# 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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## BETTER THAN BEAUTY.

My love is not a beauty
To other eyes than mine:
Her curls are not the fairest,
Her eyes are not divine:
Nor yet like rose buds parted,
Her lips of love may be;
But though she's not a beauty,
She's dear as one to me.

Her neck is far from swan like,
Her bosom unlike snow;
Nor walks she like a deity
This breathing world below;
Yet there's a light of happiness
Within, which all may see;
And though she's not a beauty,
She's dear as one to me.

I would not give the kindness,
The grace that dwells in *her*
For all that Cupid's blindness
In others might prefer!
I would not change her sweetness
For pearls of any sea;
For better far than beauty
Is one *kind heart* to me.

*Chambers' Journal.*

## THE DAILY GOVERNESS.

BY CHALES DICKENS.

THE lark went up to heaven, seeming to beat his breast against the ancient sky; yet tiny speck as he was—scarcely discernible to the keenest vision, his song was audible to Lucy Hinchliff in her mother's little garden. Lucy was a daily governess, and was in the act of plucking a rose to adorn her bosom, before she set out to enter upon the days's routine. She cast her eyes around the modest garden—it was a very modest, very little garden—looked up at the lark once more, received the last note of its song into her soul, smiled at the grey-headed mother in the pinched widow's cap, who was standing at the window, waved her adieus, and closed the small gate after her.

There was not in all the suburb in which we lived a better girl, a prettier girl, a more loving, more dutiful daughter than Lucy Hinchliff. She first attracted our attention when we went, with satchel on our back, willingly enough to school.—She was younger by two years than ourselves—a little, timid thing, as we remember her. She had a father at that time, but we could see that the old gentleman was poor; and once we were prompted to offer her some of our victuals which we bore in our bag (for we dined at school) fearing that she had not enough to eat at home. It was only a boy's thought, and now we are more happy that we did not commit ourselves by the insult, than if we had realized our early dreams, those bubbles bred in a child's active brain.

Her father died, and they became poorer. A rich relation took Lucy away, to bestow upon her a superior education.—It was all he could do for her, he said; though he kept his carriage, and his servants, and cast bread to dogs. She returned to her mother after three years, to aid their mutual support by teaching.

Who knows, besides themselves, the lives that daily governesses lead? Who has tasted, besides themselves, the bitterness of the bread they eat? The fine mistress may not frown too severely upon her cook or footman. They would resent it, and would seek another place.—But the poor governess! That *she* will resign her engagement is not to be apprehended. And are there not dozens—scores who would be glad to succeed her, if she gave herself airs? There are tragedies in real life more sad to witness than any of the histrionic art, and the life of the daily governess, in meagre circumstances, is one whole tregedy.

Lucy Hinchliff closed the garden gate, and passed from her mother's sight. It was a fine morning, and she was early.—She had, therefore, no occasion to hurry, as she was sometimes obliged to do. She felt very glad that the morning was fine, for to tell a homely truth, her shoes—well nigh worn out—were far from being waterproof. She had sat all day with wet feet once before, from the same cause, and much need she had to be careful of her health for her mother's sake. She had few acquaintances on the road she traversed—though she was familiar as their own children's faces to all the small tradesmen—they saw her pass so regularly morning and evening. The green-grocer would frequently tell his wife that it was time to get the breaklast, for the young lady with the music-paper was abroad.—The toll-gate keeper was Lucy's only speaking acquaintance of the male sex.—He had always a kind word for her. Nor did Lucy fail to ask him after the child that was scalded—a frightful accident that—or whether his eldest girl was at home yet, and other little queries. "There she goes," the man would say, when she had turned from him. "Her's is a hard life, poor thing!"

"Not hard at all, Mister Marton," retorted Dame Wringlinen on one occasion. "Hard, indeed. I think she's got a very easy berth o't. Put her over a washing tub, and give her three or four counterpanes for a morning's work, and see what she'd make o't."

"Ah, you don't know all!" said the toll-keeper, significantly. And he was right.

The lady at whose house Lucy commenced the instructions of the day, was a very nervous lady indeed; and like your nervous people, she was extremely irascible. Lucy's knock offended her. She hated single knocks. Why had they a bell, if it was not to exempt the house from the vulgarity of single knocks? Once in a fit of forgetfulness, the governess gave a palpitating double knock, and then Mrs. Robert Smith was astonished at her presumption. "Miss — Miss —, I forget your name—" Mrs. Robert Smith often contrived to forget a name which was the property of a humble dependent, and was so much better than her own.

"Hinchliff, ma'am," prompted Lucy on the occasion referred to.

"Ah, Hinchliff. Well, Miss Hinchliff, if, for the future, you would remember not to give a double knock, you would oblige me. I really thought it was visitors, and, as I am in my dishabille, it set me all in a flutter—you should consider my nerves, Miss Hinchliff."

Poor Lucy! If she could have afforded to be so much in fashion as to own to the possession of nerves, the lady's nervousness would have infected her.

"Now, Miss Hinchliff," said Mrs. Robert Smith, when the governess had taken off her bonnet and shawl on the morning we make her acquaintance, "*are* you up in those new quadrilles yet?"

"I am very sorry, ma'am, but I have been so much engaged—I only took them home the day before yesterday, and so little of my time is my own."

"Well, Miss Hinchliff, of course, if you have too many engagements, and my dear children are to be neglected on that account, it will be Mr. Robert Smith's duty to seek another responsible person, whose engagements are not so numerous: you cannot object to that, I am sure."

"Oh, ma'am was Lucy's faltering reply; "I am too happy to be employed by you. I will be sure to get the quadrilles ready by to-morrow."

God pity her. She spoke the truth.—She was too happy to be employed by Mrs. Robt. Smith.

"I will excuse you this time, Miss Hinchliff," said the lady, conciliated by Lucy's answer, "but I shall certainly expect the quadrilles to-morrow. I think you said when we first engaged you, that you taught Italian? Priscilla is to learn it"

"I shall be most happy, ma'am?" replied Lucy, brightening up.

"Mr. Robert Smith says that he has read—he is a great reader, as you know—that there are some very pretty poems in Italian, though he called one by a very shocking name—a kind of play house thing."

"Which was that, ma'am?" inquired Lucy, mentally reverting to Goldoni and Metastatio.

"You ought to tell me," replied the lady. "You know of course—the pretty Italian poem with the play-house name."

"Do you mean Dante's *Divine Comedy* ma'am?"

"Yes, that is it—a very pretty poem—is it not?"

"It is considered a very fine poem, ma'am."

"Yes, pretty or fine—that's what Mr. Robert Smith called it; though I think, if 'tis a comedy, it shouldn't be called *Divine*."

Lucy assured the lady that the *Divina Commedia* was not a play in five acts with stage directions, but rather a religious poem.

"I understand your meaning," said her employer, "something like Milton, I suppose. I have heard Mr. Robert Smith remark—his remarks are so to the purpose that Milton was a tragedy, quite. You will understand that you are to teach Priscilla Italian. And about the terms, Mr. Robert Smith says that you are not to increase them, as he really can't afford it."

"Ma'am," said Lucy, astonished.

"If you object, of course, we must find another responsible person, who will include Italian for the amount of your present salary."

Lucy's mother was in failing health.—Need we say that she was "too happy" to teach Italian without remuneration, under the circumstances. On the same morning Mrs. Robert Smith dismissed her cook, who blundered at a *pate de foie gras*, and hired another at greatly enlarged wages.

The widow Hinchliff was not only in failing health, but she was nearer death than Lucy had any idea of. When the poor girl returned home that evening—she went to six houses first, and walked a distance of seventeen miles—she found that her parent had been obliged to retire to bed. The servant, alarmed by her mistress's condition, had called in a neighbor, who only waited for Lucy's return to urge the propriety of sending for a doctor. Lucy not only assented, but ran herself to fetch one. "I can give you no hope," he said; and she felt that a blight had indeed passed over her young life. When one that we dearly love is stricken down to die we look out upon the world as if we had no longer hope, or part, or any lot, therein.

She had to practice the quadrilles that night, on her hired piano, in fulfillment of the promise made to Mrs. Robert Smith. Her mother had fallen into one of those dozing, restless slumbers, peculiar to a state of sickness, and the thought of waking the notes of gay quardrille music in the house on whose threshold, even at that moment, Death, the destroyer, stood, shocked Lucy's feelings. No, she could not do *that*, let Mrs. Robert Smith say what she pleased.

She sat through the longest night she had ever known—for the heart measures hours—not the clock—a watcher by her mother's bed. When the glad sunlight came gushing in at the casement, and lark after lark poured fourth his jubilant thanksgiving for his sleep in the dewy grass, she undressed herself, and went to her own chamber, leaving the servant to supply her place. There was no visible alteration in her parent when, with many fears and with one of the sadest hearts that ever beat in human bosom, she left the cottage upon her constant, diurnal mission. She was late, and had to walk hurriedly. It rained too, and the water soaked through the leaky shoes. She had no smile for the toll-gate keeper. He saw that she was sad, and contented himself with a touch of his hat, by way of recognition. He was sad too, for the scalded child had died during the night. "Best not to tell her now," he thought; "she has her own trouble this morning" God help her. She had indeed.

"You are full ten minutes behind your time, Miss Hinchliff. I never find you staying ten minutes over your time," was Mrs. Robert Smith's salutation.

"I am very sorry, ma'am—but I left my mother at home very ill—dying, ma'am, the doctor says," replied Lucy, bursting into tears.

"Dying—dear me. Of course you feel very much put out; but punctuality, Mr. Robert Smith says, is the soul of an engagement—and you have a character to keep up—but as you are come, you can set Priscilla's mind at ease; she is dying to play the quadrilles, and to begin her Italian."

"I—I was unable to run them through last night, ma'am," stammered Lucy, "my mother was so ill."

"Then you are *not* ready with those quadrilles again, Miss Hinchliff," exclaimed Mrs. Robert Smith; "really, at your age, a young woman should know the value of a promise."

"I could not disturb my mother," said Lucy, appealing.

"Of course, I take all that into consideration," replied her employer. "But you, as a responsible person, should know the value of a promise. However, I will excuse you since your mother is dying—only don't let it happen again. You will commence Priscilla's Italian this morning, of course?"

"I have been so unfortunate as to forget my own grammar, but if Priscilla is provided with one ——"

"Her father says that he cannot afford any Italian books—her French ones came so expensive. He thought you could have no objection to lend her yours."

What could Lucy say, but that her books were at Priscilla's service?

Her mother was worse that evening, and had been, as the neighbor said, delirious during her absence. Lucy asked herself whether she should practice the quadrilles. She was not long in the deciding. Though they should go without bread, she would not forget her duty as a daughter. Her place was at her mother's bedside.

That day Mr. Robert Smith paid a visit to a friend, whose governess not only taught Italian for the same salary that was paid to Lucy Hinchliff, but also professed to include Spanish. When Lucy was admitted the next morning, the lady placed a small sum of money in her hand, and informed her that "domestic arragements" would render her attendance in future unnecessary. The poor girl was not at all cast down by this circumstance. Was not her mother ill—dying, at home? She would not be obliged to leave her so early in the morning.

Her mother died three days afterwards. A letter sent by Lucy to the rich relation, brought a cool answer back, in which the writer recommended her to be industrious, and to "keep her character"

And now Lucy was alone in the world, in which are so many faces, and so many hearts beating with warm life. Even the toll gate keeper had disappeared. His place was supplied by a stranger, a man of coarse, repulsive aspect. Lucy felt the loss, even of that acquaintance.

Within a month after her mother's death, she was compelled to resign another of her engagements, her employer, a widower, having made dishonorable proposals to her. She advertised in the papers, but could not meet with an appointment. She had removed into lodgings now.

One night—it was a cold rainy November night—Lucy Hinchliff sat in her little room by her fire, pondering much over many things, but chiefest what it was fitting for a young girl like her to-do, who being so unprotected, was exposed to so many insults. She gazed at her mother's portrait which hung over the mantelshelf, and seemed to ask advice of the dead.—But the dead replied not. Only the bleak wind whistled. Only the rain beat against the window panes.

There was a stir below, as of feet coming up stairs. Lucy heard it without heed. The feet came higher and higher, however, and halted at her door; upon the panels of which a rap sounded as from determined, sturdy nuckles. The governess started, and cried, "Come in," and a man came in.

It was her old acquaintance, the toll-keeper.

But not dressed as he was formerly.—No. He wore a bran new suit of superfine Saxony cloth, and a gold watch-guard communicated with his vest pocket. As far as equipment went, he was in all respects the gentleman. And in the heart besides.

"I beg your pardon, miss, for intruding upon you," he said, bashfully. "I am come to speak to you about educating my children."

Lucy bowed. She thought she had misunderstood him.

"I am come into a large fortune lately, miss,—a very large fortune—a matter of a thousand a-year. I knew no more of it, three months ago, bless you, than the man in the moon; and I think, and my wife thinks, that our girls ought to be educated."

"Certainly," said Lucy, vacantly. She thought she was dreaming.

"And so we agreed that if you would come and live with us—we lives in a fine house now—and be one of ourselves, and teach the children, we thought that we should take it very kind of you."

"Yes," assented Lucy, mechanically, for she was not a whit the nearer waking.

"And if you would think two hundred pounds a year, and a room of your own, enough, it is yours to-morrow; and that's all about it."

The speaker, in the excitement of having accomplished his errand, clapped his hat on his head, and breathed freely. But he recollected himself, and took his hat off again.

"You wish me to be governess to your children Do I understand you aright?" said Lucy, only half conscious that the scene was real.

"Yes, miss if you please; and if two hundred a-year would satisfy you, why—why its done, and that's just where it is."

"I thank God," cried Lucy, bursting into tears. She was wide awake, and understood all now.

It was all true—that was the best of it. The man had really inherited a large fortune, left him by some relative, hitherto unheard of. And was not his early thought about the poor governess, who gave him a good word every morning, and inquired after Billy, who was scalded? Yes; for he had heard of her mother's death, and the proud consciousness of being able to confer a benefit on an orphan girl, elated his heart as much as the possession of a thousand pounds per annum Lucy, of course, would not consent to receive the salary he had named How it was finally settled, this chronicler knows not; but Lucy dwells with the *quondam* tollkeeper, and looks happy—very happy.

A small white stone has been erected at her mother's grave. You may see it, if you will walk for the purpose, to Abney Park Cemetery, Stoke-Newington.

THE QUEEN AND THE BABIES.—Queen Victoria will be twenty nine years old the 24th inst. She was married on the 10th of February, 1840, and has already given six heirs to the throne, namely:—Victoria Adelaide Maria Louisa, born November 21, 1840; Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, November 9, 1841; Alice Maud Mary, April 25, 1843; Alfred Ernst Albert, August 6, 1844; Helena Augusta Victoria, May 25, 1846; and an infant born March 18, 1848. The allowance to each child is $135,000 a year.

## NAVAL ANECDOTE.

Shortly before the declaration of the war of 1812, against Great Britain, Captain —— commanded a ship which sailed from the United States to Portsmouth, England, by way of the West Indies. A number of British naval officers, stationed at one of the West India Islands, had been ordered home and took passage in his ship.—Conversation during the voyage turned frequently upon the prospect of war between the two countries. "If," said the English officers, "war should take place, we shall capture every ship in the American navy. It is impossible that we should fail." To this accustomed braggadocio of John Bull, the Captain simply replied, "Gentlemen, you may live to find yourselves disappointed." This English spirit of boasting was kept up during the entire voyage, without, however, disturbing friendly feelings. They reached Portsmouth in safety, but had only been there a few weeks when the startling news arrived that Hull had taken the English frigate Guerriere, commanded by Captain Dacres. The day after the reception of the news, the old Captain purchased a white hat, small clothes, etc., and went to the Navy Yard, to which his passengers had been ordered.

He found them grouped together, talking over the serious news. "Good morning, gentlemen," said he, "have you heard the news?" "Oh! yes, Captain, we suppose you refer to the victory of Hull."—"Not at all, gentlemen—my news is, that Hull has been broken by a court martial!" Why, Captain, you are not in earnest—what do you mean—we are astonished indeed!" "Yes," continued the Captain, "the American Congress passed a resolution, that if an American frigate did not take a British frigate in *fifteen minutes*, the Commodore should be cashiered; and you know it took Hull just 17 1-2 minutes to take the Guerriere." His audience dispersed as if the riot act had been read, but not without showing evident tokens of deep mortification. As for the Captain, he made it a rule to mount his white hat and shorts, and call at the Navy Yard, as the news of each successive victory of our gallant navy reached him, to congratulate his former boasting English naval friends.

## THE NAVY.

The Hon. THOMAS BUTLER KING, chairman of the Committee on Naval Affairs in the House of Representatives of the United States, has lately introduced three very important bills into that body in relation to the Navy. The first is a law to provide for a retired list in the Naval Service, which enacts that any naval officer, who has served thirty years without dishonor, may, with the consent of the President, retire from active service on full pay, subject, however, to recall in case of war. Commissioned officers and masters, who have been on duty less than thirty years, may, with the President's consent, be placed on a retired list at half duty pay, &c.

The second bill provides for the construction of twenty sloop-of war brigs, of not less than four hundred and fifty tons each, carrying heavy guns. One million of dollars is appropriated.

The third bill prescribes the age at which candidates for midshipmen may enter the Navy. It enacts that the applicants must be over fourteen, must remain two years at the Naval School, and three at sea, before being examined for promotion as passed midshipmen. It farther provides for the performance of active duty on the part of the scholars of the Naval School, and regulates the appointments of the midshipmen from the different States and Territories.

The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia American furnishes the following notice of an important report prepared by Mr. King and presented to Congress:

Mr. T. Butler King, the able and enterprising chairman of the Naval Affairs, has just prepared a report on the subject of our commerce in the Pacific embraced under a scheme which he recommends to Congress, of employing the four war steamers, now building in Norfolk, Philadelphia New York, and Kittery, as a mail line from Monterey or San Francisco to Changhai in China, which is well worthy of public attention.

He proposes this as an entering wedge to the opening of a more extended commercial intercourse with China and Japan, to be expanded by increased facilities of communication and prospectively by a connection across the continent by railroad or some other facility of connecting the two oceans with expedition. This line of steamers, contemplates a continuation of the mail communication from New York to Oregon, by way of Havana and Chagres. The advantage of employing the public vessels, particularly steamers, in such service, instead of locking them up in the indolence of foreign stations, is apparant without argument. It would open a good school of instruction to our officers, familiarize them with the navigation of the Pacific, & interest them in a system of commercial exploration, which heretofore has been too much disregarded in the navy. It is high time we were beginning experments of this sort—that we were seeking new markets for our productions and manufactures, and identifying more closely, our navy with the great interests of our commerce.

The statistics collected and compiled by Mr. King, from a mass of crude figures and information, obtained at home and abroad, are exceedingly valuable for reference and as sources of profitable instruction, not only to the statesman, but to the merchant and every other class or pursuit. I was particularly struck with one fact in this connection, which goes to prove the necessity of adopting some policy by which our trade with China can be extended.—The excess of our imports over our exports, exceeds some four millions annually, which is usually paid by bills on London, thereby increasing the balance of trade against us in England, to that extent.

He analyzes the condition of the whale fisheries of the Pacific, and shows their importance in a brief, but conclusive narrative. In January, '46 there were 736 ships engaged in this trade, with 233,149 tons burthen, employing over thirteen thousand officers and seamen, with a capital of twenty-nine millions and a half of dollars. The annual product of the whale fisheries is about ten millions. The vessels engaged in this branch of commerce expend about three millions a year, to recruit in foreign ports.

Mr. King recommends the establishment of a naval depot and fortifications on the Pacific, as the American terminus of this line of steamers, to afford a rendezvous for Government vessels, and a place for repairing and refitting ships engaged in the whale trade.

This suggestion forms but a link in an extended and great chain of naval and commercial improvement, for which the country is mainly indebted to the labor and zeal and ability of Mr. King; whose acquaintance with this vast subject, in all its bearings, is unsurpassed in Congress, and whose industry in pursuing it to large practical results, against formidable obstructions, entitles him to the thanks and approbation of the country at large, whose interests it will so materially enhance

## THE ESCORT OF SANTA ANNA.

The following is the official report of Captain Tilghman, of the Maryland Light Artillery, who escorted Santa Anna to the place of his departure from Mexico:

JALAPA, Mexico, April 10.

Sir:—In compliance with the instructions of Col. Hughes upon the subject, I have the honor to report as follows, with regard to my march to Antigua, escorting Gen. Santa Anna and family:

On Thursday, the 30th ult., I relieved Capt. Deggs, at the Hacienda of Encero, at which place Gen. Santa Anna had taken up his abode, during his stay in this Department. On reporting to the General, he at once placed under my command the detachment of Hussars and Lancers that formed his escort to this place. These detachments were severally commanded by Capts. Bernall, Sarrasa and Garcia, and numbered 70 rank and file. Feeling that the duty upon which I had entered was one of great delicacy, and at the same time of the most vital importance to the interests of the Government of the United States, I informed Gen. Santa Anna that he might use his pleasure as to the route, hours of starting, halting, &c., and that I would be pleased to do all in my power to make the march an agreeable one, *consistent* with my instructions as to his *leaving* the country.

I left Encero on the morning of the 31st, and reached "Puente Nacional" about dusk. My thanks are especially due to Col. McClellan, the commanding officer at that place, for the facilities given me for the comfort of the General and family, as well as that of my command.

Leaving Puente Nacional the next morning, pursuing the lower road to Antigua, we reached the latter place at 2 o'clock, P. M. Entering the town somewhat in advance of the General, I regret to say that I found a large party of guerrilleros, under "Chica Mendoza," ready to dispute my entrance. They had formed themselves in a large quartel, manning the doors, windows, &c. They were probably not aware of the strength of my command, which it may be well here to state was composed of fifty men from my battery, with Lieut. Tensfield and Dr. Bryerly, which, together with the Mexican force under my command, gave me an aggregate of one hundred and twenty. Being about the centre of my command, the advance was in the act of engaging the guerrilleros when I discovered them, and had only time to gain the front, spring with my horse through the door, and order them to surrender, as the leading files reached the Quartel. Chica Mendoza came forward, and said he did not wish to *fight*, as he was there only as a guard to the place against the robbers, and agreed to respect the armistice. I caused them at once to evacuate the Quartel, sent for the Alcalde, and assumed the command of the place, stipulating that the first act of hostility on their part would cause me to sack the town. The commanding officer of the guerrilleros, Chica Mendoza, reported his strength to be about one hundred and fifty men, then under arms in the town. But for the peculiar nature of the business upon which I was engaged, I should have deemed it my duty to have chastised them. These men have since robbed several merchant trains upon the road. Of this I have positive information, and I would respectfully recommend that an expedition be sent to Antigua, for the purpose of ferreting them out.

On account of the unfavorable state of the weather, Gen Santa Anna did not embark until Wednesday morning, 5th inst., at 8 o'clock, at which hour he embarked on board the Spanish brig Martino, for Jamaica. I did not leave Antigua until the steamer ordered by Col. Wilson, Governor of Vera Cruz, to tow the brig out of the harbor of Antigua, had gone to sea some twenty miles.

My thanks are also due to Col. Wilson for the facilities given me for the safe embarkation of Gen. Santa Anna. Governor Wilson, in company with several officers, visited Gen. Santa Anna at Antigua, and proffered the use of the Government boats for his embarkation. And it may not be improper in this communication to comply with a request of Gen. Santa Anna, to return his thanks to the officers of this garrison, Puente Nacional, and to Col. Wilson, of Vera Cruz, for their great kindness and consideration to him and his family.

Leaving Antigua, I proceeded to Vera Cruz the same day, and left for Jalapa on the following morning, in charge of a government train of one hundred and twenty wagons, and arrived here on Friday, the 7th inst.

I take great pleasure in mentioning the efficient services of Lieut. Tensfield and Dr. Bryerly, on this occasion, and, likewise, the orderly conduct of the men under my command. Respectfully,

LLOYD TILGHMAN, Capt. of
Light Artillery, Com'g Detachment.

D. Woodruff, Lieut. Colonel, Civil and Military Governor, Department of Jalapa, Mexico.

ANOTHER PATRIOT GONE.—The members of the "Association of the Defenders of Baltimore," last week followed to the grave the mortal remains of Col. John H. Schuchtz, a patriot of the Revolution, and one of that gallant band who so nobly defended Baltimore against the assault of the British in 1814. The deceased had lived to the good old age of 96 years.—*Balt. Clipper.*

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