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(May 7)

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JAMES DENNY.
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TEAM-BOAT

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Dr Hammond

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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AGRICULTURE AND DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

From the American Farmer.

RACING,

Recommendation of, as a means of improving the breed of horses—condemned.

Mr. Editor,

In your last paper, I read, with some degree of surprise, a recommendation of *racing* as a means of improving the breed of *horses*. What next? Shall we have *boxing* for the improvement of *men*, and *cock-fighting* for the improvement of *poultry*? To say the least of it, such a scheme does not appear to me to suit the columns of a paper devoted to agriculture, rural economy and the useful arts.

If the improvement desired is for useful (not gambling,) purposes, the means proposed are inadequate. Virginia has long been famous for her coursers—Do we find her breed improved? With the exception of a few good saddle and turf horses, her stock is bad. Pennsylvania and New Jersey never made any figure on the turf, yet are remarkable for good horses.

I should be sorry to loose the blood of the English race-horse—it is valuable to intermix with that of less noble origin; but no judge will pretend that a *thorough bred* horse is the proper nag for a farm. I grant that he works well; but he is hard to keep in good condition. He will travel as far in a day as a horse of any other blood, but he wants the proper *action* for the road. For the wagon, heavy horses are required: not a drop of racing blood is necessary in them. For the cart and plough, the Canadian breed, descended from the English cart horse, are excellent.* For the saddle, a horse of mixed blood (half or three fourths English, half or fourth country blood,) is best. Such a horse is fit for almost any use. Good coach horses are produced, by a cross of the race horse, on a well formed Pennsylvania wagon mare. We have a great variety of breeds some of them are very valuable, that require no further tests. From them, gentlemen may have horses of any *form* or *gait*, according to their particular fancies, without difficulty.

But, it will be asked, how, are we, without contests on the turf, to ascertain the best horses? I reply, by *inspection* and the *performance* (not on the turf,) of their progeny. These contests do not afford infallible means of ascertaining superior merit. Much depends on keeping, training, riding—to say nothing of accidents, corruption, combinations, jockeying, &c. We have frequently seen horses, whose powers appeared to change with their owners: a single second may give the purse; but, surely, the horse who wins by that space of time, is not proved to be better than his competitor. Eclipse won the great race at New York—yet every Southerner believed *Henry* the best horse.

The most famous racers do not always produce the best colts. Instances will occur to every gentleman who has paid any attention to the subject.

Horse racing is attended with so many *evils*, that I should be sorry to see it revived. It has been gradually going out of fashion for twenty years; and is so completely so, at this time, that *ladies* are hardly ever seen on the course.

Your paper is calculated to be highly useful to the great body of the people, the farmers of the United States. Let them, their wives and children, remain at home. Do not, I beseech you, invite them to the *race course*. Teach us how to enrich our lands, and increase our domestic comforts; to improve our minds and our morals; and do not fear but we will find more innocent *amusements* than *horse racing*, and *those* that invariably *attend it*—and that we will breed *good horses*, although the art of racing should be lost. "*Do no evil that good may come.*"—"*Time is money.*"—Both time and money are valuable.—Let them not be *wasted* in the *training stable* and on the *race course*.

A Farmer.

Maryland, May 5, 1825.

*Some will be for sale at the Cattle Show.

ATTACK ON St. SEBASTIAN'S,

During the war of the Peninsula.

So passed the night of the 30th, a night of deep anxiety to many, and of high excitement to all; and many a will was made as soldiers make their wills before morning. About an hour before day, the troops were, as usual under arms; and then the final orders were given for the assault. The division was to enter the trenches about 10 o'clock, in what is called light marching order; that is, leaving their knapsacks, blankets, &c. behind and carrying with them only their arms and ammunition; and their forlorn hope was to prepare to move forward, as soon as the tide should appear sufficiently low to permit their crossing the river. This post was assigned to certain detachments of volunteers, who had come down from the various divisions of the army, for the purpose of assisting in the assault of the place. These were to be followed by the 1st. or royal regiment of foot that by the 4th; that by the 9th, and that by the 47th; while several corps of Portuguese were to remain behind as a reserve, and to act as circumstances should require, for the support or cover of the assailing brigades. Such were the orders issued at day-break on the 30th of August, and these orders, all who heard them, cheerfully prepared to obey.

It is a curious fact, but it is a fact, that the morning of the 31st rose darkly and gloomily as if the elements themselves had been aware of the approaching conflict, and were determined to add to its awfulness by their disorder. A close oppressive heat pervaded the atmosphere, whilst lowering and sulphureous clouds covered the face of the sky, and hindered the sun from darting upon us one intervening ray, from morning till night. A sort of preternatural stillness, too, was in the air; the birds were silent in the groves; the very dogs and horses in the camp, and cattle besides, gazed in apparent alarm about them. As the day passed on, and the hour of attack drew near, the clouds gradually collected into one black mass directly over the devoted city; and almost at the instant when our troops began to march into the trenches, the storm burst forth. Still, it was comparatively mild in its effects. An occasional flash of lightning, succeeded by a burst of thunder, was all of it which we felt, though it was enough to divert our attention.

The forlorn hope took its station at the mouth of the most advanced trench, about half past ten o'clock. The tide which had long turned, was now fast ebbing, and these gallant fellows beheld its departure with a degree of feverish anxiety, such as he only can imagine, who stood in a similar situation. This was the first time that a town was stormed by daylight since the commencement of the war, and the storming party were enabled distinctly to perceive the preparations which were making for their reception. There was, therefore, something, not only interesting but novel, in beholding the muzzle of the enemy's cannon, from the castle and other batteries, turned in such a direction as to flank the breaches; whilst the glancing of bayonets, and the occasional rise of caps and feathers, gave notice of the line of infantry which was forming underneath the parapet. There an officer could, from time to time, be distinguished, leaning his telescope over the rampart, or through the opening of an embrasure, prying with deep attention into new arrangements.

Nor were our own officers, particularly those of the engineers, idle. With the greatest coolness they exposed themselves to a dropping fire of musketry which the enemy at intervals kept up, whilst they examined and re-examined the state of the breaches—a procedure which cost the life of as brave and experienced a soldier as that distinguished corps has produced. I allude to Sir Richard Fletcher, chief engineer to the army, who was shot through the head a few minutes before the column advanced to the assault.

It would be difficult to convey to the mind of an ordinary reader any thing like a correct notion of the state of feeling which takes possession of a man waiting for the commencement of a battle. In the first place, time appears to move upon leaden wings; every minute seems an hour, and every hour a day. Then there is a strange commingling of levity and seriousness within him—a levity which prompts him to laugh, he scarce knows why; and a seriousness which urges him ever and anon to lift up a mental prayer to the Throne of Grace. On such occasions little or no conversation passes. The privates generally lean upon their firelocks—the officers upon their swords; few words, except in monosyllables, at least in answer to questions put, are wasted. On these occasions, too, the faces of the bravest often change colour, and the limbs of the most resolute tremble, not with fear, but with anxiety; whilst watches are consulted, till the individuals who consult them grow absolutely weary of this employment. On the whole, it is a situation of higher excitement, and darker and deeper agitation, than any other in human life; nor can he be said to have felt all which man is capable of feeling, who has not filled it.

Noon had barely passed, when the low state of the tide giving evidence that the river might be forded, the word was given to advance. Silent as the grave the column moved forward. In one instant the leading files had cleared the trenches and the others poured on in quick succession after them, when the work of death began. The enemy had reserved their fire till the head of the column had gained the middle of the stream then opened with the most deadly effect.—Grape, canister, musketry, shells, grenades, and every species of missile, were hurled from the ramparts, beneath which our gallant fellows dropped like corn before the reaper, insomuch, that in the space of two minutes, the river was literally choaked up with the bodies of the killed and wounded, over whom, without distinction, the advancing divisions pressed on.

The opposite bank was soon gained, and the short space between the landing place and the foot of the breach rapidly cleared, without a single shot having been returned by the assailants. But here the most alarming prospect awaited them. Instead of a wide and tolerably level chasm the breach presented the appearance only of an ill-built wall, thrown considerably from its perpendicular; to ascend which, even though unopposed would be no easy task. It was, however, too late to pause; besides, men's blood was hot, and their courage on fire; so they pressed on, clambering up as they best could, and effectually hindered one another from falling back, by the eagerness of the rear-rank to follow those in front. Shouts and groans were now mingled with the roar of cannons and the rattle of musketry; our front ranks likewise had an opportunity of occasionally firing with effect; and the slaughter on both sides was dreadful.

At length the head of the column forced its way to the summit of the breach; where it was met in the most gallant style by the bayonets of the garrison. When I say the summit of the breach, I meant not to assert that our soldiers stood on a level with their enemies, for this was not the case. There was a high step, which the assailants must surmount before they could gain the same ground with the defenders, and a considerable period elapsed ere that step was surmounted. Here bayonet met bayonet, sabre met sabre, in close and desperate strife, the one party being unable to advance, or the other succeeding in driving them back.

Things had continued in this state for nearly a quarter of an hour, when Major Soodgrass, at the head of the 13th Portuguese regiment, dashed across the river by his own ford, and assaulted the lower breach. This attack was made in the most cool and determined manner; but here too, the obstacles were almost insurmountable; nor is it probable that the place would have been carried at all, but for a measure adopted by Gen. Graham, such as never perhaps had been adopted before. Perceiving that matters were almost desperate, he had recourse to a desperate remedy, and ordered our own artillery to fire upon the breach. Nothing could be more exact or beautiful than this practice. Though our men stood only about two feet below the breach, scarcely a single ball from the guns of our batteries struck amongst them, whilst all told with fearful exactness among the enemy.

This fire had been kept up only a few minutes, when all at once an explosion took place, such as drowned every noise, and apparently confounded, for an instant, the combatants on both sides. A shell from one of our mortars had exploded near the train, which communicated with a quantity of gun-powder, placed under the breach. This mine the French had intended to spring as soon as our troops should have made good their footing, or established themselves on the summit; but the fortunate accident just mentioned anticipated them. It exploded whilst three hundred grenadiers, the *elite* of the garrison, stood over it, and instead of sweeping the storming party into eternity, it only cleared a way for their advance. It was a spectacle as appalling and as grand as the imagination can conceive—the sight of that explosion. The noise was more awful than any which I have ever heard before or since; whilst a bright flash, instantly succeeded by a smoke so dense, as to obsure all vision, produced an effect upon those who witnessed it, such as no powers of language are adequate to describe. Such, indeed, was the effect of the whole occurrence that for perhaps half a minute after, not a shot was fired on either side. Both parties stood still to gaze upon the havoc which had been produced; insomuch, that a whisper might have caught your ear for a distance of several yards.

The state of stupefication into which they were thrown, did not, however, last long with the British troops. As the smoke and dust of the ruins cleared away, they beheld before them a space empty of defenders, and they instantly rushed forward to occupy it. Uttering an appalling shout, the troops sprung over the dilapidated parapet, and the rampart was their own. Now then began all those maddening scenes, which are witnessed only in successful storms, of flight, and slaughter, and parties rallying only to be broken and dispersed; till, finally, having cleared the works from the right and left the soldiers poured down into the town.

To reach the streets, they were obliged to leap about fifteen feet, or to make their way through the burning houses which joined the wall. Both courses were adopted according as different parties were guided in their pursuit of the flying enemy, and here again the battle was renewed. The French fought with desperate courage; nor was it till a late hour in the evening that all opposition on their part ceased.

Edinburg Magazine.

COLONEL JOHNSON.

Among the many instances of intrepidity and noble daring exhibited by our countrymen during the late war with Great Britain, perhaps no single event on record displays more cool and unshrinking bravery, and a more fixed determination to perform a duty at every hazard—than the conduct of Col. Richard M. Johnson, in the celebrated battle of the Thames. Our attention was directed to this subject by a publication from the Rev. O. B. Brown of the District of Columbia, who has written a detailed and very interesting account of this action to shew that the noted Indian Chief, Tecumseh, fell by the hands of Col. Johnson, and not, as has been recently erroneously stated, by a lad of 16 years of age. The writer received his information verbally from two officers who were in the action, and in his letter says:—*Amer.*

In that memorable battle, it will be recollected that Col. Johnson, with one half of his regiment, led the charge against the Indians, whose numbers were about 3 times as great as his own, while his brother, Lieut. Col. James Johnson, with the other half of the regiment, led the charge against the British regulars. General Proctor commanded the regulars, and Tecumseh commanded the Indians. As Col. Johnson advanced against the Indians, who, according to their custom, were concealed by lying in the grass and bushes, and behind trees, he selected twenty men with whom he advanced a few rods in front of the main body, to bring on the battle without exposing the whole to the first fire of the Indians. While thus advancing, they were fired upon, and nineteen out of the twenty fell, leaving but one man of that number, besides the Colonel, to pursue the charge. This shot brought the Indians from their ambush. The Colonel immediately ordered his men to dismount and advance to the combat. The order was promptly obeyed: the Colonel only remained mounted. A dreadful conflict immediately ensued. In the midst of this scene of slaughter the Colonel still moving forward into the midst of the Indians, he observed one who was evidently a commander, and who displayed more than ordinary gallantry. He was a rallying point for the Indians; and while he stood, they appeared to be impregnable about him. Col. Johnson did not know whether it was Tecumseh, or another chief but observing the effect which his intrepidity had upon the other Indians, he deemed it necessary to despatch him in order to secure the victory. The Colonel had already received four wounds, and was much weakened by the loss of blood. His horse also had been so wounded as to be unable to move faster than a walk. He was not able to approach the chief in a right line, on account of the trunk of a large tree which was lying before him. He therefore rode round the head of the tree, and then turned his horse directly towards the chief and advanced upon him. At the distance of a few yards, the Colonel's horse stumbled, but did not entirely fall. This gave the Indian the first notice of his approach; who instantly levelled his rifle at the Colonel, and gave him another wound, the severest which he received in the battle. He did not however fall, but continued his movement towards the Indian, till he came so near that the Indian was raising his tomahawk to strike him down. The colonel had a pistol in his right hand charged with a ball and three buck-shot, which he had held against his thigh, so that the Indian had not discovered it.—At this moment, the colonel raised his pistol and discharging its contents into the breast of this Indian Chief, laid him dead upon the spot. The Indians near him raised a yell, and instantly fled. The Colonel covered with wounds, 25 balls having been shot into him, his clothes and his horse, was unable any longer to act; but was taken from the battle ground, faint, and almost lifeless."

WHOLESALE BATHING.

The following anecdote, introduced by a Southern writer, who denies the claim of Mr. Whitlaw to originality in the invention of the Medicated Vapor Bath, is new to us. True or fabulous, it would serve as an excellent hint to the London Joint Stock Company for bathing people by wholesale:

"There is an anecdote concerning the late Emperor of France, which would seem to give him a title to an invention concerning vapor baths. A regiment was, to a man, infected with the itch, caught in Egypt and brought to France. Bonaparte wanted that regiment for immediate duty. The physicians of the army represented to him the danger of marching that corps in their present situation. Is there, said he, no quicker way of curing a long standing itch, than by the common treatment? One of them observed, that Dr. Gale's vapor bath would cure it in two or three days, at most, but that so many men would require a long time to take it one after another. Bonaparte then inquired into the nature of this vapor bath, paused a little, and exclaimed, "Let a large room be built immediately, air tight, with holes all round it for the men to put their faces through, and fumigate them by companies." This was done, and in three days they marched to the enemy."

A YANKEE EXPLOIT.

In one of a series of letters from Kentucky, now publishing in the Richmond Enquirer, we find the following anecdote, which really equals the fellow who played the farce of 'letting the cat out of the bag.' Near Cincinnati, on the Ohio river stood a nine story factory. A yankee proclaimed at Cincinnati that, on a certain day, he would jump out of the highest story of this factory. The day arrived and a large multitude gathered to see the yankee break his neck; before he took his leap, he said he must have three hundred dollars for doing so. Each one being willing to contribute to pay the yankee's passage over the river Styx, this sum was soon made up; the yankee presented himself at the highest story of the building, furnished with two umbrellas; with these over his head he let himself down from the window. A draft of wind struck him at that moment, and wafted him four hundred yards up the river, into which he gently descended in the presence of the shouting multitude. The yankee was not drowned. He was taken up by the boats which were in readiness.

CURIOUS COMPLAINT.

According to the ancient Hebrew law, no person can perform prayers in a synagogue unless there be 10 male individuals present to form the audience. This law is conformed with even at the present day among the tribes of Israel sojourning in our land. And further, they are bound by a law of modern date, to refrain from partaking of any 'fowl of the air or beast of the field,' unless they shall have been killed by one of their own persuasion bearing a special commission from the high priest. Mr. Michael Jonas complained to the magistrate, that a majority of the Jews resident in this city had combined against him, in consequence of his holding a synagogue in his own house, consisting of nine individuals of his own family, and a Polander, the latter to make the *quantum sufficit* of male heads; and that they had, by this combination, deprived him and his tribe, eighteen in number male and female, of flesh meat for the last five weeks. The majority of whom he complained, had moreover, formed themselves into a society opened, a public Synagogue, and engaged a Rabbi who was commissioned to kill for them. Mr. Hunter, the flesher, stated that he had entered into a contract with 'the majority' to furnish one carcase a week. They sent their own man to kill the beasts; who marked and lotted out the joints prescribed by the olden law to be eaten. Mr. Lee, the secretary of the Society, stated that there would be no objection to let the complainer have as much 'chosen food' as any other individual, provided he would pay up all sums he was due to the aforesaid society, and contribute his share towards the support of the Rabbi. The Magistrate observed, that that was no more than fair on the part of Mr. Lee and his coadjutors, and dismissed the case.

Glasgow Free Press.

ST. PAUL'S—London.

The vastness of the Church, as seen from the centre of the floor, is most imposing; it is impossible not to be struck with its length, its width, and the unbroken loftiness of the dome above, into which the eye ascends and penetrates until respiration is thickened and the brain grows giddy, and we seek relief in the contemplation of objects nearest the surface of the earth and immediately around us, the monuments of the illustrious dead. The eyes of most people are so little accustomed to making an accurate admeasurement of heights, that the loftiness of St. Paul's can only be estimated justly from below. If we ascend to the whispering gallery, a height far above the habitations of the people of London, the view downwards is overpowering, affecting various heads in various ways; producing vertigo in some, sickness in others, and an awful feeling of overthrowitiveness in a few, a sort of propensity to drop through the passive air upon the hard marble below, a thought full of madness and horror: but when we ascend far above this point, and even to more than double its elevation, the fearful height does not seem proportionably increased; the feeling it inspired before, seemed scarcely to admit of aggravation.—This whispering gallery is indeed to many a fearful place. The surprising altitude of dome and tower above, the yawning and immense abyss below; the stern marble spread out to dash the mortal frame to instant dust, the narrowness of the circular gallery, the overshadowing of the superincumbent vault, the appaling loudness of every common sound, and the loud wind overhead sweeping round the dome itself, produce an incredibly alarming effect on some individuals.

The young, the aspiring, the new, to London, can seldom be restrained from ascending the airy gallery above the dome, and there, in describing a most limited circulation, the eye takes in thousand histories. London, with all its vicissitudes, with all its generations, with all its present and all the past about it, is stretched beneath us, and almost every house visible. Even from that height the eye cannot in directions, overleap the colossus city, and what is seen of green fields and hills is seen with the indistinctness of another world. The wind storms forever round the cupola, blowing the fair, and adventurous about ('a chartered libertine!') to the greatest advantage; whilst the spectator feels almost disposed to loose his confidence in the secure and eternal pedestal on which he stands, and breathlessly enjoys the sublimity of apparent danger without the reality. It is when we begin to descend from this im-

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