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JOHN WYNN.

D. N. 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.

VOL. VIII. EASTON, (MARYLAND) SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 4, 1825. NO. 25.

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.

From the National Journal.

The Adventures of Cornet Martingale and his ten Companions.—[CONTINUED.]

I hope the reader does me the justice to conclude that Sam's proposal was instantly agreed to, not without a consciousness, however, on my part, that in this affair, at least, the private had stept far before his commanding officer. While the troops filed off to the spring, the little dragoon, having received his commission, turned once more towards the cottage, and cantered off as happy and as perpendicular as a prince, and, for ought I know to the contrary, as well pleased at the thoughts of performing a generous action as an emperor.

On his return, he passed me with a military obeisance, which the intelligent benignity of his countenance rendered at least pleasing, if not graceful—took his station in the rear, and we resumed our march.

The level country over which we were now travelling was of no great extent, though, as it became more hilly, it was not less luxuriantly clothed with verdure; oaks and poplars, of most majestic growth, were seen not only in the valleys, but on the sides and even on the tops of the highest hills; and our talkative Trumpeter, who professed to be well acquainted with its topography, gave us to understand we were approaching the shores of the Chesapeake—nor did he speak without reason; for on gaining an eminence, we saw its waters; so distant, however, that they were known only by a bluish line which appeared upon the horizon, and by the light marine vapour which just stained the ether above.

Taking heart at this discovery, we pressed gallantly forward, but the shades of night began to fall thick around us, without any appearance of the house at which we expected to quarter, and which we were given to understand stood close to the shore. We had passed a long ridge of hills, and though objects were no longer distinguishable, we became sensible, not only by the gradual and continued descent to the plain below, but by the sudden change of the atmosphere, that we were close to the margin of our great Mediterranean. Myriads of fireflies flitted through the gloom; the whip-poor-will screamed—the frogs croaked; and that unpleasing state of uncertainty, not to say apprehension, which arises from the circumstance of traversing roads, in the dark, with which we are entirely unacquainted, had gradually produced total silence in the ranks; and we were passing swiftly, though warily, on, when the report of a cannon came full and sullen on the night breeze; as it swept in from the Bay.

'There goes that villainous saltpetre,' cried the Trumpeter, 'which many a good tall fellow has destroyed. Well, I protest I am grateful that the masque of night is on our cheeks; for I know there be some among us who think there is not so merciless a wild beast in the world as your loaded pistol, let be a cannon.'

'Silence,' said I, sternly—for 'tis inconceivable how much I considered the importance of my charge augmented by this proof of our vicinity to the enemy—'Silence; and as you have undertaken to show the road, lead on Mr. Flourish.' He did so without reply. In a few minutes we emerged from the wood, and found ourselves on the sandy beach of the Chesapeake, along which we proceeded at a brisk trot; and the Trumpeter had just directed my attention to a twinkling light, assuring me it came from the house which was to be the end of our night's march, when a hoarse voice from the bank above us, calling out '*who goes there*,' brought us to a halt.

This sentinel of the beach was much easier satisfied that we were *friends*, than I should have been, that he was not a foe, but that the following words addressed to his companion gave full assurance that we had fallen in with an encampment of right veritable buckskin militia.

'Bill, I say, Bill, you sleepy dog, get up, can't ye?' 'Why, what's the dust,' cried the sleeper awaken'd. 'Is they landing?' 'No, not that I know, but here's a parcel of dragoons come from ——, go and try to wake up the Colonel.' 'I am sorry Captain Faulkner is not in camp, to receive 'em like a gentleman, but try to get the Colonel up, any way. Don't spare for kicking his ribs, and jerking his hair. If he must needs come swaggering into camp, let him be made to do his duty.' 'If you will follow the lad, Captain,' he said to me, 'he will show the way to the camp.'

'Hark ye, friend,' said the Trumpeter, 'if you are not over heavy, get up behind me, that we may make more despatch. I have a great curiosity to see this same camp, when the signal for a sudden turn out is a kick on the ribs, and a jerk of the hair, of the poor Colonel.'

'Its no need,' replied the man; 'the place is not past three hundred yards off.' So saying, he led the way round the point of a jutting clift, whose base was washed by the waves, rolling in on the shore with a hollow mournful sound, the effect of which was not a little increased by the impenetrable darkness which hung over the wide expanse of water on one side, and the black cavernous face of the cleft on the other. Just as my horse was stepping into the surf, I heard the voice of the little tailor exclaiming, in a tone of angry remonstrance, 'get on, can't ye, what the dickons do you stop for—don't you see the man has waded through it; if you're fear'd on it, make way for them as ar'nt.' This appeared to have the desired effect, for the men, who had actually hesitated, moved on, and a few moments placed us in full view of the American camp.

The spot was only marked by three or four large fires, well supplied with pine logs, which served the double purpose of keeping off the damps and the musquitoes, rising from the marsh, on the brink of which they were blazing.

"Never trust me," said the Trumpeter, "but this same sleeping Colonel is a man of more metal than I had given him credit for: He has led his ragga muffins where they are sorely peppered—hark to that hum; it actually rises above the roar of the surf, as some huge, over-gorged, blood-sucking gallinipper, leads on his embattled myriads to war." 'But, Cornet,' he continued, 'look at that: you scene rather represents the confusion of the camp of King Agramonte, than that of a peaceful sleepy rest-taking Colonel of militia. What can have stirred up the hive at that rate?' 'There is some news come, as sure as a gun,' cried our guide, who was footing it along before us. In the next instant he was challenged—'who comes there?' 'Oh, its me,' returned the guide. 'Me, and who the devil is me,' said the vigilant sentinel, 'and who have you got there?' 'Nonsense,' was the reply, 'you know well enough who it is; and for these here troops, they're a parcel of light-horsemins from ——. 'But what is all that bustle about, Johnson?' 'Bustle! why, the British are landed at the mouth of Back Creek, and are all a marching up to Beach Hill.' 'Oh, heavens,' cried our guide, 'the old gentleman is not at home, nor the Captain either; and the dear poor young ladies'——

'Aha! Mr. Flourish,' I could not but exclaim, as I dashed up to the group moving round the fires, 'what say you now—have we not enemies to face, and fair damsels to rescue.' 'Where is your commanding officer, gentlemen!' said I. 'Our Colonel,' was the hasty reply, 'is snoring in that bit of tent, and we have no time to wake him. Our *commanding* officer is, unfortunately, not on guard to-night—but, my dear sir, you have come in the nick of time; for mercy's sake, sir, dash on; cut off the villains who are now marching up to Mr. Faulkner's.' 'And who is to show us the way?' 'I, I,' cried twenty voices at once. 'We can carry ten of you,' cried I. 'Jump up behind us—quick! quick!' Here a clamor arose, which was absolutely deafening, and the fierce contention of who should mount, occasioned a confusion which seemed likely to defeat the object of the expedition, when an unexpected difficulty arose. Six of my brave troopers absolutely refused to march.—Their horses, they said, would not carry double, and, besides, they themselves were almost starved and fatigued to death.

Reader, if thou hast ought of the officer about thee, imagine what tumult stormed my soul, how the red current of indignation flowed my veins along, at their mutinous conduct at such a moment. To have sliced off some half a dozen pounds of Swagbottom's brawn, and to enlarge the dimensions of the Haberdasher's mouth, had been the slightest mark of my rage. But there was no time for the execution of even the most summary vengeance; for the poltroons were pulled from their horses, and their seats occupied by braver men, who set off, without further ceremony, at a full gallop. There was nothing for us but to follow with corresponding speed.

'Cornet,' said the Trumpeter, 'I have known something of these Bay-side men before: let me tell you, they are proper lads of their quarters—fellows, as Evan Dhu says in the famous novel, that wont cry '*barley* in a *brulzie*.' Now, Cornet, just let me take the liberty to say, that these gentlemen of the shade are not over fond of us citizens; and if it comes to knocks, as I believe on my conscience it will, we must show'em the metal we are made of. Here is only you and me, Ben Stot and Sam Stitch, to support the honor of a great city.' Then turning round—'Hallo, Stitch,' cried he, 'do you know how fond these English knaves are of *goose;* they never let one escape.' 'So I hear,' replied the Tailor, 'nor an old *rooster* either.'

'This tune goes merrily,' cried I, well pleased at the cheerful voices of my companions. 'Flourish, I do believe you are a spirited fellow, for all; and, as to little Sammy, he is absolutely a hero. But, silence, now: here comes a horseman clattering down yon hill, 'bloody with spurring, fiery hot with speed'.

[To be Continued.]

MAGISTRATES' BLANKS
FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

'JOHN BULL IN AMERICA.'

The following extracts are from 'John Bull in America,' a work which justly ridicules the general style of ignorance and superstition adopted by many of the foreign tourists who have written on our country. The work abounds throughout in the happiest touches, exhibiting a vein of humorous, but keen and satirical [illegible], which will no doubt prove the best corrective to the silly misrepresentations with which these tours, sketches and travels, for the most part are filled.—*Sat. Ev. Post.*

'The city of Philadelphia, (every thing is a city here,) is a little higgledy piggledy place, with hardly a decent house in it, and whose principal trade consists in the exportation of Toughy and Pepper Pot. It is situate between two rivers, the Delaware on the West, and the Schuylkill on the East; the former is a decent sort of a river, but nothing to be compared to the Thames, or the Avon. The streets, for the most part are laid out in the shape of a ram's horn, at the little end of which commonly reside that class of people who have been unfortunate in business.—Hence the common pharse of 'coming out at the little end of the horn.' There are no public buildings, nor indeed any thing else worthy of a stranger's notice, and so I pass them by as unworthy of notice.

I took lodging, (for I hate your first rate hotels,) at the sign of the Goose and Gridiron, where for the first time since my arrival in the States, I tasted sweet bread. I was at a loss to account for this phenomenon, until I found my landlady was an English woman. It is a singular fact, noted by all travellers in this country, that, go where you will, the bread is sure to be sour. Whether this is owing to the yeast, to the bad taste of these republicans, or to some intrinsic quality in the wheat, I cannot say. I am rather inclined to the latter opinion, because the grapes in this country, as well as the apples, peaches, and every species of fruit I tasted, are as sour as vinegar. There must be some acidity in the soil or air, or both to produce this disagreeable singularity: or perhaps it is owing to the turbulent spirit of democracy after all.

It is not without some reason that Philadelphia is called the Athens of America, since, among other advances in civilization, the people sometimes wash their hands and faces. This practice was introduced about seven years ago, by the Marquis of Tweedale and his suite. It was at first violently opposed as an aristocratic custom unworthy of freemen; but it gradually made its way, and there are now few, except the radicals and ultra democrats that demur to the practice. The popular opinion is, however, rather against it, and it is seldom that a person, with clean hands and face, is elected to an office, unless he can demonstrate his republicanism by a red nose, a black eye, or some other unequivocal mark of his high calling.

The city has also a nightly watch, a peculiarity I did not observe either at Boston or New York. Here watchmen are obliged to call the hour through the whole night—an excellent regulation, as I supposed, since this is a pretty good evidence of a man being awake. But the spirit of democracy evades every salutary regulation, it seems, and I was assured by a worthy alderman, a native of England, that these fellows, from long habit, call the hour as regularly sleeping as waking, so that this afforded no additional security to the citizens. The aldermen told me, that not less than three or four watchmen were robbed at their posts every night; and nothing was more common than a fellow to be bawling out 'all's well,' when somebody was actually picking his pockets. The alderman related a humorous instance:

It seems a sturdy watchman, who, being considerably the best of the gang at a nap, was always placed at some responsible post, was in his box nodding, when a wag of a thief took off his cap, and put in its place a nightcap, which he had stolen from an old apple woman who had lived near the ferry stairs in High street, & to whose house he carried & left the watchman's hat. The old dame, upon discovering the theft, set out, bright and early, with the watchman's cap on her head, for the want of a better, to lay her complaint before the police, when, as luck would have it, she saw the vigilent child of the night, still nodding in his box, with her cap on his head. The Amazon seized her property, and cried out 'stop thief,' with such astonishing vigor, that she actually awoke the watchman, although people who best knew him thought it impossible. The watchman, rubbing his eyes, and seeing the apple woman with his cap on her head, naturally concluded that the cry of 'stop thief' applied to her. Upon which, he carried her to the police, to which the lady followed with great alacrity, supposing she had the watchman in custody. When arrived at the police, there was the deuce to pay. The watchman charged the apple woman with stealing his hat, and the apple woman charged the watchman with stealing her cap—the police officer scratched his head, and the clerk gnawed two goose quills to the stump. But what was most to be admired, two lawyers were entirely puzzled to death to decide between the two; and to puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer, is proverbially difficult. In conclusion, the watchman was broke, as the safest course; but the sovereign people, considering him as an oppressed citizen, immediately elected him an alderman.

There is a great show, or rather affectation, of literature here, and the good people crow in their cups a good deal, on account of the oldest newspaper in the States being published here. It is called the Port Folio, and is really so old, that it may be justly pronounced quite superannuated. But I did not find any other special indications of a flourishing state of literature. To be sure, here and there you meet with a young lady that can read large print, and a young gentleman that can tell a B from a bull's foot by the aid of a quizzing glass. But there never has been an original work produced here, of American manufacture; and the only translation I ever met with, is that of the almanac into High Dutch. They likewise boast of one Franklin, a great hand at flying kites, and one of the first manufacturers of lightning rods. I heard him spoken of respectfully at home so I am willing to allow he was clever. But, after all, what have these people to boast of on this head? Both Washington and Franklin, and indeed all the respectable sort of men, who figure in the history of this country, were born under the king's government, and are, therefore, to all intents and purposes, Englishmen.

As these immaculate republicans have neither religion nor morals, so are they entirely destitute of gratitude. It will hardly be believed, but it is nevertheless a fact, that Mr. Jefferson, the author of their famous declaration of independence, the oracle of republicans, the former president of the United States, and, after Satan, the prince of democrats, the man whom the people toast at all the public meetings, and pretend to revere next to Washington, is at this moment, an actor on the Philadelphia boards for bread!* I saw him myself, or I would not have believed it, bad as I think these miserable republicans. Yet, with this damning fact staring them full in the face, they are every day boasting of their gratitude to their benefactors, at the gorgeous feasts given to General La Fayette. I hope the Quarterly will touch them up on this score in the next number. Of their other surviving presidents, Mr. Madison, as I was assured, teaches a school in some remote part of Virginia, and Mr. Adams lives in great obscurity somewhere in the neighborhood of Boston. This is a natural consequence of abolishing the excellent system of pensions and sinecures. I confess, I felt a little ill-natured satisfaction, at the fate of Jefferson and Madison, when I considered that the first picked a quarrel with England, on pretence of maintaining the rights of his country, and the other had the wickedness to declare war against her, while she was struggling for the liberties of Europe, now so happily secured in the keeping of the Holy Alliance. Nor indeed could I find in my heart to be sorry for Mr. Adams, who was one of the prime movers of the rebellion, and a principal pillar of the revolution. Nothing can furnish clearer proof of the divine right of kings, than the fact, that history does not record an instance of a man, who took arms against his sovereign, on whom some signal punishment did not fall, by special interposition of Providence.'

*The author has confounded our old favorite, the comedian, with Thomas Jefferson, the late president. But this is a mistake pardonable in a stranger.—[*Post.*]

SHAVING.—It is the custom in catholic countries, to shave the monks gratis, on their making application in the name of the Father. A mendicant friar entered a barber's shop, and crossing himself, said, 'Shave me for God's sake.' Strap, to be even with him, for the unprofitable job he had brought him, selected a razor like a saw, lathered him with cold water, and began to scrape, or rather rasp the priest's face, till the tears streamed down his cheeks. During this painful operation, a cur in the street set up a most piteous yell. 'What's the matter with the dog?' cried the barber; 'I wonder what they are doing to him?' 'Shaving him I suppose,' said the friar with a groan.

From the Savannah Republican.

A story was once told us of a person who packed the different parts of a large broken grindstone in the centre of a bale of cotton, by way perhaps of helping to defray expenses, or by way of replacing it with a whole one without loss: The cotton was sold at a good price, and went to Liverpool, where it was disposed of to a manufacturer. On being opened, the grindstone was found quietly and snugly bedded in the centre of the bale; but not being a convenient article to manufacture into cloth, it was forwarded to the shipper in this country, and by him was sent on to the person at whose gin it had been so-adroitly put up, with a bill of cost for two passages across the ocean, added to the price paid for it according to its gravity in its first transfer. And it is said on its arrival at its proper location, a small child recognizing an old acquaintance, immediately cried out, "La, pa, here is the old grindstone come back again!"

How far this circumstance may have been accurately detailed, we know not; but we do know that we were twice ourselves called to view several bales of cotton, from the interior of which, rocks were taken which would have afforded no small aid in building a stone wall, though not then being wanted for that purpose, the seller was requested to seperate the rock from the cotton, and to dispose of each article itself, that the relative value and weight of each might be accurately ascertained. In these cases the fraud was charged to the packer at the gin, who being promised a small reward for making the bales heavy, had contrived to do it by packing in the stones, instead of the more laborious process of pressing in the cotton. The fraud was unknown, as was stated, to the owner; but the circumstance merits the notice of the owners of cotton gins, whose credit may be injured, whenever their workmen increase the specific gravity of cotton bales, by enclosing in them any article not properly belonging to the cotton family.

NEW YORK RACES.—We extract the following account of the races over the Union Course, from the Evening Post of the 24th ult.

The races commenced yesterday.—There were two trials of speed. The first was a match between two three year old colts, *Post Boy*, by Bussorah, and *Niagara*, by Eclipse, one mile heats, for $1000. The contest was a close one, and decided in two heats, Post Boy winning the first by about a length in the clear, and the second by little more than a head. Both colts ran in very handsome style and were skillfully managed by the boys who rode them; particularly the one who managed Post Boy.' While on the last quarter of a mile in the second heat, his colt then the leading horse, being hard pushed, bolted off the course; but was taken up very handsomely by his rider, and almost instantly brought on again, put to his work in good earnest, and regained the ground he lost, which he afterwards maintained to the end of the race. Time of running—first, 1m. 56s—second heat, 2m. 1s.

The next trial was between Mr Laird's *Count Piper*, and Gen. Wynn's mare *Vanity*, from Virginia, for a purse of $4000, two mile heats, In this match, which was made some months since, was included Mr Purdy's horse *Lance*, but having injured himself in training, was withdrawn by paying $500 forfeiture, which left the field to be disputed by the two first named horses. During the whole of the morning and to within a few minutes of the time for bringing the horses on the ground, there was great uncertainty whether there would be a race. Count Piper was a little lame in one of his fore legs, which was somewhat swollen and the skin broken in several places, which led to the belief that he would be withdrawn or fail in the contest, and bets were freely offered of two to one in favor of Vanity.

The hour of two o'clock having arrived, the horses were called to the stand, and stripped in elegant order, with the exception of one lame leg, and all doubts vanished in a moment as to there being a race; still betting went on, of two to one on Vanity. In a few moments, they were set of at the tap of the drum, Count Piper, rode by Mr. Laird, taking the lead, and Vanity, rode by Mr. Taylor, from Virginia, following close upon his heels, but unable to pass him; or push him to the top of his speed any one inch of the whole two miles.—he came in ahead several lengths. The complexion of things was now materially changed, and bets were two to one that Count Piper would win the race.—The time having elapsed, they were started on the second heat. Vanity, now determined to do her best, suddenly darted off, like an arrow from the bow and, in her burst of fury, left the Count in the first half mile, near a hundred yards behind. Mr. Laird did not attempt to follow his opponent very closely, by straining his horse, but kept a steady pull upon him until his leg became a little limber, when he gradually let him out, and on the first quarter of the second mile passed Vanity, and performed the remainder of his work at his ease. Time of running the 1st heat 3m. 58s. second heat, 3m. 55s. Weight of the riders, Mr. Laird, 109—Mr. Taylor 113.

Count Piper was 4 years old on the 22d of this month, and from his performances may be pronounced a superior horse, and promises to become a second Eclipse. He has run in all fourteen races and never lost but one heat. When 3 years old he run the 4 mile heats carrying 126 pounds. Vanity is a 5 year old mare.

After the races, the Association set down to an elegant dinner at the Pavillion, prepared in Mr. Niblo's best style. Among a number of excellent toasts given on the occasion, we select the following:—

By Dr. Wyck—*Eclipse*, though victorious over the South, may he improve the stock of the North.

May 25.

The Races.—Yesterday, Mr. Laird's New Jersey horse Modesty, took the four mile purse, at two heats, with great ease, from Isabella & Moonshine. The latter is a Bussorah colt, & showed remarkable speed & bottom, but unfortunately on the last mile of the second heat, when a clear length ahead, the girths of his saddle broke and he

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