J. Cutting

EASTON GAZETTE.

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ORIGINAL TALE.

CONCLUDED.

Robertson was the particular friend of Jack, which circumstance gave him unlimited bounds over the credulity of his heart. I can assign no particular reason, why my young hero should have gained the good graces of my redoubtable barber, over his many other numerous acquaintances, unless it be, that he always consulted him when it was proper for him, to have his hair cut, no doubt the youth, was very particular, which excited the barber's attention and his best skill to please so good a customer.

How long a period had elapsed since the scissors had been employed in his hair I am not informed: but Robertson repaired to his shop, for that purpose, on a Wednesday morning, the weather was sultry and hazy, exactly suited to his purpose. With some ceremony he was seated in Jack's long back chair, a cloth was spread to catch the falling hairs and soon Jack's scissors were clipping away, as scientifically, as the most celebrated hair cutter of a polished city. Near done he exclaimed "Mas Rob. your hair improve vastly, fore my God! my dull scissors never cut better hair, as I am a sinner here below." Robertson said not a word: Jack continued—"bless my Jesus 'tis as soft as down," feeling its texture with his fingers.—Robertson still looked grave as he had done since he came in the shop and devoutly kept his taciturnity. "Not that I say it, but as Heaven's my Judge, I never cut a better head o'hair" continued he "I declare it sets so smooth,' not a word escaped the silent and apparently unhappy youth. At length he cast a deep fetched sigh, as the cloth was removed, and moaned bitterly, Jack turned round with astonishment, "ant you well mas Rob. ant you well?" after a hard breathing, he faintly muttered—"No Jack no Jack" "what in God's" name is the matter?"—"I've had a dream," was the scarcely audible reply. Jack who was none of your incredulous disbelievers of dreams, started back and wildly exclaimed, half frightened, half pleased—"a dream! mas Rob. afore my God, you look very bad, your face is very pale—massa—you had better take some medicine, I've some weed tea, you're sick afore my God and I say so!" "no not sick Jack, but the dream"—and stopped short, his feelings overcame his voice—Jack stepped up to him, and blowing away the scattered hairs very softly, but eagerly inquired in his ear, "what did you dream mas Robertson." "I am spell bound" was the reply "and no man must know it, I promised not to impart it—but I'll tell you this much of it" said Robertson, "it relates to money." "Fore my just God, Heaven send it be true." "I know its true," said Robertson "the very place, the very spot, I can find, but I remember the spirit said "to only one mortal shalt thou this secret reveal." "Heaven send, you have not told any body" quickly reverberated Jack: "I have not" said the disconsolate youth "and I think I had best not, what think you Jack?" "Fore my God I cant say, Heaven's will must be done and praise the Lord!" Jack was skilled in many aphorisms of this stamp and spoke not without them. "Dont you think "said the counterfeit dreamer we two could get the money alone." "Praise Heaven, I know we could!" "I was to tell only one person and him you shall be," decided Robertson very gravely. "The Lord be with you mas Rob'son!" "Are you sure we alone can get the money, it is buried deep Jack?"—"Praise my God, I'd dig a year to get it," roared the impatient barber. "You must swear never to tell any body what I am about to reveal to you" exacted the dreamer "as I'm a sinner walking here below, my Jesus hears me."—"Then listen" said the youth "last night I dreamed that I was led to Hollyday's field, beyond the Court House bridge, on the top of a hill there, I should know the spot, although I never was there." The spirit said "here is money buried, treasure for you." "Heaven be praised, my Jesus knows there's money there," interrupting Robertson, who continued—"and to night we will dig for it." "Soft, soft, quickly said the scrupulous barber. "I'll consult my book—and I have weeds too—'fore Heaven, that tell all about these things. Heaven's will must be done, and I say so." "Go about it straight, Jack," vehemently said Robertson, "I itch all over for the pot of money; I know blue beard must have buried his money *there*." "Fore my God and I know it too," was Jack's reply, he now took from a musty case some leaves of dried weeds of some sort and holding them in his hands, attentively observing them, at the same time insisting on Robertson's silence, said "bless my God, as I'm a nigger born, there's money there!" they say (meaning the leaves.) "you must dream of this same thing three times off hand:" and putting back the leaves "Heaven's will must be done, we shall have some money.

Jack soon convinced Robertson by adducing unquestionable proof, that he must dream three consecutive nights of the aforementioned money and every night he must dream exactly alike, else was it a bad dream and unworthy of any notice. Of course Robertson was compelled to accede to the barber's requisitions and left the shop, full bent apparently, on dreaming of the said money and much wealth.

Robertson gone, Jack the barber wiped his hands of the oil, got from the hair of his customer, which by the by, was plentifully saturated with it and sat himself down to reverie, what thoughts came over his turbulent, yet prophetic soul, I cannot even attempt to divine but this, I do know that he did not sit in that posture very long, a something which doubtless puzzled him much, appeared to trouble him he would get up and walk up and down the long floor, a little hollow, though probably from age.

Not long after however, he left his shop and trudged towards home: there was an air of busy mystery in Jack's very walk closely wrapped in his cloak, some winters old; he cautiously trod the *well* paved walk and neat street, that runs through the centre of the town; not even did he deign to look in at the shoemakers, as was his custom, when something urgent called him from business, nor never once turned he his thoughtful head from a direct straight line, he was so reckless—pride no doubt, he attributed it to—as not to notice his best friend he met,—a most unusual occurrence in Jack's life. He was proverbially known and respected, as a man, who took especial pleasure in speaking to all of his acquaintances, whom he met. No man passed his tinged brow, but a wink or scrape of the dumpy feet, or an uncovering of his woolly head shew'd that his greatest delight was to please every body, however no man interrupted the musing mood and inclining of his head, bent with a steady gaze on the ground—the most enviable position for serious meditation.

Soon Jack reached his home; but whether he went to work with his roots and conjurations again I know not, nor could my informant, of these matters instruct me. Robertson finding his fabrication took good on Jack's superstition and natural credulity (for he doubted no man's word) he resolved to watch his movements. He returned and related all to Richard, who seemed much pleased at the prospect of so much fun, which this deep laid and truly sagacious plot would naturally elicit, even from worse hands to conduct it.

The next day morning Robertson returned to the barber's shop and said in his ear, when there was no one present very silently—I may say 'twas a whisper—that he had again dreamt, the same dream: mystery always accompanies low whispering, particularly when nothing, but the pine boards, battle axes, bears feet, shaving boxes &c. &c. could possibly hear the substance of his story, had he conveyed it in an audible tone. But no, Robertson thought such a plan would arrest the attention of the barber, the sooner, he was not in the least, mistaken. Jack turned up the white of his eye—stroked his well combed hair (wool some would yclept it, but I choose to be respectful) and with much to do, in a peculiar tone, between a whisper and his usual strain (which smacked too of mystery) told Robertson that he had dreamt of the very gold, he had told him of; that he could point out the very self same spot; Robertson had too much command of himself to suffer his surprise, at so unexpected an event, to overcome the dignity, he was obliged to preserve in order to gain the honest barber's belief.

Immediately it was resolved, that another night should be passed in dreaming and if Jack and Robertson should be so fortunate as to dream of the same circumstance, all quibbles about the money's being at the place dreamt of, was to be solved by a scientific search.

The night passed and the morning brought Jack in contact with Robertson, and to him he declared, that he had dreamed "the dream," and that night was to test the truth of it.

Jack had so resolved in his midnight lucubrations, pouring over leaves steeped in some precious liquid, whose qualities were only known to himself. The weight of his wisdom was concentrated in the mysterious manner with which he treated all things, if a fly should happen to appear sooner than usual, or earlier than his expectations had verified, there was something in it, which he could not solve: if three rainy days came together, his wits were in motion to discover the reasons why and wherefore, or if his wife, the amiable madam Jenny, was to scold him on a Monday morning before he got his breakfast, he prophesied some ill during the coming week, if his little dutch pig, squealed in time of church service, he denied him, his usual quantum of food during Sunday, and many such like precautions, he used to show the world, wisdom was a Goddess (wherefore a woman) and to be approached by other means than through a tedious course of study in books, &c. That night then was appointed to dig for the money.

Robertson immediately called a council of war I suppose, whose members consisted of some of the "amiables" of the Town, three besides Robertson and Richmond, they planned their operations and every man was *sworn* to do his duty!

Jack with all his indispensable implements started from home, some few moments after dark, but before he left, Heavens! what a time was there!! His accomplished consort (peace to her amiability!) could not divine the object of Jack's unusual mysterious appearance. Mystery was his idol and he worshipped it as his God. The many precautions—secret sitting up of nights, a continued watching of the blazing fire, whereon his "bittery herbs" were dissolving, created a flame in her bosom to know the object of them, that annoyed poor Jack not a little. His laboratory was his and his wife's bed room, the dimensions of Jack the barber's house being in no wise of ancient structure, and though capacity for another room, their sable offspring occupied it, so there was no room for his observances, but that of his lodging. And as to his shop, that was totally out of the question, if there in the day time he pursued his new avocation, every customer would by "right and title" enquire his business' if at night he there remained, the inquisitive boys, seeing the light glare through the crannies would interrupt him. So it was resolved he would forego his wife's presence, and if she chose to keep awake all the "whole and during night" why 'twas no business of his. Jenny knew well enough that to speak to him, whilst thus engaged, would so paralize him, as in all human probability, to cause no very agreeable inflections on her temporal matters. It was his custom on a night of so much importance (having practised it twice before) to send his children to bed early, thereby affording a hint to Jenny to follow so good an example, and when her disposition would lead her to sit up till nine or ten in the evening, he might be distinctly heard to say—"bless my Jesus Jenny go to bed," that smacked of a little impatience, Jenny so loved him when in these fits (women are sometimes strange in their ways!) that she aspired to nothing more, than gratifying her appetite, by making him so, and sating her sight. Then Jack would glare his eyes show the white of them too, Jenny would look all loveliness, Jack would toss to and fro his woolly head, shrug his shoulders.—She would smile and hang on his neck, which accompanied with a gentle salute, only served to increase his vehemence, but what else could madam Jenny do? twas then she loved him most! who could condemn so trivial an indulgement? "Go to bed Jenny" was the proverbial answer of the impetuous barber.

This dark evening he was unusually tacit. Silence marked the whole ceremony of eating supper—noticed nothing—nor was he in the habit of going out of an evening—and when she saw him mount a bag full of something on his back, shoulder a spade and pick-axe, her natural inquisitiveness was up to the pitch: he saw her perplexity of spirit—and said "Afore Heaven, and Jenny be silent—dont speak to me—go to bed Jenny and I say so!"—much ado he left his threshold—in poverty—whence he anticipated returning heavy laden, not with unprofitable game—but a bag full of the "simon pure"—drossless gold!

He pursued onward his course, to a corner where he was to meet a person, well known as Painter Bob, a useful fellow of Jack's own color, so termed from his proficiency in the art, whose signification, the good folks and his patrons attached to his name, by the bye, this same town, is much celebrated for bestowing honorable epithets—such as Major, Colonel, Squire, uncle, friend, and a host of others equally as pleasing, both to the eye and fancy.

Credulity stared Bob as full in the face as his Ethiopian brother. But Bob loved rum, which Jack despised—Bob stuttered and stammered in his speech, whilst Jack was quick and explicit in his conversations; Bob loved money, which Jack in no wise coveted; Bob was industrious. But the proficient barber—"Heaven's will must be done," was his own maxim.

He feared his strength to dig far into the bowels of the earth, and for assistance sake, did he employ Bob, but not without having first settled his conscience, as to the propriety of introducing a third person, which, however, when labour was to be removed, was not a very difficult obstacle to over come. Bob took especial care to have along a flask of the "royal stuff"—without which I verily believe, he would at least have imagined, no money would have been found.

These two "champions" bent their course to a place on the road, where Robertson was to meet Jack, at eight in the evening—from him Robertson was soon convinced of the propriety of Painter Bob's company.

He, at the same time put into the hands of Jack the barber, a long spear, armed at the point who having examined it, by the dark lanthern they had provided, very carefully, actually pronounced it of the best workmanship and exactly as he had directed it. This dreadful and ancient weapon, was to be forced into the earth to signify whereabouts the money might be hid—all being ready they took the road that leads to the place. Having gone about half a mile they came to a bridge, denominated the court house bridge: a few paces further up the road, brought them opposite the very spot, where Jack was to dig deep, though in solemn silence for the money. They crossed over into the field, which elicited from Jack, "Now Mas Robertson, as Heaven's my Judge not a word must be spoke and I say so!" They bowed assent, whilst holding open the dark lanthern, grouped together—mystery pleased Jack the barber above all things—this was the height of mystery, thought he!

He took the lead, they arrived at the spot in a few minutes, 'twas on the brow of a hill, where the grass was very short, the field served for a pasturage:

Jack, with all that striking solemnity, so conspicuous in the ancient Roman feasts or sacrifices, took from his wallet a bible; having kissed and pressed its leaves to his bosom, imploring Heaven's aid all the while, by thence addressing with his unwearied and steady gaze, deliberately tore leaf after leaf and cautiously strewed the fragments over the ground where it was supposed the treasure was hid. Bob folded his arms across his breast and looked as serene and imposing as ever singing Harry did (another worthy of the same class) when engaged in executing the most melancholy of all the many and various hymns, that celebrated songster is capable of.

The youthful Robertson chuckled in his sleeve most heartily—and doubtless he suffered some little inconvenience, from the fact of his being obliged to stifle all joy at the success of his wondrous scheme. Our Hero, the redoubtable Jack of the lather and soap, having arrived to the last leaf, parted its revelations, even with more solemnity than had characterized the fates of the former: this part of the proceedings being over, he had recourse to his wallet again and brought forth various sized pegs, curiously adorned, excellent preventatives to spirit visits, than to whose real existence no man could more cheerfully subscribe: He carefully drew a circle of a yard's circumference and planted these on its edge, circling the scattered biblical truths—"all rent and torn," then made signs to his fellow money searchers to follow his example and step inside the circle, thus formed; they of course obeyed. Jack imploringly looks to Heaven, crossed his hands—Painter Bob observes with awe! youthful Robertson filled with laughter!! Thus awhile let me leave them, and arrest the attention of my reader, in another part of the field of mirth! A deep valley descended from the hill or place of the aforegoing described operations; down this declivity Richmond was stationed, clad in a snow white sheet & armed with pistols. He was to perform the part of a Ghost—at the bridge before named, our three "amiables of the town" were stationed, armed like unto the ghastly ghost, and furnished with a rope, that would extend across the road—they, true to their "sworn" duty—held themselves in readiness.

The money diggers stepped out from the circle, after concluding the pious barber's observances, and commenced operations: Bible leaves were sunk deep into the earth—and thrown simultaneously away with the newly dug earth; Robertson gave a cough! Richmond soon gained the brow of the hill, some distance from the scene of action: he was a ghost in all that's ghostly: and as such approached within sight—Robertson said to Jack—"Look there Jack, oh! oh!" The barder answered, "afore Heaven and what's the matter?" Painter Bob interrupted—Ugh!—my—my—it's a ghost!" Robertson mingled his crics—"It's coming for us too—what shall we do, Jack?" who all the while kept an incessant digging: at this startling question he raised his eyes and said "Bless my Jesus if it's—if it's a ghost I'll know it"—and laid hold of the armed Spear—that instant a pistol was heard to emanate from the ghost—Painter Bob took to his heels and stuttered "death—I'm killed—I'm killed." Robertson gave a groan and fell down.

But the formidable barber pursued his flying apparition—who having reached the designated spot, rolled down a steep descent, into the vale below. Nothing daunted the valorous Jack rushed after him, as he "vanished" down the descending hill, and having come up with him held the pointed weapon, high poised in the air over the ghostly youth, exclaiming with vehemence—"Who are you? if you're a ghost I'll kill you, I say so—and I'm a valiant man, speak or die"—ready to bury it in his body. In an instant, frightened half to death, the prostrate ghost replied—"Jack I'm little Dick ———, dont you know me?" "Fore my just God, I was mighty near killen you Mas Richmond," and hearing Robertson groan again, there—there Mas Robertson's killed! and away he posted towards him.

The ghost was not seen any more—by the reader's permission. We'll conclude—he vanished this time as a ghost should do!

Prostrate and groaning, Robertson was heard to say, "Oh! Jack, cant you save me—some roots—I'm shot, I'm shot." Two reports of pistols were then heard. Painter Bob having gained the public road ran as fast as Heaven ever ordained he should, bellowing and screaming all the time. The posted "amiables" lay ready. He bent his course over the bridge—the rope caught his feet and threw him sprawling, they at the moment fired two pistols—Bob hallowed outright "I'm dead, I'm dead"—and quietly lay there full stretched.

Jack no sooner heard these reports, than as fast as his dumpy feet would carry him, flew to the road, attracted by the incessant bellowing of Painter Bob, who by the time he had come within the road had ceased—but onward over the bridge he steered his doubtful way, armed as before. The rope tript him down; his spear flew from his grasp out of sight, he kissed his mother earth; though not of his own accord, yet most dutifully, for said he, after having fell—"Heaven's will must be done and praise the Lord!" which exclamation somewhat revived Painter Bob, who rising, though surrounded in darkness said "Is that you Jack?" "Fore God and my Jesus what remains!" Dont you hear it?" stammered out Bob to Jack. "Hear what? I am valiant" says Jack "and, I say it—let it come—"But it will kill us Jack I hear it coming—oh! Lord have some mercy on my sins—I see I must die oh!" "Hush Robert, I hear nothing and I say it—Mas Robertson is shot"—"Oh! oh!" groaned Bob—'you cowardly varmint get up and come with me: we must restore the dying man; as Heaven's my Judge"—"Well', says Bob "he must die, I-I-I cant bring him to life I know." I've lost all my rum—I'd I'd give"—and another pistol was fired. "Oh! oh! we shall be killed" shivered out Bob shaking tremulously "I shant see Dehlia any more—my poor wife! she'll starve!"—"Heaven's will must be done Robert Ewing and my Jesus knows it," rejoined Jack and lifting up Bob from his long occupied seat, bade him follow.

He repaired to Robertson, who hearing him advance began to groan most piteously. Jack says 'Mas Robertson, how is you?'—he jumped up, and answered "come Jack now for the money"—astonished—he accused him of trickery, but says Jack "I'm a valiant man and I dont care who knows it." Robertson would confess nothing, but heard Jack relate his adventure in the road and burst into a hearty laugh. And then told Jack the motive—which was to test the doubted courage of Jack the barber! now conclusively established as the courageous barber, at the risk of a youth's and his own life.

The "amiables" posted off to town, and soon followed Robertson the dreamer—Jack the redoubtable—and Bob the fearful.

For the Easton Gazette.

Mr. Graham,

To determine the time of *Easter*—the *Dominical* or *Sunday letter*—the *Solar Cycle*—the *Lunar Cycle*, or *Golden Number*—the *Epact*—and the *Dionysian Period*, or *Great Paschal Cycle*, are not only connected with the rites and ceremonies of several religious denominations, but as they are annually inserted in our Almanacs, and are associated with Astronomical calculations, the following explanations will it is presumed, render these terms intelligible to most of your readers. At what period, then does Easter annually occur? To this it may be replied, that in the year 325 of the christian era, when the council of Nice settled the canon for the celebration of Easter, they ordained *that it should be kept on the first Sunday after the full Moon, which in common years happened after the 21st. of March, or after the 20th of March in bissextile years.* Hence it can never happen after the 25th of April. To test the accuracy of this statement, it may be remarked that the first full moon after the 21st of March, as may be seen by any Almanac for 1833, will take place on Thursday the fourth of April; and consequently Easter day will be on Sunday the seventh day of the same month.

2. To find the *Dominical* or *Sunday letter*, it is necessary to the given year to add its fourth part, rejecting fractions, to divide the sum by 7, and should there be no remainder, A will be the Sunday letter; but if any number remains, then the letter standing under that number will be the Dominical letter.

Thus	0	1	2	3	4	5	6
	A	G	F	E	D	C	B

To exemplify this rule, let it be required to find the dominical letter for 1833?

```
                1833
Add fourth part  458
                ----
             7)2291
                ----
                327—2
```

As 2 is the remainder, consequently the letter underneath 2 is F, which is the dominical letter for the year 1833. But in order to render this rule perfectly intelligible, it is proper to remark, that every leap, or bissextile year has *two* Dominical letters. For instance let it be required to find the Dominical letter for 1832

```
                1832
Add fourth part  458
                ----
             7)2290
                ----
                327—1
```

As the letter underneath 1, which is the remainder, is G, consequently G is the dominical letter for 1832, but as 1832 is bissextile, or leap year, the letter preceding G, which is A, must be united with it; G A is therefore the Dominical letter for 1832

3. The Cycle of the Sun, or Solar Cycle, is a revolution of 28 years, after which the same day of the month returns on the same day of the week, and the dominical letters return in the same order! At the nativity of Christ 9 years of this Cycle had elapsed, and therefore if 9 be added to any given year of the christian era, and the sum divided by 28, the remainder will be the Cycle for the given year: but if nothing remains, 28 is the Cycle.

Required the Solar Cycle for 1833?

```
      1833
         9
      ----
   28)1842(65
      168
      ---
       162
       140
       ---
        22
```

The remainder, 22, is therefore the Solar Cycle for 1833.

4. The Lunar Cycle, commonly called the Golden number, is a revolution of 19 years, in which time the conjunctions, oppositions, and other aspects of the moon are within an hour and a half of being the same as they were 19 years previously. As one year of this Cycle had elapsed at the birth of Christ, if we add 1 to any year of the Christian era, and divide the sum by 19, the remainder will be the Golden number; but if nothing remains, 19 will be the Golden number.

Required the Golden number for 1833?

```
      1833
         1
      ----
   19)1834(96
      171
      ---
       124
       114
       ---
        10
```

The number 10 is therefore the Lunar Cycle, or Golden number for 1833.

5. The Epact is a number by which we note the excess of the common Solar year above the Lunar; and indicates the age of the Moon, *on the last day of the old year.* The following is the rule by which the Epact is found: subtract *one* from the Golden number, multiply the remainder by 11, and divide by 30, the remainder is the Epact.

Required the Epact for 1833?

```
   10 Golden number
    1
    -
    9
   11.
   --
   30)99(3
   90
   --
    9
```

The Epact for 1833 is therefore 9; that is, the Moon will be 9 days old on the last day of December 1832.

By the annexed rule, the Moon's age may be found for any period:

To the Epact, for January add 0, February 2, March 1, April 2, May 3, June 4, July 5, Aug. 6, September 8, October 8, November 10, and December 10: to this add the given day of the month, which will be her age unless the sun exceeds 30, in which case subtract 30, and the remainder will be her age.

Required the age of the Moon on August 2, 1833?

Epact for 1833 is	9
Add for August	6
Day of the month	2
	17

The Moon will therefore be 17 days old on August 2, 1833: and, by a similar process, her age may be easily determined for any day during the year.

But suppose the Moon's age was required for August 2, 1893. The Golden number and Epact for that year must first be found in the following manner:

```
      1893
         1
      ----
   19)1894(99
      171
      ---
       184
       171
       ---
        13 Golden number.
         1
        --
        12
        11
        --
   30)132(4
      120
      ---
       12 Epact for 1893.
        6 To be added for Aug.
        2 day of the month.
       --
       20
```

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