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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AN ODD CIRCUMSTANCE.

During our struggle for independence, a queer transaction occured at a tavern not many miles from Germantown, between an American and a British soldier. It was on the day prior to the battle of Germantown, yet fresh in the recollection of many of our citizens, that a weary traveller, with a duck gun of a large bore resting on his shoulder, demanded a night's lodging at a public house on the highroad: his bare feet rimless hat, and torn clothing, certainly left no good impression on the mind of the tavern keeper, as to the likelihood of his ever being paid for his meals or lodging; but "mine host" being a true American at heart, and recognizing the traveller at once to be a "provincial," he liberally extended to him the comforts of his house and home. The soldier being weary, retired to bed shortly after his arrival. About an hour after, the trampling of the feet of a horse was heard in front of the tavern, and before the barkeeper could open the door, the heavy tread of a man was heard on the piazza of the house. The scarlet coat and rich epaulets of the new comer at once convinced the "Major Domo" that he was an English officer. He entered the bar room, unloosed his sword belt, and imperatively called for supper and a bed. Here was a dilemma there was but the one bed—a double bed, by the way—in the house, and it was occupied by the American private. The landlord at length, hesitatingly declared that unless he would condescend to sleep with a fellow traveller he could obtain no lodgings. It being several miles to the next public house and already late at night the officer finally accepted the proposal and was ushered to his dormitory by the light of a flaming pine knot. The night passed tranquilly away, if the lusty snoring of both travellers be excepted. In the morning our provincial private was the first one to awake. He looked, apparently with much surprise, at the British officer, who lay quietly breathing with his mouth open, as if to catch flies. He then examined his tattered shirt, pinched himself to the legs and arms, and then muttered 'Strange! d——d strange!' Finally he pinched the officer's nose, who jumped up evidently terrified.

"Who are you?" demanded our provincial.

"I'm a soldier," was the reply.

"What's your name?"

"Jacob Ellworth."

"You're a liar, that's my name. I'm Jake Ellworth."

"No you're not, that's me," answered the officer, who by this time had recovered his courage.

"What! d'ye want to tell me that you're Jake Ellworth when I'm Jake himself? You can't throw saw dust in this child's eyes no how you can fix it"—putting his thumb to his nose and shaking his fingers.

"Give me none of your impudence, sir, I shall not put up with it," replied the officer, shaking his fist at the provincial.

This movement roused the ire of the Yankee to such a degree, that with his clenched fist he struck the Briton a blow on the face and levelled him on the bed: a noise ensued, and but a few minutes elapsed ere the landlord with his attendants arrived at the door; each of the combatants appealed to him to decide who was the real "Jake Ellworth," and which was the man who had come to bed last. The landlord surveyed them each in their turn, but their faces, their size, and the color of their hair resembled each other so much that he declared at length he was unable to distinguish one from the other. At this moment the hostler arrived at the door with the intelligence that a party of English soldiers could be seen some distance off, marching in the direction of the tavern. The officer laughed and the Yankee looked aghast, but suddenly recollecting himself, he seized the Englishman's uniform, ran out of the room and ordered the hostler to saddle his horse. In the yard of the tavern he completed his dress, mounted the officer's steed and boldly meeting the detachment of English soldiers, ordered them to take a d—— d rebel, whom he had made prisoner at the next tavern, to the camp. The *manœuvre* succeeded and the Yankee escaped to the American camp. The English officer in the mean time was arrested by his own men, but whether the mistake was ever discovered—"this deponent saith not."

Alexander's Messenger.

THE FAT ENGLISHMAN AT VESUVIUS.

[From Lady Blessington's Idler in Italy:]

A most piteous sight was presented to us by the ascent of a very fat, elderly Englishman, who commenced this painful operation at the same time that we did. He was like me, preceded by a guide with leathern straps, to which he adhered with such vigorous tenacity as frequently to pull down the unfortunate man, who complained loudly. The lava, gravel and cinders put in motion by the feet of his conductor, rolling on those of the fat gentleman, extorted from him sundry reproaches, to which, however, the Italian was wholly insensible, not understanding a word of English. The rubicund face of our countryman was now becoming of a so dark a crimson as to convey the idea of no slight danger from an attack of appoplexy and it was bathed, not in dew, but in profuse perspiration, which fell in large drops on his protuberant stomach. Being afraid to let go the leather straps for even an instant, he was in a pitiable dilemma how to get at his pocket handkerchief. Panting and exhausted, he used a considerable portion of the breath he could so little spare, in uttering exclamations of his anger at his own folly in attempting such an ascent and in reproaches and "curses not loud but deep," on the stupidity, as he termed it of his guide. He had not less than eight or ten falls during the ascent, and at each fresh disaster followed like a bull, which drew peals of laughter from the chair bearers and guides. One of our party offered to take out his pocket handkerchief, seeing how much he stood in need of it, an offer which he thankfully accepted, but explained that his pockets were secured by buckles on the inside to prevent his being robbed, a precaution he added, that he well knew the necessity of, as those d—d lazzaroni (lazzaroni he meant) would not otherwise leave a single article in it. It required no little portion of ingenuity to separate the pocket inside, and while the operation was performing, he kept praying that his purse, snuff box, or silver flask, might not be displayed, lest they might tempt the "lazzaroni" to make away with him in order to obtain those valuables.

"I took care to conceal my watch," said he, with a significant look, "for I know these rascals of lazzaroni very well. Why, would you believe it, ladies and gentlemen, they pretty nearly knocked me down in that dirty village where the donkeys are hired? I was up to their tricks, however, and saw with half an eye that when they pretended to fight among themselves, it was mere sham, as an excuse that I might get an unlucky blow between them; when, I warrant me they would soon have despatched me, and have divided my property amongst them, but they saw your large party coming and that saved me."

I asked why, as this opinion of the Neapolitans was so bad, he ventured alone with them on so hazardous an expedition.

"Indeed, ma'am, I never had such a foolish intention, for, would you believe it, I have come to that there dirty village no less than three times, in the hope of meeting a large party of English, who might serve as a protection for me: but, until to-day, never saw more than one or two persons, therefore I returned as I came. I had heard, however, so much of this burning mountain that I was determined to look on it with my own eyes for I am one of those who don't believe every thing I hear. I can tell you—and more especially about places in foreign parts. In truth, indeed, I just wanted to be able when I get home to say, 'Why good people I've been on the spot and am up to the whole thing.' It is the desire to surprise or silence our neighbours that makes all people put themselves to such troubles to see sights, for never tell me that folk take pleasure in rolling about in this here way: no, no, it's all for the sake of astonishing and vexing people when one gets home."

We soon left the fat gentleman far behind, consoling him by affirming that as we should be always in sight no danger could occur from the cupidity or malice of the man who accompanied him; for all attempts to prove that the "Lazaretto," as he persisted in calling them, were no means disposed to injure strangers was out of the question. He only shook his head, gave a knowing wink, and answered, "I'm up to them, take my word for it, I'm up to them."

A Fat Article.—If any body wants to look at a curiosity, let them walk down Royal street about five o'clock in the afternoon. Opposite the Bank of Louisiana, they will find seated on a banquett, a perfect Alps of humanity, in the shape of an old negress, who pretends to sell fruit—heaven knows who she can sell to. She ranks among mammoths, and beats Daniel Lambert, not all hollow but all *full*. She is what Falstaff meant exactly by a "mountain of mummy." Two like her on the guards of Noah's Ark, would have upset it. She weighs by guess, for no scales could ever accommodate her, about nine hundred pounds, and when she sits down, her flesh rolls out like "a sand slide." It is amusing to see her fan herself. A fan waving before her makes us think of a butterfly near the base of Etna when its volcano above is blazing. Jog says it would take about five gas lamps to *light her all up* of a dark night. We don't think he exaggerates—in fact, she is a collection of fat, for which we can find only one use. In a storm at sea, if thrown overboard, she would put the billows in a dead calm from Borneo to the Straits of Magellan. She ought to be *pitted*, but where would you find land enough. To-day will be a good time to see her. Walk down after dinner.—*Pic.*

The Matrimonial Market.—Wives are in great demand in Texas. Some ladies in Mobile, it is said, addressed a letter to 'Honest John Gladwin,' the editor of the Galvestonian, requesting information in relation to the state of the wife market there, and on the reception of the letter he called a meeting of the bachelors who unanimously agreed to take at least one a piece. One fellow, however, whose bump of amativeness was rather large, agreed to take six. An important query with those ladies was whether the three hundred acres of land promised, are connubial or not. Gladwin answers that the ladies can come at it, and will find it "as good as ever lay out of doors, and well adapted for raising soldiers, cabbages, lawyers, potatoes, pumpkins, cotton, sugar, dandies, ladies, babies, pigs and chickens." Is not Texas a land flowing with milk and honey?

THE FATE OF "THE INTREPID."

The following passage from Cooper's History of the American Navy, comprises one of the finest pieces of descriptive writing in our language. The American officers on the harbor of Tripoli meditate means to destroy the fleet of the Dey. A little vessel is prepared as a floating mine to be sent in the gloom of night and blown up close to the enemy's fleet. Thirteen intrepid men volunteer to guide her in—see sails.

The night was darker than usual and the last that may be said to have been seen of the 'Intrepid' was the shadowy forms of her crew-men, as she steered slowly, but steadily, into the obscurity where the eyes of the many anxious spectators fancied they could still trace her diminutive, most probably after it had totally disappeared. This passing into the gloom of night was no bad image of the impenetrable mystery that has veiled the subsequent proceedings of the gallant party on board of her.

When the 'Intrepid' was last seen by the naked eye, she was not a musket shot from the mole, standing directly for the harbor. One officer on board the nearest vessel, the Siren, is said, however to have never lost sight of her with a night glass, but even he could distinguish no more than her dim proportions. There is a verse ponor that he touched on the rocks, but it does not appear to rest on sufficient authority to be entitled to absolute credit. The last moment she appears to have been advancing. About this time the batteries began to fire. Two boats are said to have been directed towards every point where an enemy might be expected, and it is not impossible that some were stationed along the beach.

The period between the time when the 'Intrepid' was last seen, and that when most of those who watched with the rocks learned her fate, was not very long. This was an interval of intense, almost of breathless expectation, and it was interrupted only by the flashes and roar of the enemy's guns. Various reports exist of what those who gazed into the gloom beheld, or fancied they beheld: but one melancholy fact alone would seem to be beyond contradiction. A fierce and sudden light illuminated the panorama, a torrent of fire streamed upward, that in shape resembled the great eruption of Vesuvius as it has been described by Pliny, and a concussion followed that made the cruisers in the offing tremble from their track to their keel. This sudden blaze of light was followed by a darkness of two-fold intensity, and the guns of the batteries became mute, as if astonished, and some of them dismounted on the rock, where they were heard to fall. Their fuses were burning, and a few exploded: but much the greater part were extinguished in the water. The mast too, had risen perpendicularly, with its rigging and canvass blazing: but the descent veiled all in night.

So sudden and tremendous was the eruption, and so intense the darkness which succeeded, that it was not possible to ascertain the precise position of the ketch at the moment. In the glaring, but fleeting light, no person could say that he had not noted more than one material circumstance, the fact that the 'Intrepid' had not reached the point at which she aimed. The shells had not spread far, and those which fell on the rocks were so many proofs of this important truth. There was no other fact to indicate the precise spot where the ketch exploded. A few cries arose from the town, but the subsequent and deep silence that followed was more eloquent than any clamor. The whole of Tripoli was like a city of Tombs.

If every eye had been watchful previously to the explosion, every one became now doubly vigilant to discover the retreating boats. Men got near the sides of the vessels, holding lights, and placing their ears near the water: in the hope of detecting the sounds of even muffled oars. And often was it fancied that the gallant adventurers were near. They never reappeared. Hour after hour went by, until hope itself began to fail. Occasionally a rocket gleamed in the darkness, or a sullen gun was heard from the frigate, as signals to the boats: but the eyes that should have seen the first were sightless, and the last tolled on the ears of the dead.

A Discovery.—We noticed some time since a discovery made in France, by a Mr. Dumont, a printer, by means of which copies of books and engravings could be multiplied to an indefinite extent. The process consisted in spreading a particular composition over the page or sheet to be reproduced, and then spreading it upon a lithographic stone, which takes an impression of the print, from which thousands of copies may be pressed upon paper. The discovery it appears is not new. The New Bedford Register says:

We claim for an American the priority of the discovery. Though it may have been original with M. Dupont, it is certain that the process was known to one individual in this country, some five or six years ago. With that individual, who now resides at Taunton, we have enjoyed a long acquaintance, and often has he expressed to us the unbounded delight with which, after five years of incessant study, he examined the result of his first successful experiment. The picture reproduced was a bank note.—but not withstanding the fineness of the engraving, it was perfect in all its parts—every line was distinct, and the signature so natural, that the authors would have sworn them their own. We do not know that he has applied the process to the reproduction of books, but can perceive no reason why it should not be equally successful. The means employed have been kept perfectly secret; lest to use the language of the discoverer, 'the world should become rogues.'

The same person is also the discoverer of a method of bank note printing, which defies the art of the counterfeiter. some years since he petitioned the legislature of Massachusetts for an act, granting him the right of printing to the banks. He went before a committee of the honorable body—showed that he could in a short hour reproduce the notes of any bank, and also that the notes printed according to his method could neither be counterfeited nor counterfeited. All were satisfied. One of the committee, however, strongly enquired of the ingenious discoverer, if he had disclosed to any one of the process of reproduction. Being answered in the negative, the noble minded legislator remarked that as the petitioner alone was acquainted with the art, the Government, should it counterfeit money, become aland at could know who to look for its author? In this liberal sentiment the committee agreed and the petition was dismissed.

To which the Taunton, Mass. Democrat adds:

We recently witnessed the operation on Mr. Joseph Dixon, the gentleman alluded to, by which old books and engravings may be reproduced. Mr. D. tore a leaf from an old book, and in about five minutes produced an exact copy of the same, without injuring the original. The same was done with a picture taken from an old almanac. We commend this subject to the attention of our bankers. Mr. Dixon obtained a patent in 1832, by which bank notes and other business paper might be made secure against this successful mode of counterfeiting but we believe the protection of it has never been adopted by any of the banks. Mr. D remarked that it was no advantage to him to keep the secret, for none he had determined to make it public. If this should be the case, we have no doubt, our money would be as safe as whale fisheries in August, and these engaged in hunting would have as much of the better than gold and silver, as they would wish to redeem—the genuine and counterfeit could not be distinguished.

The New York Journal of Commerce of Saturday has the following paragraph:

The Long, Low, Black Schooner—is found at last. On Wednesday, the pilot boat Lafayette, off the Woodlands, fell in with a Baltimore built schooner, manned by some thirty or forty negroes, well armed with cutlasses and other weapons, but almost naked, and apparently destitute of provisions, as they were quite earnest in making signs for some.

The schooner's sails were badly torn None of her crew could speak English. The Lafayette took her in tow, but the blacks commenced pulling in the hawser, and as the pilots were not disposed to make a more intimate acquaintance, they cut loose and let her go, about thirty miles S. S. E. from the Hook.

The first conjecture is, that this is the schooner which about the 1st of July was running from Havanna to Neuvitas with some white passengers and forty negroes: just imported from Africa, when the negroes rose and put all the whites to death except two, who jumped overboard and escaped. Nothing has been heard of that vessel since.

The second conjecture is, that the stranger is a slaver, captured by her slaves: and the third, perhaps, that she is the Haytien government schooner which not long ago was off Jamaica and excited some interest.

The revenue Cutter at this port is unable to go to sea on account of the sickness of the crew. The Collector has transmitted the intelligence to Com. Ridgely at the Navy Yard, and also to the commanders of the several cutters of the adjacent ports.

P. S.—The steam frigate has 'fired up' and gone down.

☞ The steam frigate Fulton and U. S. schooner Wave were despatched from New York on Friday afternoon in pursuit of the above vessel, but up to Saturday, 3. P. M. no intelligence of her had been received at New York.

☞ A slip from the office of the Norfolk Beacon contains some additional particulars respecting this vessel.

Norfolk Beacon Office, Aug. 24.

A SUSPICIOUS VESSEL.

Capt. Nock, of the packet schr. President, arrived this morning, has politely communiated the following:

On the 20th inst. 75 miles East of Little Egg Haber, he spoke Schr Emmeline from New Bedford, bound to Philadelphia, from the Captain of which he obtained the following statement. That on the 19th, P. M. off Barnegat, in 17 fathoms water, he fell in with, and boarded a schooner of about 75 tons, carrying a foretopsail, had a spread eagle head and Hempstead on her stern—her sails were nearly all blown to pieces and in an almost helpless condition—her bottom was painted green and was very foul, and from her appearance it was supposed that she had been at sea several months.

They were out of water, and had to drink salt water for several days previously. When the Captain of the Emmeline boarded her he found about 25 persons on deck, and a large number in the hold, apparently in a state of starvation, all black men, none of whom could speak English. The Captain of the E. took her in tow and made all sail she could. It appeared from the conversation which was held on board the strange vessel, that it was evidently their intention to take possession of the Emmeline.

The Captain of the E. cast her off, after which the strange vessel sent her boat alongside after water: the crew, (in number) being armed with decks—they were not permitted to come on board The Captain of the E. observed to them to return to their vessel and bring their papers, and if he found that they were pursuing an honest voyage he would render them all the assistance that was possible.

After the boat returned to the vessel they saw from the E. a white man coming up from below, who after some conversation with the boat's crew, abandoned their design and hoisted up their boat.

The captain of the Emmeline understood from the boat's crew while alongside, that they had about three tons of money, and a large quantity of linen and boxes of ready made clothing on board. The men had a large quanity of doubloons fastened around their waists.

The captain of the E. further states, that on the next morning he saw the strange vessel again, about 8 miles distant—they fired three guns—when he was on board of her not a single gun was to be seen, nor any other than black people.

He did not ascertain where the vessel was from or where bound to. The crew had a very savage appearance, and the white man supposed to be the captain, had a piratical look with large mustachios.

From Capt. Marryatt's Diary.

THE CAMP MEETING.

I was informed that a camp meeting was to be held about seven miles from Cincinnati, and, anxious to verify the accounts I had heard of them, I availed myself of this opportunity of deciding for myself. We proceeded about five miles on the high road and then diverged by a cross road until we arrived at a steep conical hill, crowned with splendid forest trees without underwood; the trees being sufficiently apart to admit of wagons and other vehicles to pass in every direction. The camp was raised upon the summit of this hill, a piece of table-land comprising many acres. About an acre & a half was surrounded on the four sides by camps built of rough boards; the whole area in the centre was fitted up with planks, laid about a foot from the ground, as seats. At one end, but not close to the cabins, was a raised stand, which served as a pulpit for the preachers, one of them praying, while five or six others sat down behind him on benches. There was ingress to the area by the four corners; the whole of which was shaded by vast forest trees, which ran up to the height of fifty or sixty feet without throwing out a branch; and to the trunks of these trees were fixed lamps in every direction, for the continuance of service by night. Outside the area, which may be designated as the church were hundreds of tents pitched in every quarter, their snowy whiteness contrasting beautifully with the deep verdure and gloom of the forest. These were the temporary habitations of those who had come many miles to attend the meeting, and who remained there from the commencement until it concluded—usually, a period of from ten to twelve days, but often much longer. The tents were furnished with every article necessary for cooking; mattrasses to sleep upon, &c.; some of them even had bedsteads and chests of drawers, which had been brought in the wagons, in which the people in this country usually travel. At a farther distance were all the wagons and other vehicles which had conveyed the people to the meeting, whilst hundreds of horses were tethered under the trees, and plentifully provided with forage. Such were the general outlines of a most interesting and beautiful scene.

Where, indeed, could so magnificent a temple to the Lord be raised as on this lofty hill; crowned as it was with such majestic verdure. Compared as it was with these giants of the forest, the cabins and tents of the multitude appeared as insignificant and contemptible as almost would man himself in the presence of the Deity. Many generations of men must have been mowed down before the arrival of these enormous trees to their present state of maturity, and at the time they sent forth their first shoots, probably there were not on the whole of this continent, now teeming with millions as many white men as are now assembled on this field. I walked about for some time surveying the panorama, when I returned to the area, and took my seat upon a bench. In one quarter the colored population had collected themselves: their tents appeared to be better furnished and better supplied with comforts than most of those belonging to the whites. I put my head into one of the tents, and discovered a sable damsel lying on a bed, and singing hymns in a loud voice. The major portion of those not in the area were cooking the dinners. Fires were burning in every direction: pots boiling, chickens roasting, hams seething: indeed there appeared to be no wants of creature comforts.

But the trumpet sounded, as in days of yore, as a signal that the service was about to recommence, and I went into the area and took my seat. One of the preachers rose and gave out a hymn, which was sung by the congregation, amounting to about seven or eight hundred. After the singing of the hymn was concluded, he commenced an extempore sermon: it was good, sound doctrine, and although Methodism, of the mildest tone, and divested of its bitterness of denunciation, as indeed is generally the case with Methodism in America. I heard nothing which could be objective to any other sect or which could be considered objectionable by the most orthodox, and I began to doubt whether such scenes as had been described to me did really take place at these meetings. A prayer followed, and after about two hours, the congregation were dismissed to their dinners, being first informed that the service would recommence at two o'clock, at the sound of the trumpet.—In front of the pulpit there was a space railed off and strewed with straw, which I was told was the *Anxious Seat*, and on which sat those who were touched by their consciences, or the discourse of the preacher: but, although there were several sitting on it, I did not perceive any emotion on the part of the occupants, they were attentive, nothing more.

When I first examined the area, I saw a very large tent at one corner of it, probably fifty feet long, by twenty wide. It was open at the end, and, being full of straw, I concluded it was used as a sleeping place for those who had not provided themselves with separate accommodation. About an hour after the service was over, perceiving many people directing their steps towards it, I followed them. On one side of the tent was about twenty females, mostly young, squatted down on the straw; on the other a few men; in the centre was a long form, against which were some other men kneeling, with their faces covered with their hands, as if occupied in prayer. Gradually the numbers increased, girl after girl, dropped down upon the straw on one side, and the men on the other. At last an elderly man gave out a hymn, which was sung with peculiar energy; then another knelt down in the centre, and commenced a prayer, shutting his eyes, (as I observe most clergymen in the United States do when they pray) and raising his hands above his head; then another burst out into prayer, and another followed him; then, their voices became all confused together; and then were heard the more silvery tones of woman's supplication. As the din increased, so did their enthusiasm; handkerchiefs were raised to bright eyes, and sobs were intermingled with prayers and ejaculations. It had become a scene of Babel, more than twenty men and women were crying out at the highest pitch of their voices, and trying apparently to be heard above the others. Every minute the excitement increased; some wrung their hands and called for mercy; some tore their hair; boys laid down crying bitterly, with their heads buried in the straw; there was sobbing almost to suffocation, and hysterics, and a deep agony. One young man clung to the form, crying: "Satin tears at me, but I would hold fast. Help—help, he drags me down!' It was a scene of horrible agony and when it was at its height, one of the preachers came in, and raising his voice high above the tumult, interesting the

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