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. VIII. EASTON, (MARYLAND) SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 7, 1825. NO. 21.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED
EVERY SATURDAY EVENING BY
ALEXANDER GRAHAM,

At 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.

AGRICULTURE
AND
DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

From the American Farmer, April 29.

The Maryland Association for the improvement of the breed of Horses.

At a meeting of the above named association, held in the city of Baltimore, on the 30th ultimo, It was, on motion of J. S. Skinner, resolved to offer the purses of the association exclusively for horses owned *bona fide* within the state of Maryland; and President T. Tenant, the hon. John Barney, and J. S. Skinner, were appointed to publish an exposition of the original views of the association, and of the particular considerations under which the above resolution was adopted—in virtue of which appointment the following views were presented to and approved at a meeting of the association, on Wednesday, the 27th inst.

This society was formed in the year 1823 by many amongst the most public spirited citizens of the state, and the liberality with which it was supported, no less than the zeal with which it was commenced, promised the most valuable results. Though these results have been to a certain extent frustrated, or retarded, by some false steps in the outset, they have not been altogether *defeated*. A number of very promising colts, as your committee have reason to think, are now coming forward under the influence of this association; nor have they from all they can learn, any reason to fear but that, under its auspices, a general melioration will yet be effected in the stock of that noble animal, with vast profit to the state at large, and to the great comfort and pleasure of all those whose pleasures and comforts are connected with his use.

The clear gain that would accrue to Maryland from such improvement as may easily be made in her stock of horses, would forcibly strike and command the attention of her landholders, if there were any means of computing and showing to them, the vast amount of which the state is now annually drained to pay for horses brought from other states, and which ought, without any additional expense, to go into their own pockets. A serious and perhaps yet greater loss, is that which accrues from breeding and using animals of unsightly figure, of unthrifty constitution—and of action, both for saddle and harness, heavy and graceless in itself, as it is uneasy and mortifying to the rider. A true estimate of the mere aggregate *waste of time*, in a community whose pursuits and movements are so much associated with, and dependent on the powers of the *horse*, when the breed in use is cold-blooded and slothful, would excite the surprise and awaken the anxiety of those who forget not the saying of the wise Franklin, that *time is money*. Your committee are of opinion, that whether the horse be destined to meet the shock and mingle in the fray of battle, or whether

"——— in the chase, with emulation fir'd,
He strains to lead the field, top the barr'd gate,
O'er the deep ditch exulting bound, and brush
The thorny-twining hedge,"

for these and all other purposes, his certain improvement and his highest capacities are only to be secured by having recourse to the blood of the thorough bred race horse of Arabian descent. Neither foot nor wind can be relied on but as derivable from that high origin.

The blood horse, says one of the best judges in this country, is originally from a hot climate and arid soil, and where the base-born suffocates with heat, and faints with fatigue, his wind and strength are untouched. His 'long slouching walk,' says the same accomplished writer and experienced sportsman, 'tells on the road and in the plough, especially on a hot sultry summer's day.'

With benefits so obvious and valuable, resulting from adherence to the purest stocks, the only thing wanting by the breeders of Maryland horses, was the unerring and indispensable test of a well managed *race course*, to put the genuine stamp on those of highest qualities and greatest power. The great object, therefore, in the view of the Maryland Association was, not so much to stimulate by mere force of *mercenary impulse*, as to open a course for the trial of speed and bottom, under the management of gentlemen whose character would guarantee that these trials should be conducted by the strictest rules of honour and propriety, and that every man of unfair repute should be excluded, and every thing of demoralizing tendency banished from the scene of competition. In short, the Canton course is intended to afford a standard to measure the powers of the most promising colts which may be reared in this state, and to give to their skilful and enterprising breeders the means of establishing the characters of such as have powers to excel. By this means, and by this only, can the least worthy of the race be ascertained, and condemned to the odium of celibacy and hard labour; while the more highly gifted are reserved for the conflicts and triumphs of the turf, and as their last and highest reward, ultimately turned loose to enjoy the pleasures of propagating their like, and the honour of transmitting their names and memories to succeeding ages. To use an illustration familiar to farmers, the standard erected on the turf is as necessary to cleanse, and purify, and perpetuate the breed of fine horses, as is the sieve to winnow and separate the chaff and other offal from sound grain.

The *faux pas* committed by this association, as experience has demonstrated, was in offering at the *onset* their purses to competitors from other states, where the finest horses, the art of training, and the sports of the turf, inseparable from each other, have been sedulously preserved. These horses, preceded by the fame of their wonderful performances, have come from abroad and walked over our course, and borne off rewards which should only be the meed of the highest mettle and greatest achievement. The breeders of horses in Maryland, comparatively unprepared and inexperienced have not ventured to enter the lists where certain discomfiture awaited them; and hence the public disappointment in the beneficial effects anticipated from the measures of this association. Notwithstanding this discouragement, however, your committee are gratified to learn, as before stated, that there are now coming on many thorough bred colts of high promise, which will be ready to take the field and do credit to their owners, under the suitable encouragement and the equal chance of success secured to them by the resolution which restricts the purses to horses *bona fide* owned by citizens of the state of Maryland and the district of Columbia north of the Potomac.

When the sportsmen of Maryland shall have replenished their studs of fine horses, they will be prompt to fling open the gates and challenge competitors from every quarter in the gallant and manly exercises of the course. Finally, your committee solicit with confidence the support of the citizens, and particularly the agriculturalists of the state to the further efforts of this association, in the full confidence that it may yet be made to yield all the real profit, and to answer all the valuable purposes for which it was originally designed.

May Races—*Subscription Purses.*—There will be run for, over the Canton Course, on the 25th and 26th days of May next, the following Subscription Purses, free for any Horse, Mare, or Gelding, *bona fide* owned by any person living in the state of Maryland or district of Columbia; to carry weight, &c. agreeably to the rules of the Maryland Association. Any Horse not owned by a subscriber, to pay an entrance of $20.

1st day, 4 mile heats, for a purse of $300
2d day, 3 mile heats, for a purse of 200
And on the 3d day, the Proprietor's Silver Cup, free for Saddle Horses only—1 mile heats.

The Horses must be entered with the subscriber on or before 3 o'clock, P. M. of the day preceding the race.

The Horses to start at 12 o'clock each day, precisely. Gambling on the ground is prohibited.

E. L. FINLEY.

[*From the Boston Spectator.*]

THE BATTLE OF TRENTON.

The following description will probably be new to most of our readers. Its vivid details, although extracted from a work of fiction, are, we believe, agreeable to the truth of history, and relate to one of the most momentous events in our country's history: An event that raised the drooping confidence and courage of those who fought and prayed for our cause, which had before assumed an appearance almost desperate:

"The night was intensely cold, and we were delayed many hours longer than had been anticipated, by an accumulation of ice in the river. And here, if you would get a good notion of the countenance of Washington at this time—the most eventful and trying moment of his life—I would recommend that you study a picture just painted by Mr. Sully, of Philadelphia, upon this subject. He has been singularly happy—and when I recollect the face of Washington, as he reined up for half an hour, within pistol shot of me, it appears to me that some man must have painted it, who was with us at that time. Before we came down to the ferry—there was an awful solemnity, darkness and repose on it. But *there*, when in sight of the troops, as they were severally embarking, every man of whom, so long as the face of their commander could be seen, even after the boats had put off, kept his eyes upon it; it was full of a loftier, more animated, youthful and heroic expression, of encouragement and confidence.

"You have heard of General Knox, then Colonel—and of his stentorian voice. I assure you that no justice can be done to him or it; my ears rung for a fortnight after, at the same hour of the night—and do yet, when I remember how he galloped about, cursing and swearing, dismounting every five minutes, and lifting at his own artillery like a giant.—He was a gallant fellow—full of blood—with all the blunt, strong New-England hardihood. And Greene, too—he was there—the only man of all our armies capable, I believe, in case of any disaster, to take the place of Washington—there *he* sat, full of deep, religious composure,—his broad forehead fronting the fires that were kindled near the place of debarkation.

"At last, though not until three o'clock in the morning, we were fairly landed upon the Jersey shore, and, by 5, had taken up our line of march.

"Our whole army passed softly, and silently, by two or three officers, posted upon the road side, continually waving their swords, with a motion as if to enjoin the most deathlike stillness; and deathlike it was, for nothing could be heard, but the blowing of horses, a jolting sound now and then in the wet snow where the artillery wagons and carriages cut through into the ground—and a general rush, as deep, heavy water.

"A few moments after, a troop of Virginians, under Captain Washington, (afterwards so distinguished at the south,) paraded in beautiful style, through the heavy snow, and brought us intelligence which tended to accelerate our march. Before his arrival, we had hoped (as I afterwards found) to surprise the enemy at Trenton, while yet overpowered by the festivities of the preceding night—and make his morning sleep, the sleep of death—but now that hope was abandoned, for Captain Washington had encountered his picket, exchanged a few shot, and left him prepared for—what it is remarkable that he had heard a vague rumor of—our intended attack. Yet this very affair, which, at first, threatened to be so disastrous, the frolic of Captain Washington, was probably the chief reason why we succeeded in surprising the enemy at last; for, as that was not followed up, he retired to quarters, after waiting a reasonable time, as we afterwards found, thinking the whole a Virginia *row*.

"Our troops were now thrown into two divisions. We were separated from our father—who was detached under Sullivan and St. Clair to take the river road—while we, under Washington himself, Greene, Morris, and Stevens, pushed onward through what is called the Pennington road.

"A few moments afterwards—just while I thought my heart had lost its motion entirely—for I felt, in looking about me, and seeing the dark array of substantial, but noiseless creatures, horses and wagons—as if the whole army were an apparition—a cavalcade of dead men—marching from one place of burial to another:—I heard a shot, so near me that my horse leaped out of the rank. This was followed by a loud cry—two or three words—a volley—and then, shot after shot, as if a line of sentinels, sleeping upon their post, had suddenly started up, one after the other, fired off their pieces, and run in.

"Our advance were well furnished with bayonets—and they immediately charged upon the picket, and we dashed after them, trampling them to death, with our horses, riding over them like a whirlwind, without speaking a word or firing a shot. This was scarcely done, when we heard the firing of the other division, at the opposite quarter—so admirably timed had been the arrangement—and we immediately galloped into the centre of the town, foot and foot, determined to ride the enemy down, or bayonet them, before they had time to form. Washington was dreadfully exposed. The first picket, thinking this a second attack of the same little skirmishing party, that had fired into them before, neglected to give the alarm:—and the outposts, though they fought most gallantly, retreating step by step, behind the houses, disputing every inch, and presenting their bright bayonets, without a flash of powder, wherever we rode in upon them—so that we could not, with all our cutting and spurring, force our horses upon them—and then the moment that we had faced about, blazing away upon us, and running to the next house—were driven in.

At last we had an opportunity for fair play; the Hessians were formed, and forming, with the whole glittering with bayonets. A tremendous struggle was going on at our right, under the very eye of Washington, with the enemy's artillery, which was taken; when, with a troop of horse, Archibald rode down, his cap off, his sword flashing, like a firebrand, in the light and smoke of the musketry—'charge! charge! he cried—charge! my brave fellows! and provoke them to fire.' Another troop! another! and another! thundered down, from the right and left, but with no effect at all upon the invincible Germans; the front rank kneeled all round—while the rest were forming, and presented their bayonets, without firing a shot.

'By heaven!' said Archibald, shouting, as if his heart would break, to Captain Washington, I will try them again!' and, as he said so, he rode, at full speed, so near, that it appeared to me that he could have struck the enemy with his sword—and fired his pistol into their faces. Our front rank followed the example—and the next moment, all the Hessians brought their pieces up to their cheeks, and poured a tremendous volley in upon us—I saw my father fall—Arthur reel in his stirrups—but Archibald, as if prepared for this very thing, shouted, 'wheel and charge!'

'Wheel and charge!' repeated a hundred voices in our rear—'wheel and charge!'

We obeyed—and the snow flew—and the swords flashed—and the next moment, a hundred of the enemy—the whole of his front rank, were trampled to death before us, and twenty human heads rolled upon the ground, among the feet of our horses.

The infantry, under Greene, poured in volley after volley, at the same time; and Knox, having brought round his light field pieces to bear, as if they had been blunderbusses, played in upon them an uninterrupted roll of thunder and smoke.

It was impossible to stand it—no human being could have endured the hurricane of fire bullets longer. They threw down their arms—about one thousand men in all—and then it was—*then*—when it was necessary to move about the quieter operations of strife, that we began to feel the intense coldness of the night—the keen air cutting into our new wounds, like rough broken glass."

ANECDOTE OF WASHINGTON.
From the National Journal.

Many years ago, and some time before the revolution, Colonel Washington and his lady was in the habit of visiting a watering place in Virginia, and at which place there was a great resort of company, among whom there always were poor, sick, and lame people, who came to seek the benefit of the waters, with very slender means. An acquaintance with the situation of these people, was the constant but secret care of colonel Washington. It was observed by the relater of this anecdote, that they drew fresh bread every day, without money. Curiosity led him to inquire of the baker how he expected to get paid; he hesitated, and said he was enjoined not to tell; that the very people that eat the bread did not know who paid for it. This but increased his curiosity; when, with strong injunctions of secrecy, he whispered in his ear, he received his pay from colonel Washington; that it had always been his practice when at Bath, and that the bill was a pretty considerable one!

This is that same Washington that, under God, achieved our independence; and, consequently, our present national happiness and glory; but is himself denied a monument, which, I suppose, would not cost above two hundred thousand dollars. But the faithful historian will raise a monument to his name, and amongst the ample materials perhaps this fragment may find a place.

A VIRGINIAN.

Gallipolis, (Ohio.) Jan. 25.

HIGH WORK INDEED.

A few days since a man by the name of —— Sans having made some advances to a young lady in the county of Meigs, which did not meet with the approbation of her father, the old gentleman forbid him the house. But my gentleman, intent upon his game, was not to be defeated in this way. He with a few of his associates, went to the magistrate, procured a state's warrant for the old gentleman, had him arrested in the dead of the night, and put under keepers; then by virtue of a summons, took the daughter pretendedly as a witness against her father; instead of taking her to the magistrate's where her father was confined, they took her to a neighbouring house where the same magistrate who had issued the warrant for the father and summons for the daughter, soon made his appearance, and where through much persuasion, the girl was joined in wedlock, after which the father was suffered to depart in peace to his own house.

[This may pass for a joke at Gallipolis but it would be a very dry joke if justice was done to the parties]

[*From the Journal Inutile.*]

LONDON.—The manner of knocking at the doors in this city designates the quality of the persons who present themselves: one stroke too little would be to degrade one's self, and one too many an usurpation, or ignorance.

One stroke only announces the milk man, the coal man, a house servant, or a mendicant; it signifies *I should like to enter.*—*Two strokes* indicate the post boy, the bearer of visiting cards, or any other messenger; it denotes that he is in haste, and *it is necessary that I enter.*—*Three strokes* denote the master or mistress of the house, or those who ordinarily frequent it, and says in an imperitive tone, *Open. Four strokes* rapidly repeated, announce a person of fashion, one degree below nobility, who has arrived in a carriage, it signifies *I wish to enter.*—*Four strokes, twice repeated loudly*, announce My Lord, My Lady, a Nabob, a Russian Prince, a German Baron, or some other extraordinary personage, it signifies *I do you much honor by calling upon you.* This manner of knocking is an universal practice. A servant who should strike one stroke less than belongs to the rank or pretensions of his master, would be at once dismissed from his service. Truly, of all the ways of *making a noise in the world*, this is not the least absurd.

It is the custom among persons of the first rank in London, to add at the bottom of their invitation cards, the four initials, R. S. V. P. Many to whom these cards are addressed, are profoundly ignorant of the meaning of these letters. The lady of a baronet, who was in the habit of receiving such cards, was much puzzled to understand the meaning of these perplexing capitals. She resorted to her husband for an explanation, who had the mortification of not being able to give it her. She called on her son, who, as he was considered a prodigy in College, was much dejected at not being able to solve the meaning of these mysterious letters. Recalling to his memory all that he had seen of the like in his books, he concluded that the meaning of R. S. was *Romanus Senatus*, and V. P. *Vox Populi*, but he was altogether unable to comprehend what the *Senate of Rome* and the *Voice of the People*, had, in common, with an invitation to a card party, or to take tea. They found at length, a person competent to relieve my lady from her embarrassment, by informing her, that these four letters were the initials of four French words, *Reponse s'il vous plat*, (An answer if you please.)

AN ALMANACK.

A certain nobleman, being at London, and having a considerable number of servants, among them was one in whom he reposed a great deal of confidence, one of his fellow servants being jealous of him, went to make a complaint to his master, in order to get him turned out of service, and all he could impeach him for was, that he was a great gamester at cards—at which the nobleman being highly displeased (for gamesters were a set of people he mortally hated) took the opportunity to call him to an account, in order to chastise him for the same—Jack, says the Nobleman, what's this I hear of you?

J.—I cant tell, please your Lordship, what is it?

N.—Why I am informed you are a great gamester at cards.

J.—My Lord who was it informed you so, its a false report, I wish I could know who told you.

N.—'Tis no matter for that, are you really a gamester or not?

J.—My Lord, I am so far from a gamester, I never play'd a card in my life, nor do I know even what a card means.

N.—Well I am glad of that on your account; however we shall call in the informer to your face, and know if these reports be true.

J.—With all my heart my Lord I am very well satisfied.

The Informer being call'd in, did not you tell me says the Nobleman, that Jack was a great gamester at cards?

Infor.—I did my Lord.

N.—Why then you villain you, how dare you belie any one to my face, why Jack utterly denies it.

Inform.—I dont care my Lord, I will prove it to his face, that he is now one of the greatest gamesters in London, and to convince your Lordship of the truth, search him, and you will find a pack of cards in his pocket—Jack being searched they were haul'd out—the nobleman being in a fury, began to rave and stamp in a passion, saying you are an impudent rogue, how dare you be guilty of such a falsehood before my face, did not you tell me that you never play'd a card in your life, nor could tell what a card meant, and now I find them in your pocket you villain, seeing you are guilty, what reason had you to deny it; had you confess'd your fault I would be apt to forgive you, but now I will punish you with the utmost severity not only because you are a gamester, but because you are also a liar.

J.—My Lord your lordship may use your pleasure, but I hope you will not condemn me for a fault I am not guilty of.

N.—You villain, what stronger proof need there be, than the cards being found in your pocket.

J.—My Lord if you call *these cards*, I do not, neither do I use them as such.

N.—Why what do you call them?

J.—Why my lord this is my Almanack.

N.—Your Almanack, you dog did any one make an Almanack of a pack of cards you villain, what sense could any body make of them.

J.—My Lord I am no scholar and for that reason I use them as an Almanack to rule and govern the year by.

N.—Well Jack, if so let me hear how you manage your cards and if I find you convert them to a proper use, I will not in the least be angry with you but will freely forgive you.

J.—Why then my lord, I consider in the first place there are four suits in the cards that intimates the four quarters of the year, then as there are thirteen cards in every suit that's just as many as there are weeks in a quarter, there are also as many moons in a year as there are cards in a suit, there are twelve court cards which intimates the twelve months of the year, there are fifty two cards in the pack and that directly answers the exact number of weeks in a year; examine the cards a little further and you will find as many spots in them as there are days in a year, there being three hundred and sixty five spots in a pack of cards, which are exactly the number of days in a year, then I multiply by and divide by which brings me out the exact number of hours and minutes in a year.

N.—Very well Jack, I cant say but you apply your Almanack exceedingly well, but pray do you make no further use of your cards?

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