John [illegible]

EASTON GAZETTE.

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

VOL. XXII. **EASTON, (MD.) SATUR[illegible] MORNING, MAY 18, 1839.** **No. 21.**

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 London Sunday Times, April 14.]

THE PHANTOM SHIP, BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

This tale at has length appeared in its complete form, and we have perused it with no ordinary satisfaction. The legend of 'The Flying Dutchman' has been the base on which 'The Phantom Ship' is constructed; but characters, situations, & events, exciting the deepest, interest have been most skilfully introduced. The main points we concisely subjoin:—Vanderdecken, the captain of a Dut[illegible] Indiaman, in attempting to pass the Cape in a storm, after being opposed by the pilot, who loses his life in a struggle with him, vows that he will succeed in his attempt in spite of heaven and hell, or that he will sail about until the last day He is doomed to this course for his impiety, but permitted to appear to his wife to declare his 'living judgment.' An account of his appearance is made by his wife on her deathbed to their son Philip, who is destined to affect the release of his father. It is written with considerable vigor.

THE MYSTERIOUS APPEARANCE.

'I left you and went down stairs into that room, Philip, which since that dreadful night, has never been re-opened. I sate me down and read, for the wind was strong, and when the gale blows, a sailor's wife can seldom sleep. It was past midnight, and the rain poured down. I felt unusual fear—I knew not why.—I rose from the couch and dipped my finger in the blessed water, and I crossed myself. A violent gust of wind roared round the house, and alarmed me still more. I had a painful horrible foreboding; when of a sudden the window and window [illegible] light was extinguished, and I was left in utter darkness. I screamed with fright: but at last I recovered myself, and was proceeding towards the window that I might reclose it, when, whom should I behold, slowly entering at the casement, but your father, Philip! —Yes, Philip—it was your father?'

'Merciful God!' muttered Philip in a low tone, almost subdued into a whisper.

'I knew not what to think—he was in the room; and although the darkness was intense, his form and features were as clear & as defined as if it were noon-day. Fear would have inclined me to recoil from him—his loved presence to fly towards him. I remained on the spot where I was, choked with agonising sensations. When he had entered the room the windows and shutters closed of themselves, and the candle was re-lighted—then I thought it was his apparition, and I fainted on the floor.

'When I recovered I found myself on the couch, and perceived that a cold (O how cold!) and dripping hand was clasped in mine. This re-assured me, and I forgot the supernatural signs which accompanied his appearance. I imagined that he had been unfortunate, and had returned home. I opened my eyes, and beheld my loved husband, and threw myself into his arms. His clothes were saturated with the rain; I felt as if I had embraced ice—but nothing can check the warmth of woman's love, Philip. He received my caresses, but he caressed not again; he spoke not. but looked thoughtful and unhappy. William, William,' cried I, 'speak Vanderdecken, speak to your dear Catherine!'

" 'I will,' replied he solemnly, 'for my time is short.'

" 'No, no, you must not go to sea again; you have lost your vessel, but you are safe. Have I not you again?'

" 'Alas! no—be not alarmed; but, listen, for my time is short. I have not lost my vessel, Catherine, BUT I HAVE LOST!—make no reply but listen. I am not dead, nor yet am I alive; I hover between this world and the world of spirits. Mark me. For nine weeks did I try to force my passage against the elements round the stormy Cape, but without success; and I swore terribly. For nine weeks more did I carry sail against the adverse winds and currents, and yet could gain no ground; and then I blasphemed—ay, terribly blasphemed. Yet still I persevered. The crew, worn out with long fatigue, would have had me return to Table Bay; but I refused; nay, more, I became a murderer—unintentionally, it is true, but still a murderer. The pilot opposed me, and persuaded the men to bind me; and in the excess of my fury, when he took me by the collar, I struck at him; he reeled; and with the sudden lurch of the vessel, he fell overboard, and sank. Even this fearful death did not restrain me; and I swore by the fragment of the holy cross, preserved in that relic now hanging round your neck, that I would gain my point in defiance of storm and seas, of lightning, of heaven, or of hell, even if I should beat about until the day of judgment. My oath was registered in thunder and in streams of sulphurous fire.—The hurricane burst upon the ship, the canvas flew away in ribbons; mountains of seas swept over us, and in the centre of a deep o'erhanging cloud, which shrouded all in utter darkness, were written in letters of livid flame these words—UNTIL THE DAY OF JUDGMENT!

'Listen to me, Catherine, my time is short. One hope alone remains, and for this I am permitted to come here. Take this letter.' He put a sealed paper on the table. 'Read it, Catherine, dear, and try if you can assist me. Read it, and now farewell—my time is come.'

"Again the window and window shutters burst open—again the light was extinguished, and the form of my husband was, as it were, wafted into the dark expanse. I started up, and followed him with out stretched arms and frantic, screams as he sailed through the window, and my glaring eyes beheld his form borne away like lightning on the wings of the wild gale, till it was lost as a speck of light, and then it disappeared.—Again the windows closed, the light burned, and I was left alone!"

'Heaven, have mercy! my brain! my brain! Philip! Philip' shrieked the poor woman; 'dont leave me—dont—dont—pray dont!'

During these exclamations, the frantic widow had raised herself from the bed and, at the last, had fallen into the arms of her son. She remained there some minutes without motion. After a time, Philip felt alarmed at her long quiescence; he laid her gently down upon the bed, and as he did so her head fell back—her eyes were turned—the widow Vanderdecken was no more.

The letter is afterwards found by Philip, whose supernatural fears are well depicted. He resolves upon undertaking the task, which, however, is somewhat delayed by his becoming enamoured of Amine, the daughter of an apothecary. This character is a very pleasing one, well contrasted with the bigots of the day, by whom poor Amine is condemned to perish at the stake at Goa, on the charge of being a sorceress. As Philip proceeds in his search he is baffled by the [illegible] rying out divine vengeance, to revisit the earth. After a vast variety of adventures, related in language in many parts truly dramatic and stirring, he falls in with the Phantom Ship, and releases his father from his doom. We give this passage entire, as it places the catastrophe in a striking light:

RELEASE FROM THE AWFUL DOOM.

Philip then pulled towards the Phantom Ship, and found that she no longer appeared to leave him; on the contrary, every minute he was nearer and nearer, and at last he threw in his oars, climbed up her sides, and gained the deck.

The crew of the vessel crowded round him. 'Your captain,' said Philip, 'I must speak with your captain'

'Who shall I say, Sir,' demanded one who appeared to be the first mate.

'Who?' replied Philip; 'tell him his son would speak with him—his son, Philip Vanderdecken."

Shouts of laughter from the crew followed this answer of Philip's; and the mate, as soon as they ceased observed, with a smile—

'You forget, Sir; perhaps you would say his father."

'Tell him his son, if you please,' replied Philip, 'take no note of grey hairs'

'Well, Sir, here he is coming forward,' replied the mate, stepping aside, and pointing to the captain.

'What is all this?" enquired the captain.

'Are you Philip Vanderdecken, the captain of the vessel?'

'I am, Sir,' replied the other.

'You appear not to know me? But how can you? You saw me but when I was only three years old; yet may you remember a letter which you gave to your wife.'

'Ha!' replied the captain, 'and who then are you?'

'Time has stopped with you, but with those who live in the world he stops not; and for those who pass a life of misery, he hurries on still faster. In me behold your son Philip Vanderdecken, who has obeyed your wishes; and after a life of such a peril and misery as few have passed, has at last fulfilled his vow, and now offers to his father the precious relic that he required to kiss.'

Philip drew out the relic, and held it towards his father; as if a flash of lightning had passed through his mind, the captain of the vessel started back, clasped his hands, fell on his knees and wept.

'My son, my son,' exclaimed he, rising and throwing himself into Philip's arms, 'my eyes are opened, the Almighty knows how long they have been obscured.' Embracing each other, they walked aft, away from the men, who were still crowded at the gangway.

'My son, my noble son, before the charm is broken—before we resolve, as we must, into the elements, Oh! let me kneel in thanksgiving and contrition: my son, my noble son, receive a father's thanks'—exclaimed Vanderdecken.—Then with tears of joy and penitence, he humbly addressed himself to that being whom he once so awfully defied.

The elder Vanderdecken knelt down; Philip did the same, still embracing each other with one arm, while they raised on high the other, and prayed.

For the last time the relic was taken from the bosom of Philip, and handed to his father—and his father raised his eyes to heaven, and kissed it. And as he kissed it, the long-tapering upper spars of the phantom vessel, and yards and sails that were set, fell into dust, fluttered in the air, and sank upon the wave. Then mainmast, foremast, bowsprit, everything above the deck, crumbled into atoms, and disappeared.

Again he raised the relic to his lips, and the work of destruction continued, the heavy iron guns sank through the decks and disappeared; the crew of the vessel (who were looking on) crumbled down into skeletons, and dust, and fragments of ragged garments; & there were none left on board the vessel in the semblance of life but the father and son.

Once more did he put the sacred emblem to his lips, and the beams and timbers separated, the decks of the vessel slowly sank, and the remnants of the hull floated upon the water, and as the father and son—the one young and vigorous, the other old and decrepid—still kneeling, still embracing, with their hands raised to heaven, sank slowly under the deep blue wave the lurid sky was for a moment illumined by a lightning cross.

Then did the clouds which obscured the heavens roll away swift as thought—the sun again burst out in all its splendor—the rippling waves appeared to dance with joy. The screaming sea gull again whirled in the air, & the scared albatross once more slumbered on the wing. The porpoise tumbled and tossed in his sportive play—the albicore and dolphin leaped from the sparkling sea. All nature smiled as if it rejoiced that the charm was dissolved forever, and that 'The Phantom Ship' was no more.

We may predict a very favorable reception for these volumes. The interest is well sustained throughout; the sterner portions are agreeably relieved by a vividness of imagination, and that which is supernatural is not rendered repulsive by bombastic ebullitions.

[illegible]

Writing not long since to a nephew who had recently *turned Farmer*, he was advised, the last thing at night and the first in the morning—except his prayers—to spell manure backward.

Arrangements should be made and places assigned for saving every thing—soot, ashes, hen dung, hog's hair, chamber ley, night soil: not an iota will be lost by a provident young farmer, which can be converted into *erunam*, spelt backward! On this subject, let him never forget that every little helps, as the old woman said when she spit in the sea. On the structure of the barn yard and the management of manure, we have not seen anything more plain, practical and sound, than the following from the Cultivator, one of the ablest and one of the cheapest papers in the world.

"We make this preliminary remark, upon which what we have to offer is in a measure predicated, viz: that all the manure from the stables, yard, and hog-pens, should be carried out in the spring for the corn and potato crops.

The objects to be obtained in the winter management of manure, are

1. To prevent waste by leeching and drainage;

2. To prevent its becoming fire-fanged; and,

3. To prevent more than moderate, or incipient, fermentation.

1. Where cattle yards are upon a slope or are convex, or nearly upon a level surface, the liquid portions of the manure which may be termed in a measure the cooked food of plants, continually pass off, and are lost. Heavy rains, and the drip from the barns and sheds, also, passing through the manure, in its escape from the yard, leech and deprive it of its finest and most fertilising properties.

The remedies against this evil, consist, *first*, in giving a concave or dishing shape to the yard. The earth excavated from the centre being deposited upon the borders, which should be fifteen or twenty feet broad, with a slight inclination to the centre, a dry passage to the barn is secured and a sufficient space of dry ground to feed the stock upon which run at large. *Secondly*, the yard should be bedded, after it is cleaned, with peat or swamp earth, if the farm affords it six to twelve inches deep; or if this is not to be had, with any other porus waste earth—and afterward should be kept well littered with straw, stalks, potato tops, and the coarse grass and weeds of the farm. The shape of the yard prevents the escape of the liquids, and the earth and litter absord and become enriched by them. Even should the liquids of the yard be dried up as they are in summer, the earth litter will yet retain the fertilising matters which they held in solution. By these operations alone, the quantity of manure will be double what it is where they are neglected. *Thirdly*, in endeavoring to prevent an excess of water in the yard, by [illegible] in gutters, and conducting off, [illegible] is from the buildings And by constructing a reservoir un[illegible]nd, for the reception of the li[illegible]hat unavoidably flow from the [illegible]d particularly for the urine from [illegible]s. In this latter mode, a great [illegible] may be made to the fertilising [illegible] of a farm, and a material ob[illegible] for the immediate wants of [illegible]op.

[illegible] dung is accumulated in large [illegible] either when thrown from the [illegible] in the fields where it is to be [illegible] even if protected from the weather, [illegible] violent fermentation takes place, [illegible] is exhausted from the mass, and [illegible] becomes what is termed *fire-*[illegible]—dry, light and mouldy, and se[illegible] impaired in its value.

[illegible]void this, in the yard, spread the [illegible] from the stable, occasionally over [illegible]. It thereby becomes blended [illegible]er matters, less disposed to fer[illegible] trodden by the stock, and the [illegible] of the agents in causing it to [illegible] is in a measure excluded. Un[illegible] it should not be suffered to ac[illegible] in excess, without the admix[illegible]rthly matters, which would re[illegible]ntation and preserve moisture. [illegible] convenient to draw manure to [illegible] the autumn, or winter, where [illegible] used. If such manure has not [illegible] fermentation, it should never [illegible] in heaps of more than three feet [illegible], or six or eight loads together, [illegible]ace should be smoothed off, and [illegible]ered when the frost will permit, [illegible]ight inches of sod or earth. [illegible]events violent fermentation, and [illegible] the gaseous matters which fer[illegible]on always sends off.

[illegible] the foregoing precautions, there [illegible] danger of fermentation proceed[illegible] wasteful or improper length, be[illegible] manure is wanted for the corn [illegible] crop.

[illegible] farmer is there, who makes any [illegible]ns to economy, who would not [illegible]ited to be told, that he careless[illegible] one-half of his family food [illegible] cattle food—one half of what [illegible] produced for animal subsistence? [illegible] the matter of difference, whether [illegible]astes the food of his family, or [illegible]mals, or of his crops? His crops feed [illegible] his family and his live stock; [illegible] feeds his crops, the others [illegible] though a kind and bountiful [illegible] always give, when we [illegible] from her the means of giving. Return to her *what is no longer of use to us*, and she will requite us with her richest blessings. Let us bear in mind, that every animal and vegetable substance, which we return to her bosom, she will faithfully elaborate into new organised matter for our pleasure and profit; but that if like the prodigal, we exhaust the parental treasure, it can no longer supply us with bread or meat.—Too many who occupy a rich virgin soil, may be likened to useless drones who waste their patrimonial wealth: they waste that which would benefit both themselves and their children.'

TO FARMERS.—Possibly it may not be generally known, that many of the farmers in the eastern states, separate their grain from the garlic by a very simple process,—which is nothing more than by constructing a box in the form of a hopper, at an elevation of 4 or 5 feet from the barn floor, into which the grain is emptied, when it again passes out through an aperture at the bottom of not more than an inch or two in diameter; and falling upon the floor, the greater gravity of the grain precipitates it leaving the garlic floating upon the surface, which is removed by a boy with a coarse brush with very little difficulty. If the grain is not rendered perfectly clear, by this process, it is nearly so.

[Lyford's Price Current.

A CAPITAL RETORT.—Richard Talbot, better known by the title of Duke Tyrconnel, which he bore in his latter days, was the English ambassador during part of the reign of Charles II to the French Court, where his personal resemblance to Louis XIV—which was so striking that it was difficult to tell which was the ambassador and which the king—was a source of wonder to all and to none more than to Louis himself. 'Monsieur l' Ambassador,' said the monarch to Talbot, one day, 'was your mother ever at the court of the king my father?' 'No sire' replied Talbot, but my father was!' The chronicles of wit do not furnish any thing more excellent than this exquisitely happy reply to an insulting question.

Vigilance of the Police—An Old Offender Trapped.—In the month of February, 1838, the Ocean Bank of Newburyport and the Powwow Bank sent a package containing $6000 in small bills, in a stage to Boston, to some of the Boston Banks. On the road, however, the package containing the money was stolen, and suspicion fell upon an Englishman named Richard Collard, *alias* Freeman *alias* a dozen other aliasses, and some of his associates, who had been under the eye of the Police from the time of their arrival in this country about twelve months previous to this transaction.

Before the Police could succeed in apprehending him, however, Collard had made his way to this city and embarked on board the packet ship Westminster for London. Information of the fact was sent to the London Police by the Police authorities.

Nothing was heard from Collard until the arrival of the Great Western, when letters were received by the British Consul and High Constable Hays, from the Superintendants of the London Police, stating that Collard, his wife, and a man calling himself Arnold, had taken passage on board the packet ship Gladiator for this port, with the avowed purpose of robbing one or more of the Boston banks, all of which he boasted he had entered and taken impression of the locks. The plan was to enter the banks just before the sailing of one of the packets, and Collard's wife was to be despatched to London with the booty. The gang were fully supplied with ingenious and powerful implements for house breaking, and anticipated an easy ingress to almost every building they might attempt.

In consequence of this information, High Constable *Hays*, assisted by his two sons and officers Homan and Sparks boarded the Gladiator on her arrival, and arrested the parties, on whom they found the implements described by the London Police.

Collard was sent to Boston for trial on the requisition of Governor Everett, and his wife and partner discharged, no evidence appearing against them.—Whig

---

BARRINGTON, THE PICKPOCKET.

At one of the music meetings; in St. Martin's church, for the benefit of the Leicester Infirmary I noticed a tall, handsome man, in a scarlet coat with a good button hole in a black collar, the fashion of the day, moving with a gentleman-like air. This person proved to be the notorious Barrington the pickpocket. In going up the middle aisle; he was invited into the mayor's pew, and sat between Miss St. John and Mr. Ashby, of Quecaby; our late Member of Parliament.—One of the plates was held at the door by this lady and gentleman, and when Mr. Barrington laid his guinea upon the plate; he was kindly thanked by his new acquaintance and passed on with[illegible] tributions, and when Mr. Ashby would have placed his two guineas [illegible] to his utter astonishment, they had flown from his pocket. After considerable amazement, the mystery was explained by one of the company's remarking that Miss St. John's pocket was turned inside out; and that the elegant gentleman who sit between them had helped himself to the subscription he had put on the plate, and something beside. It is said that Barrington facilitated his operations by instruments, which he had made to the purpose. I recollect a circumstance of this kind. He waited upon a surgical instrument maker, and ordered a pair of scissors, of a curious form; a few days afterward, he called for them, & paid two guineas; which the maker charged. After he had left the shop, the cutler's wife said, My dear, as the gentleman seemed so pleased with the scissors, I wish we had asked him what use they were for; he might recommend us, do run after him" The cutler scampered out of the shop and overtaking the gentleman, hoped he would excuse him, but would he tell him what use he intended to make of the scissors? Why, my friend,' said Barrington, 'I don't know whether I can tell you—it is a great secret.' 'O pray do sir it may be something in our way.'—Upon which Barrington pressing hard upon his shoulder, whispered in his ear, 'They are for the picking of pockets!' In the utmost consternation, the scissors maker ran back and the moment he got into the shop.'—"My dear," he cried, "will you believe it?—they are for the picking of pockets?'

'But my dear,' said the wife, 'what is the matter with your pocket? his pocket had been cut, and Barrington, while communicating the secret, had abstracted the two guineas which he had first paid for the scissors.

SUICIDE OF A LOVER.

A TRAGEDY IN REAL LIFE.

The St. Louis Gazette has the full particulars of the suicide which took place at Union, Franklin county.

Mr. John D. Burns, a clerk in the employ of Messrs. Chambers and Jones, of that place, had been for some time in a melancholy state of mind induced it is believed, by a disappointment of his affections in regard to a young lady—Miss Campbell—of that neighbourhood. He has been observed, frequently in conversation, to express a disgust for life, and to dwell upon sundry well known instances of suicide—especially a most melancholy case which occurred in Louisville some time last year. In talking with a companion about the best means of terminating one's life he was advised, in a jocular strain, to put a pistol to his temple as the speediest execution. As he was however, in all other respects, remarkable for the correctness of his judgment and propriety of his conduct, little stress was laid upon these aberrations. A few days before his commission of the fatal act, he waited upon his sister, and, in a somewhat impressive manner, gave her a sum of money, saying that it was the last present she would receive of him. No strong suspicion of his intentions was excited even by this act—as it was supposed that the malady of a "mind diseased" like his, would yield to the usual restorative of time, absence and reflection.

Burns lodged in a room adjoining the store of Messrs. Chambers & Jones. On Saturday morning, a report of a pistol had been noticed as proceeding from near the store, without, however, awakening any particular attention. Shortly after sunrise, Mr. Jones repaired thither, and finding the doors closed applied without effect for admission. He then looked in a front window, opening from Burns' lodging, and found that Burns was sitting upright in a chair, with his back to the window, but showing upon his temple, which was exposed, the marks of a wound and of blood. The room was entered and upon a closer examination it appeared that the unhappy young man had discharged the contents of a pistol through his head, the ball entering at one temple and coming out at the other. The pistol must have been applied to the left side of the head, as it remained in some manner clenched in his left hand, which lay upon his lap, where it had fallen, without having yet relaxed its grasp of the weapon. He had dressed himself in his best manner—having carefully shaved and put on clean linen; and evidently had prepared for the commission of the deed with the utmost deliberation. There were no marks to show that he had occupied his bed for the night; and he probably was engaged in those dead watches in meditating upon, and nerving himself to the fortitude requisite for the perpetration of the dreadful act. Upon the sleeve of his coat was pinned a paper inscribed—'This is my own act.' On his person were some notes—among them, one desiring that his body might be buried in the dress in which he died; and another, addressed to the object of his attachment, and containing the few brief words:—'Farewell, my dear Mary?'

Mr. Burns was about 22 years of age, and is described as a very deserving and excellent young man. His death—as well it might—excited a deep sensation [illegible] are none who do not sincerely [illegible] loss.

[From the Trenton State Gazette of May 3.]

Methodist Conference in New Jersey.—This body closed its session day before yesterday, having been together since Wednesday of last week. The subject of Manning Force's running for Congress, last year, was brought up. The Rev. gentleman frankly declared, with expressions of his sincere regret, that he should not have accepted the nomination, had he been aware, at the time, that a rule existed discountenancing such conduct.

A resolution passed, the last morning, declaring that any clergyman who should hereafter become a candidate for the legislature or congress, would receive the general disapprobation of the conference. Mr. Force voted for this resolution. We take pleasure in saying that Mr. F.'s deportment throughout these proceedings was worthy of a Christain.

The Rev. Charles Pittman is stationed in this city for the next year.

The next annual conference for this state will be held at Burlington, and commence on the 15th of April, 1840.

ORIGIN OF THE WASHINGTON NAME.—We learn from Mr. Sparks's new life of Washington, that *Hertburn* was the original name of the Washington family; that the latter name was probably assumed by William de Hertburn, between the years of 1261 and 1274, and that the m nor was held in the male line till about the year 1400, or one hundred and thirty years—During this period the name seems to have been usually written *Wessyngton*, though it is sometimes found *Wessington*. In its subsequent changes it was probably written variously at different times, and by different branches of the family.—At the Herald's College, in the 'Visitation Book,' (so Mr. Sparks called it) of Northamptonshire, for the year 1618, I found the autographs of *Alban Washington* and *Robert Washington*. These persons were uncles to John and Lawrence Washington, who emigrated to Virginia.

GOOD.—'I vont go back, *I'll be hanged if I do*,' as the man said in Canada, ven the rope broke, and he ran away with part of it about his neck.

A JOKE.

The N. Y. Whig tells a good joke of a genuine son of the Emerald Isle, who, being requested to leave the reading room of the Astor House, because he was on forbidden ground, pointed to the notice placarded in the room, that it was 'for the use of the boarders and their friends only,' and maintaining his position, declared that he was 'a friend to every mother's son of them, and never had quarrelled with ayther, at all, at all.'