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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TERMS.

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TIME.

There is a silent river,
The rolling river, Time;
In summer's rosy blushes,
In hoary winter's prime,
It floweth, floweth, floweth,
In whatsoever clime.

And well trimmed barks are sailing
Upon its silent tide;
With golden treasures laden,
The little vessels glide;
And Faith and Love, and Action,
And Hope are side by side.

And, O! a host of others,
Compose the little fleet.
Now soon the waves are heaving,
Now wide the waters beat;
Gray mists steal o'er the waters—
The mournful mists of Fate.

The polar star grows dimmer;
The scattered vessels driven
All wide in disappointment,
Unto the waves are given;
And Faith alone remaineth
To bear the soul to Heaven.

OUR COUSIN ELLEN.

From "Heart Histories," in Godey's Lady's Book.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

Concluded.

At last she told of many things he had said and done which had cruelly grieved her heart. One circumstance I now recollect. On the morning of the day of her return, an excursion on horseback was planned, and Grahame collected a considerable party.

While showing off the paces of his horse, a fine blooded animal, the vicious creature suddenly threw him. Grahame was but slightly hurt, but dreading the laughter of his friends, lay for a moment insensible. Ellen, half-frenzied, sprang from her palfrey, raised his head on her knee, chafed his temple, and called upon him wildly and tenderly. He opened his eyes, poured upon her a look of angry pride, flung her hands rudely from him, and exclaimed in a harsh undertone—"Good God! Miss Montgomery, do not render yourself and me ridiculous!"

In the afternoon, Ellen pleaded illness and came home. Three days of terrible suspense passed before she saw the face of her betrothed husband. At last he came, and all in a tremor of fearfulness and love, she received him. In a short time I saw him pass, down the avenue, but for more than an hour Ellen remained alone where he had left her.

When she gave me leave to enter, I found her extended on the sofa, her face hid with her hands, and the long, golden curls which had fallen over it, her breast heaving and her neck quivering with quick, convulsive sobs. She could tell me nothing; her anguish was too intense for words; —all night long she wept and moaned within my arms, and her hot tears seemed burning into my heart. Just at dawn she fell asleep, and remained in tranquil slumber for some hours. When she awoke and found me watching beside her, she turned her sorrowful eyes upon me, and said meekly—"How good of you to show such kindness to a poor, humiliated forsaken girl."

"*Forsaken!*" I exclaimed. "Has James Grahame *dared* to forsake you?"

"He said we had better part—that he was convinced we were not suited to one another, and he has left me forever."

"And thank God for it!" I cried, "my dove, my lamb, my rose-bud, my everything that is good and gentle and loveable! Grahame was never worthy of you—he never truly loved you. You never reigned over his narrow little soul. Pride only, 'like a mounting devil,' ruled there. If he thought less of you for your being portionless, let him now see with how *rich* a scorn you can look down on one poor in heart and poor in honor. Learn to despise and detest him as the embodiment of faithless and refined cruelty. Let him shrivel beneath the scorching contempt of a proud and injured woman!"

She looked up mournfully for a moment, and only replied—"*I love him!*"

Such brief and childlike answers were all she ever returned to my appeals to her pride and attempts to rouse her resentful feelings. She said her heart was so sore, so crushed and trodden to the earth, that she could never be proud again. For the sake of the blissful past, she mourned her faithless lover as one dead, tenderly and forgivingly.

I despair of having my heroine admired by young ladies of spirit. She was, indeed, no tragedy queen—she was but a meek, loving, constant, childlike woman.

All through the winter our beloved Ellen drooped daily, and spring found her but the pale shadow of her former self. Then came a new era in her existence. An uncle of her father, a Bostonian of wealth and family, having married off his last daughter, wrote to his "little unknown niece," entreating her to accept a home with him, and thus "make glad the house and heart of a lonely old man."

She went, and two years passed before we saw her dear face again. She then came to spend a summer with us—the same, and yet how changed.

Ah, she was a magnificent creature in her full ripened loveliness, with the patrician carriage of her exquisitly moulded head, the serene dignity which slept upon her brow, the womanly purity which looked from her eye, and the winning softness which waited on every curl and curve of her delicate lips! She had none of her former restless thoughtlessness; the very spirit of repose seemed prevading her entire character. Every movement was tranquilly graceful. She said little, and her voice was low and deliciously intonated.—She laughed in a quiet, musical lady-like manner, and it even seemed that she smiled leisurely and with thought.

In her absence she had been the idol of her city relatives, and the followed and worshiped of a large circle of intellect and fashion, and now the accomplished, self-possessed woman met again the lover of her early girlhood.

Since his heartless desertion of Ellen, he had buried his mother and married his sisters, and now dwelt in solitary grandeur in the old homestead. I witnessed the meeting. He happened in at an evening party, evidently not dreaming of such an encounter till the hostess electrified him by an introduction to his *ci-devant* lady-love. He turned deathly pale, and actually shook with agitation; but Ellen never lost her queenliness for a moment, her eye never quailed, and the hand she extended while remarking carelessly that they were old friends, never trembled.

All present must have seen that he was deeply struck and instantly subdued by the rare combination of natural and artificial fascinations which she presented. He hovered round and gazed upon her in a silent stupor of admiration. She was dressed superbly that night. A profusion of rich lace and pearls, harmonizing charmingly with her style, contributed not a little to her dazzling beauty

I could cover pages in telling how from that time, gradually and timidly, like a school boy who has played truant, the haughty Grahame stole back to his allegiance; how Ellen, though she did not possitively encourage, *did not frown on him*, till it was evident that he loved with all his soul, and for once, with all his *pride*. He had *fancied* our little Nell as a pretty plaything, but he now *adored* the elegant, perfectly developed woman as a goddess. He was her most devoted, her knight, her slave, here, there and everywhere at her bidding, till I grew indignant at her not rejecting his homage, at her permitting his presence—for I would sooner have seen her wedded to a wild Seminole than the courtly wife of the master of thousands.—At last, with the freedom of other days, I entreated her at least to relieve my suspense. She answered by placing in my hand a letter, to which she had just replied. It was from Grahame. I began reading it with a sneer, but as I read on I was thrilled, amazed and spell-bound by an eloquent outpouring of strong and intense feeling. It clearly revealed that under the influence of a real passion the writer had found his better nature—*had expanded into a man.* He seemed to have lost his pride in his love, and while daring to offer the fervent devotion of his future life, to be filled with humiliation and contrition for the past. He threw himself on her mercy, dwelt on the remorse which had pursued him since their parting, alluded to the interference of his family, acknowledged that he had first loved her beauty merely, not knowing her worth, yet called Heaven to witness that he had since known no other love, and closed with an appeal to her womanly sympathies, so tender, wild and passionate, that I dared not dream it had been in vain.

"How did you answer?" I asked.

"*I rejected him,*"

"Thank Heaven! But why?"

She quietly placed in my hand a miniature, saying—"*This* is the only man I will ever wed."

I gazed from the picture to her in amazement. The face was new to me, and by no means a handsome one. And yet, as I looked with earnest attention, I grew to liking it exceedingly. It was one of those faces which one might fancy possessed an inner set of features, of surpassing beauty, *shining through.* A something fascinating and endearing appeared to emanate from it; the brow wore the stamp of nobility and the eye was alive with intellect.

"Why, Nell," I exclaimed, "who *can* this be?"

"Mr. Frederick Aymes, of Boston, a poor artist and *protege* of my uncle, and soon to be my affianced husband."

"Ah, why is he not *now?*" I asked.

"Because I wished to remain free till I had consulted my early friends, as I told *him*—until I had again met James Grahame, my first love, as I told *myself.*"

"Oh, oh, the mystery is out! You were weighing love against love, and the first was found wanting, eh?"

"Yes," she replied, with an emphasis so hearty as to leave me no room for doubt, "and I shall write to Fred to-morrow and send him the face he loves, on ivory;—he painted it a whole year ago."

When I awoke next morning, a delightful one in June, Nelly had risen, and, was writing by the window. She wore a morning dress, white as new fallen snow—one sleeve unfastened at the wrist, displayed her rounded arm to the dimpled elbow; her hair was tossed carelessly back from her brow, and lightly into a crimson cushion sunk her little unslippered feet. I knew by the dewyness of her eye and the deepened glow of her cheek and lips, to whom she was writing. And then, with the beautiful impulse of a loving heart she had gathered some half opened roses from the bush which clambered to our window, placed one in her bosom, and laid a handful on the desk by her side.

One week from this time Ellen Montgomery received two letters; one was from James Stuart Grahame, bearing his adieus—he was about re-visiting Europe—and the other from Frederick Aymes, announcing his speedy coming. The first Nelly hurried through and laid aside with a sigh of pity, but the second she read and re-read with tears and smiles, kissed, and literally "laid to heart."

In order to give my reader a glimpse into Frederick's character, I will quote some passages from his letter. In alluding to the miniature she had sent, he said—"Heaven and all its good angels bless you for this faint shadow of yourself! I gazed on it long and fondly, but dared not press it to my lips. Was it not strange, dear love? You know I painted it before you took a fancy to your humble servant, and it seemed to wear a cold calm, *stranger* look. But by-and-by a soft love-light seemed to quiver from the pictured eyes and live around the mouth, and then—and—then—and then! I have placed it now where every throb of my heart kisses it! Pardon if I write wildly; I am intoxicated with happiness and dizzy with love's divine excess.' Am I not thine, and art thou not mine, my pride, by princess, my Peri—ay, and my Paradise! Ah, how faintly and coldly my pen translates my heart! Gladly would I search through all the languages of the East for endearing words, for rare, sweet names, all glowing with life and perfumed with the breath of love! And yet Ellen, *my own Ellen*, were sweeter, dearer, more deliciously musical than them all.—That name! I have grown it in flowers in the garden of my heart; it is traced on my memory in lines of rosy light; it sounds through the chambers of my soul like the voice of an angel."

* * * * * * *

"Did you not say, Ellen," asked I, when she had read me the letter from which the above is extracted, "that Mr. Aymes was poor?"

"Yes," she replied, "he has only his profession."

"Will your uncle favor his suit?"

"No—and I can expect nothing from him."

"Then, Nell, you will have to resign fashionable society."

"No matter, I shall see the more of Fred."

"You must give up expensive dress."

"Oh, Fred admires simplicity."

"You cannot keep a carriage.'

"But we can have delightful walks."

"You must take a small house and furnish it plainly."

"Yes; but, coz, elegant furniture would be out of place in a cottage"

"You will have to cover your floors with cheap, thin carpets."

"Ah, then I shall hear *his* step the sooner!"

I caught her hand, kissed it reverently, and pressed it to my heart.

THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE'S PALACE.

One of the editors of the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser, now in England gives an interesting account of a recent visit to Chatsworth—"a palace far surpassing the city residence of England's Queen:"

"This, I believe, is acknowledged to be the most splendid mansion in England.—It is in the Grecian style, of Portland stone; its front extends about seven hundred feet. The windows are of plate glass, equal in size to many of the largest of Broadway, and most of the frame is richly gilded.

The private entrance, which was built a short time before the visit of the present Queen, is an elegant arch of stone, with iron gates covered with gilding. On ringing the bell a servant in livery made his appearance and conducted us across an open quadrangular court into a special hall paved with Italian marble, the walls being of the same rich material. Soon the housekeeper made her appearance, a very lady like person, and by her we were conducted over this immense residence.

The flight of steps which we ascended in proceeding from the hall to the grand stair case, passed between walls of variagated alabaster, and being ornamented with gilt balustrades, has a magnificent effect.—From the entrance hall we passed through the picture gallery, the door of which is of highly polished oak inlaid in the most beautiful manner. One thousand paintings of the best masters enrich the gallery. I shall not attempt a description, for were I able to write one it it would swell this letter to a greater length than your columns will allow.

The chapel is in keeping with the building. The panel work is of cedar, and as we entered gave a most delightful fragrance. The whole is richly ornamented. The ceilings, and every part, not otherwise decorated, are embellished by the pencils of Verrio and Laguerre. The ornaments in wood are said to be the works of Gibbons; the rich alter was sculptured by Cibber.

The next room looked at was the "Velvet Chamber," appropriated to Queen Victoria when she visited Chatsworth in 1843. The walls are covered with crimson velvet bordered with gold; the ceiling is of stucco work covered with gilding.—The floor is of polished inlaid oak. The paintings are very good, and the furniture of crimson and gold. In one corner is an elegant rose wood piano, obtained for her majesty's use.

The next apartment were a suit of rooms the walls of which are covered with richly embroidered leather, finely gilt. In these the coronation chairs of the several former Kings of England, which came into the possession of the Duke of Devonshire by his being the Lord Chamberlain at the time of the coronation.

The library is only excelled by one other in the Kingdom. The rooms appropriated to sculpture contain some of the finest pieces of statuary in the world; the door cases and tables are of alabaster from the Peak of Derbyshire.

The rooms are so constructed that on any great occasion, a suit of apartments can be thrown open to the length of six hundred feet.

The park, Gardens, jets of water, fountains, &c., are on the same scale with the building. The "Conservatory" is a glass structure containing seventy eight thousand square feet of glass, and is kept warm by pipes equal in length to six miles; it is three hundred and thirty feet long and thirty feet wide and sixty five feet high.—This immense "hot house" is filled with all the tropical trees which the wealth of the Duke has enabled him to obtain and so anxious is he to excel all others that no price, however high, prevents him from obtaining every thing that is made known to him worthy of a place in this depot.

The Duke has been visited by the Emperor of Russia, and by other distinguished men and by them his house and his grounds have been enriched with many valuable and costly presents.

VAMPIRES.

DON'T be startled, reader, unless you have a guilty conscience and if you have, either for wronging a fellow man or from sinning against your own soul, may it haunt you forever,—or what is still better, till the day of repentance and atonement But we are intending to discourse on that coward maker, but simply upon superstitions not by any means uncommon, that tyranize over the timid and ignorant, and really do exert much powerful influence upon the formation of character.

One of these superstitions, not much known, however in America, is the belief in the existence of *Vampires.* These are common when used as rhetorical figures, and by no means frighful. But when referred to the stories of their real existence and origin, as the people of Eastern Europe to this day believe them, they are horrible enough to satisfy the most terror loving appetite in the land.

The vampire is described by writers of a century ago, with all the positiveness of truth, as *a living corpse.* When buried it did not decay like other dead bodies, but remained incorruptible, lying still by day, but at night leaving its damp, cold bed, to go forth and feed upon the living above ground. If awake, it would fix its demon, leaden eye, upon its victim, with a devilish fascination, or if asleep, would fix its sharp fang upon the neck, and suck the life blood from the crimson fountain and then depart to its tomb, for another night to bring another meal.

Its teeth left no scar, no festering wound and the only knowledge of its nocturnal visit was a certain weakness from the blood letting, and an indescribable feeling of a vampire indoctrination, from which no power could release the once touched subject. A second visit invariably followed, when death soon ensued, & the new corpse began its career of deadly midnight feasting. The only way to destroy the monster, was to exhume it during the day light and thrust a stake through its heart. Sometimes the bitten were accustomed, as a recuperative means, to use the earth taken from the grave of the vampire, for food, at the same time anointing their bodies with its blood. Even these remedies were only effective in postponing the fatal issue, but never prevented it. The following is a case well authenticated, and doubtless occurred just as it is narrated:

"Erasmus Francisci, in his remarks upon the description of the Archdukedom of Krain, by Valpasor, speaks of a man of the name of Grando, in the district of K-ing, who died, was buried, and became a vampire, and as such was exhumed for the purpose of having a stake thrust through him.

"When they opened his grave after he had been long buried, his face was found with a color, and his features made natural sorts of movements, as if the dead man smiled. He even opened his mouth, as if he would inhale fresh air. They held the crucifix before him, and called in a loud voice, 'See, this is Jesus Christ who redeemed your soul from hell, and died for you.' After the sound had acted upon his organs of hearing, and he had connected, perhaps, some ideas with it, tears began to flow from the dead man's eyes. Finally, when after a short prayer, for his soul, they proceeded to hack off his head, the corpse uttered a shriek, and turned and rolled just as if it had been alive, and the grave was full of blood."

Horrible as such a state of things must inevitably be, it is nevertheless true that a hundred years ago, in Eastern Europe, the people believed it as solemnly as we believe the Bible. Multitudes thought themselves bitten, became melancholy, foretold their approaching death, and absolutely died of imaginary infliction, till whole villages were almost depopulated, and whole graveyards of corpses have been exhumed that the vampire kingdom might be staked to its last resting place; and dozens of living corpses have been found weeks after burial! The state of society, and the amount of human suffering consequent upon such a superstition, may be better conceived than described, and it is difficult to appreciate the calamitous terror that must have been an inmate of every human dwelling.

But the solution of the phenomenon furnishes a truth quite as horrible. The supposed vampires that were truly found living in their graves, were doubtless *bodies buried alive!* And the instance quoted goes to show this fact, as well as the terrific conclusion that the thrusting of a stake through the heart of such an one, was in the actual murder of an unfortunate being whom there had been an apparent cessation of the functions of life. In many places on the continent, to this day the inordinate haste to inter the dead, undoubtedly effects the same thing. In France, alone, it is computed that not less than thirty are annually buried alive The only sure test of death is absolute decomposition, and in Germany, so much regard is had to this fact, that no body is allowed by law, to be buried until it has been three days dead. With us, custom regulates the matter well enough, perhaps, so that the departed seldom are heard from after they go to their long home, except by ghostly apparitions to the wicked and fearful, a topic which we will reserve till another day.

A FRUITFUL FARM.—The Cook Farm near Bushwick, on Long Island, N. Y., which contains only thirty acres, and was considered a few years ago as almost hopelessly barren, has sent to market this summer:

342 bushels of peas in the pod—average price 75 cents a bushel.

1,000 bushels of potatoes—price 68 3-4 cents, and 500 bushels remaining yet to dig.

40 bushels per day of tomatoes; the crop estimated at 1,200 bushels, at 50 cents per bushel.

4,000 poles are now thickly covered with lima beans, perfectly grown.

1,200 bushels of bush beans have been disposed of—average price 44 cents per bushel.

Corn, 3 acres; blue top turnips, 1 1-2 acres; cabbage, 1 1-2 acres, 5,000 to the acre; hay for all their stock; wheat, 75 bushels; Cayenne cherry pepers a beautiful patch, estimated 25 bushels on one-twentieth of an acre.

These facts are stated by a Committee of the Farmers' Club in New York, who visited the farm lately. They serve to show what careful management & enlightened labor can do with poor land in the vicinity of large cities.

THE WILL OF A WEALTHY SOUTHERNER.—The New Orleans Picayune publishes extracts from the last will and testament of Julien Poydras late of the parish of Pointe Coupee, and of great wealth.—The testator died in possession of six large plantations, and on each of them there are a great many slaves, who are directed to be sold at public sale, the purchasers to bind themselves to emancipate the slaves with their increase at the end of twenty five years from the day of sale. The balance of the estate, after the payment of the legacies, is to be divided among a number of nephews and nieces of the deceased. To each of his god-children, Mr. Poydras bequeathed $500; to each of his negroes, large and small, he bequeathed $10. To Felix Bernard Eustache Lebedel Willis Alston and Madame Zacherie, he left each $2,000. To Miss Frances Gallatin, daughter of Albert Gallatin, he left $10,000; to Mr. Laffitte, notory, in New Orleans, $6,000, To Joseph Theodore Bandue, of New Orleans, and Guy Richards, of Pointe Coupee, his executors, he left each $25,000. Rich bequests are made to all the charitable institutions of New Orleans. To the parishes of Pointe Coupee and West Baton Rouge, he leaves $30,000 each. The interest of this sum is to be employed in giving a *dowry to all girls of the said parish who may get married;* the unfortunate to be always preferred.

A SAD AFFAIR.—*Youthful Criminal.* A son of Richard H. Lee, Esq., professor of Belles Lettres in Washington College, Pa., arrived at Pittsburg a few days ago, in the custody of the Sheriff. The Pittsburg Journal says:

The unfortunate young man is not more than 21 years of age, and has been sentenced to three years imprisonment in the penatentiary, for stealing about $400 from the Hon. T. M. T. M'Kennan. The night previous to his removal he had succeeded in breaking out of his cell, and escaped into the yard of the prison, whence he would have escaped altogether—but for the entry of the officers of the prison, coming in with his mother, who had insisted upon visiting him. But for the yearning of the mother's heart for her erring child, he would have made his escape from the jail. Still, perhaps, it is better that his purpose was defeated: he would then have been forever an outcast and a fugitive: as it is, we are satisfied that the youth will leave the State Prison a better man than he enters it.

From the Annapolis Republican.

GUBERNATORIAL CANDIDATES.

The political contest is now waging warmly in the State of Maryland.

We have offered WM. T. GOLDSBOROUGH, Esq, as the candidate of our party, for the office of Governor. Each day, as some new feature of his character is presented to the public view, we feel more proud of him as a man, and more strengthened in our honest convictions of his integrity and ability, as a statesman. His profession is that of a farmer, to which he has devoted much time and attention, and in which he takes the purest delight.—This occupation we all know, is well calculated to develop and expand the generous qualities of our race.

We have this fact exemplified in the character of the Hon. Wm. T. Goldsborough. His disposition is hospitable, social and virtuous, as is proven by the many incidents of his life. No man in need has ever called vainly at his door, but from the abundance of his store, the wants of his fellow creatures have often been supplied, as his neighbors, many of whom have experienced the aid of his benificent hand, can fully testify.

Those from abroad, who, laboring for a sustenance on the waters adjoining his plantation, have been pinched with cold and hunger, speak from the fullness of a heart overflowing with gratitude for the kindness which they in their want have experienced from this gentleman.

To these ennoblin qualities of the heart, is added a mind strong and sound, ripened by experience in public life, to counsel for the interest of the State, to guide her prosperously along the path of prosperity and happiness, which has been opened under Whig auspices. Such is the candidate whom we offer for your suffrages.

Our opponents offer the Hon. P. F. THOMAS, who is represented by the to possess the most splendid intellect. Now we wish not to detract from the merits of this gentleman, but would enquire when and where the evidence has been afforded, that he possesses a mind so pre-eminent above his fellows. He has ability, we admit, but that his talent is extraordinary we deny, and challenge successful contradiction. We know many men more gifted than he with the power of argument and eloquence, upon which in him the Locos so pride themselves. We fear not the contrast of his splendid intellect, with the ripe judgment and generous heart of the farmer candidate.

When the debt of Maryland was annually increasing by an accumulation of interest; when an increase of the direct tax was recommended by every Governor of that party, as the only means of release; when all was dark and gloomy, and the public was becoming paralyzed by hope deferred, the Hon. P. F. Thomas, mistaking the signs of the times, and thinking the occasion opportune, offered a bill in the Legislature of Maryland, to dispose of the State's interest in the public works, and repeal the tax laws, thus inviting an oppressed people to a dishonest release. Such was the progeny of that splendid intellect, which is shaded by the lofty virtue of the Whig candidate.

Tell us not that the people of Maryland will hesitate to choose between these two. The Hon. Wm. T. Goldsborough must and will be Governor of Maryland.

Mr Secretary Buchanan (says the Philadelphia News) has received a very severe and mortifying rebuke from his own party and in the place where his ancient residence was fixed. The Locofoco Convention of Lancaster county assembled in Lancaster city some days ago and formed the ticket for the coming election. A series of resolutions were also adopted in which Polk, Shunk, Longstreth, etc., etc., were lauded to the skies and among them was the following:

Resolved, That the Democracy of Lancaster county have full and continued confidence in the Hon. James Buchanan, "the favorite son of Pennsylvania," the talented and indefatigable Secretary of State, for his able administration of said department.

One of Mr. Buchanan's oldest friends, Col. Reah Frazer, rose up immediately after its being read, and in language not at all courteous to Mr. Buchanan, declared his opposition to it. Great was the astonishment of some of the Secretary's peculiar friends, and their anger was strong and frothy but it availed nothing, for the resolution was *postponed* and Mr. Buchanan stands condemned by the very men who not long since lauded him as worthy of being the Chief of the nation.

The Lancaster Intelligencer has an editorial article relative to the resolutions and proceedings, but it does not utter a word concerning the rough treatment of "Pennsylvania's favorite son."

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