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 XVII | EASTON MD SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 11, 1834. | NO, 41.

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.

From the New York Mirror.

FORECASTLE YARNS.

From a Sailor's Journal of his first cruise

CAPTURE OF THE CYANE AND LEVANT.

'I say, Jack Dennison,' I continued addressing an old weather-beaten tar, as broad as he was long, and so heavily sparred, that he looked, for all the world, like a line-o'-battle cut down:'now's your turn; come, answer to your muster, and relieve the wheel. Bob has spun us a yarn as long as the fore-to'-bow-line, spliced on to the jib-downhaul, so, now, try your hand at the bellows. Tip us a real, regular built bloody one: none of your seven water-grog, and give it to us hand-over-fist, right off the reel, and be alive about it, so that Bob wont be obliged to pipe. "All hands open top-lights, ahoy,' before you get it half realed.'

'Who made you commodore, and be d—d to you, you long-splice of a land lubber?' says Jack, as he hauled up his courses, and cleared decks for action.—'I can spin yarns, without asking any odds of you, you bone polisher, so clap a stopper on the running-part of that long tongue of yours, or *I*'ll get Bob to seize you up in the weather-rigging, and heave a dozen into you, to make you clew up your jawing-tacks.'

'Jack,' says I, discreetly rolling out of striking distance, your chat is like a reefer's orders; big words on a weak stomach; come, bear a hand, and pay out the slack, mind you don't choke us; small helm, my boy, keep her full-and-by, if she'll go it.'

'You are a pretty fellow,' says Jack, to talk about small helm. I don't believe you ever spoke the truth but once in your life, and that was when you said you *did* like duff and molasses, and *din't* like a flogging.'

'Avast, Jack,' says I, 'I'll haul-off, and repair damages.'

So Jack stowed away the old soger in the north-east corner of his tarpaulin took a fresh bite of pursur's plug, and tying an overhaul-knot with his fists, athwart his bread-bag, and mooring himself snugly, he began his yarn as he did every thing, butt end foremost.

'Sail ho!' sung out the look-out on the fore-topsail yard of the Constitution frigate, Commodore Stewart, about four bells in the forenoon watch, of the twentieth of February, 1815, Madeira bearing south-east by east, distant two hundred miles.

'Where away?' hailed the officer of the deck.

'Right-ahead, sir,' replied the look out.

'Gentlemen-of-the-watch!' hailed the lieutenant, 'report to the commodore, sir, a strange sail right ahead.'

'The middy made his report, and came up again, with orders to make all sail in chase.

'Aha!' thought we, as we set stu'n'-sails alow and aloft, though, the breeze was rather too stiff for them, 'now for some fun.'

'Old Ironsides took the hint, and gathering way, we were off in no time at all, south-and-by-east, at ten knots an hour.

'The look-out hailed again in five minutes, 'Another sail, right ahead sir, close aboard the first one.'

'This was reported to the commodore, and he repeated the order to pull a heel after them; and after them we went, at a great rate, right before the wind, which was so strong that the stu'n' sail-booms bent like nothing; but the old man did not care for that. 'What she can't carry, let her drag,' was the rule, and he stuck to it well.

'After he had been spanking a long about an hour, the officer of the deck hailed:

'Fore-topsail-yard, there! What do you make them out to be?'

'Men-o'-war, sir, going large, stu'n'-sails set,' says the look out.

'This report, 'two men-o'war ahead,' spread through the ship, in less than no time, and all the idlers, watch-below, and every body, who came on deck to have a squint at them; & the commodore took a devil of a shot at them, through his long spy-glass, to make out where they hailed from. They were so far ahead that we couldn't make out any thing, so we watched old Stewart, to see what he thought.

'He stood on the starboard-cathead, squinting and squinting, till we thought he never would knock-off. After a long spell at it, he shut up the glass, and went along aft, taking to himself, as if he was working up his dead reckoning and came to, at the horse block, all in a bight. All of a sudden, he brightened up, went down into the cabin, and was on deck again in no time at all, in full uniform.

'There,' says we, 'the old man has got his fighting-traps rigged, swabs and all. Now, then, look out for hard knocks and prize money.'

'The officers took the hint, and, in ten minutes, all hands of them were in fighting-togs and things began to look a little man-o'-war fashion.

'Well, we cracked on her, ring-tail, sky-scraper, jib-be jib, and the d—l knows what no', and went spanking off, at twelve knots an hour; but the fellows ahead did their prettiest too, so that it was three bells in the first dog watch, before we got near enough to make out much.

'We could then see, very plainly that one of them was a cravat, and t'other a sloop of war, and they looked like Johnny Bull's crafts, so the old man ordered a bow chaser to be fired, just to make them look at us, for they were a long way out of shot; and when he had waked them so, he sent up the old gridiron at the fore skysail mast head, so that they could see it plain. They answered a minute after, each a gun, and sent up British colors!

'Now, boys,' says we, 'for a brush;' but Johnny Bull did not think so, but pulled heel all the harder; but we gained on him, and 'twas very plain we should overhaul him, so the word was passed.

'Fore and aft, both sides, and amid-ships, all hands! Turn-to and clean yourselves white frocks and trowsers, to muster.'

'Avast, Jack Dennison, says I, 'what did you put on your muster-clothes to fight in, for? Get them spoiled and dirty, and some ugly holes drilled in them, *prehaps*.'

'Short yarns, youngster, growled Jack, we were going to *meeting*, as you Yankees say; and so we rigged ourselves to put Johnny Bull's eyes out, if he looked our way.

'Well, we cleared un decks, and got every thing in fighting trim; arm chests on deck, cutlass-racks at the capstan, and forward, put on the gratings, rove preventer-sheets and braces, slung the yards in chains, lashed the topsails, sanded down decks, and got every thing ready in regular-built style. When we were within about four miles of the Englishmen, we trained one of our bow chasers on them, and let drive, just by way of opening the conversation, as my sweetheart used to say; but that did not do much; but Johnny Bull, as if he had just thought what we wanted of him, began to shorten sail, as if he was coming to for us.

We were glad enough to see that motion, and began to think he might be a clever fellow after all, and so shortened sail ourselves. But Johnny was playing us a trick; for, when we got under fighting canvas, and had lost some headway, he threw his men aloft, and his sails being only stopped-up, and not half stowed he was under all sail again in a minute. But old Stewart saw what they were at, and they found that Yankees could loose sail too, upon a pinch, for we were under all sail, almost as soon as they were, and after them we went.

'The cravatte (we afterwards found she was the *Cyane*, and t'other the Levant, and I'll call them so 'cause its shorter) began to blaze away at us with her stern-chasers, but we told her nothing, for firing bow-chasers deadens a ship's way, and we determined to put off that part of the business till we got them alongside. *So* we went on gaining on them at every plunge, when all of a sudden, they began to shorten sail again.

'We began to take in sail too, for stu'n sails are no things to go into action with, keeping an eye on them, for fear they would trick us again. And, sure enough so it was; for, when we got under topsails, topgallan' sails and courses, they both came up into the wind, gave us each a broadside, and then made all sail to get away.

'That did not please as much, and we swore some pretty tough ones at them, and then gave chase. This time we gained on them the same as before, and coming nearer, and nearer they saw they could not get away, and then they shortened sail; and like true English bull-dogs, got ready for whatever we chose to give them, and to do their best to be Scotch prizes to us, after all.

'We shortened sail, stowing every thing snug, for we saw they meant to fight it out this time, and then sent up ensigns at the fore, main and mizen, at the peak, and on the bowsprit; so that if some were shot away, we should have something to fight under still. But Commodore Stewart, knowing the spunk of us fellows, gave particular orders, *not to nail them to the mast*; for he knew, as any one with brains would, that that way of doing business was all folly. *It* was, he knew, an impossibility for Johnny Bull to beat us in fair fighting, yard-arm to yard-arm, but then some accident might happen, and we should be in a bight, if the signal halyards would not render.

'The order was obeyed by all except Pat Flanagan, an Irish fore-topman, who was sent aloft to set the ensign at the fore. He took up some nails, and a marlin spike for a hammer, and nailed the ensign to the flag pole, in three places.

'There,' says Pat, as he came down into the foretop, I'll be d—d if that flag shall be struck, unless the mast goes by the board.'

'Then the drums beat to quarters, and as soon as they had done, the saucy Englishman repeated the call with a full band, and rolled off with "Rule Britannia, and both luffing suddenly in the last strain, the music was drowned with the thunder of two broadsides fired altogether, plump at us. I never heard such music before, and I hope I never shall again especially in a moonlight night.

'Then came the orders for bringing the ship to action. Both batteries were cast loose, tompions out, aprons off, and loaded, with each a round shot, a stand of grape and cannister.

'Man both batteries!' sung out the first luff, they were manned.

'Depress your guns for a close fire; wait for the word of command; silence, fore-and-aft!'

'He stopped, and we hardly breathed; our decks were as still as death, and as *I* was only about eighteen years old and had never been in action, I began to feel a little streaked. *I* was stationed at one of the quarter deck guns, and of course could see every thing and standing still alongside my gun, I had nothing to think of, but the question whether the flat fish would'nt be dubbing their ugly noses into my carcass, at the bottom of the sea, before long: and, I can tell you, *I* felt a little queer, as the shot from the Englishmen flew around us: *I* did'nt like standing still to be shot at.

'Right ahead about a mile off, were the *Cyane* and Levant, under easy sail. The Levant was a little ahead of the Cyane, and as it was bright moonlight, we could see every thing as plain as day, and they blazed away at us with stern chasers and quarter deck guns at the time but we took no notice of it.

'Wait for the word of command,' says the first luff, again; 'not a shot must be thrown away.

'As we neared them, their fire grew hotter and hotter till, when we were on the Cyane's larboard quarter, the sea was all in a blaze.

"Port!" hailed the first luff, in a voice so loud, that we heard it plain in spite of the Englishmen's broadsides. Their game was to keep both on our larboard-side, so that we should be obliged to divide our larboard-battery between them but Commodore Stewart knew better than that.

'We passed the starboard-side of the Cyane, and luffed-up between her and the Levant; they luffed too, so that we should not rake them, and then the first lieutenant hailed again,

"Mind the weather-roll——fire!'

'Every gun aboard was fired the minute the word passed his lips; the larboard-battery into the Cyane and the starboard into the Levant; and as the kick of one battery met the kick of the other, the ship didn't heel an inch, but trembled like a leaf, from the keelson to the trucks. I never shall forget how I felt then: the noise of our batteries was enough to split a man's head open; but the most awful sound to me was the crashing our shot made aboard the Englishmen; it was as if every mast had gone by the board; every shot *told*; and the yells of the wounded it makes my blood run cold to think of it!

'They gave us as good as we sent, and tried to rake us, but they found we could fight both batteries, and work ship too; so at it we went, hammer and tongs and shot and splinters flew well, fore and aft.

'I was first loader of my gun, and as it was in the larboard battery, my mark was the Cyane. After we had been at it a little while, a round shot took the man next me in the head, and dashed his blood and brains all over me, but all my skittishness was gone after the first broadside, and I did not mind this trifle at all.

'The next minute, as I had finished loading her, and was stepping back, my left arm dropped numb by my side.—I felt of it, but there was no skin broken nor so much as the sleeve of my frock singed, but still, I could not lift it; and I 'spose 'twas the wind of a shot passing close to it.

'The lieutenant of my division seeing something was foul, told me to go below to the Doctor.

'If I do, I'm be d—d,' says I, touching my hat, so that he needn't call it insolence; but I took my station at the train-takle, for I could haul-in and run-out the gun with one hand, as well as a dozen; and the man I relieved took my post as loader, and a minute after a round shot cut him in two; so there was my luck.

'Well, after a while, the enemy's fire began to slack a little, and that made us work away all the harder, and pretty soon the Cyane hauled down her ensign, (guess 'twasn't nailed to the mast!) but the Levant made sail to get away; so old Ironsides fell off from the wind to bring her larboard broadside to bear on her, and gave it to her so solidly, that she, too, hauled down her flag.

'We gave them three cheers, and then, boats being lowered, the Commodore sent a lieutenant and a prize crew aboard each of them, to take possession of them, and receive their surrender; for neither of them had a boat that would float, to send their captains aboard of us.

'Well, we bore away towards Maderia sailing along easy, repairing damages; &, when that was done we spliced the main-brace, and if grog *ever* tasted well it did then.

'About six bells, in the first watch, the lieutenant in charge of the Cyane hailed, to say that he wanted the carpenter and his gang, for the ship was sinking.

Commodore Stewart answered the hail himself. Tack ship, sir, and crowd all sail.

'This was just the thing. She had fought her starboard battery, and that was the side cut up by our shot; tacking, and crowding all sail, threw it clear out of water, so that the carpenter had a fair chance at it, and old Nipton, no chance at all. In an hour the lieutenant made report that every thing was snug again; and we sailed quietly till morning; and then took out half of their men, and brought them aboard the Constitution, and manned them with our own. We didn't steal their dunnage, though, nor abuse them, as Bob says they did in the Endymion, but let each man have his bag and hammock, the same as in his own ship.

'We made Maderia in a couple of days, and came to anchor in Porto Prava, and began to refit, and manned the Cyane and Levant as well as we could, and still have men enough for old Ironsides. In a week we were ready for sea, and were lying quietly at anchor, when, one foggy morning, a small craft arrived, and reported an English fleet outside, coming in. We knew, well enough, that the English would not care a straw for the Spanish neutrality, so we cut our cables, and as the English prisoners would be in the way in a fight, we sent them ashore, and then stood out. Now, there was an old Spanish battery ashore, which commanded the whole bay; and as soon as we had landed the prisoners, the d——d rascals ran to that battery, manned it, and opened upon us in fine style. That didn't please old Stewart over well, and he swore some pretty tough ones, that if he got clear of the English fleet outside, he would come back and blow those fellows into the air.

'Now, the harbor of Porto Prava has a small, but high island at its mouth, so that there are two channels of entrance; & as the fog was very thick, the English fleet came in at one, as we walked out at the other; but they soon found their mistake, and came out again, before we could get any kind of start, and gave chace. They were five sail; two seventy-fours, one razee, and two fifty gun frigates. We could not stand all that; they carried too many guns for us, and we crowded all sail to get away — We soon found that if our prizes could keep with us, we could run the English squadron hull down in two hours, but there was the pinch; they were both heavy sailers, especially the Levant, and no match for old Ironsides, or the English fleet either, so we had to shorten sail, to allow them to keep in company, and going so, Jonny Bull gained on us. Now, the commodore showed them a Yankee trick. He ordered the Cyane and Levant to carry on every thing they could show, and then cooly dropped astern of them, and backed his main-topsail, to make the Englishmen think he intended to fight the whole bunch of them, so that they would shorten sail and the Cyane and Levant could get away, and then he would brace up again, and walk right away from them; for he knew that none of their ships could begin to sail with the Constitution.

'That was a pretty saucy trick, I'm thinking, one frigate heave-to, for two seventy-fours, a razee, and two frigates as big as herself! whew-w! But, after all, this trick didn't do much good; for the English followed on, crowding all sail, so the Commodore braced up again, and then hove out a signal to the Levant, which was falling astern of the Cayane every minute, to tack ship and stand back for the Porto Prava, to take shelter under the Spanish neutrality, while we & the Cyane went on. She tacked accordingly, & the English admiral detached *two* frigates, (the Newcastle & Acasta, forty-fours,) to give her chase, while he and the rest of the squadron bore down after us.

'Now, Commodore Stewart knew well enough, that if the Newcastle and Acasta kept on after the Levant, they would certainly catch her, so he shortened sail again, backed his maintopsail, and fired a gun to windward, hoping that the English admiral would then recall his frigates to take the Constitution, and so the Levant would escape; but there he was mistaken. The admiral knew that his seventy-fours and razee were enough to take us; so he let the Acasta and Newcastle go on, while he crowded on after us. When Commodore Stewart saw that that trick had failed, he hove a signal to the Cyane to shift for herself, and then bracing up again he made all sail, and in an hour the English hauled off, finding they could not catch us.

'When we came into New York, in April, the Cyane was at anchor, off the Battery; but the Levant took refuge in Porto Prava, and the English broke the Spanish neutrality, as we knew they would, and managed, with two fifty-gun frigates, to take a sloop of war, of twenty-two guns, with thirty men to man her.'

COURT OF REQUESTS.

LONDON.

THE RIVAL BARBERS.

The parties in this matter, Ephraim Hoppy, plaintiff, and Benjamin Lovejoy, defendant, are rival barbers, carrying on business in shops situate vis a vis in in the Broadway. The sum sought to be recovered was twenty-three shillings, for medical attendance furnished to the plaintiff for the cure of his nose, damaged by the defendant under somewhat ludicrious circumstances.

The plaintiff, it appeared, for some years has taken the inhabitants of the Broadway by the nose with great success, and has wielded his razor and brush with so much reputation, that most of the surrounding operatives came to his shop, to have their hebdomedal chin-excressences cleanly mown for the moderate charge of three-half pence. About three weeks ago, the plaintiff who, like the Turk, could bear no rival near the throne,' to his great indignation discovered one morning that an opponent had made his appearance in the Broadway, and had put forth his pretensions to public favor on a conspicuous board, announcing that 'shaving on an entirely new principle, in all its scientific branches, was expeditiously executed at the reform price of one penny. Finding his customers henceforward flock to the new comer, and being justly alarmed at the rising renown of the interloper, the plaintiff spread abroad a report that the defendant was entirely ignorant of the true principles of the noble art of shaving and that he would shave with him for any wager from a pin's head to a pound of bacon. This challenge having reached the ears of the defendant, he proposed that on the following Sunday morning, the plaintiff should come to his shop, and have a trial of skill in the presence of their customers. Accordingly, at the time appointed, the plaintiff made his appearance, and submitted to be lathered first; the terms of the wager being, that he who shaved in the shortest time and the most workmanlike manner was to be deemed the most accomplished artist. While the plaintiff was waiting, ears deep in suds, for the approach of the razor, the defendant came unawares upon him, seized his nose with a pair of hot nippers, giving it at the same time a wrench which bid fair to keep that needful organ warm for a month. The plaintiff bellowed with pain and rage, but well knowing the folly of five feet two settling an affront vi et arms, with five feet ten, he resorted to a magistrate, and caused the defendant to be fined 20s for the comical assault. Having sustained considerable injury in his nasal projection, he found it necessary to call in a doctor, who effected a cure for the amount sought to be recovered.

The defendant pleaded that he had already sustained considerable punishment by the fine and expenses inflicted by the magistrate, and added that the object of the plaintiff in bringing this forward was to give him a 'tie up' he being jealous of his success, and knowing that he could not pay the sum claimed. The plaintiff, who had monopolized the chins of the inhabitants for a long while, was a Tory in politics, and when he came forward on reform principles, the majority of the plaintiff's customers, who were 'Whiggish' in their characters, naturally preferred getting dressed by a shaver of congenial politics.

The Commissioners having scrutinized the charges in the bill, retrenched some of the items, and ultimately adjudged the defendant to pay the sum of 13s with costs.

A CHAPTER ON MANNERS.

From the National Gazette.

ON ATTITUDES.—When you pay a visit at the house of a friend, and get firmly seated, let one of the first things you do, be, to lean back in your chair, and particularly if you are near a clean wall. I say "clean," because otherwise you might get your head soiled. A wall newly papered with a light ground, is the safest to lean against; and I would recommend a little change in the position, in order that by constantly rubbing your head on the same spot, you may not make the mark of it too plain, which probably the lady of the house, if she was over nice, might not admire. As to the sort of chair which is best suited to the feet, I would prefer a mahogany one particularly if the hind legs were made so as to require a considerable effort to tilt it back. The cane and rush bottom, are best for a small man, for they generally have a bar in front, upon which he can place his feet, which will enable him to wipe the dirt off his boots, in case he got into the mud on his way; and forgot to wipe them at the door on the mat. The custom of leaning back on one's chair is purely American, and by rigidly observing it abroad, as well as at home, it speaks one's nationality. The people of no other polished nation, lean back in their chairs. All Europeans have a silly notion, that it indicates a want of respect for those in whose company you are, and that what they call unseemingly postures show even a man's want of self respect. But this is all affectation. "Free and easy," is the true doctrine, whether alone or in society, whether in your place of business or in the drawing room.

I recollect once hearing a foreigner say, "I am told that in America, the art of leaning back is so well understood by some persons, that they can balance themselves upon one leg only of the chair." But I looked upon this as a mere display of wit, at the expense of an American *gentleman*, who was indulging himself in the favorite American attitude at the expence of the foreigner's satin wood chair and oranged coloured wall.

After you have sufficiently indulged in this elegant accomplishment, the next sitting attitude I would recommend if to rest your right foot on your left knee, or vice versa, and take the wrinkles out of your boot with your hands. The elevation of the foot to a level with your hands, it is particularly advisible, if any lady or gentleman is close by, and it shows that you have as much respect for one limb as for another. Why should the foot not be so highly honored as the hand? Why should not the boot be brought in contact with the glove? I have seen people shove off when a gentleman has thus introduced his foot into company, as if they thought their dignity offended, but I thought it quite as silly as I did the conduct of a friend one day, who dined with a family, [illegible] and was quite provoked to see the lady feed a huge pointer dog from the table, by putting pieces of bread and meat in his mouth from her own plate.

After you get tired sitting, *I* would advise you to stand up, and if you do not know what to do with your hands, I would recommend you to hang them by your thumbs at the arm hold of your vest, or deposite them in the pockets of your pantaloons. An occasional thrusting them into your hair, with fingers expanded like the teeth of a comb, can be practised with advantage. *If* you should be walking up and down the room with a lady or gentleman, you should always turn with your back to your companion. Some people think this rude; but that is because at court no one turns his back on the king.

To conclude, when you get tired of walking, sit down and lean back again in your chair; or if the sofa be vacant, take a loll upon it, and be careful to rub your head against the wall, as before. If the sofa be covered with damask, and your boots be clean, you might safely put your feet on it as some of the members of Congress at Washington have been known to do, at the house of one of the foreign ministers.

BRUMMELL.

BOYHOOD.

Lights and shadows! sunshine and shade, dreams of happiness, and of disappointment. The careless step, the laughing lip, and restless eye; the indifference which neither hopes nor fears, gay and sportive heedlessness were the marked characters of our younger days. Our life, like that of the butterfly, was at first dull as in its chysalis, but when our wings had 'trembled in the worm,' and we were set free, how full of animation! We roved from hill-top to hill-top, we sauntered from dale to dale, we pulled the flower-blossoms from the river banks with eager curiosity. How like those flower blossoms were our childhood days enveloped with lights and shadows!

Our solitude, then, was filled with company. Our minds needed no living associates. We found other and better ones, among the manifold works above and around us. We discovered, daily, things new to us; and each little knowledge opened to us other new objects. We went forward tirelessly & wantonly pulling every thing to pieces, examining all things which we met, and striving to find a blue sky or a bright star behind every obstructing cloud.

But how dream-like is the past! We cannot now turn back our steps; we cannot roam with our playfellows as of yore. Ah alas! they are not to be met with here. Many of them have gone, like the vanishing stars of the morning; and shaddows seem to rest upon our hopes. We cannot tell that the sun will rise. The deep, thick mists still rest upon the mountain tops, and the sky is becoming covered with a spreading haze. How dark

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2940_scm11030-0756.jpg