EASTON GAZETTE.

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

VOL. XXIII. EASTON, (MD.) SATURDAY MORNNG, DECEMBER 12, 1840. No. 50.

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.

ADDITIONAL SUPPLY OF

GOODS.

WM. H. & P. GROOME has just returned from the city and are now opening a complete assortment of

Dry Goods, Hardware, Groceries, China, Queensware, Glass, &c.

which added to their former stock makes their assortment very complete. The public are respectfully invited to call and examine them.

Nov 21—3w

To Rent.

For the ensuing year or a term of years, Perkin's Mill & farm 150 to 160 acres of land attached thereto, now occupied by Mr Kilsingsworth, and by Mr. Charles E. Tilden for the last seven years; about four miles from Chester Town, in Kent county, and on the mail road leading from said town to Rock Hall The buildings are large and convenient, the stream and situation, if not the best, one of the best in the county. A new bolting cloth has lately been purchased, and the best flour may now be manufactured at said Mill.

Several dwelling houses in Chester Town with gardens, in eligible situations, suitable for small families.

The Blacksmith Shop in said Town, now occupied by Mr. James Merchant.

About four acres of land at Goose Hill, four miles above Town, on the mail road, and on which are a comfortable dwelling house and a new Blacksmith Shop, a good situation for an industrious mechanic.

The farm four and a half miles from Chester Town, supposed to contain upwards of 320 acres, now occupied by Mr. Joseph Reed, and by John Usilton, Esq., the present Sheriff of Kent county, the last four years; on this farm are sown thirty bushels of wheat, and on that part of the present cornfield are to be sown in the spring from 30 to 40 bushels of oats The field to be tilled in corn the ensuing year is much the largest, and some think the best.

For terms and particulars, apply on Mondays and Tuesdays, on which days he will endeavor to be at home, to

GEO. W. THOMAS.

Chester Town, Nov. 21, 1840—3t

Easton Gazette will publish the above to the amount of $2 and send account to Kent News office for collection.

NOTICE.

The Proprietor of the Steam Mill at Easton Point, takes this method to inform the patrons of that establishment, that from and after the date of this advertisement, he cannot grind corn for less than one sixth, owing to the extravagant price he has to pay for wood, and the reduced price of corn. He therefore thinks (although anxious to oblige the public) that it would be better for him to close his mill doors for the want of work, than to close them for the want of means to carry on his business. All other establishments raise their prices according to emergencies, and why should not I? All of which is respectfully submitted to a generous public.

JOSEPH K. NEALL.

Nov 21—3w

N. B —This notice would have appeared before, had the water mills been able to accommodate those who were not disposed to continue their custom with me. I wish to avoid all suspicion of taking advantage of necessity. J K N.

MANLOVE HAZEL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

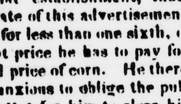
Has removed his residence to Easton, Eastern-Shore of Maryland Where he intends to persue the practice of his profession. He will practice in the Courts of Talbot, Caroline and Dorchester. His office is opposite to the Court-house, and a few doors below the Easton Hotel, adjoining the office of the 'Easton Whig.'

Sept 19 (W)

Baltimore Patriot and Sun will copy the above 4 times

FOR ANNAPOLIS, CAMBRIDGE, EASTON & ST. MICHAELS.

THE STEAMBOAT



MARYLAND.

Leaves Baltimore on the following days, for the above places:

For Annapolis, Cambridge & Easton on every Tuesday and Friday, at 7 o'clock.

On every Sunday, at 8 o'clock, for Annapolis, St Michaels & Wye Landing, and return on Monday leaving Wye at 8 o'clock, touching at Annapolis going and returning.

☞ N. B. All baggage at the owner's risk.

LEM'L. G. TAYLOR.

Sept 12

N. B.—The Maryland has discontinued her trips to Wye Landing. L. G. T.

Nov 21

From the Philadelphia Casket.

THE SLAVER.

BY AUTHOR OF 'CRUISING IN THE LAST WAR.'

"All that of living or dead remain,
Hurled on high with the shivered fame,
In one wild roar expired!
The waves a moment backward bent—
The hills that shake, although unrent,
As if an earthquake passed—
The thousand shapeless things all driven
In cloud and flame athwart the heaven,
By that tremendous blast."

Seige of Corinth.

It was noon day. The sky was without a cloud and the sun, pouring vertically downward, filled the atmosphere as with the breath of a furnace. Not a zephyr rippled the glassy surface of the bay. A few birds wheeled lazily around the neighboring marsh, or settled slowly in flocks on the white strand of the beach. The broad expanse of the deep was unwhitened by a solitary sail — The low, green marshy shores stretching around three quarters of the horizon, and the white surf outside of the inlet on the eastern seaboard formed a picture almost as monotonous as could be imagined. The stifled roar of the distant breakers, was the only sound that broke the stillness of the scene. One deep, oppressive silence, as if the day of doom was at hand, hung over sea and sky; and all animated nature.

Close in to a point of the meadow, and in not more than two fathoms water, lay a low, dark, rakish schooner, swinging by a single anchor with the tide, which now at a half ebb, was running like a mill race out to sea. The inlet, with its seaboard and breakers, could just be seen abaft the main chains of the schooner, far away on the eastern horizon. A hot, undulating haze waved in the distance; the sea glowed like molten lead; and only the sluggish ripple of the tide against the schooner's bows, broke on the silence of that sultry noonday.

A more beautiful craft never sat the waters than that solitary schooner. She was painted of a deep black, unrelieved by a single line of white. Her mould was clear and sharp; her bows tapered off like a knife; her low deck ran straight from stem to stern; her tall, whip-stalk masts raked gallantly backward; and her yards, sails, and rigging, betokened the highest discipline in her crew. Her high bulwarks, surmounted by a monkey rail running aft, concealed much of her deck, but enough was seen to show by its extreme whiteness, and the burnish of her brass mountings, that she was no common merchantman; while the two ports on either side, from which frowned the deadly carronade, and a long swivel gun mounted amidships, warned one that she was not unused to conflict. Yet no signs of life were discernable about her. Not a man, nor a boy, nor any living thing betokened by his presence that she was inhabited. There she lay—silent and motionless, a thing of dread—coming one knew not wither, and going one knew not where, her low hull reposing beautiful as a swan on the water, and her tall masts raking away into the sky until they seemed to taper into nothingness.

It might have been three hours or more after the meridian, when a slight ripple could have been seen ruffling the surface of the bay, and as it come down towards the schooner, a score of men, as if by magic, sprang forth upon her decks the anchor was heaved up, and catted; the foresheet and jib hoisted away; and as her bow caught the breeze, she fell off before the wind; her mainsails and top sails were set, and in less than a quarter of an hour she was sweeping down the inlet like a seafowl on the wing. Before sundown her white sails could just be seen upon the eastern sea-board, appearing and disappearing amid the spray, as she rose and fell, on the horizon.

During the whole of that day a heavy frigate was lying becalmed, hull down, in the offing, and no sooner did the grateful breeze reach her from the shore than her sails were sheeted home, and she began to lay off and on, as if watching for some expected prize. Nor did she wait long. Scarcely had she, after stretching off on her first tack, run down half the distance she had come, when a hoarse voice sailed down from her fore yard, and at the same instant the man at the main cross trees echoed back the cry,

'A sail—broad on the weather bow!'

'What is her rig?' hastily exclaimed the officer of the deck, as the crew of the frigate swarmed on the decks, and covered the sides, at the signal.

'Afore and aft topsail and flying jib—'

'Bring me my glass,' said the captain, coming on deck at the alarm.

'She's the craft we've been looking for, Mr. Weldon,' said the captain, drawing a long breath, and he took the glass from his eye, after a protracted gaze, 'her mould, her rig, her conduct, every thing speaks it. We've got her though now. She can't go by us on the bow this tack, thank God, and she might as well attempt to weather Sylly in a December storm as to pass astern with this wind. What think you—is she not caught at last?'

'Caught?—the fiend himself could not save her.'

'You are right—and now call all the hands aft.'

The summons was soon passed through the ship, and in an incredible short space of time the men were all gathered in a dense mass, with their hats in their hands in presence of their superior.

'My lads,' said he, stepping upon a gun carriage, and turning his bold, open countenance to his crew, 'you know the duty which has kept us so long on this broiling coast, and I have now to tell you that yonder clipper of a schooner is the only thing to prevent us from leaving this station. As soon as she is captured we shall wear off for Jamaica. You hear this,' he continued, as soon as the cheering which this communication caused, had subsided, 'with no small joy, and I have only to say that you deserve it for your noble conduct since I have had the honor of commanding this ship. And now, my lads, to your quarters and remember that the first duty of an English sailor, a man, or a Christian, is the capture of a SLAVER.'

The deafening cheer which followed the close of this address had scarcely subsided and the men took their stations at the guns, before a ball came whizzing down towards the man of-war, from the schooner, and after a lapse of a moment a bright flame leaped a second time from the side, while the crashing of the fore-royal-yard arm of the frigate told the unerring aim of the long, swivel gun of the Slaver.

'As daring a bravado as ever I saw, by ——' muttered the captain, 'forward there, and let them have a gun or two—fire.'

'Cut away her fore top-sail—see how she falls off,' exclaimed a lieutenant, as the ball from the man of-war whizzed through the schooner's rigging.

'Bear away a point or two, quarter-master—let drive there with your forward guns.'

'Ay—ay, sir!' answered the gunner, as his battery opened upon the flying clipper.

'By the holy cross, ejaculated an Irish lieutenant, 'is'nt she a beauty, boys—she'll be aither clearing us yet'

The words of the officer were not without some shadow of truth, for the schooner was running nearly free before the wind, laying her course right across our fore foot, but intending to pass nearly a mile ahead. If she could succeed in doing this, the chances of her capture would be almost destroyed, as night was coming on, and every opportunity would be afforded to her to get an offing unperceived, and thus escape from the clutches of the law. A single glance satisfied the English captain that such was her intention. To circumvent her, required immediate action. He did not hesitate a moment.

'Port your helm—port—a—port,' he thundered, springing upon a gun carriage, and holding on by a rope, as he leaned over to catch a better view of the chase, 'keep her away there now—steady—steady.'

'She begins to find she's entrapped,' said the first lieutenant, after a few minutes trial had satisfied all that she could not pass across the frigate's bows in safety, 'see she wears—she's luffing into the wind's eye'

'And by St. George, she will make her port again, and leave us to cut her out with our boats; unless we are quick—starboard—quartermaster—ha—a—ard,' and as the giant vessel came up into the wind, her huge sails flapped heavily against the masts a moment, and then as she fell off on the other tack they filled again, driving her through the swell with such force, that the spray flew in showers to the very fore-top.

The scene was now one of absorbing interest. The low coast, presenting its white, sandy beach in front, and the thick groves of tropical plants farther back from the shore, lay a league or two upon the weather bow; while the surface of the sea between the frigate and the breakers was white with the foam and ripples. Towards this coast the schooner was now stretching under every rag of canvass that would draw, and such was the excellence of her mould and rig, that she could lay several points nearer to the wind than the frigate, and still gain rapidly upon her. It soon became evident that she would make the inlet, though the man of-war would fall some points to leeward In an instant, the captain's determination was taken.

'Bear away, quartermaster—let her come round a bit—all ready there—and now give her a broadside, my boys—fire high and don't hit the poor wretches in her hull'

Quick as lightning the gallant frigate fell off from her course, and just as she presented her broad side to the flying schooner a storm of fire burst from her sides that made the old ship stagger again. The foremast of the schooner tottered and went overboard, dragging with it all its hamper into the deep. The slaver payed off at once and the next instant the mainmast following its predecessor with a loud crash the late rakish craft, rolled a wreck upon the waters.

'Ten and a half,' sung out the man at the chains.

'Steady then, steady—run her in as close as you can, quartermaster,' said the captain.

'Eight—seven and a half—seven,' sung out the man with the lead at as many casts.

'It shoals st—but steady—steady.'

'Six and half six—five.'

'We must haul off,' said the captain, 'port your helm—around all—pipe away the boat's crws, for we shall have to cut her out.'

The shrill whistle of the boatswain shreiked though the ship; the crews were mustered; the boats were lowered away; the men took their stations, and with a loud cheer the little fleet pulled rapidly away after the now disabled schooner. The pursuit had been protracted into the twilight, and darkness was already settling on the face of the deep when the boats left the frigate. The outline of the schooner's hull could just be caught sight of, lying low and dark upon the waters, close in upon the land. Far away the coast, a shapeless mass of shadow, the surf painted, like a white line, in the fore-ground. Above not a star was seen. The clouds lay in thick masses overhead, and were gathering wild and fast from the horizon. In a few minutes the darkness increased, the coast was shrouded in the gloom; then the outline of the schooner died faintly away, and one by one the boats were lost in the obscurity, until nothing was perceptible from the deck of the frigate, except the calm sea for a few fathoms around her own tall and shapely masts, towering away above until lost in the deep darkness over head.

Moments passed away, which grew almost into hours, and yet the same pitchy darkness continued. Nothing had been heard of the boats. Often were the eyes of the crew turned towards the quarter where the schooner lay, but not a rocket rose, nor a rocket flashed upon the night as a signal of her boats' success. All was silent as the grave. The wash of the swell against the frigate's bows, and the low melancholy wail of the wind were the only sounds breaking on the deep stillness of the night.

'There they go—the signal—the signal' shouted a dozen voices on the quarter deck, the rocket shot up into the air, majestically over, burst into a dozen stars and then fell in a shower of sparkles into the sea. By the wild, unearthly light flung for an instant on the scene, the frigate's boats might be seen, formed in line, sweeping steadily up to the dismantled schooner. But in another instant all was dark.

A few moments they waited for the sounds of the fray, but they came not. Instants, moments, minutes passed away, and no musketry rattled, nor guns roared upon the night. What could be the cause? Had the schooner been deserted? The supposition was impossible, for the boats had certainly prevented that. Had the slaver offered no resistance? The idea was preposterous. What, then, could it be? Each man looked at his neighbor with surprise written on his countenance, and the captain had turned, with an inquiry of wonder, towards his lieutenant, when a vivid, blinding light filled the whole atmosphere as if by magic; a stream of fire in the direction of the schooner, shot far away up into the heaven, revealing the sea and sky, and shone in terrible distinctness; a confused mass might be seen darting upward in its midst from the deck of the slaver a roar followed as of the Archangel's trump; the sea reeled to and fro; the frigate quivered from the keison to the truck, and then a darkness, as sudden and as awful as that momentary flash, and in which every thing appeared swimming before the aching eyes, fell upon the scene. There was a moment of silence.

'God help us,' ejaculated the captain, in tones of horror, 'they have blown themselves and the poor wretches up. Heaven grant the boats are safe.'

'The Lord Almighty have mercy on their souls' responded the chaplain at his side, in a voice tremulous with solemnity and awe.

Every man on board was horror struck. It was long before the stirring sensation felt by all, had passed away, and it might have continued longer, had not the captain dissolved the spell by ordering the remaining boats to be manned, and go to the relief of the sufferers if any yet remained alive.

Never sped a barge quicker over the waters, than that sent from the frigate on this errand of mercy. The men bent to their oars with enthusiasm, and driving the boat through the waters as if she were endowed with life, soon reached the spot where the catastrophe had occurred.

'Forward there at the bow, what is that shadowy object ahead,' said the officer at the helm.

'Boat ahoy!' shot across the night in reply, and directly the frigate's launch appeared in sight.—Greeting her with three hearty cheers, the new comer hastily enquired respecting the fate of their other comrades, and learnt, to their relief, that the boats of the frigate were all saved, for that, by some mistake, the magazine of the slaver had exploded while they were yet a sufficient distance from her to insure their safety. The poor wretches in her hold, however, as well as the slaver's crew, were all lost in that terrific explosion.

The launch had already been engaged in searching over the spot, where the schooner had been last seen, for her ill-fated passengers, and a more awful spectacle, her lieutenant said, he had never witnessed. Her hull had already sunk, but fragments of the wreck—human bodies torn to pieces, scorched to cinder, disfigured, mutilated, already bloated, and scarred and blackened in the most frightful manner, covered the sea in the vicinity. Even while he spoke, a hideous corpse floated by, its distorted face looking almost fiendlike in the gloom.

The other boats soon joined the barge from the frigate, and every exertion was made to discover if any human beings of the slaver's ill-fated burden were alive. But though shattered timbers and mangled bodies were found floating on every hand, not a man, woman or child, yet living, was picked up. After a search of nearly two hours, the crews of the boats returned with heavy hearts to the frigate.

The next morning the search was resumed, but in vain. Far along the coast floated the wreck of the schooner and the disfigured bodies of the slaves, with here and there a human being of a lighter skin, but no one was ever rescued from their watery graves, to tell in what manner happened the destruction of the slaver.

THE ENGLISH:

PAINTED BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

The London Examiner, discussing the propriety of going to war for the sake of peace, takes occasion to saterize the English character after the following fashion:

'We are a singular people. There is this peculiarity in our faults, that they are all contrary to our dispositions, and referrable to the uncontrollable force of circumstances. We rebuke our neighbors for the desire of territorial aggrandizement, and in India we are in a perpetual course of conquest and enlargement of our empire. Non-interference in the affairs of other nations is an established principle with us, and we are forever meddling in disputes that do not concern us. We should be the most peaceable people on the face of the earth, and we profess to be what we ought to be, but we slip into wars Heaven only knows why or wherefore. We have, as Lord Castlereagh said, 'an ignorant impatience of taxation;' we groan under our debt, and the burdens it entails, but for a straw we are ready to rush into wars which would augment our fiscal charges to an intolerable pitch, and in the robbery of public creditors. We pay like an expedition for the promotion of civilization in Africa, and we pay more largely for an expedition to restore an anarchy in Asia. —A vote of some poor thirty thousand a year is grudged for education at home; and ten times as many thousands are expended in arming semi barbarians to cut the throats of semi barbarians. We say most edifying things in censure of the French propensity for war; and while we blame them for meneacing war, we feel quite unconscious that we ourselves have committed the folly they only have meditated, and are actually engaged in a war for the most despicable cause in which gun was ever fired

'At the close of the Session of Parliament her Majesty informed the two Houses: 'I am engaged, in concert with the Emperor of Austria, the King of Prussia, the Emperor of Russia, and the Sultan, in measures intended to effect the permanent pacification of the Levant, maintain the integrity and independence of the Ottoman empire, and thereby to afford additional security for the peace of Europe.'

'Parliament was prorogued in peace (with the small exception of the war we are waging with the third of the human race in China,) and when it meets again it will have to pay the bill of a war which has been got up in the recess, a pastime to enliven the vacation, a shooting season in Syria, a *battue* in the Levant.

'But names are things, and what we are about is styled 'a pacification' We bombard towns, we batter down castles, we storm fortresses, we arm semi-savages, and all this for peace! What in the name of wonder can peace think of such care of her?

'The Turkish empire is in a syncope or swoon, as it were, and her kind nurses, by way of burnt feathers under her nose, ply her with Congreve rockets, thump her back with bomb-shells, pat her hands with forty-eight pound shot. Fire and sword are our mild restoratives of suspended animation.

'We have seen something like these friendly acts in the picture of 'Saving at a fire,' in which some extremely acuve and zealous friends of the proprietor are busily engaged in throwing the looking-glasses and china out of the window. So the broken pieces will in due time be restored to the Sultan, and the pieces will have some jagged sharp points on which his authority will rest with as much easiness as Regulus in his spiked barrel.

'Madame Roland apostrophized the crimes committed in the name of liberty, but quite as extraordinary are the things done in that of peace.

'England ravages the coast board of Syria for the sake of peace. France throws up stupendous fortifications, and arms a million of men, and protests that she is paying a debt to peace. What can peace think of being paid in this coin? Are the bullets and bayonets any of her currency? Is her bank an arsenal. If these are her dealings, what can war be like? If peace be so prone to arms, her opposite, war, should in France be a sister of charity, and in England a Quaker?

'Certain it is that our method of preserving peace appears to be much the same thing as war, as far as Syria is concerned, and even though the war should be concluded, as it has been commenced, within the recess, the question is, how John Bull will be satisfied with the price of such an entertainment during the vacation. The cost will be not altogether pleasant, even if the consequences to be apprehended from the lighting of the flame do not extend, as there is too much reason to apprehend.'

THE HAND BOOK OF SWINDLING.

Among the publications of the year in England, is the "Hand Book of Swindling;" the authorship of which, is thus announced: "By the late Captain Barrabbas Whitefeather, late of the Body-Guard of his Majesty, King Carlos; Treasurer of the British Wine and Vinegar Company; Trustee for the protection of the River Thames from Incendiaries; Principal Inventor of Poyais stock; Ranger of St. George's Fields; Original Patentee of the Parachute Conveyance Association; Knight of every order of the Fleece; S. C. A. M. P. & C. U. R. Edited by John Jackdaw. With Illustrations by Phiz." The Captain thinks there are other kinds of swindling than those which pass by the name: and advances the somewhat awful axiom, that "every man has with him a bit of the swindler.' The following are extracts.

"Ask all the professions: demand of the lawyer, with yellow studious cheeks, wherefore he should coin gold out of little strips of paper, written over by a youthful scribe at two or three shillings per diem? Request him to give you the philosophy of costs—the exquisite mean of appearance and declaration, and reply, and rejoinder, and all the thousand terms invented by the most cunning class of laborers the overlookers at the building of Babel. Ask the sleek practitioner to what he owes his fortune? To common sense, to justice to the fair and rational barter of labor for shillings? If at the end of a long practice, there should by miracle remain in that attorney's bosom a throb of truth, he will blandly yet significantly smile at the words—the counters men play with common sense and justice, and magnanimously and unblushingly [illegible] swindling! Is it otherwise with the physician, who sells his guesses for truths, and doubts and doubts a patient into the grave, whilst his medicinal palm is open for the guinea? 'When the tradesman—his housemaid at the time perhaps in Bridewell for petty larceny committed on the grease pot—when he, smiling across the counter at his victim, puts of knowingly the poorest commodity at the highest price, how stands he in relation to his captive house-maid? Why, Rebecca has robbed, but the tradesman has only driven his trade: the slut has ever and for ever lost her character, with it seven pound *per annum*, and, it may be, tea and sugar included—but for Mr. Jackson, her master, he has turned the profit penny; he has—but all in the way of business—swindled?' 'All mankind may be divided into two classes; the swindlers according to custom and to law: and the swindlers according to the bent of their natural genius.'"

* * * * * *

"Fighting is indeed a mechanic trade; millions can fight—but how few can gracefully swindle! We know, that the result of both operations is often the same but how inferior one to the other! Bonaparte brought a *few* pictures from Italy, which the world—Heaven knows!—made noise enough about. In warlike phrase, he took them' from a vanquished people: a poor, shabby act to brag of; but had he, unassisted by squadrons and battalions, and parks of artillery,—had he, by the unassisted efforts of his own mind, with no other masked battery, no other weapon than his own hand, and his own tongue—had he, robbed one dealer of a Correggio—another of a Raphael—a third of a Titian—a fourth of a Murillo—and so on—it had, indeed, been an achievement to boast of, but to crack off the incident as one of the trophies of the army of Italy, was the sublime of gasconading!"

* * * * * *

"Let me put a case. You recollect Gloss, the retired merchant? What an excellent man was Gloss? A pattern man to make a whole generation by?—Nobody could surpass him in what is called honesty, rectitude, moral propriety, and other gibberish. Well, Gloss joins a 'Board;' he becomes one of a community; and, immediately, the latent feeling asserts itself, he is a back bone man with the rest of his brotherhood; and though as simple Gloss, and not a member of the board, he is the same as ever, yet when acting with his fellows, when one of the body corporate, when he merges the man Gloss in the board member, the inherent faculty becomes active, and he gratifies the instinct, or the refined reason, or what ever men agree to call it—and complacently swindles with the rest.'

* * * * * *

"Jack Smasher was one of the prettiest hands at coining, and more, he was blessed with a wife born, I should say, with a genius for passing bad money. She