Fro. Catnip

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.

VOL. XVI. EASTON, MD. SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 9, 1833. NO. 10.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY
SATURDAY MORNING
BY ALEXANDER GRAHAM.

TERMS
TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS
Per annum, payable half yearly in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS
Not exceeding a square inserted three times for ONE DOLLAR; and TWENTY FIVE CENTS for every subsequent insertion.

A Page from a Cantab's Note Book.—It was on a raw and gusty evening in October, just as the parched and yellow leaf of autumn was beginning to tell that the three weeks English summer had passed away, that I was travelling far in the north of England, on my way to Cowell Castle, the residence of a college friend. There are few things more delightful to a weary traveller, when the "shades of evening" close thickly around him. than the reflection that each degree of increasing gloom brings him nearer and nearer to the spot of his destination; and on this occasion I felt pre-eminently happy, for having for many weeks been a wanderer among the wild solitudes of nature, with scarcely a civilized being even for the companion of an hour, the prospect of soon reaching the gay & hospitable home of my friend lent swiftness to my pace and brightness to my anticipations. The distance, however, which I had to traverse, was, considering the lateness of the hour, somewhat considerable, and had it not been for a gala ball to be held that night, in honor to my friend's sister coming of age, I believe I should have yielded to the unpromising aspect of the evening, and the hints of my jaded horse, and have taken up my quarters at the little romantic village which had been my last resting place. But I was pledged to be present at the festival, and hastened, therefore, at my horse's best speed, through the wild and solitary heath before me. My situation, though somewhat desolate, was not, however, without its charms; for if the black and barren common over which I wended my way, presented to my gaze no fair-haired dames, whose

"Soft eyes-looked love to eyes which spake again,"

still there was plenty of food for romantic rumination, in the legend of the wild witch, which had been related to me by the village gossip from whom I had obtained the direction of my path, and the midnight revellings of brownies and bogles, whose grotesque forms seemed identified with every stunted shrub and clump of heather. But when the sun no longer left behind him traces of his reign, and the darkened horizon showed no longer the gilded cloud, smiling, like a courtier, upon the retiring monarch, by whose reflection alone he derived his lustre, the witches, the brownies, & the bogles began to lose alike their terrors & their charms, & I hailed the stern round towers' of my friend's abode with a satisfaction unalloyed & unaccompanied with the slightest wish to linger on the scene through which I journied. Brilliant and dancing lights were shining from turret and fretted window—

"It was a vast and venerable pile;
So old, it seemed only not to fall:
Yet strength was pillar'd in each massy aisle.
Monastic dome!
Where Superstition once had made her den."

The usual congratulations, and expressions of pleasure at my arrival having subsided, I perceived that it was time to prepare the toilet for the coming scene of festivity. I hastened therefore to my chamber, and without giving myself time to ascertain the date of its gothic windows, or to analyse the subjects of the tapestry, I prepared myself with all the expedition my ill-arranged portmanteau would permit; not, however, without a secret assurance that my *ensemble* might procure for me the smiles of—gad, perhaps of the heiress herself! With this modest anticipation I concluded my personal adorning, and descending to the hall, where hung with massive armour, spreading antlers, and old pictures, frowned the dark oaken walls of many a century,

"Strong in their age, and sombre in their strength."

"I must introduce you to my fair sister," exclaimed my friend, leading me to a fair-haired girl, "I have engaged her hand for you, as my most intimate, for the first quadrille." I bowed my thanks, and led the fair Cecilia, to the set. My partner was every thing that was amiable and beautiful—but oh! how totally was her beauty eclipsed by the pale, wild, and interesting creature who stood before us. There was that in her eye which never had I seen in any other—a strong and beaming brightness, which went through her "long dark lashes, low depending," an expression almost more than earthly. Her pale, but perfect features, were rendered almost statue-like by the contrast of the dark and glossy ringlets which fell luxuriantly from her beautifully formed head, while her sylph-like, gliding, but graceful symmetry, realized the idea of a creature belonging to a lighter world than ours.—My companion perceived my admiration, nor did she seem astonished or displeased, when instead of replying to some question about Cambridge, I interrupted her by an observation upon the singular and beautiful being before me. "Ah! poor Constantia!" she sighed. The manner in which these few words were spoken, almost made me love her. I had no opportunity of further inquiry, for the quadrille was ended, and another aspirant for the hand of the fair Cecilia, hurried her away to waltz, and left me to ruminate alone upon this "child of mystery," for such I felt quite convinced she was. Peace was out of the question, until I elicited the facts from my friend himself. He informed me that she was the only child of a wealthy, but peerious Baronet. She had never known the tender cares of a mother's fostering love, and thus the flowers of her mind were left to wander in wasteful luxuriance, when, had they been better trained, they would have formed a garden of the fairest and brightest growth. It was impossible that such a being should live and not be loved; far more so, that her own bosom should be dead to the impulse and power of strong affection. She *was* loved, and oh! how fondly and how fatally was that love reciprocated! But the bud of her hopes was never destined to blossom! When her stern and unpitying parent drove the chosen of her heaft proud and penny less, from his doors, he little thought, perhaps he little heeded, how hard and decisive a blow was struck upon his daughter's affections. And he, too the discarded and hopeless, seeking a painful and early death upon the battle plain, little deemed, as the name of Constantia lingered in his dying accents, that she, the adoring being for whom his heart beat high with hope, would in losing him, lose also the consciousness of her own existence. The news of his death was announced to her without caution. She spoke not—she wept not—she fell suddenly and violently to the earth, and was raised from it—a maniac!

Time, however, that "only healer when the heart has bled" at length restored the lovely Constantia to the world; but the fair promise of her youth had been sapped, and her health had sunk under the bitter visitation. At first, her recovery was but partial, for the frequent and wild fits under which she laboured, rendered it constantly necessary to watch her every movement, and often to place a restraint upon her actions which threatened to immolate the frail form which her malady had spared. By degrees, however, these fits became more rare, and the poor sufferer was once again permitted to resume her station in society. Her physicians hoped, that by joining in the gaities and pleasures of the world, the most effectual and speedy remedy for her disease would be attained, and so, in truth, it proved; for Constantia, although she seldom smiled, sometimes joined in the dance, and sat at the festive board, beloved by all, and feared by none. "It is upwards of a year," continued my friend, "since she has been visited by any of the consequences of her fatal malady, and we believe that she is now totally restored. Cecilia and she are inseparable companions: they were reared, as it were, in the same cradle, and, as cousins, have been constantly together: and indeed, when others have been unable, during the continuance of the fits, to soothe the mind of the interesting sufferer, my sister has seldom failed to succeed. But," he continued, "I must seek my partner."

There was something in this narrative too deeply touching to permit me to join immediately the throng, a string of my heart had been struck, which would only vibrate to the sound of sorrow. I retired, therefore, to a niche at the extremity of the hall, where, unseen, I could meditate on what I had heard, and watch the graceful, but melancholy movements of the young and ill-fated Constantia. It was not very strange that I should have taken so lively an interest in this poor sufferer and the tale of her woes, for I had lately mourned the death of a beloved relation, who had sunk to an early tomb; though with a mind unshaken, yet with a heart crushed and broken as Constantia's.—The guests began to disperse, and the efforts of the musicians to be more irregular and drowsy and feeling heavy and fatigued with my ride I stole silently to my chamber.

How long I slept, I know not, but I was awoke by the wildest strain of vocal music I had ever heard; and as the moon was streaming through the gothic panes with her broad pale light, I leaped from my bed, to ascertain from what fair serenader the sounds proceeded But the song had ceased, and all was still as the grave. I opened gently the casement of the window, and leaning forward, gazed out upon the beauty of the night. I perceived, on looking around that the room I occupied formed one of several that led to a broad stone terrace, which overhung what I presumed to be the large court yard of the castle, and a faint light, rendered hardly discernible by the effulgence of the moon's rays, assured me that I was not the only tenant of the range.

I heard the voice, but it seemed, if possible in a sweeter strain. The curtains of the neighbouring window was slowly drawn aside, and the casement quietly opened by a female hand. I fancied I could recognize the slim form and dark hair of Constantia L'Estrange. Impelled by I know not what motive, for I did not wait to analyze it, I hastily wrapped myself in my dressing gown, and in a moment was stealing silently in the direction of the open window. Fair reader, do not blame or condemn me, for an indescribable presentiment of impending mischief, had seized me, which I could neither shake off, nor exactly account for. Creeping slowly under the shade of the parapet wall of the terrace, I approached as nearly as I could the object of my solicitude, and, unobserved, stationed myself in such a situation as to command a view of her movements, without the slightest chance of being detected in my purpose. With breathless anxiety I awaited the result of my fears, but the *moon* alone appeared to be the object of her search and contemplation, and she looked upon it with such a fixed, wild, and unnatural gaze, as plainly told me, that those who believed her mind restored and at rest, had sadly overrated the effects of her care, or strangely underrated the extent of her malady—The fire the vivid and horrible fire of the maniac was in her eye!—the expression of every feature was altered—the lovely being I had contemplated as possessing the beauty of an angel, was suddenly transformed—I dare not say how awfully! The wild and irregular snatches of song came not from the lips of reason.

"Constantia!" exclaimed a voice, apparently of one suddenly roused from slumber, and which I immediately recognized as that of my friend's sister—"Constantia! how is it that you are up?" No answer was returned; indeed, her companion seemed unconscious that she was addressed. "Constantia!" continued her cousin, in the quick tones of alarm, "how often have you been warned never to expose yourself to the night air!" In a moment Cecilia herself had risen, and her hand was laid gently on the shoulder of the poor maniac. "Constantia—my dear Constantia!" she said, in a subdued and soothing voice, "I thought you were still by my side, sleeping as sweetly and as calmly as when I came to bed. Why dearest, have you risen? You forget that you are an invalid, and that the night air is cold." "Ah!" exclaimed Constantia, suddenly leaping up and seizing her cousin with frantic energy—"Ah! I have you at last!—you have escaped me too long already!—you murdered my poor Frederick, and now"——. Here she fastened on the terrified Cecilia by the throat, and throwing her vehemently on the ground, nailed her down with the force and energy of a savage. The sound of the death-gurgle was in my ear—but for the moment I was as one petrified and spell-bound I had neither power to speak nor to move, till by a violent effort I roused myself from the effects of the sudden blow which had fallen, as it were, with benumbing force upon my senses, and rushed madly to her assistance. But alas! it was all too late—for the last quiver of life had passed away from the limbs of the hapless Cecilia! and Constantia, the *lunatic* Constantia, stood unabashed, alone unconscious of the world on which she trod! For myself, I lost all recollection, but how long I remained insensible, I know not. I was aroused by some one who grasped me tightly by the shoulder, exclaiming, "Well my gallant knight, how long is my fair cousin to wait for your hand in the dance?" I started up aghast—my friend and the lovely Constantia stood before me! "Why you rogue," continued he, "you've been sleeping, and have lost my cousin's beautiful song." "No, no," I quickly replied, endeavouring to collect myself, the reality of that portion of my dream flashed across me, "do not think I was so lost to good taste: she sang two—I heard them both; and bowing low to my sweet partner, I added, "but the last was exquisitely beautiful." She smiled. Her cousin was less particular—he laughed aloud. "That's good," said he, "it was an *encore!*" P.

From the N. Y. Traveller and Times.

IRISH JACKASS RACE,

FOR A PAIR OF LEATHER BREECHES.

There are many descriptions of races in the world, of which our American sportsmen know just as much about, as we do touching the hunting of the "human Hydra" in the Dog Star—for instance: there are your races in sacks, barrels, clogs, stilts and patterns—your hand and your foot races, and your races without either hand or foot, which latter, as you may suppose, is performed on a fundamental principle—then there is your poney race, and your pig race, besides a thousand others each and all of which we will hereafter initiate our readers into the mysteries of; but all those and all others, either conceived, seen or dreampt about even including the Kildare four mile heat for the King's plate, would dwindle into perfect insignificance when compared to an Irish Jackass race for a pair of leather breeches. We will attempt to describe one which came off in the [illegible] 1831, and we believe it may be taken as a fair specimen of all others.

In one corner of the fair green was the winning post, a tall poplar, with its waving top, stolen for the occasion, from whose branches, rich in a pair of bran new buckskin breeches, by the way, was the display of red and green two penny ribbons to string, floated proudly on the breeze, much to the anticipation, edification and merriment of the admiring crowd. The competitors for fame and the buckskins were gathered about the starting post, which was just a mile, in a straight direction from the poplar; if straight may be applied to a way which no mounted thing, unless, perhaps, an Irish witch on a broomstick would have any chance of travelling over, without running the imminent risk of breaking their necks in a quarry, or of taking up a temporary residence at the bottom of a bog. Besides these, there was no lack of "mosses, waters, slops and stiles," and all other things that might be found convenient in relieving a testy jackass of his burthen, or in proving the dexterity of the rider.

The law that distinguishes this race from all others, is that every man rides his neighbor's ass, and the last ass wins; so it may be easily imagined that no man is very saving of the beast that carries him, inasmuch as he expects there will be a like ceremony taken with his own: and it is equally manifest that every man drives away as fast as he can for the poplar, in the laudable hope of leaving his neighbor behind and of wearing the leather breeches.

In the present instance there were ten candidates for the buckskins, but the betting was all hollow in favor of Paddy Finn's the brogue maker's ass, who was a most forward little devil at stopping behind at a race in the country, and the ass of Billy Malone, the piper who was celebrated for a retrograding sort of a motion, peculiarly his own, which, whatever might be its other disadvantages, rendered him very well qualified for the present undertaking. Of the other eight, all we can say is that they deserved laurels for their exertions on the occasion, and if they lost in the main it must be attributed less to their own wills and abilities than to the superior education of their most successful opponents. As we have said before, each man rides his neighbor's ass, and on this memorable occasion it so befel that the aforementioned Billy Malone, and Paddy Finn were rival jockies, so that much sport was expected in consideration of the superior properties of their cattle.

"Mount," cried the master of the ceremonies a merry old fellow, who had held his place with honor for the last twenty years; "steady, boys—that's it—now whip—jack, and away!"—And accordingly off they went; but to the eye of a stranger it would appear as if they were bound for any part of the world rather than the winning post, and also it might seem as if their roads lay in different directions; for no two could be discovered in the same track together after the first two minutes.

To give the various exploits of each here, enumerating every broken head, sprained ankle, and so forth, would be too great a tax on our own time and memory, not to say a word about the readers opinion of the matter at all, at all! but then as it might be deemed injustice in us to confine ourselves too much to the more distinguished champion of the day, we will give every man's name in full, with an item or two therewith connected.

Jack Molay much to the detriment of his courser's credit however it might have redounded to his own, first dismounted at the Poplar. Martin O'Gorman was the second on the list, having suffered little on the way, but the loss of his hat, and the character of his neighbor's donkey. Murtock Delany, Rory O'Fay, Neal McCann, Dennis O'Toole, and Bryan Magrath, were the next losers in regular succession; but then, to the credit of their cattle be it spoken, they lost with considerable grace which was manifested by the oaths of the riders, and the very extraordinary figures they cut. One bore the evident marks of having left his full length impression in a bog during some part of the journey. Another had contented himself with a dip up to the middle and the loss of his brogues. Neal McCann's cashmere breeches, it was suspected, had been scraping up an acquaintance with some stubborn did hawthorn on the way. The fourth carried all his honors in his face, which were chiefly distinguishable about the eyes and nose and the fifth had succeeded in securing as his own particular portion, a little of all that was going. Neddy Byrnes, the eighth on the roll, lost his charger in toto, for the unmannerly rascal, taking advantage as he saw his rider tumbling head over heels into a duck-pond, made his exit altogether. This undignified conduct at once reflected high discredit on the jockey, and nonsuited his actual master's claim to the breeches; for, though according to the rules, the last ass wins, yet we beg you to understand, that an ass cannot possibly win by staying away altogether.

The honors of the day were now entirely between the redoubted donkeys of Paddy Finn and Billy the Piper; and, indeed, the riders on this occasion manifested nearly as much talent as their coursers. Precisely as was expected, the moment the word to "be off," was given, Mr. Finn's ass, which was rode by the Piper, brought his four legs to the front in a manner peculiarly his own, and then stood stock still as if perfectly contented with his present situation. Not so with the Piper's, which of course was jockied by Paddy, for no sooner had the word "away" sent the majority of his opponents after their heads, than that notable animal began a very lively and interesting canter after his tail. Now was the moment of suspense and admiration Betting was at a stand—so was the Musician's ass; Lapstone's was little better, for though by the dint of hard management, he contrived to keep him from making much way to the rear, still he could never incline him to make any motion at all to the front, and so, as a matter of accommodation between both Neddy (that was the donkeys name) kept describing a circle round and round again, tail ways. Whips, spurs, pins and curses were applied with equal devotion by our heroes, and with nearly equal success, for while one ass remained as if growing from the green sward and without showing any more symptoms of embarrassment than a mile stone might be supposed to do on the same occasion, the other kept retreating on the round about system, making nearly about as much progress towards the Poplar as the Poplar was making towards him.

Such was the state of affairs when a very happy thought came into the Brogue maker's noddle: who jumping from the saddle, gathered some of the full grown nettles and then mounted a bunch of them in his face towards his charger's tail. Neddy, was at first put rather to a stand at this most unaccountable conduct, but on feeling his nettles very busy about his eyes, and conceiving by the posture of his rider that he wished to gain a tail direction, he was determined on disappointing him for once in his life, by following his nose, and so, much to the wonderment of every body present, the next moment found him setting out at a very respectable pace for the winning post. Then was the Piper's despair at the very climax, and good reason it had, for here he saw himself stuck up like a finger post at the side of a common; and there he saw his rival careering away, for glory and the Leather Breeches.

"Och! that jade of mine is taken in at last—it's mistaking her head for her tail, she is.—Och! Neddy—have you no gumption left, after all the expense I was at for your education?—Lie down in the ditch, you thief, or your credit's gone for ever, and Paddy wears the Buckskins."

Thus, at times ejaculated the Piper, wistfully eyeing the progress of his neighbor, and at the same time trying as it would seem to take the worth of the inexpressibles out of his Ass, but all would not do—the little devil, as he called it, still remained as motionless as if it were asleep.

"Blood and fire," says he again, "this is too bad!—the breeches is gone any how, bad luck to them, but then it's my own credit, and the fame of my donkey, troubles me most—Only think of it, Paddy set up as the best breeder of race asses in the Province, and me grinned at by the whole town for a month of Sundays.—Och! you thief of the world; if you was'nt made of cast iron you was, I'd be the death of you—But soft a bit,—I've often heard there was a great virtue in a little *blarney*. So ho, my purty little fellow, what a fine, sharp, shoulder-blade you've got of your own—Och! the edge of a trencher is nothing to it—Hah! have I got to the soft side of you, oh! I wish it was as easy to move your limbs as your heart. Who knows what a little music might do—it will kill time any way, so here goes—"

So saying, he sent for his pipes, and, had no sooner struck up Langolee, than his charger began to cock his ears, change his position, and move forward in time to the tune.

"Dear me, but its yourself has got the beautiful ear for sintimental music," cried Billy "I wonder what sort of a head you are at a jig."

Here he changed the lilt to 'Moll in the Wad,' and his donkey was nothing deficient in showing by the fidgets he put in his limbs, that he understood every bar of it. 'Patrick's Day,' 'Nora Crena,' Shelah's Jig,' and 'Paddy O'. Rafferty,' followed, while all the time, Neddy kept careering along at the rate of a hunt, although we must confess, his gait had less the appearance of a gallop than a jig. Paddy Finn's nettles were applied with more than wonted energy, when he saw the piper approach, but in vain—the man of music, shot by him like a shaft of lightening at the last gap, to the tune of "Jenny bang'd the weaver,' and the next five minutes saw him master of the best pair of Buckskin breeches in the Parish.

DEBATE ON SELLING BANK STOCK.

House of Representatives, Feb. 13.

REMARKS OF Mr. WATMOUGH.

OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Mr. WATMOUGH rose and expressed his sincere regret at the necessity which compelled him, even for a very few moments, to intrude himself upon the notice of the House. But, said Mr W. to remain silent on an occasion so important as the present—to withhold the expression, either of my opinion on the bill now proposed to us, or of my indignation against the unceasing, unflinching persecution which its presence here informs us is still to be waged against this great national institution, would be both disgraceful and derogatory to the sacred trust I am sent here to fulfil.

I confess myself quite at a loss to say which feeling predominates at this moment in my breast; amazement at the utter absence of sound financial views on the face of this bill, or detestation of the unrelenting spirit on the part of the Administration by means of its advocates on this floor against an institution; admitted by the wisest and best men of the times to be as absolutely essential to the existence and safety of this Union, as, I had almost said, the constitution itself, which forms its basis. Sir, I have said I was amazed that such a bill at such a crisis, could emanate from any Committee of this House. That amazement, however, is wonderfully diminished, when I recall to my mind the source from whence it does come. It is reported, sir, from the Committee of Ways and Means, and comes into this House, under the parental care and peculiar auspices of the honourable gentleman from Tennessee. Need I say more? It is a scion of the same stock from whence sprung the famous submission bill, as it has been indignantly called, from one end of the country to the other. A bill, sir, allow me to say, which will go far to immortalize all who have had a hand in its concoction, which, after a most severe and painful travail through this House, during which it has suffered all the severity of anatomical dissection, has at length been permitted to drop, as it were, lifeless to the ground, and been buried under the mass of its own dissevered parts, or so changed as no longer to be recognized by its illustrious founders. A bill whose title in the first instance should have been amended so as to read—to enable the mighty British Empire to maintain, free of all cost, its mass of miserable paupers, to the utter [illegible] men of these United States.

But, sir what shall we say of the conduct of the Administration in reference to this vast and important interest? How shall we extenuate that? Upon what plea can that be excused? Is it, sir that the action of this institution is hostile to the welfare and happiness of the citizen, or injurious in its operations to the great commercial, manufacturing, agricultural or planting interests of the nation? No one will pretend that such is the case. Is it that the mighty minds of those who now govern the destinies of this fair empire, are disturbed by the constitutional question, which once rang through this hall and divided the nation? No, sir, not so; for they repose with complacency on this ground and confess it is placed beyond a doubt. What then, can induce them, at a crisis so momentous as the present, when it is confessed on all hands that this Union is being shaken to its very centre—when the minds of all men are filled with the gloomiest forebodings of the future, and no one knows how soon the security each now feels in the present will vanish; perhaps for ever—when, sir, not one single principle of our constitution is settled or established, even after the lapse of nearly half a century, what, I repeat, can induce them to come into this House, and before this nation, in a spirit of political recklessness, and ask us, the friends of fixed principles, to aid them in their unholy crusade, or expect us to remain sir, lent while they make their insidious attacks? And this, too, at a time when they know not to what quarter to look for support—who are their friends, and who their foes. It might be supposed, as some extenuation for them, that the high-minded, honourable and talented individuals who administer the affairs of this institution, had indulged in feelings of a just indignation, and set themselves in hostile array against their persecutors. Is this so? Will the honorable gentleman from Tennessee venture to assert it? He will not. He will say nothing here which he does not believe. Sir, there is no foundation whatever for this supposition. The Bank has never stepped out of her prescribed constitutional path: her vaults have never been closed against the wants of the Government, and if the subject can be got at, I have no doubt it will be found, that even at a moment when the public deposites did not equal those of many private individuals, the demands of the Government were unhesitatingly met, and her wants supplied, beyond, perhaps, her utmost hopes or expectations.

I will venture no further on this track. I will seek no further to unravel what can only pain me. I will only take care that no anxious fear of having a like current turned against myself, shall induce me to swerve even for an instant, from the severe path of my duty: that I do not fold my arms, and tamely abandon all the great principles of the Government, and every interest of my constituents, while the attempt is being made utterly to merge them in the vast mælstroom of political expediency or party intrigue. Could I act thus, I should consider myself unworthy the name of freeman, much less worthy to be endowed with the high privilege of a representative of a free, manly, and highly intelligent People. No, sir, I shall fulfil my duty here; happen what may. I shall be deterred by no personal considerations—shall fear no personal consequences: personal impu-

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2940_scm11030-0426.jpg