EASTON GAZETTE.

WHERE THE PRESS IS FREE—"Literature well or ill-conducted, is the Great Engine by which all Popular States must ultimately be supported or overthrown RELIGION purifies the Heart and teaches us our Duty—Morality refines the Manners—Agriculture makes us Rich, and Politics provides for the enjoyment of all.

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From the National Gazette.

Further Excerpts from the new British Novel called DACRE.

"There is something in the wildness and sublimity of mountain scenery, that tends to remind us rather of eternity than of decay. The perishable works of man are no where to be seen. No city lies in gloomy ruins, to show the outlines of its faded greatness—no remnant of a sanctuary here stands to show the worship that has passed away. We see no falling records of the glorious deeds of those, whose names are learnt in history's page. We stand upon the mountain, and we scarcely know that man exists upon the earth. This is not the land where arts have died, or science been forgot—these rocks never echoed the eloquence of orators, or the song of the poet—these waters never bore the proud ships of the merchant, this soil never yielded to man the fruits of his industry. *It* is not here that the finger of time can be recognized. *In* vain would he set his mark on snows that never melt, or disturb the fast-bound form of adamantine ice. In vain he stretches out his hand where the rushing torrent, and the waving waterfall blest with an eternity of youth, dash on their headlong course, regardless of the blighting power that withers strength, or lulls to rest the creations and the creatures of mortality.

"Here may we pause, & say that Time has lost his power. Here may we view the faint efforts of Time overthrown in an instant. Changes there are; but the work of an hour has defeated the slow progress of decay. The lightning of the thunder-storm—the blowing tempest—the engulphing flood—the overspreading avalanche—have effaced from the surface of nature the impress of Time, and left nought in the change to remind us of age. Surely there are scenes in life which seem created to awaken in mankind the recollection,—that even Time can lose its power. Who will not feel the nothingness of the pleasures—the cares—nay, even the sorrows of our petty span, when for a moment, he dwells with his heart and soul upon the thoughts of an eternity! Yes! it will sober the gay—it will comfort the grieved."

"Nothing adds more to the consciousness of woe than being surrounded, in vain, by all that wealth can purchase or luxury invent. When the heart sickens at the sight of objects that in happier times gave pleasure, how painfully is the conviction pressed upon the mind, that it was to the lost happiness within, they must have owed their power to please? When the dull cold eye gazes with indifference on the unaltered baubles that have amazed, and the employments that have occupied, who is not the more forcibly reminded of the change that has been wrought in themselves? and whilst memory quickly summons the sad contrast before us, the bitter certainty becomes more fixed in our hearts, that the train of joyous thoughts they once could give has vanished from our minds."

"There are events in life that seem too great, too sudden, too overwhelming, to be true. We cannot believe that the hopes, the joys, and the sorrows of life, can depend on the work of a minute.—We measure by the hours, the days, and the years, that have been spent in their anticipation, enjoyment, or endurance. We look to the gradual realization of our hopes and wishes; we think our joys will be weakened by decay, ere they depart. We trust that time will wear away, with its slow workings, the keenness of sorrow: but on these sudden revulsions of fate we are too much startled to believe them possible, and the first impression is to doubt the reality of the change that has been wrought."

"The arrival of letters from home is always a moment of excitement to those who are travelling abroad. It recalls us at once to all we have left—to the cares we would forget, the sorrows we would efface, the joys that are passed. The messenger is expected with feverish impatience, and yet we tremble to read the tidings he brings. The letters are placed in our hands, and quicker than thought the directions are looked at, the hand-writings are recognized, and we glance at the seals to decry if any have come on a message of death.

"Some are sure to tell of change; and the change will startle, when its progress is unseen. Perhaps we read that friends will join us in our pilgrimage abroad, their fortunes broken, or their health impaired. *We* hear the men we left in power have ceased to rule.—The splendid mansion where we danced and feasted is now the prey of creditors, who once decked it so richly for pleasure. The house that wept a father's death, now lights its halls in honor of its heir. The giddy girl has pledged her troth—the reckless youth has learnt a husband's fondness, and a father's care—the widow wears again the bridal robe—the laughing girl we saw so full of life, now droops beneath the blight of pale consumption—the child who frolicked at our parting is cold and stiff within its early grave.

"The afflictions we grieved for, have ceased to afflict, and the joy we rejoiced at, is turned into sorrow. Yes! we read of such changes in those with whose image we have long been familiar: we marked them not when we were near, but when removed to a distance, they show us the progress of life.

"How sadly this progress is watched by the mind which is dead to all changes and stands still in its grief! How dispiriting to see the healing powers of time in others close the wounds of sharp affliction, and yet to feel it has not plucked from out the heart the deep canker of disappointment!"

"Lady Emily Somers had certainly been one of those whom education and habit had alike combined to cherish every feeling which nature had implanted. Her nature was to love & to be loved, & she had been nurtured and brought in the atmosphere of affection. Her sensibility had not been deadened by the voice of unkindness. She had known no vicisitudes of fortune—she had borne no affliction—she had suffered no illness. The occasional irritability of her father's temper had sometimes cost her a pang but then it was her pleasing task to dispel the frown that was gathered on his brow: and though she had watched with anxious care the bed of sickness she never yet had failed to impart to the sufferer the cheering influence of her own sanguine disposition. She had met with all the admiration from the world which her beauty and her charms deserved, and yet she was unconscious of distinction. She had always been lovely—she had always been engaging, and she had been admired and loved from her infancy.—Admiration came not to her as the welcome tribute to an ambitious vanity, but as that to which she had been so accustomed, that it seemed a part of life itself she thought the better of human nature for the kindness she experienced, but knew not that she created the feelings she approved. Her life had been but one bright chain of smiles, and joy—and hope—her first and only sorrow had been the fear of Dacres' inconstancy, and she having unconsciously misled her mother, respecting her feelings towards him. But now she had met him at Denham, her confidence in his love was reassured. She had since confided all to her mother, and she had been folded to that mother's heart, and thanked for the motives that had restrained her confidence, at a time when she needed and desired the comfort of a parent's support."

"There have been some who think that love is a native of the rocks; but its birth-place matters little, when once it is called into being, for it can thrive alike wherever it is transplanted. It shrouds itself in an atmosphere of its own creation, and sees the surrounding objects through the medium of its own fanciful halo. The existence of colours depends not more on the rays of the sun than depends the hue which is lent to all that is external, upon the internal feelings of the mind. The bustling scenes of gaiety may appear ill suited to the indulgence of deep feeling, yet the mind which is preoccupied by some absorbing thought, has not only an inward attraction that bids *defiance* to the intrusions of others, but has even the power of converting into ailment all that should tend to destroy its force. The crowds that pass before the eyes of a lover, seem but as a procession of which his mistress is the queen. If he talks to another, it is to listen to the welcome theme of her praise from the voice of partial friendship; and if the actions of others ever attract his attention, it is to observe with the general watchfulness of a lover, the manner and reception of those whom he regards as rivals."

"It is seldom, indeed, that friendship—pure friendship—exists, where love dares creep in. From the ties of kindred & of gratitude may spring affection in its purest form—regard, respect; but the friendship that arises from the conscious preference to each other's society,—the friendships that induces the opening of the heart, the almost unrestrained confidence of feelings, thoughts, opinion—the friendships that lets the stranger know the secrets of our home, and yields to intimacy the claims which kindred only should assert—treads a dangerous path. The happiness of one, if not of both, is too often sacrificed in the vain endeavor to check the growth of feelings that are nourished with fresh food. In single life the wish for dearer ties will soon arise; and often, too often, in married life, has the friendship, begun in innocence and honor, displaced the joy and peace it never can restore.

There are few whose vanity will not rejoice at the flattering distinction of being chosen confidant—few whose hearts can withstand the interest created by this dependence on the counsel, the confidence, or the sympathy of themselves; & friendships fairest gentlest child of love, is soon exchanged for passion fierce and strong. Young hearts should beware how they tread in this path of delusion. The friend of the family may prove an admirer, he may win affections that he did not seek—may give his love to one who neither knows nor heeds its possession—he will see the cloud that is gathered on the husband's brow—he may hear the hasty word, the harsh rebuke—then watch the tear that is shed by the wife from coldness or neglect; and from pity for the woman's sorrows springs the love that cannot, or that should not, be requited.

From the New York Evening Star.

VISIT TO MISS AFONG MOY, THE CHINESE LADY.

Having recieved a very polite card of invitation, written in Chinese characters, from Miss Afong Moy, desiring a special interview before she made her appearance in public, we repaired, as in duty bound, to her residence, No. 8 Park Place, to pay our respects in due form and felicitate her on her safe arrival from the celestial empire. We were determined to put the best *foot* foremost, and to show her that we are not quite so uncivilized and such barbarous vandals as she perhaps had been taught to believe by the great patriarch of her country, *Con-fu-chee* (Confucius.) Large gilt letters in Chinese on either side the door indicated her dwelling, and presented rather a novel and certainly not unpleasing contrast among the brass plates and bell handles of the *bourgeose* in the neighborhood. We were received with great civility by Captain Obear, under whose protection she is, and who ushered us immediately into the apartments which he has so beautifully furnished *a la Chinoise* for her accommodation. We might have imagined ourselves almost at Pekin—nothing but the rich dazzling colors and elaborate workmanship of Chinese furniture and ornaments were to be seen; lamps of the most gorgeous construction hanging down from the ceiling, and the heat of which when lighted set in motion a number of curious images—porcelain vases filled with exquisitely beautiful flowers—lacquered tables, covered with gold ornaments in relief—ottomans—cushioned chairs, models of junks and pagodas, screens at the windows spread over with figures of birds and flowers, and paintings that might vie with the colors of Titian, steel mirrors, guitars and work boxes in profusion; in short the most felicitous arrangement of superb objects brought on purposely for Miss Moy's chambers, reminding us of the compliment which Napoleon so delicately paid to Maria Louisa, when on her arrival at Paris on her marriage, she found the identical furniture, down to the very birdcage, she had left at her boudoir in her palace of Schoenbrunn at Vienna. As Miss Afong Moy had not yet completed her toilette, which we understand consumes about four hours (think of that, ye fashionable dames of Gotham!) we availed ourselves of the interval and of Capt. Obear's politeness, to examine the interesting objects above mentioned, which form a perfect Chinese museum alone worth double the price of admission. At length her ladyship was announced and presented herself in the rich costume of a Chinese lady—an outward mantle of blue silk, sumptuously embroidered, and yellow silk pantalettes, from beneath the ample folds of which peeped her tiny little feet not over *four inches* in length, the whole of the curious shoe included. Her head has a profusion of jet black hair, combed upwards from her fine forhead and brunette temples, and filled on the top with boquets of artificial flowers and large gold pins, which dress we suppose will be henceforward quite the *ton*.—Miss Moy stood motionless almost, for some time, smiling graciously, but scarcely inclining her head more than a Mandarin image, while we with our multiplied bows & attitudes & gesticulations, seemed quite ludicrous in an attempt to be excessively polite. Her private demeanor and imperturbable composure quite overpowered us. She then walked without much seeming difficulty to her cushioned chair on the platform, and there sat in silent and quiet repose for us to gaze at. She is short, but rather robust in stature; her features are pleasing, her forehead high & protuberant, & her face round & full, with two languishing black eyes placed with the peculiar obliquity of the outer angle, which characterizes the *Mongolian* variety of the human race, from which this people are descended. Miss *Moy* is, as may be gathered from the above, exceedingly *taciturn*, even with an interpreter; but doubtless she understands well the language of pantomime, if her young and spiritual countenance does not belie her. Those exquisites who hope to make an impression on this young lady, must be particularly cautious and delicate in their approaches. She is, it is said, much pleased with our country, and not at all home sick. She passes her life at her toilette or at her tambour; sleeps much, and eats as we do; but occasionally with *chop sticks*, it is presumed.—After sitting a short time in this state she retired. The exhibition opens this day at 10 o'clock A. M. to the public, and all the world will go to see this *nauveaute*.

From the Boston Atlas of Wednesday.

TRIAL OF THE PIRATES.

The trial of the thirteen individuals charged with having committed an act of piracy on board the brig Mexican, of Salem, came on yesterday in the Circuit Court, before Judges Story and Davis. The prisoners were placed at the bar a little before nine o'clock, and shortly afterwards the doors was opened, when an impetuous rush was made by the crowd on the outside, and in less time than we could take to write it, every nook and corner of the Court was filled with anxious and deeply interested spectators.—Mr. Child; one of the counsel for the prisoners, addressed the court in relation to a motion which he had formerly made respecting the log book of the Panda, (the alleged piratical schooner) and read an affidavit from the mate of the Panda, and others, stating that the log-book was in the possession of certain parties in Portsmouth, England; that the manifesto of the cargo; &c. of the Panda were also at the Havanna, and might be had by sending for them. Time was requested in order that the necessary documents might be procured. The court overruled this motion, on the ground that it could issue no process which could be effective in procuring the papers alluded to; it had no authority in Great Britain. On a former occasion it had also been stated by an English officer who would appear as a witness; and was one of those who boarded the Panda, that the log book of that vessel had never been discovered. Another motion of Mr. Child, to have the prisoners tried separately was overruled.

Mr. Dunlap, for the government, then addressed the Jury and gave an outline of the commission of the act for which the prisoners stood indicted. He said that the brig Mexican, belonging to Salem, & owned by one of the most eminent merchants of that place, having on board a valuable cargo and $20,000 in specie, sailed from Salem for Rio Janeiro on the 27th Aug 1822, under the command of Capt. Butman. While quietly pursuing her voyage over the common pathway of nations, and having arrived in 33 deg. N. lat. and 24 30. W. lon. she fell in with a suspicious looking vessel from which she made many efforts, but unsuccessfully, to escape.

This vessel, a schooner, having come up with the Mexican, fired a gun, and captain of the latter, seeing that the schooner was armed with one long and two small guns, and that her decks were crowded with men, felt himself obliged to submit, and accordingly hove to. *He* was then hailed and ordered to come on board the strange vessel, which mandate he obeyed in his own boat, but on reaching the schooner, five men jumped into the boat and ordered it to be rowed back to the brig. On arriving on board the brig, they directed the Captain to accompany them into the cabin, where brandishing their knives, threatening and beating him, they compelled him to acknowledge and give up the money which was in his possession.

A communication was then made with their companions on board the schooner, who sent a launch, and carried away the treasure. The party on board the Mexican then left, after confining the crew below, breaking the compasses and destroying the rigging and tackle.—They also set fire to the caboose, in which they placed a tub of combustibles, and lowered the mainsail in such a way that it would speedily ignite. A short time afterwards, however, the captain contrived to get up on deck, and extinguish the fire before it had caught the mainsail.—They then repaired their damages as well as they were able, and returned to Salem, where they arrived on the 2d Oct.

Information of what had taken place was immediately disseminated throughout this and other countries, and reached the coast of Africa, where Capt. Trotter, commanding the British brig of war Curlew, was then cruising. Circumstances led that gentleman to believe that the schr Panda, then lying in the river Nazareth was the vessel which had captured the Mexican. He immediately therefore proceeded to take measures against her. These measures resulted in the capture of the *Panda*, but the escape, for the time of her crew.—No ships papers or log book were found on board of her although diligently sought for, and owing to some accident she shortly after blew up, thereby killing several of the Curlew's men.

Captain Trotter then sailed to other parts, still making efforts to discover the crew of the Panda, and at last succeeded in arresting six of the present prisoners, at Fernando Po, and the remainder at Cape Lopez. One of these men named Perez, had confessed, and would appear as a witness.

The only witnesses called yesterday by the District Attorney, were Mr. Peabody the owner, and the captain and mate of the Mexican. We regret that our limits prevent us from laying their testimony before our readers.

The prisoners were all neatly and cleanly dressed in the usual garb of sailors. Among them are three or four men of color (*Peruvians*) and one negro. The face of the latter is curiously tattooed. The mate and captain of the Panda, (Bernardo de *Soto*, and Pedro Gilbert) are both fine looking men.—The former posseses one of the noblest countenances we ever looked upon, and the quick bright eyes and determined visage of the latter, (the captain) indicate the habits of command and decision to which he has been accustomed.

The Spanish Consul was in attendance and took notes during the whole of the trial.

The late Capt. Bingham of the Little Belt.—There are but few of our countrymen who do not remember the Little Belt, and the firing into her by Commodore Rodgers, just before the last war, and the excitement it caused, and even exultation almost, as an atonement, in some measure, of the outrage on the ill-fated Chesapeake. It has been thought or was so then generally conceded, that, Bingham was the aggressor, and the bravado of the Dacre school of gasconading which then prevailed in the British navy, had supposed he could with impunity insult the *American* flag. Time, which establishes the convictions of truth, would seem to have contradicted this impression; or, if it was the fact that Capt. Bingham had the fool hardiness of opening his sloop's guns upon the President, it must be imputed to youthful folly totally incompatible with the discretion and demeanor which his after life exhibited. The British blood which he unnecessarily caused to be shed, did much to assuage the pain and mortification which the disgraceful issue of the Chesapeake affair had left rankling like a thorn in the bosom of every American. It confirmed us in our good opinion of ourselves, and the brilliant naval victories soon after followed, forever eternized the reputation of the star-spangled banner. To revert from this alluring subject to Capt. Bingham. He was laid on the shelf by the British Admiralty, and for twenty long years placed in coventry, as it were, and punished for not having captured an American 74 with his little cock boat. At length, when he had grown gray in misfortune, and his family of young children had sprung up to manhood and two of them became midshipmen in the navy, doubtless with the fixed purpose of wiping off the stain one day from their father's fame, the government relented and gave Capt. Bingham the command of the *Thetis Frigate*. His heart, though its youthful fires were now extinguished, and it was a time of general peace, still panted for the moment when he could redeem his lost rank. Alas, that moment was never to come! Misfortune had doomed him to be her victim. The vessel sailed to the Pacific to protect the British commerce there. His two young sons, interesting youths, accompanied their father. It was in the harbour of Guiacuil, in Peru, that he met some of the vessels of the American squadron, among others the sloop of war St. Louis. The most intimate & courtly intercourse ensued between the officers of the respective ships, and the American officers as we have heard it recounted by them from their own lips, were charmed with the polished breeding and gentlemanly deportment of Capt Bingham. He was the beau ideal, to use their language, of a naval officer—the very pink of chivalry, both in his person and his manners. Unhappily, one beautiful but fatal morning, while the vessels were at anchor, Capt. Bingham embarked with one of his sons in a favorite yacht to go on shore.—The tide ran with prodigious force, and striking the cable of a merchantman, the boat was capsized and the whole party immediately drowned. His body and that of his son were found by the American boats, and buried with great pomp. This was not the last of this sad story. The Thetis shortly after went to Rio with a large quantity of specie. Not far from the port she struck on a reef, and the ill-fated ship and nearly all her crew on board perished—among them the remaining son of poor Capt. Bingham!—Here was the mournful conclusion of a train of deplorable events in the life of this commander, to which, we imagine, there are but few parallels in the annals of the British or any other navy. They seem to justify the gloomy forebodings which sailors always connect with the life of an unfortunate or ill starred officer.—*N. Y. Star.*

A SAILOR'S SPREE.

The ship's company were now in a very fair state of discipline, owing to their incessant practice, and every evening the hands were turned up to skylark, that is, to play and amuse themselves. There was one amusement which was the occasion of a great deal of mirth, & it was a favorite one of the captain's, as it made the men smart. It is called, "Follow my leader" One of the men leads, and all who choose, follow him; sometimes forty or fifty will join. Whatever the leader does, the rest must do so also; wherever he goes the rest must follow. Tom who was always the foremost for fun, was one day the leader, and after having scampered up the rigging, laid out on the yards, climbed in the fitts, crossed from mast to mast by the stays, slid down by the backstays, blacked his face in the funnell, in all which motions he was followed by about thirty others, hallowing and laughing, while the officers and other men were looking on and admiring the agility; a novel idea came into Tom's head; it was then about 7 o'clock in the evening, the ship was lying becalmed. Tom again sprung upon the rigging, laid out to the main yard arm, followed by me and the rest, and as soon as he was at the boom iron, he sprung up holding by the lift, & crying out "Follow my leader," leaped from the yard arm into the sea. I was second, and crying out "follow my leader" to the rest, I followed him and the others, whether they could swim or not did the same, it being a point of honor not to refuse. The captain was just coming up the ladder; when he saw, as he imagined, a man tumble overboard, which was Tom in his descent; but how much more astonished at seeing twenty or thirty more tumbling off by twos and threes, until it appeared that half the ship's company were overboard. He thought they were possessed with devils, like the herd of swine in the Scriptures. Some of the men who could not swim; but were too proud to refuse to follow, were nearly drowned. As it was the first lieutenant was obliged to lower the cutter to pick them up, and they were all brought on board. "Confound that fellow," said the captain to the first lieutenant, "he is always at the head of all mischief. Follow my leader, indeed! send Tom Beazeley here." We all thought that Tom was about to catch it. "Hark ye, my lad," said the captain, "a joke's a joke, but every body can't swim as well as you. I can't afford to lose any of my men by your pranks, so don't try that again—I don't like it." Every one thought that Tom got off very cheap, but he was a favorite with the captain, although that never appeared but indirectly. "Beg pardon, sir," replied Tom, with great apparent humility, but they were all so dirty, they'd blacked themselves at the funnel, and I thought a little washing would not do them any harm." "Be off, sir, and recollect what I have said," replied the captain, turning away, and showing his white teeth.

Metropolitan.

A Water Party.—"I knew how it would end! I was once near being boated into eternity myself." "Don't mention it," said Mrs. Twigg, "the remembrance sets me all of a shiver." "But I will mention it, Madam," answered Twigg, "for as there are young people present, (there he looked at Miss Rivers) it may serve as a warning. You must know, Mrs. T. and self determined last summer to take a holy day, and so we took advantage of a general fast, and shut up for a day's pleasure. * * * Well my own vote was for Hornsey-woodhouse; but as the boys are fond of rowing they were both for boating up to Richmond, and so was Matilda & Mrs. T. that we might have a pick-nicking cold collection on the grass.' "I'll never dine on any grass again, except sparrow grass," said Mrs Twigg, with a laugh at her own joke; "it gave me the lumbargo for a month. *I* knew how the damp would rise with water all around us; but Mr. T. was obstinate, and insisted on laying the cloth on a little island to be like Robinson Crusoe." "It was called an Ait,' said Mrs Twigg affectedly, "and had a verdant tree in the middle." "To be sure," said Twigg gravely, 'I ought to have remembered that the Thames was a tidy river," and always rising and falling like the stocks. Well there we were—hamper unpacked, cloth spread—pigeon pie, cold ham, cold fowl, cold punch—every thing cold and comfortable—when all at once says Mrs. T. with a scream, "Mercy on us, the island's getting littler!" And sure enough, as we watched, the water kept creeping on, and creeping on, till it came to the edge of the table cloth & threatened to swallow up every thing! There we were, in imminent danger, & no boat; for those boys had gone up the river after some swans." "Haw! haw! haw!" burst out the graceless Twigg, junior: "and when we came back, and looked for the island there was Tilda singing out on the top of the tree; and mother roosting a little further down; with father hugging the trunk up to his coat flaps in water!" "None of your levity, sir," said Twigg very sternly, "if I'd been drowned through your swan-hopping, you wouldn't be in the station in life you enjoy."—Stealing a king's swan young man, said the Justice solemnly, is capital felony, without benefit of clergy—I assure you Sir Mark Tyrrel, Baronet, resumed Twigg my reflections when I saw the devouring element round us, was very serious—very serious indeed! Here's a situation, thinks I, for a man of my property. Egad! said Sir Mark, smiling or for a man of no property. I declare *I* could have cried with vexation, said Mrs. Twigg, to see the good table cloth floating away, and the hamper, and all the nice eatables, being swamped. As for the silver forks and plate it was all lost in the deep; for though we paid a waterman something handsome to look for them when the island came up again he never brought us nothing but a mustard pot full of mud!"—*Tylney Hall, by T. Hood.*

DEATH AND SLEEP—A GERMAN PARABLE.

Fraternally, the angel of sleep and the angel of death wandered over the earth. It was evening. They reclined on a hill not far from the habitation of man. A melancholy stillness reigned, and the evening clock in the distant village was not heard.

Silently according to their custom, sat the two benevolent genii of humanity, in a sad embrace: and already night drew near.

The angel of sleep arose from his mossy couch, and scattered with a gentle hand the invisible seed of slumber. The evening wind wafted it to the silent dwelling of the weary

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