is unkind of you. I have not a single feeling for myself: but my wife, my children—you have no right to harass them with your presence.'

'Nay, husband,' responded Mrs. F 'think not of me. Your father cannot distress me. I have not known you from your childhood as he has done; but he shall see how I can cling to you—can be proud of you in poverty. He has forgotten your youthful days—he has lost sight of his own thoughtless years.'

The old gentleman directed the law agent to leave the room. He then slowly yet nervously answered thus:—

'Madam, I have not forgotten my own thoughtless day, I have never forgotten that I once had a wife as amiable and noble minded as yourself, and I have not forgotten that your husband was her favorite child. An old man hides his sorrows: but let not the world, therefore, think him unfeeling, especially as that world taught him to do so. The distress I have this moment caused was premeditated on my part. It has had its full effect. A mortal gets vice by single steps, and may think the victim must return by degrees. I know Edward's disposition, and that with him a single leap is sufficient. That leap he has taken. He is again in my memory as the favorite of his poor mother; the laughing-eyed young pet of a—pshaw!—of a —an old fool!—for why am I crying?'

Little Mary had insensibly drawn herself towards the old philosopher, and, without uttering a word, pressed his hand and put her handkerchief to his eyes. The boy also now left his parent, walked to his grandfather, and leaning his elbow on the old man's, knees, & turning up his round cheek, said, 'Then you won't take papa away?'

'No, you little impudent rascal; but I'll take you away, and when your mother comes for you, I will treat her so well that I'll make your father follow after.'

Thus came happiness at the heel of ruin. If husbands oftener appreciated the exquisite and heaven-like affection of their wives, many happier firesides would be seen. 'One in love and one in mind' ought to be the motto of every married pair. And fathers would many times check improvidence, if they were to make use of reflection and kindness, rather than prejudice and strictness.

THINGS IN ENGLAND.

YORK, June 11, 1835.

I am now in what was once the Northern Metropolis of England,—where the Barbarian and the Roman standard has been planted, and the Roman Emperor has lived, and where the feudal Lord has summoned his vassals and his villains for watchful contest. The dust of many centuries here lie commingled. Britain, Roman, Saxon, Dane, Pict, Scot, and Norman have had here divided sway.—The blood that has been spilt in battle around its walls for their possession would flood this little river Ouse, that now runs through, the city. Who would have thought, that this now at best but an ugly town, with many shabby houses and narrow streets, could ever have been thus erected, thus made a Roman capital, as it was, vieing so much in splendor with 'the lone mother of Empires' on the Tiber, as to be titled *Altera Roma!* A Roman Polatium was here —here yet are Roman tumuli that even time cannot tumble down, and the ruins of Roman Towers and Roman Walls: —and here too, were temples for Roman Idols; and Bellona, and Woden and Thor, were worshipped long before the Christian God was known in the aisles of the towering, and massy Cathedral before [illegible]

I was right glad to be free from the smoke & heat of London, so smoky, that your bed room, in the morning was full of it, and in so heavy an atmosphere, that the soot of the chimnies will blacken your shirt collar as if you had been living in a coal-pen,—so hot too, that New Orleans would almost loose her patent right for hot weather, a very unusual circumstance however, and one which the inhabitants so mourned over as to show they had never felt much of the like.

At last we were off in the German ocean, and incident was over, save that in one of the thick fogs for which the English coast is so remarkable, we passed a large English frigate in tow, of a large Steam ship bound for some southern port. In thirty four hours from London we were in the Humber, passing up a not very interesting shore toward Hull, or King-ston on Hull—uninteresting, save the wind mills, which stretched in lines all along the banks of the rivers, and the steam boats which were numerous even here. But Hull was soon out of our sight, and by dark we were at a place in the river Ouse called Goole which the next morning we left. Soon we came to Selby, whence there is a Rail Road from the Ouse to Leeds, whence there is a canal to Liverpool, thus connecting the North sea with the Irish sea —Hull with Liverpool. By and by a Rail Road will be completed—now under way—to connect New Castle with Carlisle—the Tyne with the Solway Frith. In the way of Rail Roads, the English are 'progressing'—but we probably have ten miles or more to one already made, and fifty miles to their one under way. The scenery all along the banks of this little river is very beautiful. We met parties of pleasure in other Steam boats, with music and flags, —as happy on this little rivulet as if they were on the magnificient Hudson.—Some miles below York, there is a lock on the Ouse to keep the water in, so as to make it navigable for boats and little steamers. Anon the lofty towers of the far-famed York Minster were in view starting, as it were, from the earth to the heavens. Soon we passed the Bishopthorpe palace, which is on the banks on the Ouse, Pan edifice built about the year 1230, now belonging to the see of York, with pleasure grounds, and all the other accompaniments of a palace In a few minutes the beautiful promenade on the banks of the Ouse near the city of York itself, and open to all its citizens, was at the side of our steamer.—What a praise worthy taste this is of the English, this love of trees, and flowers and walks! Here are long rows of lofty elms trained over a walk, and with their luxuriant foliage forming an avenue that much resembles the long vista of a Cathedral, open to all the people planted by their ancestors for them, now century ago. We passed Clifford's tower, the work of William the Conqueror in 1068, standing upon a mound thought to be the artificial work of the Roman. Here is an idea of antiquity for Clifford's Tower is naught but an interesting ruin. Still I could think of, however, was the Cathedral whose colossal towers, had long been in my eye—the far-famed York Minister, as I have called it before the wish to see which was one of the earliest of my youth,—for if any one has a hunger & thirst after such sights, it is an American, who can never appease such a hunger at home. I left the steamer, with my friend, baggage and all, and we rushed toward the Tavern that had so much captivated our eyes far down the Ouse I can describe no such thing as this. I can tell you how long how wide, and how high— but such an overpowering mountain of rock thus regularly hewn out, thus regularly piled up, thus sculptured and carved, the eye must see to, the mind ever to feel the magnitude of the undertaking. The first question in the reveries of the spectator is, who can have put together on this plain such a mountain for a church—it must be the growth of centuries. It must take the wealth of worlds. And then a long train of reflections arises—of the power of the Catholic Priest to extort such labor in the darkest ages from the rude and poverty stricken peasant obedient to his control—or if not from him, from the relentless baron or king who feared a God that he did not know. Such a work now, it is said, could not be erected without a sum nearly as large as the whole annual expenditure of the government of the twenty four United States, nor in less than fifty, or even a hundred years.—The estimated expense of merely repairing, after the lunatic Martin destroyed all the carved oak wood by setting fire to it in 1829, was nearly 825 thousand dollars. We could not tarry long to look at the outside of the majestic pile, for the view is but a narrow one at its base, shedding around as there do, so many miserable buildings in narrow streets;—and our curiosity too was rapidly urging us onward and inward.

The door was open and I pushed by its guardians. By heavens, it seemed as if it was not made—but, as if the very stone had grown up in trees, and trees, with arms inlocked with arches—as if some day or other, upon some rows of mighty oaks then filled with men and [illegible] a sudden petrifaction had come [illegible] these are columns resembling trees, images resembling the men of ancient days & the kings from William the Conqueror to Henry the sixth, all in a stone screen, as large as life, carved not as if it were the work of man, but as if they had stood there when they died with their royal insignia on, and *become* stone! I feel as if I had left the land of the living, and was already in the abyss of the dead Even the echo of my footsteps along the aisle and the vault, disturbs me, for I seem to tread on holy ground. There is a sad solemnity overcoming one; an awe that makes him speak in whispers, and tread the pavement with a fear. I moved cautiously along the nave and transept (the cross aisles of the Cathedral) I went into the choir and gazed at the lofty organ and its immense pipes. I stared with astonishment at the high stretching windows of stained glass representing I know not how many saints of the Calendar; the first I had ever seen. I wandered among the tombs, and the monuments upon them—but this new sensation was soon over; thus do we rapidly change; and a new one came upon me.

The service of the day was about commencing in the Cathedral, and one of the officers delivered us to the care of a guide, who after we had listened a while to the sounds of the organ as they swelled and rolled from aisle to aisle, and from pillar to pillar, renewing yet more warmly all the solemnity such a scene is calculated to inspire,—began his operations of guidance. Our guide, though of the Cathedral, was one of those men who have but a single knowledge; a single idea,—and this so magnified, so ever effervescing, that he bursts whenever he delivers it. 'You must admire gentlemen'; with all the gravity of an owl; while I was oppressed with admiration, which from that moment was turned to ridicule; 'you must admire,' with a yet louder voice, the more he repeated it; 'that incomparable vista of 524 feet in length.' 'You must admire,' he went on, 'that majestic window 75 feet high and 32 broad—the grandest object of admiration in the world!' Whew!—for this was said with a flourish unequalled even by Mr. McDuffee's best; even in his greatest oratorical spasms.

And by this time as my companion was in convulsions of laughter: I can assure you I was in no condition to admire any thing at all. But, he continued aroused by the importance of his office; 'you *must* admire, Gentlemen, the amazing solitary of these clustured piers, and the vastness of the span of the arches, and all this too, with a rotundity of enunciation that made me roar outright with laughter. The honest guide believed that the greater the spasms into which he threw himself, the greater would be ours and so he continued to have these spasmodic oratorical affections till the whole Cathedral was served up in regular order. In the same tone he gave us the measurement of the organ, which it appears, has 4500 pipes. One can judge then what glorious musical festivals there are at times within the walls of the Cathedral, with 600 vocal and instrumental performs, as there have been; all at once; and what a crash of choruses this must make; and what melodious long drawn notes of softness through such a space! Our guide too us into many other parts of the Cathedral among the mountains; into the crypt; and showed us the wonderful reflection of the stained windows over its entrance; but I will not weary you with more particulars after I have spoken of heresity.

There in this antique room, he showed us a silver Crosier that the queen Dowager of Charles II. brought from Portugal —then a large ivory vessel called Ulphus horn, a drinking horn belonging to this prince by drinking wine from which before the altar of God, he enfeoffed this church with all his lands and revenues—by which relic the church holds valuable lands to this day. Then he set forth a wooden head found in the grave of an Archbishop—silver chalices also found in Archbishop's graves—a canopy of state carved over the head of James I when he visited York, but which was the most interesting —an antique chair that used to stand within the rails of the altar, in which several of the Saxony kings were crowned, and which Richard III. and James I were also crowned, —a chair that bears about it all the marks of time for were it not fastened together by bars of iron it would have tumbled to pieces long ago.

After this display of antique relics, we dismissed our grandiloquent guide, and ascending 273 steps, came to the summit of what is called the Lantern Tower, on which in 1666 a turret of wood was erected to serve as a beacon to alarm the country, if the Hollanders or French should attempt a landing The turret is gone now—and hence we had the whole range of the summit—a view of the grand pile under our feet, the red tiles of the dwellings of York—and a prospect as far as the eye could reach over a plain of highly cultivated country with tasteful country seats in the distance on the long stretch of the Ouse and the Fosse. And then what a rush of history in one's mind, for over this now fertile plain Britain, here shed rivers of blood. Upon almost every spot some man has bit the ground in death But now a sweet peace reigns over this former scene of desolation.—All is as a garden No hostile Scot threatens to plunder the crops luxuriantly growing The cattle graze in peace.—Man wanders abroad fearless & unawed, with no war armor on, no spear nor arrow in his hand. Such are the fruits of religious civilization.

I left the Cathedral to look at other things in the city of York,—but all is tame after such a sight. I idled about the ruins of St. Mary's abbey, a fabric founded by William Rufus. I moved along the walls and the walks about it. I peeped into the windows of the old churches of which York is full,—and the old, the narrow, and antique fashioned lanes of the city but as this was the first Cathedral I was ever in, I could think of but little else At eleven o'clock at night, in company with my friends in the then yet luminous twilight (mark what a contrast in time with ours), we took a survey again of its outward proportions, for a misty light looms up the more, even such a prodigious pile. We met the watchman of the Cathedral, with a lantern in his hand, (for a watch has been kept ever since the incendiarism of 1829); just entering the door upon his round. We solicited permission to enter, and he gave it. The dark lantern was kept closed and the least whisper of ours could be heard all along the arches

My softest footsteps seemed like heavy tramplings of some huge beast. I clung to my friend, if not in terror at least in awe. There was a shivering of horror in the whole frame. We went among the tombs and monuments once more. A little misty twilight entered the stained window. My fancy was wrought up I thought I saw the feudal lords spring to life, with all their armor on. The mitred Bishop, with the crosier, seemed to stand before me, as did his statue. The sculptured images were ghosts. The stony angels seemed to stretch their wings and blow their trumpets with a real life. I never before felt such a terrible illusion, such an awful sense of loneliness. I would not take the watchman's office for a Cathedral, and yet I have no fear of grave yards nor of ghosts; but I fear the antiquity there is here; I dread these hideous forms of sculptured stone. I could not forget the thousand superstitions of the days in which they lived, and which I half believe, philosophy in spite. *I* went home to a troubled bed, dreaming all night of Mitred Bishops and ugly Barons.

From the Portland Advertiser.

THINGS IN ENGLAND.

June 18, 1835.

I write you from a place called Pantley Bridge,—a little English village ugly enough to the eyes as almost all their villages are—on the river Nidd.—a river with something more than a thimble full of water in it. It was quite dark, made so by a Scotch mist, when we reached here on foot,—and made for a little Public House, in which there was a collection of Yorkshiremen discussing something or other over their mugs of beer, but in a tongue, which was all Greek to me, for I could not even *guess* out one word in forty, as they rattled off together word after word in amazing volubility This is England then, thought I; this the place where such pure English is spoken, that English travellers come over to us, and ridicule the mass of our country men who do not speak by line and rule, not one of whom, however, cannot be easily understood. This is the boasted English language of an Englishman's home—this gibberish here; this broad mouthed jargon, that an Englishman himself cannot understand at all! I listened with astonishment. I had no idea that there was a race of men on earth, who presented to speak English, that spoke such English as this. Upon my word I could not even guess what was the topic of their earnest conversation, for the rattling of their "clogshune" as they call them (shoes with wooden soles) was as intelligible to me as the music of their throats. But more of this by and by.

At York I resolved upon a new way of travelling. In coaches and Steamboats, every body travels—but I came to England to see the people of England and I mean to see them cost whatsoever of labor it may. I therefore sent my portman eau on to Edinburgh, (a portmanteau or valise is all I ever take in travelling, and that holds twice as many things as are necessary to go over the world with if one has a depot in some principal places—the top of ones hat is quite large enough, —and a portmanteau will hold an entire change of clothes, Sunday dress and all)—and then *I* bade adieu to coaches and made for the bye ways, and crooked ways, with only my surtout under my arm—and my little writing materials in one of its pockets, holding paper, pen, ink, sealing wax, waters, seals, pencil, rule and line, pins, needles, silk, false collars and other notions. Thus armed and equipped, *I* sallied forth for the heart of Yorkshire.—Pague on a coach— we had not walked two miles before one passing by tempted us in, for we had not philosophy enough as yet to resist such a temptation. We have; over a very good road, passing one place where a few poor retired gentlemen lived on an estate which had been devoted by bequest for such a purpose with other funds to keep up the establishment, and observing nothing very remarkable unless it was some hordes of *Irish* laborers coming over in search of work, begging, and chasing after our coach, crying for "pennies" with broods of children in their train; or patches of ground close on the road, outside of an estate, given to the poor of the parish to cultivate. By the way, the poor of England considering their number, are wonderfully taken care of. An English beggar is seldom seen. Mendicity is often forbid by law and mendicants are taken up as vagabonds. *In* the streets of London, placards are carried about all over the city, cautioning the public not to give, & stating that all the poor are provided for with work and food and clothing. Thus beggary is put down; and but few pretend to beg in England unless they invent some *quid pro quo* in the way of a song; some little innocent or some pretty flower, which almost always opens one's heart.

I did not tarry long to look at the Cathedral or Minster, as it is called, for after having seen that of York my curiosity was not very sharp,—and this was upon a much smaller scale *I* gave the town of Ripon but a glance and started for Studley *Park* some two or three miles ahead. The first view we had of this well known Park was after our emerging from some ugly villages, when all at once we came upon a beautiful green, stretching as far as the eye could reach, studded here in irregular beauty, with wide spread elms of luxuriant foliage, and dotted all over with groups of deer and sheep grazing upon the matted grass. The spectator at first, fancies, he has stept into another sphere; so beautiful is every thing he sees about him. Here are gravel walks; and under the shade of the trees, are circular seats where one can read in peace for hours. Over your head is the music of sweet toned birds, and by your feet is the sparkling and babbling little river Skell. *In* yonder view, far down the vista of trees, are the Gothic pinacles of the stately Minster, and above and beyond you on a little hill is a work of art. *I* wandered in the little woods. *I* surveyed the mansion, the chapel and its lodges. I took another view of the distant Minster, to obtain which the branches of the intervening trees have been lopped off; and the Minster then seemed to spring up as from the wood But all this delight was but trifling in comparison with the more delicious view that soon opened upon us. We passed the lodge of the pleasure grounds; (in England almost all estates have grounds laid out in walks highly adorned, and cultivated as pleasure grounds) —and after inscribing

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