EASTON GAZETTE.

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

VOL. XXIV. EASTON, (MD.) SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 7, 1841. No. 32.

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 United States Gazette.

THE EDITOR TO HIS ARM CHAIR.

CAPE ISLAND, July 26 1841.
Miller's House, Congress Hall.

My dear Arm Chair:—I rarely visit a place without making inquiries for some of its traditions, seeking out some of the elders who bring down with them the stories of the other generation, and thus enable us to judge of the feelings and belief of the past, of whom we know the names, possessions and public acts. In all ages men have been wonderfully alike in the great concernments of politics and patriotism, and each generation has been the counterpart of the other in some leading public character. The historian, or the biographer, sets these men and their deeds before the world; and the philosophical enquirer compares the heroes of different ages, and finds but little to distinguish one from the other, when all circumstances are weighed with them.

The moralist enquires more closely into the feelings of the undistinguished, and learns to appreciate the man without the adventitious trappings and performances of the hero. In many places I have derived profit from protracted conversations with some ancient resident, who, without the trouble of a comparison or a deduction, has given me facts of elder times, which have opened up hearts that seemed to others to have been as close as the graves in which they now moulder.

I have not been as successful *here* as elsewhere. The residents on this Island, so far as I can gather, are not generally natives even of this section of country, the elders especially; and they exhibit a much greater tact in the modern art of money making, than in gathering and imparting knowledge of times past.—"Tis their vocation." I had given up all hopes of acquiring any material for conversation or writing among the residents, when, a few days since, as I was leaning against a fence in the rear of the bowling alley, and looking off upon the ocean, and around upon the beautiful shores, and distant line of the opposite Cape, just faintly discernable in the mist I was accosted by an old man with the customary salutations, which I cheerfully exchanged. He was a native of this county, and had grown old in the ways of his people. I questioned him as to the wonders of the place, but found that he had nothing of the kind to relate.

'Are there no legends connected with places along the shore?'

'None,' said he, 'that I know of.'

'But you have a haunted house on the main land.'

'Yes,' said the old man smilingly, 'there was a ghost or two there.'

'Well, how came they there, and what became of the strange visiters? I should like to go to the house with you, and have you tell me all about those 'spirits' in their own circle.'

'Why as to that, there are more haunted places than one in this neighborhood. The strip of ground on which yonder bowling alley was built, was once haunted; and there are many now alive who saw the ghost walk among the graves, then numerous and visible in that place.'

'Was that a burying ground?'

'Yes; the dead bodies of persons cast ashore from wrecks on the beach were taken thither and buried.'

'Did you ever see the ghost of which you speak?'

'I saw it once standing within twenty feet of this place.'

I felt that I had struck a vein which would be productive, as it was long since I had heard of a real ghost; and from the appearance of the old man, he was not likely to jest in such matters.

The bell then rang for the table, and I was called away to attend upon my female companions. It was not until the next evening that I saw the old man again. He was leaning against a rough fence, and looking occasionally out upon the ocean, and then at the site of the old burying ground.

I immediately drew his attention to the subject of our former conversation. He hesitated for some time to comply with my request to tell the ghost story, and referred me to persons who recollected the apparition. But I preferred his edition; and after saying that it might spoil some interesting illusions, resting his arms upon the fence, and collecting his thoughts as if to fix on some date, he thus commenced:

THE OLD MAN'S GHOST STORY.

It was late in the winter of 18—, and in the midst of one of the severest storms of the season, that a brig, coming from Boston, struck upon the shoals off this beach. Nothing but a miracle could have saved the life of a single human being on board, and that miracle, I believe, was not interposed in the behalf of a single one of either crew or passengers. Several bodies were shortly afterwards found upon the shore; they were supposed to belong to the Boston brig. Leaning on one of the bodies, which was apparently better dressed than the others, was a large dog, nearly as stiff with ice as his human companions, but he was not dead. The bodies were taken to a building, and left in the clothing in which they were found, while the dog, with some aid, followed me to my house. A collar on his neck bore the name of A. Dupoint. The animal returned with me the next morning, and recognized immediately the body upon which he was leaning when first discovered. This led to the belief that he was fondling on his former master—a belief strengthened by the discovery of a small medal hanging to the neck of the deceased, upon which the name of A. Dupoint was scratched or cut with a penknife. The medal was half of some foreign silver coin. I removed it from the neck, and aided in giving burial to the dead stranger. The medal I hung up in my parlor. We subsequently learned that the vessel, when she left Boston, had one passenger. Notice of the wreck, and the name upon the dog's collar, and the medal, was given in the papers, I think, at the time; but we heard nothing, as there was no property to give *sanctity* to the dead. People, I find, do not inquire so closely after sick or dead relatives, if the sufferers have not their pains increased by dispesable, or hereditary property. Such a possession, I find, creates strong sympathies.

As the dog brought no name with him, we gave him that of his master; and Dupoint came to be an inmate of my family, though he never forgot the place in which his master was buried. Thither he repaired as often as he came to the Island, and seemed to linger over the spot, as if sacred associations connected him with the grave.

Two or three years after the shipwreck, and during the height of our bathing season, I was requested by a lady to look for a trunk, which had probably been taken to the other house.—'It has upon it," said she, "the name of A. Dupoint."

"I am afraid," she added, "you will forget the name."

"Not at all madam," said I," by the token that I have a dog of the same name."

When I returned, the lady was so much pleased, with the result of my errand, that she asked by what good luck she had the honor of sharing her name with a dog. So I told her how the animal came by the name, and then, I think for the first time, I looked into her face It was beautiful, marked, indeed, by a settled melancholy, from which a smile faded away, like that gleam of candle light which is passing over the lawn.

The lady said she would come and see her namesake when they rode out. And in a few days a carriage stopped at my door, and the same lady was handed out by a gentleman whose dress indicated that he was a clergyman.

She inquired for the dog, but learned, from my family, that he had accompanied me to the Island. As she evinced, or expressed some interest in the animal, on account of his *name*, though it is probable that she really thought little of the circumstance, my wife told her that there was something else in the house which bore her name also. Astonished at the popularity of her name in my family, she desired to know what it was, and, accordingly, the piece of coin was taken from its place and brought to her.

It was fearful, they said, to look on the young woman when her eye first rested on the silver. My wife was afraid of convulsions, but fainting ensued, and when she was sufficiently recovered, they conveyed her back to the Island, whither I repaired again next morning, and in privite acquainted her with the circumstances by which I came in possession of the silver and the dog. I inferred, without being fully informed, that the young lady had left Scotland after a pledge of marriage, and that the young man was fulfilling his promise to come to her in America. The dog belonged to her brother, and the *token* bore *her* name and not his.

I pointed out to her the place in which *William* had been burried, and took my leave, promising when I came again to bring the old dog with me.

I learned that the gentleman in attendance was an avowed lover.

It was about this time that one of the servants of the family whispered to another his belief that a ghost had been seen among the graves. Watch was kept from a distance, and the belief was confirmed by the appearance after midnight of a figure in white, moving slowly around the graves.

Having suspicions that I knew more of the ghost than most others, I determined to watch the next night, and ascertain whether I was right in my conjectures. Accordingly, about midnight I took a station near where we now stand, and shortly afterwards saw approaching a white figure, apparently a female. She advanced slowly and looked cautiously around; then she kneeled slowly upon the grave of William, and poured forth a flood of tears. I could hear that she prayed, but the constant dash of the waves against the shore prevented me from distinguishing many of the words of her prayer. I heard occasionally a sentence—one in particular I yet remember. She seemed to have in view other troubles and other sorrows than those resulting immediately from the death of him over whom she kneeled, and she was asking for support under the new trials, that awaited her. The petition, however; concluded with the following quotation.—"Lover and friend hast thou put far from me and mine acquaintance into darkness."

Just then I saw a figure emerging from the shadow of the house, and moving towards the grave. I looked anxiously, and discovered that it was the dog Dupoint. I was fearful that he would alarm her, and render it necessary for me to discover myself to prevent harm; but the animal moved forward slowly, until he came in full sight of the female. He paused, and advanced, and paused again. The women started when she discovered Dupoint. The dog sprung towards her, and fell crouching at her feet. "Poor dog, poor Cato," said she calling him by his proper name, "you at least are spared to me." She knelt down to caress the animal, and both were prostrate over the grave of a beloved friend. That night taught the young women that her heart was in the grave with William and she refused the addresses of the clergyman in attendance; and when only a few months ago I heard of her death, and received back poor old Dupoint, who had been her companion, I wish that one decent grave might have been the resting place of William and Anna, nor do I think that the earth would be desecrated should poor old Dupoint, when he comes to die, be laid by their side.

You will ask, "is this ghost story true?" "Undoubtedly, my dear chair, as true as you live."

Thine, THE EDITOR.

THE LONG, LOW, BLACK SCHOONER.

On the second day of the examination in the case of Captain de Putron, of the alleged piratical schooner, Happy Jack John Robinson, M. Meyer and Luis Bargasse, were discharged from custody; nothing criminal, either of action or intent, being found against them. De Putron, Abbot, (the mate,) and Manuel Domingos, were remanded for farther examination. The Picayune gives the following particulars of the examination of Happy Jack.

HAPPY JACK—HIS STORY.

What a laughing gasometer is that Happy Jack! From the day his ma-ma cheated him out of his pap to the day Domingos, the steward of the Independence, cheated him out of his grog. There seems to be an inexhaustible reservoir of fun at the outer corner of each eye.—It is liberally let out through over acting escape pipes, and it magnatizes with good humor all who come within the sphere of its influence.

Happy Jack being called out and sworn, he gave his canvass trowsers a jerk, putting himself in a kind of rocking motion, bearing on one foot and then on another, so as to steady himself on the deck of the court, and scratching his head with his left hand, put on one of his peculiar leers, which set the court in a roar of laughter.

Recorder—"Go on, Jack, and state how you came on board the Independence, and what occurred while you were there.

Jack—'Why, your honor, I went on board quite in a nat'ral way; the captain wanted hands, I wanted employment, and so we closed a bargain."

"Did any of his hands leave him, Jack?'

'Yes: the cook and a boy that was on board.'

'Why did the cook leave?

'He got dhrunk; it was a nat'ral wayk ness he was addicted to.'

'Well, then, the boy, what become of him?'

'O, faith, he was taken in the same way; he got drunk too.' [General laughter, in which the court joined.]

'Well, Jack—tell us now what passed on board.'

'O, faith, there did a mighty deal pass on board, and as I did'nt make a log-book of my brain, I don't know that I could raypeat it now. Be afther asking any questions you like and I'll thry to answer you.'

'Well, did you see any arms on board while you were at the Chandeliers?'

'Not an arm I saw but that long barrel gun and a sword.'

'Then you were never in the cabin?'

'Niver but twice I poked me head down there to ask for grog.'

'How did you occupy your time?'

'Sometimes I used to go ashore to get milk, but I was generally fishing for crabs, and whin I stoop down to catch 'em, *wouldn't* they all run away?"—[Laughter.]

'Well, you used to see the French pennant hung out, did you not? Did they say what it was done for?'

'Yes, they said it was a signal for dinner, and I must only say that if it was, they took their mails (meals) mighty irregular.'—Laughter.]

'Who ured to raise it and take it down?'

'Why, that interrestin, handsome looking shipmate of mine there, [pointing to Domingos, the Spandiard] used. 'Pon me soul, I often thought the original intention of nayther was pervarted in not making a hangman of him, or given him some genteel employment of that kind.' [Loud Laughter.]

'Did you see the black flag—the pirate's flag—while you were on board?

"Troth, you may take your davy (your oath) I didn't, for if I did, you wouldn't catch me there.'

'Why, you would'nt be afraid of it would you?'

'Yes; I'd as socn sleep in a church yard or a house haunted with *sperits* as be on board the vessel where it would be, it has such a queer, cut-throat kind of appearance.'

'Well, did you see the armor or the steel cap on board?'

'I never saw it in all me born days till I saw it in court here yesterday.'

'What do you think of them?'

'I think the cap 'ud be a mighty convanient thing for a man to have on his head at Donnybrook Fair when a *scrimmage* (a fight) 'ud begin; and if a gentleman wint to decide a pint of honor, with pistols at tin paces, he might find the armor of more use than a Murcell (Marsells) waiscoat.' [Immoderate laughter.]

'Did you ever hear Domingoes abuse Thomson, or threaten him?'

'Yes, I did.'

'What used he to say?'

'Why, he always spoke in Spanish, or some other outlandish tongue, and as I niver took the trouble of larnin' the vulgar languages, I didn't understand him.'

'How did he look?'

Here the prisoner looked at the counsel who put the question, then at Monoel and again at the counsel, and burst out into one of his droll laughs—in which he was joined by those in court—as much as to say, Don't ask me, but look at him;'—and recovering himself, he said—

'How did he look?—why he looked as he looks now—as ill humored as if he sat to a painther for a portrait of a man who who wanted his bitthers, had no tick, and couldn't make a raise of three cents.'

'What countryman are you Jack?

'A Dublin boy, your honor; the first fish I iver tasted was a Rings-'End cockle.'

'You may stand aside, Jack.'

A SKIM MILKED CHEESE WITH A VENGEANCE.

Up at the West end of the city, there is a good natured fun making negro, named 'Parsis,' who hovers round the grocery stores in that neighborhood rather more than is desirable. Like many other gentlemen of colour he prides himself upon the thickness of his skull, and he is always up for a bet upon his butting powers; and well he may be, for his head is hard enough for a battering ram. The other day he made a bet in a store that he could butt in the head of a flour barrel, and he succeeded. He then took up a bet to drive it through a very large cheese, which was to be covered with a crash cloth to keep his wool clear of cheese crumbs. The cheese thus envelloped, was placed in a proper position, and Parsis starting off like a loco motive, buried his head up to his ears in the inviting target. Parsis now begun to feel irresistable and talked "purty considerable." A plan, however was soon contrived to take the conceit out of him. There being some grindstones in the store for sale, one of them was privately taken up and wrapped up in the same manner as the cheese had been, and looked precisely as if it were a second cheese, and Parsis readily took another bet for ninepence, that he would butt his head through it as easily as he sent it through the first. The interest of the spectators in the operation became intense Every thing was carefully adjusted, and upon the word being given, Parsis darted off like an arrow at the ambushed grindstone; he struck it fair in the centre, and the next instant lay sprawling in the middle of the floor, upon which he recoiled. For some minutes he lay speechless, and then he raised himself slow upon his knees, and scratching his head, said with a squirming face—"Dam hard cheese dat, massa. They skim the milk too much altogedder before they make him, dat's a fac.—*N. O. Picayune.*

Valuable Coal Mine in Turkey.—A circumstance very favorable to the extension of steam navigation by the Turkish authorities has just occurred. It is spoken of by the correspondent of the London Times at Constantinople. A vein of coal, extending over a space of about 50 square miles, was lately discovered in Anatolia, near the ancient port of Heraclia, in the Black Sea, and about 30 leagues from the entrance of the Bosphorous.—The coal has been tried, and found excellently well adapted for steam purposes, and an application for the grant of it had been made to the Porte by Mr. Anderson, the Director of the Oriental Steam Navigation Company, who has been for some time here. As the application is supported by the official interposition of Lord Ponsonby, and the Porte must feel convinced that the mine is more likely to be wrought to advantage under an English direction than any other, there appears to be but little doubt of his obtaining the grant of it. It is, indeed, reported, that several of the leading Pashas, and even the Sultan himself, are to be shareholders in the company which is to be formed by Mr. Anderson for working the mine.—Parties who have examined the mine report the vein of coals to be five feet in thickness, and lying in a perfectly horizontal position. A vein of this thickness, spread over a space of 50 square miles, would, yield, at an annual consumption of 200 000 tons, coal enough to last for 1000 years. A taste for commercial enterprise seems to be fast creeping in among the leading Turks, and forms a new feature in the signs of the times here. A small Turkish Steam Navigation Company was not long ago formed, in which the Sultan is a large shareholder. They have as yet got but one steamer, the Ecuda; but it is stated that she has paid tolerably well. The commander, however, is an Englishman, and she is under Frank management. A project for running a small steamer on the Bosphorous has just been set on foot, chiefly under the direction of Mr. Anderson, who has undertaken to get the vessel sent out.

There appears to be no difficulty in procuring subscriptions for the capital; and as Frank and Armenian merchants and bankers, residing in country-houses of the Bosphorous to the number of about 100, have come forward also as annual subscribers of 300 pisastres (£3) per month each, for being carried to and from their residences, the speculation must be a sure one. All that is wanting is the Sultan's firman, which it is thought will be granted.—Boston Atlas.

From the Salem Register, July 26.

The U. S. Apprentice boys marched up in a body and visited the East India Museum on Thursday. They made quite a display with their extremely neat uniform dress, their smiling, sunburnt countenances and cheerful demeanor. It is very evident that Uncle Sam is proud of these boys, for he keeps them in good condition; and well he may for they will do honor to his "wooden walls."

The lads attracted much attention, especially from our old Captains and seafaring men generally, who seemed to be as proud of the young tars as a father of his children, or as the apprentices themselves are of their snug little brig. Uncle Sam never did a better thing than when he introduced this system. There is no excuse now for boys in seaport towns especially, becoming idle vagabonds. Most of them have a fancy for a sailor's life, and if they will only look to the old gentleman and behave themselves he will make a man of every mother's son of them. Several from this city have already entered the service, and there is an astonishing improvement in the looks, deportment and habits of the little fellows. They feel a pride in their vocation, are satisfied with their situation and officers, and are as happy as good fare, good treatment, and the pursuit of an honorable employment can make them. Five of the Salem boys formed a part of the crew of the brig on her late visit, and it may well be supposed they were lions among their old companions. Each had his situation as foretopmen, maintopman, &c. and could roll over his sea phrases and criticise the management of the pilot, with as much gusto as any old salt among us. Talking of pilots, by the way reminds us that when the brig was off our harbor, the commanding officer, not being authorized to pay pilot fees, left it to the boys whether they would take a pilot and enter or not. The lads jumped at the proposal and sailor like, each contributed his proportion towards compensating the pilot—The brig left on Thursday and visited Marblehead harbor. When she returns to Boston from her cruise, which will last a week or a fortnight, the boys now on board will go again to the Columbus and their places be supplied by another crew. And so in rotation until all the apprentices have had an opportunity to become practically acquainted with sea service. We hope to be favored with frequent visits from the little brig Apprentice and her interesting crews.

A Challenge for Cincinnati.—Mr. Squire Newbury of this city, is now the owner of a monster of the swine species which weighs no less than *thirteen hundred and sixty pounds*—N. Y. Com.

An unhealthy City.—Houston, Texas, which was settled five years ago, has now four thousand inhabitants, and within the same period, there have been *six thousand burials!* An average of nearly four every day in the year.—Southern Patriot.

Indian Ball Play.—The Red River Republican has the following:

We understand that a ball play lately come off near the Calcasieu; in this parish; between the Bulexe and Choctaw Indians. The parties bet every thing they were possessed of in the world, saddles, bridles, and even the clothing on their backs, including their shirts. The Choctaws proved triumphant, and their opponents surrendered them every thing they had, and went home naked. While the play was going on; the squaws got to betting among themselves, and the Bulexe squaws soon found themselves in the same fix as their lords.

From Demerara.—The schooner Lucy, Capt. Chase arrived at Portland, on Friday morning, from Demerara, in 23 days. We learn from the Advertiser that Capt. Chase transported over 100 Portuguese laborers as passengers, from Madeira to Demerara, to work on the plantations and in other services, instead of the blacks, who have been absolved from servitude by the British government. Capt. Chase observes that these laborers were received with great favor by the colonial government, and were supplied with food and clothing, and placed in situations to obtain immediate employment. He represents the conduct of the liberated slaves as insolent, idle, and disorderly in the extreme, and that no dependence can be placed upon them for the ordinary duties on the plantations and in the trades they formerly discharged.

THE GREAT MEETING IN NEW YORK.

According to previous announcement, the Whigs of the city of New York assembled in Canal street to express their deliberate opinions in favor of a *National Bank* with power to establish *Branches* wherever they may be deemed necessary. The number present is variously estimated at from four to ten thousand.—The Courrier says:—

Never was there greater unanimity of opinion exhibited at a public meeting; and if the voice of the people has any weight at Washington, there will be no compromise of *principle* on the grounds of *expediency*, but Mr. CLAY'S bill for giving to a National Bank *National* powers—those rights and powers without which it would be a useless incumbrance of the statute books—will become the law of the land.

The meeting being organized a letter was read from ex-Governor Poindexter, in which he declined the invitation given to him to address the meeting, but avowed his entire concurrence with the objects of the meeting.

The following resolutions were then unanimously adopted, and with long continued cheers.

1. Resolved, That the unequal value of the bank paper of the several States—depreciated in degree varying in the different sections of the country, is "a stain on public and private credit—injurious to the morals of the community," and "opposed to the principles of the Federal Constitution." That the power is given to Congress by that instrument, to regulate the currency of the United States; and that the existing depreciated currency can only be regulated and made uniform, by the exercise of a power for that purpose by the General Government.—That specie payment throughout the country, ought without unavoidable delay to be resumed. That a currency of uniform value is indispensable to the practical regulation of commerce between the States, and with foreign countries;—would restore the public finances; stimulate the industry of the people renew their mutual confidence, facilitate the beneficial exchange of their agricultural, mechanical, manufacturing and commercial products; increase their enterprise at home and abroad; and restore to the nation the industry, prosperity and happiness from which it has fallen. We therefore entreat from Congress, the adoption at the present session, of such measures, as will secure to the country the benefits we have enumerated.

2. Resolved, That gold and silver being confessedly insufficient for the business of the American People, are not and cannot be, the only "*money*." That whatever is the medium of purchase and sale—in which State Banks is now chiefly employed—is the money of the country; and that the constitutional power to "regulate the value" of "money" comprehends the right to equalize the value of the notes of the State Banks.

3. Resolved, That the legitimate mode of obtaining these desirable ends, is the establishment of a National Bank; clothed with all powers necessary to discharge all the functions which experience has proved to be necessary for securing the benefits to be derived from such an institution.

4. Resolved, that in the absence of such an institution, private enterprise, activity and prosperity have uniformly languished; the public means and credit have been diminished, and individual and national embarrassment have prevailed; whilst the establishment by Congress of a National Bank, has in each case revived the public finances, quickened individual effort and sucress, and enlarged the business and prosperity and happiness of the country.

5. Resolved that the constitutional power to create a National Bank, such as heretofore existed, has been so often sanctioned by successive Presidents, by the Representatives of the States and of the People, and by the Judiciary that we cannot regard it as an open question.—That the Constitution was intended as an honest, and a practical thing—suited to the wants and interests of a great people—and to be administered on permanent principles, of any invasion of which the Supreme Court of the United States was in the last resort to be the arbiter. That to unsettle by Congressional construction to-day, what had been settled so often by legislative, executive and judicial determination, is to weaken the foundations of our Government and *make it the puppet of dreams, theory and visionary abstraction.*

6. Resolved, That we are in favor of the creation at the present session of Congress, of a Bank with the power to establish Branches in the several States and Territories—that we regard the granting of such power as within the constitutionally defined authority of the Federal Gov-

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