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, JULY 13, 1833.** **NO. 28.**

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.

THE CAPTURED INDIAMAN.

We copy from *Blackwood's Magazine* for April the following narrative of the horrible atrocities said to have been perpetrated on board a West Indiaman, which, although under convoy, had been surprised and taken by the crew of a privateer schooner:

A line of battle ship led—and two frigates and three sloops of our class were stationed on the outskirts of the fleet.

On this evening (we had by this time progressed into the trades, and were within three hundred miles of Barbadoes.) the sun set bright and clear, after a most beautiful day, and we were bowling along right before it; but there was no moon, and although the stars sparkled brilliantly, yet it was dark, and as we were the sternmost of the men of war, we had the task of whipping in the sluggards. It was my watch on deck. A gun from the Commodore who showed a number of lights. "What is that, Mr. Kennedy?" said the captain to the old gunner. "The Commodore has made the night signal for the sternmost ships to make sail and close, sir." We repeated the signal, & stood on hailing the dullest of the merchantmen in the neighborhood to make more sail, and firing a musket shot now and then over the more distant of them. By and by we saw a large West Indiaman suddenly haul her wind, and stand across our bows.

"Forward there," sung out Mr. Splinter, "stand by to fire a shot at that fellow from the boatgun if he does not bear up. What can he be after? Swa[illegible] close by him, in the waist,—"get a musket, and fire over him." It was done and the ship immediately bore upon her course again; we now arranged alongside of him on his larboard quarter.

"Ho, the ship a hoy!"—"Hillo!" was the reply—"Make more sail, sir, and run into the body of the fleet, or I shall fire into you; why don't you, sir, keep in the wake of the Commodore? No answer.

"What meant you by hauling your wind just now, sir."

"Yesh, Yesh," at length responded a voice from the merchantman.

"Something wrong here," said Mr. Splinter. "Back your maintopsail, sir, and hoist a light at the peak; I shall send a boat on board of you. Boatswain's mate, pipe away the crew of the jolly boat." We also backed our maintopsail, and were in the act of lowering down our boat when the officer rattled out, "keep all fast, with the boat, I can't comprehend that chap's manœuvres for the soul of me. He has not hove to." Once more we were within pistol shot of him. "Why don't you heave to, sir? All silent.

Presently we could perceive a confusion and noise of struggling on board, and angry voices, as if people were trying to force their way up the hatchways from below; & a heavy thumping upon the deck and a creaking of the blocks, and rattling of the cordage, while the mainyard was first braced one way, and then another, as if two parties were trying for the mastery. At length a voice hailed distinctly "We are captured by a——" A sudden sharp cry and splash overboard, told of some fearful deed.

"We are taken by a privateer or pirate sung out another voice. This was followed by a heavy crunching blow, as if when the spike of a butcher's axe is driven through a bullock's forehead deep into the brain.

By this time the captain was on deck, all hands had been called, and the word had been past to clear away two of the foremost carronades on the starboard side, and to load them with grape.

"On board there—get below, all you of the English crew, as I shall fire with grape."

The hint was now taken. The ship at length came to the wind—we rounded to under her lee—and an armed boat, with Mr. Treenell and myself, and sixteen men, with cutlasses, were sent on board.

We jumped on deck, and at the gangway Mr. Treenell stumbled, and fell over the dead body of a man, no doubt the one who had hailed last, with his skull cloven to the eyes, and a broken cutlass blade sticking in the gash. We were immediately accosted by the mate, who was lashed down to a ringbolt close to the bits with his hands tied at the wrists by sharp cords, so tightly, that the blood was spouting from beneath his nails.

"We have been surprised by a privateer schooner, sir, the lieutenant of her and twelve men are in the cabin."

"Where are the rest of the crew?"

"All secured in the forecastle, except the second mate and boatswain, the men who hailed you just now; the last was knocked on the head, and the former was stabbed and thrown overboard."

By this time the lieutenant had descended to the cabin, followed by his people, while the merchant crew once more took charge of the ship, crowding sail into the body of the fleet.

I followed him close, pistol and cutlass in hand, and I shall never forget the scene that presented itself when I entered. The cabin was that of a vessel of five hundred tons, elegantly fitted up: the pannels were filled with crimson cloth, and golden mouldings, with superb damask hangings before the stern windows and the side berth, and brilliantly lighted up by two large swing lamps, hung from the deck above, which were reflected from, and multiplied in several plate glass mirrors in the pannels. In the recess, which, in cold weather, had been occupied by the stove, now stood a splendid cabinet piano forte, the silk corresponding with the crimson cloth of the pannels; it was open; a Leghorn bonnet with a green veil, a parasol, and two long white gloves, as if recently pulled off, lay on it, with the very mould of the hand in them.

The rudder-case was particularly beautiful; it was a richly carved and gilded palm tree, the stern painted white and interlaced with golden fretwork, like the lozenges of a pine apple, while the leaves spread up and abroad on the roof.

The table was laid for supper, with cold meat and wine and a profusion of silver things, all sparkling brightly; but it was in great disorder—wine spilt and glasses broken, and dishes with meat upset, and knives and forks, and spoons, scattered all about.—She was evidently one of those London West Indiamen, on board of which I knew there was much splendor & great comfort. But [illegible] The captain lay across the table, with his head hanging over the side of it next to us, and unable to help himself with his hands tied behind his back, and a gag in his mouth; his face purple from the blood running to his head, and the white of his eyes turned up, while his loud stentorious breathing but too clearly indicated the rupture of a vessel on the brain. He was a stout, portly man, and although we released him on the instant, and had him bled, and threw water in his face, and did all we could for him, he never spoke afterwards, and died in half an hour.

Four gentlemanly looking fellows were sitting at table lashed to their chairs, pale and trembling, while six of the most ruffian looking scoundrels I ever beheld stood on the opposite side of the table in a row fronting us, with the lights from the lamps shining full upon them. Three of them were small but very square mulattoes; one was a South American Indian with the square high-boned visage, and long lank, black glossy hair of his cast. Those four had no clothing beside their trowsers, and stood with their arms folded, in all the calmness of desperate men caught in the very act of some horrible atrocity, which they knew shut out all hope of mercy. The two others were white Frenchmen, tall, bushy whiskered, sallow desperadoes, but still wonderful to relate, with, if I may so speak, the manners of gentlemen. One of them squinted, and had a hair lip, which gave him a horrible expression. They were dressed in white trowsers and shirts, yellow silk sashes round their waists and a sort of blue uniform jackets, blue Gascon crops with the peaks—from each of which descended a large bullion tassel hanging down on one side of their heads.

The whole party had apparently made up their minds that resistance was vain, for their pistols and cutlasses, some of them bloody had all been laid on the table, with the butts and handles towards us, contrasting horribly with the glittering equipage of steel, and crystal, and silver things, on the snow white damask table cloth. They were immediately seized and ironed, to which they submitted in silence. We next released the passengers, and were overpowered with thanks, one dancing, one crying, one laughing, and another praying. But merciful Heaven! what another object met our eyes! Drawing aside a curtain that concealed a sofa, fitted into a recess, there lay, more dead than alive, a tall and most beautiful girl, her head resting on her left arm, her clothes dishevelled and torn, blood on her bosom, and foam on her mouth, with her long hair loose and dishevelled, and covering the upper part of her deadly pale face, through which her wild, sparkling black eye, protruded from their sockets, glanced and glared with the fire of a maniac's, while her blue lips kept jibbering an incoherent prayer—one moment, and the next imploring mercy, as if she had been in the hands of those who knew not the name, and anon, a low hysterical laugh made our very blood freeze in our bosoms, which soon ended in a long dismal yell, as she rolled off the couch upon the hard deck, and lay in a dead faint.

Alas the day! a maniac she was from that hour. She was the only daughter of the murdered captain of the ship, and never awoke in her unclouded reason, to the fearful consciousness of her own dishonour and parent's death.

From the New England Farmer.

Brother Jonathan's Wife's advice to her daughter on the day of her marriage—Now Mary, as you are about to leave us, a few words seem appropriate to the occasion. Although I regret the separation, yet I am pleased that your prospects are good.—You must not think all before you are Elysian Fields. Toil, care and trouble, are the companions of frail human nature. Old connexions will be dissolved by distance, time and death. New ones will be formed. Every thing pertaining to this life is on the change.

A well cultivated mind, united with a pleasant, easy disposition, is the greatest accomplishment in a lady. I have endeavored from the first to the present moment to bring you up in such a manner as to form you for usefulness in society. Woman was never made merely to see and be seen; but to fill an important space in the great chain of nature, planned and formed by the Almighty Parent of the Universe. You have been educated in habits of industry, frugality, economy and neatness, and in these you have not disappointed me.

It is for the man to provide and for the wife to take care and see that every thing, within her circle of movement, is done in order and season; therefore, let method and order be considered important. A place for every thing, and every thing in its place—a time for every thing and [illegible]

A thorough knowledge of every kind of business appropriate to the kitchen is indispensable; for without such knowledge, a lady is incapable of the management of her own business, and is liable to imposition by her servants every day.—But in these things you have been instructed.

You will be mistress of your own house, & observe the rules in which you have been educated. You will endeavor, above all things, to make your fireside the most agreeable place for the man of your choice. Pleasantry and a happy disposition will ever be considered as necessary to this important end; but a foolish fondness is disgusting to all. Let reason and common sense ever guide: these, aided by a pleasant friendly disposition, render life happy, and without these it is not desirable. Remember your cousin Eliza. She married with the brightest prospects, but from her petulent, peevish & complaining disposition and negligence, every thing went wrong and her home became a place of disquietude to her husband. To avoid this, he sought a place to pass away vacant time, where he associated with those more wicked than himself; he contracted the habit of intemperance, and was lost—and poor Eliza was thrown on the charity of her friends.

Be pleasant and obliging to your neighbors—ready to grant assistance when necessary. Be careful of their characters, and not readily believe an ill report.—Throw the mantle of charity over their failings, knowing that we are all human and liable to err. Abhor a tattler, and give no place to the reports of such.—However strong a provocation may be, never contend for the last word.

Let your bible show that it is used. Give no place to novels in your library. Let history, biography, and travels be read, when time and opportunity admit—without interfering with the important duties of the family. Be not ignorant of the events of the time being, therefore read some journal of the day. As to friends who may call on you—never be confused nor in a hurry; treat them with hospitality and politeness, and endeavor to make them happy in their own way.—Never teaze them to do this, or that which they do not prefer. True politeness consists in an easy deportment, and making our friends easy, and permitting them to enjoy themselves in that way which is most pleasing to them.

Speak with deliberation. The other sex tell us that, "the female tongue is never tired;" be it so; let it be regulated by reason and common sense.

At the close of the week, if possible, let all your work for the time, be done; so that on Sunday you may improve your time in such a manner as will be appropriate to the day, and never, extraordinaries excepted, let your seat be vacated at Church.

As to dress; decency is becoming to all, but extravagance opens a door to want—follow the fashions of the day so far as decency and good sense will approve, but avoid singularity. Be not troubled for what you have not; but be thankful for, and take care of what you have. A Leghorn hat loaded with flowers, will not cure the headache, nor a gold watch prevent the consumption.

Avoid night meetings at private houses, where every one is priest. These, I fear have a tendency to affect the passions more than mend the heart. Who knows the resting place of an enthusiastic and fanatic mind? Let your evenings generally be spent at home.

As you have attended to the study of Botany and discovered a taste for flowers I would not by any means draw your attention from so innocent and pleasing an amusement. But let your garden be small and well laid out, and the plants selected to your taste. See to the management of it yourself. It is a pleasant exercise, productive of health of body and serenity of mind. Let the order neatness, and the display of beauty in your garden, be the index of what may be seen in your house.

One thing more: the management of domestics. See that all things go right in the kitchen. Let every thing be done according to order. Never dispute with a servant in what way a thing shall be done. Let your commands be promptly obeyed. Observe a mild dignity but avoid all improper familiarity with those who may be placed under you. Be never hasty and impetuous; but calm and deliberate. Reprove when necessary, with mildness and determination; but never make a long harangue about matters of minor importance. Too much reproof, especially if delivered in a passion, or high tone of voice, is apt to lose its desired effect, and produce reaction on the part of the dependent. Dignity, decision and condescension, must be assimilated in such a manner as to command respect, and create disaffection and hatred. Never charge a domestic with lying without irrefragable proof—then punish or dismiss him. To say frequently and upon all occasions to a domestic, "*you lie*," is perfectly ridiculous, and has an evil tendency. If he be a liar you harden him; if otherwise, you injure his feelings and destroy his confidence.

I have done—you have my best wishes.

The following account of Black Hawk's visit to the New York State Arsenal, is given in the Evening Post:

Perhaps nothing has more deeply interested and impressed this old warrior and his companions, in a whole course of a tour which must have presented so many objects to astonish them, than the view they had of the Arsenal in White street, on Thursday last. They were conducted thither at about half past four P. M. with much greater privacy than their other visits have generally admitted of, and were shown every part of this imposing and beautifully arranged repository of the implements of war, unincumbered by the crowd which must usually have occasioned them great inconvenience. They were first shown the heavy ordnance on the basement floor, and whatever characteristic indifference they may have maintained on other occasions, the sight and explanation of the eight and ten inch shells and mortars, and of the thirty-two pounders, evidently filled them with wonder and awe. Old Black Hawk nodded and shook his head most significantly and his reverend companion, the Prophet, 'grinned horribly a ghastly smile,' fromone of the least lovely countenances ever seen. That fascinating young giantthe sable falcon's adopted nestling preseved a much loftier mien upon the matter than the rest of his companions, and is eye expressed any thing but cordial satisfaction at the sight of engines so disparaging to savage power. But when they ascended to the next floor and beheld the long and dense avenues of brilliant bayoneted muskets, standing in numbers which to them must have appeare countless, they all involuntarily expreed a most lively admiration; they all ganed and scowled most amiably, and nodded and muttered their approbation, neatedly and most graciously. The Old Hawk bent a hawk's eye along the lines spotless pans and keen flints, and doubtss reconned the severe lessons which similar military alphabet had already taught him. The circular arrangements of pistols and sabres on the differe compartments of the ceiling, also freently attracted their attention and they pnted them out to each other with evidentterest. Indeed the state of this arsenaunder the present Commissary. General Arcularius, is such as might gratify there of an experienced soldier of the best disciplined army; and there is not perhaps an arsenal either in this country or in Europe, in more perfect order or more tastefully arranged in proportion to its extent. After they had been shown the musquetry, they were taken to an apartment which contained among other things some modern cuirases, resembling those of Napoleon's celebrated guards, and General Arcularius placed one of them on his breast to explain their use; but although the party were evidently surprised at the security which this defensive armour was calculated to afford there was something unequivocally sarcastic in the manner with which Black Hawk and the Prophet conferred upon the subject. But perhaps nothing surprised these savages more highly than Mr. Enoch Hadden's new patent artillery lock which the Commissary had fixed for trial on the beautiful brass three pounder, presented to the State by Governor Tomkins in 1814. This gun having been placed in the yard and loaded with a blank cartridge, General Arcularius, who seemed to take great pleasure in impressing upon the minds of these untaught warriors the immense power of our scientific inventions, drew the string with which this invaluable lock operates, and discharged the piece, their utter astonishment could not be concealed by any saint or savage amongst them, and the whole apparatus appeared to them so awfully mysterious that it was not without considerable solicitation either of them could be induced to repeat the experiment for himself. Black Hawk, and all the rest in succession, declined with manifest timidity; but at length the Prophet, probably relying upon the sanctity of his character for security, manfully stepped forward and drew the string. He started a little at the report, and then laughed most heartily. Emboldened by his sacred friend's example, Black Hawk ventured to discharge the gun, and afterwards all the rest summoned equal courage. The peculiar satisfaction which each of them expressed at the successful result of his experiment afforded much amusement to the spectators, and when the vacant seriousness and gravity with which they returned it, as a matter quite too profound for their comprehension, was irresistably comic.

The party having been invited by the Commissary to take refreshments in the house adjoining the arsenal yard, a select company of ladies and gentlemen were politely afforded an opportunity of hearing these children of the forest converse upon the objects they had seen, and of having their conversation translated by the interpreter who attends them. Among other gallant things said by Black Hawk on this occasion, there were the following: 'I have had the satisfaction of taking many ladies, beautiful as the moon and flowers, both in this city and in others through which I have passed, by the hand; and I will tell my young warriors never more to take up weapons against the fathers and brothers of the pretty squaws who have used me so kindly. We will hereafter live in peace, and I am anxious to return home to tell them this.'

LETTER FROM MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

BOSTON, IN THE TREMONT HOUSE.
Tuesday morning, June 25, 1833.

To Uncle Joshua Downing, in Downingville down east in the state of Maine, to go in the *fast* mail through Portsmouth in N. Hampshire, with care and speed.

Dear uncle Josh—The President told me a good deal tother day when he and I was setting alone smoking a couple of long nines in one of the hind rooms after we had got clear of the governor and the rest of the Boston folks that come to pay their respects to us in the tremont house,—

Says he, Major—now you and I are alone I want to tell you what I think of the folks this side of New York.—Well says I—say on general—"Well" says he, "Major Downing, if it had'nt been for the Proclamation about the nullifiers I never should come here and been treated in sich a masterly style as this. The Bostonians beat every thing I've seen yet all holler. Only think Major what a lot of children we had about on the Common. They behaved as orderly as grown up folks. "Yes, says I, that's true general, we've seen nothing like it yet but wait till we get to Downingville and if we dont show you something grander and more substantial than we've had here then my name ain't Jack Downing. You may judge a little, general, of what you will see there from my company of Rangers that I took on to Washington last winter. That's true, said the general, we can tell better then. Now uncle Joshua I want jest to tell you agin that you must spruce up and take away all the old pine brush & sich like stuff from the door yard so we can drive up in front of your house full chizel and have all Downingville wide awake to meet us. You must mend up the bridges all along the road for fear we shall have another scrape worse than the one we got into in New York.

When you git to Portland, you must mind an shake the old general first of any body—don't stop to speak to me, for he'll be as mad as a march hare if you do. The old gentleman has got some grand notions about all the folks down east, and says every word I've told him comes true about 'em. I shall have some pretty queer things to tell you about me and the President sense we first started on our tower from Washington. Most of the hansomest of the ladies have mistook me for him. He and I come pesky near getting into pretty considerable of a quarrel this morning, and if it hadn't been that we both hauled in our horns, there's no knowing how it might ended. You see, uncle Josh, theres Van Buren joined the President's caravan at New York, you know, and after the bridge smashed in and liked to kill me and the President and Mr. Woodbury, thinks I to myself how comes this—we've travelled all the way from Washington and have had nothing like it—besides, heres a bridge in this ere great city of N. York that every body has been used tu for going on twenty years, and it never caved in before; and I guess I can smell a rat in this bizness; so all at once I jumped up out of my chair, and says I to the general, "about that are plaugy New York bridge that come so near drowning us all in a bunch." "Well, what of it, Major," says he—"what is your opinion about it?" Why, says I its my firm opinion that Van Buren sawed off the sleepers the night before we got to the city, on purpose to get us into a scrape.

At this the President rared right up on his legs about the quickest and looked me in the face as if he'd eat me up as quick as your old gray hound will swallow a junk of fresh meat and says he, "It will never do Major to mention sich a thing." Wen I cant help that it we do says I;—we jogged along as slick as could be till we took in Van Buren into our company and ever sense that you've been in trouble, and its my opinion he's at the bottom of it." I'de no sooner said this than the old general stepped up to me and histed his old green specks up on to his forehead and I see what was coming so I tho't seeing we'd got so near home to Downingville that 'twas best to ease off a little and hush the matter up—so says I "well you've a right to your opinion and I've a right to mine; so we dropt talking about it. But I'll tell you what, I mean to keep a sharp look out for 'em, for I'm fraid they are a tryin to kil the president some how or other; howsomever we both made up on the spot an agreed to say nothing about what passed. I've a great deal more to tell you but I'm hurried most to death and can't say a quarter as much as I want tu. Tell aunt Keziah she had better skour up all her tin milk pans and puter platters and spoons and set 'em in a row on the long settle.

I must wind up this letter uncle Joshus for the President says he must be jogging down to Salum.

In great haste your loving neffu.
MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

P. S. Tell the Company of Downingville Rangers to be ready—we shall be there by the 4th of July. The President looks a great deal better sense Doctor Warren blooded his arm. This ere Boston water aint the thing for him. We dont drink brandy; and they give us what they call French Shampane wine, and frisky stuff 'tis tu. I wish aunt Keziah would have a porringer of sage tea steaped for us aginst we get to your house—but don't make any fuss about it. I sent this letter to you through the old Portsmouth Journal because I was afraid some of the bridges might brake down before the mail got to Portland.

The original, Simon Pure Jack Downing complains thus in the Courier of the men who steal his name:

"Now I think ont, there is the most rascally set of fellers skulking about somewhere in this part of the country that ever I heard of and I wish you would blow 'em up. They are worse than pickpockets. I mean them are fellers that's got to writing letters and putting my name to 'em and sending 'em to the printers. And I heard there was one sassy feller last Saturday down to Newburyport that got on to a horse and rid about town calling himself Major Jack Downing and all the soldiers and the folks marched up and shook hands with him and thought it was me. Now my dear old friend isn't this too bad? What would you do if you was in my case? I say again they are worse than the pick-

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