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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For the Easton Gazette.

Steamboat Excursion.

Visit to Norfolk, Portsmouth, Navy Yard, Dry Dock, Ship Pennsylvania, Naval Hospital, Old Point Comfort, Capes, Yorktown, &c., &c.

—

Once more upon the waters! yet once more!
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
That knows his rider.

Childe Harold.

—

Here we are on the bright, broad waters of the most beautiful bay in the world, (Naples not excepted,) with the pr w of the magnificent steamer which bea s us, looking homeward. What scenes of abiding interest have been compressed into four short days! We have walked through crowded cities far distant—lingered amid the grey ruins of centuries—gazed upon flashing rivers and forest-clad shores—and bathed our limbs in the cool refreshing surges of old ocean.

Wednesday morning last, the steamer Jewess, Capt. Sutton, left her dock in Baltimore, with a select company of both sexes; and plunging like a scared horse thro' the crested billows, soon gave tower and spire to the deepening mists of the far-fleeting horizon. Gloriously, most gloriously, did she walk her gallant course over the swelling waters of the Chesapeake, until night gathered shadow after shadow around us—the decks became vacant—the berths occupied by drowsy passengers—and we knew no more until the boat gave a lurch, and the steam pipe a shrill whistle, and we found ourselves at the Virginia wharf. Early on the following morning we took an ante-breakfast stroll through Norfolk. The broad, well-paved streets, the neatness and elegance displayed in many of their private dwellings and public e fices, and the spacious, well-furnished warehouses towering proudly on the main avenue, all served to impress us favourably with the city. The court-house, however, we beg to except. It is an infected rag patch on a beautiful garment, and would compare most disadvantageously with our Easton market-place, which, you know, Mr. Editor, is by no means a Pantheon.

Nine o'clock found us all aboard again, on our way to the old town of York*, where we arrived at 12, P. M. With much beautiful water scenery stretching around it, Yorktown proper has nothing, save its historical and antiquarian associations, to recommend it to the stranger. It looks like a handful of houses dropped from the clouds in every direction, over a rugged and barren hill, washed into deep ravines sloping towards the shore, and overgrown with weeds and the suckers of the Lombardy poplar. The whole place is sombre, lifeless and dilapidated in the extreme; and resembles for all the world an old engraving, of harsh stiff outlines, we have seen of a deserted Eastern village, where the sheep are browsing in the streets and eating the herbage from the crevices of broken column and altar stone. There were, however, other attractions to prompt the curiosity of our party, and suddenly the silence of the little town was broken by a hundred strange voices, and the hills and slopes covered by a busy multitude of all ages and sexes. Resolved to make good use of the allotted time, I made my way rapidly to the various points of interest.

The first object which meets you upon entering the village is the large old-fashioned brick dwelling, now occupied by William Nelson, Esq., and known as the Nelson Mansion. During the siege of York it was bombarded by the American army, under the impression that Cornwallis and others of the British Staff were concealed in the building. Indeed, it is worthy of record, as an evidence of the spirit of the times, that Governor Nelson not only opened the first battery upon his own property, but offered a reward of five guineas for every bomb discharged into it.—This structure still bears the honorable scars of that illustrious siege, which may be said to have put a final period to the war that had been raging in Virginia. The Swan Tavern is also deserving of attention as being the oldest house of entertainment in the State. The old court-house, jail and pillory, are still to be seen. The former is used once a week by the Protestant E Church, as a place of public worship. In passing towards the Battle Ground we encountered a venerable black man, one hundred years of age, who called himself Starkie Jackson. He retained some general recollection of the siege of York, with much of interest connected with that event. Old Starkie made us a long speech about the times, General Cornwallis and Washington, closing every sentence with the emphatic expression, 'and that's all o' that.' We threw a piece of silver into the extended hat, inquired the road to the place of surrender, and took the last look of old Starkie, not without some degree of awful respect, well pleased that accident had thrown this old relic in our way.

On the banks of the river are the deserted and silent ruins of the old church, which was built 150 years ago, and consumed by fire in 1814. The bill for the work is still preserved from which we copy the subjoined memoranda:

"Co: York. Va., 1725: Hon. Francis Nicholson gave £20 sterling, as appears from the following record:

"'York county, October ye 26th, 1696. I promise to give £5 sterling towards building the Cott House at York and £20 sterling if within two years they build a brick church, att ye same towne, as witness my hand ye day and yeare above written.

FFRA NICHOLSON.

"Stiffen-ffoward,
"Robt. Bill; November ye 24th, 1696.'

"The above writing p'ented in Cott, and according to order is committed to record.
p. WM. SEDGEWICK, c.l. cur:"

The walls of of this church are of a peculiar stone marl, which is soft at first but becomes hard by exposure. The church yard contains some very old grave stones, one of which we shall mention in this place. It is a monument of quadrangular form, 4 feet high, 3 wide and six deep.—The faces of two angels are sculptured on one end—one breaking out from a cloud, in which is written "All glory to God!"—The other form with a trumpet heralding the inscription. On the opposite side also are two angels' faces—one receiving a crown from the hand of an unseen body, concealed in a cloud. This is the tomb of the grandfather of Gov. Nelson. Above is the Nelson Coat of Arms, and under it the following inscription:

"Hic jacet spe certa resurgendi in Christo, Thomas Nelson, generosus filius Hugonis et Sarae Nelson de Penrith, in comitatu Cambriae, natus 20 mo. die Februarii anno domini 1677. Vitae bene gestae finem implevit 7 mo. die Octobris 1745, aetatis suae 68."

About one-fourth of a mile westward of the village we stumbled upon the ruins of a very ancient temple. The enclosure presented a medley of defaced and broken monuments one only of which proved to be legible. It was a horizontal slab embellished with heraldic sculpture, and containing the following epitaph:

"Major W. Gooch, of this Parish, dyed October 20th, 1655.

"Within this tombe there doth interred lie
No shape but substance: true nobility—
Itself tho' young in years, but twenty-nine,
Yet graced with vertues morall and divine.
The church from him did good participate,
In counsell rare, fit to adorn a State."

At the foot of the hill on which the village stands, and near the shore is a hole of six or eight feet square, excavated from a thick stratum of soft marl stone. It goes by the title of "Cornwallis's Cave," and is reported to have been that officer's favorite place of concealment. I need not say that the whole story is a gross fiction, sanctioned neither by history nor correct tradition. Whatever may have been its use it is now converted into a most glorious piggery. We were not a little amused to observe the large mass of our passengers, incurious about the more attractive associations of the town, employing the time in giving immortality to their names and wire edges to their knives, by cutting and carving certain initials in the dirty-looking rock, wherein reposes, in all the *grunt* of dignity, this wonderful cave.

We left York, not regretting the opportunity afforded us of seeing so much to interest our feelings and elevate the standard of our patriotism. Once more on deck, we returned to Norfolk, stopping an hour at Old Point Comfort for the purpose of bathing.

On Friday morning, taking a barge at the wharf, we passed over to the Naval Hospital, Navy Yard, Dry Dock, ship of war Pennsylvania, &c. At the hospital (an immense granite structure of the Grecian order) we were politely received by the gentlemanly medical officer in attendance, Dr. Williamson, who conducted us through the building. It is four stories high. Each floor containing forty wards, delightfully ventilated; with bathing houses attached, and commanding from the upper windows fine water prospects. The number of patients is very small, consisting of a few cases of marsh fever from the ships of war at Ports mouth & one or two forms of sad mania from the Pacific. The lower cells are appropriated to the insane, of whom there were four or five in the house. At the Navy Yard we found two frigates on the stocks—one of which had been nearly stationary for the last twenty-three years. The Brandywine lies at the wharf just returned from the Gulf. She is a noble boat and in fine order for service. The Vandalia, Constellation and Delaware are there, dismantled, looking old, and shorn of their beauty for a season. These, however, are all pigmies compared with the ship of war Pennsylvania. She is the most perfect mammoth work of wood and iron we have ever seen; and with her three rows of frowning port holes looks the impersonation of war. By the politeness of Lieut McCormick we were conveyed thro' every part of her, and could not fail being struck with the finished order pervading her decks and store-rooms. When prepared for action she requires 1500 men, 300 of whom are needed to bend and manage her large cables. Efforts are now making to secure a cruise for the Pennsylvania, as her only experience of the sea is embraced in her trip from the stocks to the Navy Yard. On the whole we are inclined to regard her as over size, and too unwieldy for busy action. She is the largest ship in the United States Navy, being 120 tons burthen, and one of the three largest in the world—the British Navy having two of similar dimensions.

In the afternoon we started for the Capes but were compelled to return by the portentous appearance of the sky, indicating a violent squall. We embraced this occasion, on return of the boat, to stop at Old Point Comfort over night.

Of all places we have ever seen recommend us to Old Point, as a summer residence. The hotel and accommodations are on a spacious and magnificent scale. The arrangements for bathing are also of the best and most comfortable order. Six or eight hundred have been sojourning here during the season. Among the lingerers, we observed Major General Gaines. The old general is always surrounded by a bevy of pretty girls, and is the picture of health and hilarity. His bearing is manly and soldier-like; while his face and hair reminded us forcibly of General Jackson, whom he strikingly resembles. After tea we were regaled by the splendid band of the fort in front of the building, who performed several national airs in a style we have never heard surpassed. They continued to play until nine o'clock, when the deep spacious portico was deserted for the brilliantly illuminated saloon, and, in a few moments, a hundred hearts

"—— beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell!"

The dancing continued until mid-night. For ourselves, not being given to the giddy waltz, nor yet to the Polka, we found ourselves, at 11, quietly dropping into the outstretched arms of somnus; and, at five the following morning, on the incomparable sea-beach that surrounds the Old Point. On that solitary shore, at that solitary hour, we felt our nerves braced—our blood warmed into life—and our heart expanded into freedom and happiness in the largest degree. As retired from the distant world we stood alone, gazing out upon the sea, and watching—

—"the waves with their white crest, dancing
Come, like thick plum'd squadrons, to the shore
Gallantly bounding"—

we felt that they indeed were happy—

"Who, from the toil and tumult of their lives,
Steal to look down where nought but ocean strives!"

Point Comfort was so called by the first colonists of Virginia, in 1607, on a voyage of exploration, because of its deep water and safe anchorage. As early as 1629 we read of a fortification being thrown up at this important point; and afterwards by De Grasse, prior to Yorktown surrender. The experience of the last war taught us the necessity of a stronger defence for the mouth of the Chesapeake. The result is the splendid fortress which now occupies it—the largest single fortification in the United States, and scarcely inferior to any in the world. Fortress Monroe is of immense extent, with an area capable of accommodating several thousand men in the event of war. It embraces a forty-two gun battery outside of the fort proper, flanked by magazines and furnished with furnace houses for heating balls. This formidable work once invaded by the enemy: the soldiers retire by the gates into the inner entrenchment—the battery is exploded by a spark communicating to the magazines—the moat bridges are blown away at the same moment, and the water suddenly introduced into the canal to a level with the sea. The whole fabric is as splendid as it is enduring; and will continue for ages a monument of the taste and strength of the period in which it was constructed. Fort Calhoun, or "Rip Raps,"† is a circular fort about 1900 yards distant, formed upon an island made from the sea by casting in rocks to the depth of twenty feet It is a large battlement, looking old, gray and frowning—keeping its solitary place amid the surges, like some dark spirit of the "vasty deep."

Amid our wanderings we wished often and again for our old friend, "Knickerbocker," assured that he might pick up much subject matter for his "Reveries." Doubtless, however, at some period of his long and eventful life, he has encountered scenes quite as pleasant, from the retrospection of which we shall be hereafter favored with many quiet and agreeable musings. Peace to the old man! May his mind's sky bear many bright and cheerful hues, as lingers the gorgeous drapery of gilded clouds at evening, when the sun of a clear and happy day is just departing!

GLYCUS.

*Established by law, 1705.

†The shoal water, which under the action of the sea and re-acted upon by the bar, is kept up in an unremitting ripple, has given the name "Rip Raps."

Steamer Jewess, Aug. 28, 1846.

NO PAY—NO PAPER.—The editor of the Western Citizen (Chicago,) a weekly paper, suspends the publication when the money does not come in. When his subscribers pay up, he issues another number and waits for the next supply of funds—The subscribers of course cannot complain of this arrangement for all they have to do is to pay regularly to be served regularly.

From Douglass Jerrold's Magazine.

A STAR IN THE DARK.

"There is a future to all who have the virtue to repent, and the energy to atone."
E. L. BULWER.

"You may call it foolish and romantic if you like, but I repeat it, that I could more easily forgive fault, committed under strong temptation and foreign to the natural disposition, than a series of petty meannesses springing from and belonging to the character."

Thus spoke Helen Travers to her sister, Mrs. Cunningham, and the thread of their discourse is taken up when first it was over heard. It was a strange spot for any thing like a 'confidential' or 'sentimental' conversation to have taken place but every one must have observed, that subjects of interest often arise in the most unexpected manner. The two ladies had mistaken the hour at which a morning concert was to commence, had arrived somewhat too early, and had consequently taken their seats before any others were occupied. Perhaps warming with the subject under discussion they had not observed the few stragglers who from time to time, dropped in and certainly had not heard the footfall of a gentleman who entered and seated himself immediately behind them, just at the moment when some of the attendants were making a prodigious din in their rearrangement of the benches near the orchestra.

"I could not have married a man in whom I did not take pride," replied Mrs. Cunningham; "I am very sorry for people who have ever been led away to do anything wrong, but they must take the consequences of their own conduct; certainly anything like disgrace, or the world's censure, falling upon my husband would crush me to the earth."

"Not if his fault were the one fault of a life," resumed Helen; "not if you loved him very dearly.—Nay, I think his very suffering would draw you more together I have a theory, that the very happy do not love so deeply as those who have known sorrow."

"I call such ideas perfect nonsense."

"I know you do," replied her sister, with a faint smile, and playing as she spoke with the fringe of her shawl.

"Any one would think to hear you talk that you had fallen in love with some scapegrace or another, and were seeking to excuse your folly."

"Susan! you know there is nothing of the kind—You know I have never felt anything more lasting than a passing fancy which one shakes off just as waking breaks up a dream.

"How should I know?"

"Then believe,—I would not deceive you. Though three and twenty, indeed I dread old maidism far less less than an ill assorted union.

Helen Travers turned her head as she spoke, and though she did not perceive the stranger, he caught the profile of her animated countenance. But the audience were by this time arriving and the sisters drew nearer together to make room for the new comers. There was an end to their conversation, of course.

Notwithstanding a certain family likeness, a look that was caught now and then the sisters were very different. The elder Mrs. Cunningham, was far the most beautiful, if exquisitely chisseled features and of brilliant complexion could make her so. But though quick and clever even witty and accomplished, she was deficient in sentiment and the powers of imagination as a lover of detail; and therefore despised, because, it was to her incomprehensible the higher and generalising mind. A thoroughly wordly education had completed her character, and rendered her a cold-hearted, selfish woman of the world; without enough of heart to feel the necessity of affection, and yet possessing an insatiable vanity that fed on universal admiration With features less regular, her countenance was changeful, as the sea; for it mirrored every thought and feeling as they welled up from her woman's heart. Early removed from the influence of worldly-minded parents, she had been reared by a widowed aunt, a high minded being, who had sought and found the sweetest solace for her own early bereavement, in the artless nature of her young relative. Although by no means a stranger to the Metropolis or to society the country had been Helen's home. Her young heart had expanded beneath the influence of nature; her taste had been refined, her fancy quickened by it; and though she had read much she had time and leisure to think more.

In short, she was a fine natural character, as little warped as possible by the prejudices of the selfish and the conventionalities of society. Death had, a year before, deprived her of more than her mother and the independence which this beloved relative had bequeathed to her while it rendered her an object of envy to her unmarried sisters, seemed to her own heart no consolation for her irreparable loss.

But the stranger who had overheard those few sentences which, to a thoughtful mind, revealed a world of knowledge, what of him? He had come to that morning concert simply to enjoy music, in which he delighted; yet so absorbed did he become in some all engrossing thoughts, that the sweet sounds which he had sought to hear, fell upon his soul only from time to time, as chimes that harmonised with his reflections, whatever they might be, and were only remembered afterwards by the power of association which linked some peculiar cadence with a thought, a dream-a memory: or with a moment where his attentions had been roused by some expression of pleasure or admiration in the sweetest voice of Helen Travers. He was not what boarding schools girls and youths in their teens call young, for he must have reached five or six and thirty; and according to such high authority, he had passed the age of romance and the capability of a sudden love, and yet, in those two hours, he drank as deeply of the draught as ever did mortal man. A strange and awful Youth had cheeked and driven back the tide of emotions which belonged to its epoch, only that it might swell now with concentrated might of a loftier sentiment, a chastened tenderness, and restrained passion. He would—ere half that time had expired—have periled life to have touched her ungloved hand, or to have caressed the light ringled hair which floated from time to time beyoud her bonnet!

It seemed, too, that fortune was to favor him, for friends came up an addressed Mrs. Cunningham; mutual introductions elicited that of Helen. He had but to follow them to their door, and now he knew who she was and where she lived. This he did with wonderful calmness. People always are calm on really great occasions—except, indeed, people who are themselves too small ever make or understand them.

Well—the pigmy of soul escapes through the entangling meshes which fate weaves for mankind, in the outer void of mere animal existence; they are the strong of heart and quick of sense who are retained to play great parts in the struggle of life and the war of passions. And yet—oh! mystery of humanity!—who that has suffered deeply has not felt that, in the deepest depths of anguish, there is a pulse which vibrates not with pain! Feebly, and rather as the first faint promise of future joy, than the flicker of an expiring power, but still to whisper "Peace peace; better thus than not feel."

So felt William Johnson—for by that common name must the stranger be known—so he felt in the hour of endurance, when that strong man writhhered in silent agony on the floor of the gorgeous apartment of which he was master.

Life is either one long chapter of accidents, or there is no such thing as an accident in the world! Three days afterwards the stranger of the concert room was formally introduced to Helen Travers at the house of a mutual friend. Three months from that day let us listen to their words They had been betrothed for weeks. The scene was a drawing room in an antique country house. Both were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham.

I have one care, William, one sorrow in the world," exclaimed Helen, pressing the hand which had fondly clasped hers between both her own. "Oh, why this mystery—why this concealment? You are free to do as you will, and so am I; though good, and generous, & true and rich," she added with a smile, "as you are, my family, you well know, would receive you with open arms!"

"The time is come; be seated," he replied in a tremulous voice, & releasing his hand, with a gesture that might have been but was not, mistaken for coldness. And while Helen sank on a neighboring couch he leaned his arms for support on the opposite side of the mantel piece. His countenance was pale as ashes, but his voice grew more steady as he proceeded.

"The first time I saw you," he continued, "I heard you say you could more readily forgive the one great fault of a life than habitual meanness of character. I have two sins to confess ere I wed you—as I might do, and you never, never know them; you see if I am my own accuser, I also make the most of my virtues. Therefore do I take some credit for enforcing secrecy till I had summoned strength for the confession. For, if you reject me, and sorrow in the act I believe you would rather not take the cold world into your confidence. And yet, if there be solace in relieaving what I tell you, be free as air to do so if you will. Life would be so worthless, the betrayal of my secret would be but a feather, weighed against the sweet thought assuaging your sorrow."

"You frighten me;" murmered Helen, struggling with emotion.

"In memery," he exclaimed, "not tears!—yet I will be brief. One of my sins has been wooing you, with the dark knowledge in my breast that a crime of my early life, and its consequences, might well be considered an insuperable obstacle to our union. Oh, forgive me this—this at least." And he flung himself on his knees before her and burried his face in her garments.

"What terror is to come?—Quick—quick! in pity tell me."

"No; forgive me this last fault first."

"Yes, yes," she murmured, and her head leaned heavily on his shoulder. The act unnerved him, and a shower of tears rained from his eyes. "Tell, me," again she whispered.

"I cannot yet. Bear with me.

"Then I will guss."

"Ay, do."

With a shudder as she put each fearful question, she began—"Have you shed human blood, protected by the laws of honor, and feel that now you are a murderer?"

"I never raised my arm in anger against aught that has breath; I never so much as kicked a snarling cur from my path."

"Have you been a false friend, deceiving where you were trusted?"

"I cannot recall to mind a lie that I ever told."

Once more Helen's hand sought that of her lover; but she withdrew it as a terrible thought rushed to her mind. She paused ere she could give it words. At last she said, "Have you been guided by the code of man's moralities, and won a heart only to fling it from you? or—or been guilty of the deeper, darker wrong still?"

"My conscience is singularly free from all such stains. They who do these things speak not of them as crimes." And he looked up and met the tearful gaze of Helen Travers, without his own lids drooping.

"Then I will wed you," she exclaimed, after a moment's pause, "and only as your wife will learn this dreadful secret."

"You will?" and William Johnson started to his feet as one who had received an electric shock.

"I will."

For a moment she yielded to his embrace, but he released her quickly. "You would so wed me," he exclaimed, "but you shall not. The dear memory of your words is a happiness Fate cannot take from me; it gives me strength to complete the tragedy. Listen. These limbs have borne the menacles the law furnishes to the convicted thief; this form has quailed in the felon's dock beneath the callous state of the stranger multitude; but even then I did not lie. I owned that I had stolen the means to purchase food for a famishing mother. The name which I have dared to ask you to bear, is forever enrolled in chronicles of crime. The convict crossed the seas, and was a slave for the seven brightest years of his youth. Helen—Miss Travers, you do not scream, or faint, or wither me with a look. Only tears, quiet, common tears. Are you woman or angle?"

"Be calm, and tell me all."

"You will believe I meant to replace the note I—I—stole, though the judge would not credit my story. This is all I have to tell! for why should I picture the haunting presence of a memory, and the worthlessness of that wealth which descended to me from the relative who exposed my youth to temptation, and left my mother to perish?"

"The future; the happy future. May it make you forget the past!—William!"

"Helen!"

At her feet once more but now with child like sobs, and breathing passionate exclamations, and fervent blessings.

It was the next day; and the burst of wild tumultuous joy had given place to a serener happiness on the part of William Johnson, while a softer and more thoughtful expression reigned on the face of Helen.

"I have a compact to propose," said she, laying her hand upon his arm, and looking up calmly yet affectionately into his face; "let us for the future speak not on this dark thing, except, indeed, there be just necessity and occasion for renewing the subject. Let it be a sacret deposit, of which each has the key. But do not suffer it to belong to our lives by frequent discourse or thought of it. Thus may time heap bright realities to hide and stifle these smouldering ashes. You tell me that your assumed name has been to you a shelter from suspicion; that your secret rests with one tried and trusted friend; and that the world among its common blunders deem your love of retirement the spirit of pride and exclusiveness I will but look at the result of the leisure that retirement has afforded, the cultivated intellect and the habits of simple enjoyment. Yet whence came your enlarged sypathies with humanity? These are not fostered by hermitlike retirement.

"Can you ask? You are silent. I need not tell you how much is known intuitively by one who has erred and suffered.

"And expiated."

Ah, deep the meaning of that world which burst spontaneously from the heart that felt aright! Deeper and higher, more world embracing such wisdom, than aught than was ever extracted by the casuistry of the schools. The merciful God, by his instruments, the mysteries of inexhaustible nature, heals the wounds and lesser ills of the body until it becomes whole again. And must the wounds of the soul fester forever? What is man that he dares pluck hope from the breast of fellow? And is not the punishment he inflicts for crime but Satan's work on earth, except so far as it prevents, amends—and through the suffering and amendments expiates? The poet paints what should be rather than what is, when he declares "there is a future for all who have the virtue to repent and the energy to atone." May he prove the poet prophet.

Of the myriad real tragedies which are hidden behind the veil of conventional life, not a few are mere in which woman plays a ministering angel; and builds, amind the wreck of happiness, a saving ark by the spell of her trusting faith, and a wisdom that is of the heart. C. T.

What is meant by a "Quarter" of Grain?

We see it quoted in regard to the price of grain that it is so much per quarter, or so much imperial quarter. An imperial quarter of Indian Corn is 480 pounds, which is equal to eight bushels of 60 pound each. Wheat is sold by the bushel of 70 lbs. each, so that eight bushels or an imperial quarter of wheat is 500 pounds.

VERY HORRIBLE.—An exchange paper says that at several railroad meetings recently holden it has been determined to raise the fare upon every lady wearing more than twenty under garments.—Will the women put up with the new tariff?

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