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, JULY 9, 1825. NO. 30.

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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.

Wanted

A man fully capable of commanding a boat to sail in the Chesapeake Bay and its waters, who can come well recommended for his skill as a seaman, and for his honesty, sobriety and activity in business—Apply to the Editor.
June 25

For Sale.



The subscriber will offer at public sale in Denton, Caroline county, on Tuesday the 19th day of July, on a credit, the Schooner Nightengale.
THOMAS BURCHENAL.
June 25 4w

Notice.

Any gentleman who wishes to hire a celebrated Jockey or Coach Driver, may, by applying to Kingston Post-Office, Somerset county, Md. be supplied with the same—speedy application would be best, as the applicant intends going to the westward in the fall if he finds no employment.
June 25 4w

Notice.

Came to the farm of the subscriber about the 10th inst. a large bay mare, with black mane and tail—The owner is requested to come forward pay the charge of advertising and take her away.
HORATIO L. EDMONDSON.
Ceder Point, Talbot co. June 25.

Partnership.

Having taken my son-in-law, James Moore, Jr. into partnership in my Agricultural Repository, the business will hereafter be conducted under the firm of *Sinclair & Moore*.
ROBERT SINCLAIR.

Sinclair & Moore

Have on hand and offer for sale at their Agricultural Repository, near Pratt street wharf,
200 Grain Cradles with best Waldron Scythes complete
100 Grass Scythes and Sneathes, ready hung
100 Cultivators of the most approved patterns
40 doz Spring steel manure and Hay Forks } *low by the dozen.*
40 do. Hay Rakes }
100 bushels seed Buck-wheat
500 do white Flint Wheat of last crop for seed, which may be expected here in a few weeks from beyond Albany; it will be carefully put pu and be in good order for shipping southerly This wheat has been highly recommended in the American Farmer, vol. 7, page 156 and 235 for being productive and resisting the Hessian Fly.
Also, PLOUGHS of the most approved patterns, made by experienced workmen under our own direction, and ready to deliver at the shortest notice, and will be carefully shipped to any part of the U. States.
Horse Rakes for grain and hay.
Ruta Baga and best white flat Turnip Seed of a very nice quality and our own raising.
Garden and Field Seeds as usual.
Baltimore, 5 mo: 17. (June 4 6w)

EASTON HOTEL.



The subscriber informs his friends and the public, from whom he has for so many years received the most flattering patronage, that he will continue to keep the Easton Hotel—where his customers will be accommodated with the best of every thing, in season, afforded by the markets of the place—where they will receive, not only his sincere thanks, but the utmost and most diligent endeavours to please—and an assurance that their past kindness shall stimulate him to still greater exertions. The above establishment is large and very spacious with twenty one lodging rooms.
The public's obedient servant,
SOLOMON LOWE.
Easton, Dec 25
N. B. Horses, Gigs and Hacks can be furnished to any part of the Peninsula at the shortest notice. S. L.

NOTICE.

Was committed to the jail of Kent county, as runaways, by Francis Lamb, Esq. a Justice of the Peace for said county, on the 25th ult. a negro woman 5 feet 2¾ inches high, about 25 or 6 years of age and very black, who calls herself ELIZA MILLER, daughter of Sarah Coge, near Centreville, Queen Ann's county, and says she is free-born; had on when committed a light striped domestic dress, she has no particular marks except a mole on her neck, nearly under her chin.

Was also committed as above on the 6th inst. by William S. Lassell, Esq. a Justice of the Peace for said county, a negro girl called HENRIETTA, about 10 years of age, daughter of the above named Eliza Miller, and clothed in a similar manner.—The owner (if any) of the above described negroes is desired to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take them away, otherwise they will be discharged according to law. MORGAN BROWNE,
Sheriff of Kent county.
June 18 w

The following "history of a tradition," among the Chippawa Indians, we extract from Mr. Schoolcraft's new book of 'Travels in the central portions of the Mississippi Valley.' It will tend to give the reader some idea of Indian talent at fiction. The tale was related to Mr. Schoolcraft, as an answer to the inquiries he made respecting the origin of the practice he had observed among the Chippawas, of lighting a fire for several nights in succession, upon the newly closed graves of their friends.

"THE FUNERAL FIRE.

"A small war-party of Chippawas, encountered their enemies upon an open plain, where a severe battle was fought. Their leader was a brave and distinguished warrior, but he never acted with more bravery, or distinguished himself for greater personal prowess, than now. After turning the tide of battle against his enemies, and while shouting for victory, he received an arrow in the breast, and fell dead upon the plain. No warrior thus killed is ever buried: and, according to an ancient custom, he was placed in a sitting posture upon the field, his back supported by a tree, and his face towards the course in which their enemies fled. —His head dress and equipments were accurately adjusted, as if living, and his bow leaned against his shoulder. In this posture his companions left him.—A fate, which appeared so evident to them all, proved, however, deceptive in the result. Although deprived of the power of utterance, and the ability to move, he heard, distinctly, all that had been said by his friends. He heard them lament his death, without the power of contradicting it; and he felt their touch, as they adjusted his posture, without the strength to reciprocate it.—His anguish, when he felt thus abandoned, was raised to the extreme; and his wish to follow his friends on their return so completely filled his mind, when he saw them, one after another, take leave of the corpse and depart, that, after making a violent exertion, he arose, or seemed to himself to rise, and follow them. But his form was invisible to them; and this gave new cause for the surprise, disappointment and rage, which alternately filled his breast. He followed their track, however, with great diligence. Wherever they went, he went; when they walked, he walked; when they ran, he ran; when they slept, he slept, when they awoke, he awoke. In short, he mingled in all their labors and toils; but he was excluded from all their sources of refreshment, except that of sleeping, and from the pleasures of participating in their conversation, for all that he said was unattended to.

'Is it possible,' he exclaimed, 'that you do not see me—that you do not hear me—that you do not understand me? will you suffer me to bleed to death, without offering to staunch my wounds? will you permit me to starve in the midst of plenty? have those whom I have so often led to war, so soon forgotten me! is there no one who recollects me, or will offer a morsel of food in my distress?' Thus he continued to upbraid his friends, at every stage of the journey, but no one seemed to hear his words; or if they heard his voice, they mistook its sound for the winds of summer, rustling through the green leaves.

'At length the returning war party reached their village; and the women and children came out, according to custom, to welcome their return, and proclaim their praises. Kumaudjeewug! Kumaudjeewug! Kumaudjeewug! They have met, fought and conquered, was shouted from every mouth, and resounded through the most distant parts of the village. Those who had lost friends, came eagerly to enquire their fate, and to know whether they had died like men. The decrepit father consoled himself for the loss of his son, with the reflection that he had fallen manfully, and the widow half forgot her sorrow amid the praises that were uttered of the bravery of her departed husband. The breasts of the youths glowed with martial ardor, as they heard these flattering praises, and children joined in the shouts of which they scarcely knew the meaning. But amidst all this uproar and bustle, no one seemed conscious of the presence of the wounded warrior. He heard many inquiries of his own fate—he heard them relate how he had fought, conquered and fallen with an arrow pierced through his breast, and that his body had been left among the slain.

'It is not true,' replied the indignant chief, with a loud voice, 'that I was killed and left upon the field. I am here! I live! I move! See me! Touch me! I shall again raise my lance in battle, and sound my drum in the feast.'—But no body seemed conscious of his presence, and they mistook his loud voice for the whispering winds. He now walked to his own lodge; he saw his wife within, tearing her hair, and raising her lamentations over his fate; he endeavored to undeceive her, but she also seemed insensible of his presence or his voice: she sat in a despairing manner, with her head reclining upon her hands: he asked her to bind up his wounds, but she made no reply: he then placed his mouth close to her ear, and vociferated, 'I am hungry, give me some food.' The wife thought she heard a buzzing in her ear, and remarked it to one who sat near her. The enraged husband, now summoning all his strength struck her a blow upon her forehead. She only complained of feeling a shooting pain there, such as is not frequent, and raising her hand to her head, remarked, I feel a slight headach.'

"Foiled thus in every attempt to make himself known, the warrior chief began to reflect upon what he had heard in his youth, that the spirit was sometimes permitted to leave the body and wander about. He reflected that possibly his body may have remained upon the field of battle, while his spirit only accompanied his returning friends. He determined to return upon their track, although it was four days journey to the place. He accordingly began his journey immediately. For three days he pursued his way without meeting any thing uncommon, but on the fourth, towards evening, as he came to the skirts of the battle field, he saw a fire in the path before him. He walked to one side to avoid stepping into it, but the fire had also moved its position, and was still before him. He then went in another, direction but the mysterious fire still crossed his path and seemed to bar his entrance to the scene of conflict In short which ever way he took, the fire was still before him: no expedient seemed capable of eluding it. 'Thou demon,' he exclaimed at length, why dost thou bar my approach to the field of battle? Knowest thou not that I am a spirit also, and that I seek again to enter my body? Or dost thou presume that I shall return without effecting my object?—Know that I have never been defeated by the enemies of my nation, and will not be defeated by thee!' So saying, he made a sudden effort and jumped through the flame. In this exertion he woke from his trance, having lain eight days on the field of battle. He found himself sitting on the ground, with his back supported by a tree, and his bow leaning against his shoulder, having all his warlike implements upon his body, the same as they had been left by his friends on the day of battle. He looked up and beheld a large cameu, or war eagle, sitting in the tree above his head. He immediately recognised, this bird to be the same he had dreamt of in his youth, and whom he had selected as his guardian spirit, of personal moneto. This bird had watched his body, and prevented other ravenous birds from devouring it. He got up and stood some time upon his feet: but he found himself weak and much exhausted. The blood upon his wound had staunched itself, and he now bound it up He possessed the knowledge of such roots as were efficacious for its cure. These he carefully sought in the woods. Some of them he pounded between stones, and applied externally; others he chewed and swallowed. In a short time he felt himself so much recovered as to be able to commence his journey; but he suffered greatly from hunger, not being able to see any large animals—With his bow and arrows, however, he killed small birds during the day, which he roasted before the fire at night. In this way he sustained himself until he came to a water that separated his wife and friends from him. He then gave that peculiar whoop which indicates the safe return of an absent friend. The signal was instantly known, and a canoe despatched to bring him across, but while this canoe was absent, conjecture was exhausting itself in designating the unknown person who had given this friendly intimation of his approach. All who had been of the war party had returned except those who were killed on the field. It might be some neighbouring hunter. It might be some deception of their enemies. It was rash to send a canoe without knowing that any of their friends were absent. In the height of this conjecture, the warrior-chief was landed amidst the shouts of his friends and relations, who thronged from every lodge to welcome their faithful leader. When the first burst of wonder and joy had subsided, and some degree of quiet was restored in the village, he related to his people the account of his adventures, which has been given. He then concluded his narrative by telling them that it is pleasing to the spirit of a deceased person to have a fire built upon his grave for four nights after his interment; that it is four days journey to the land appointed for the residence of the spirit; that in its journey thither, the spirit stood in need of a fire every night at the place of his encampment; and that if the friends kindled this funeral fire upon the place where the body was deposited, the spirit had the benefit of its light and warmth in its sojourning. If they neglect this rite, the spirit would himself be subjected to the irksome task of building its own fires at night."

[*From the Plymouth Mass. Memorial.*]

ARNOLD, THE TRAITOR.

Application was made this week, in this town, for assistance in making out the necessary documents for a pension by one of the bargemen in the barge that conveyed Gen. Arnold to the sloop of War, Vulture. He was bowoarsman in the boat, next in rank to the coxswain, whose name was James Larvey. His memory is remarkably accurate, and his veracity is unquestionable. He is a brother of Mr. James Collins, of this town. The day before the flight of Arnold the barge brought him with Major Andre from *Lawyer Smith's*, below Stoney point, to the General's head-quarters. They conversed very little during the passage. The general told his aid, who was at the landing when they arrived, that he had brought up a relation of his wife. Arnold kept one of his horses constantly caparisoned at the door of his quarters; and the next morning, soon after breakfast, he rode down in great haste with the coxswain just behind him on foot. The coxswain crying out to the bargemen to come out from their quarters that were hard-by, and the General dashed down the footpath, instead of taking a circuit, the usual one for those who were mounted. The barge was soon made ready, though the General in his impatience repeatedly ordered the bowman to push off, before all the men had mustered. The saddle and upholsters were taken on board of the barge, and Arnold, immediately after they pushed off, wiped the priming from the pistols, and primed anew, cocked and half-cocked them repeatedly. He inquired of Collins if the men had their arms, and was told that they came in such haste that there were but two swords, belonging to himself and the coxswain. They ought to have brought their arms, he said. He tied a white handkerchief to the end of his cane for a flag in passing the forts. On arriving along side the Vulture he took it off and wiped his face. The General had been down the cabin about an hour, when the coxswain was sent for, and by the significant looks and laughing of the officers, the men in the barge began to be very apprehensive that all was not right. He very soon returned and told them they were all prisoners of war. The bargemen were unmoved, and submitted, as to the fortune of war, except two Englishmen, who had deserted, and who were much terrified, and wept.

The bargemen were promised good fare, if they would enter on duty aboard the Vulture, but they declined, and were handcuffed, and so remained four days. Gen. Arnold then sent for them at New York. In passing from the wharf to his head quarters, the two Englishmen slipped aboard a Letter of Marque, then nearly ready to sail. The others, five in number, waited on Arnold, who told them that they had always been attentive and faithful, and he expected they would stay with him—he had, he said, command of a regiment of Horse, and, Larvey, you and Collins may have commissions, and the rest shall be non-commissioned officers. Larvey answered that he could not be contented—he had rather be a soldier, where he was contented, than an officer where he was not. The others expressed or manifested their concurrence in Larvey's opinion. He then gave the coxswain a guinea, and told him they should be sent back. At night they were conveyed to the Vulture, and the next day set on shore.—This worthy and intelligent applicant perfectly remembers Major Andre's dress, when they took him up in the barge from Smith's house to Arnold's quarters—blue homespun stockings—a pair of wrinkled boots, not lately brushed—blue cloth breeches, tied at the knee with strings—waistcoat of the same—blue surtout, buttoned by a single button—black silk handkerchief once round the neck and tied in front with the ends under the waistcoat, and a flopped hat.

From the New York Albion.

MR. BROUGHAM.

Brougham rises amidst the deep silence of the house, and muttered curses of the Reporters, whose pens must now be worn down to the stumps. His air and his manner, at first, put you very much in mind of those of a field preacher? He is tall, and bent, and pliant in his appearance and though his tones be full and melodious, he hesitates, as if he were either at a loss what to say, or ashamed to say it.—He stands crouched together, pulls up his shoulders, hangs his head, and there is a tremulous motion in his upper lip and nostril, which makes you fancy that he is trembling through fear. His first sentences, for an opening sentence with him is ten minutes matter at least, come forth hesitating and ambiguous, so that for the soul of you, you cannot perceive the drift of them. Each is indeed, a clear satisfactory proposition in itself, but the whole seems bent in one direction by a moving force, which is yet viewless as the wind. When however, a sufficient number of these have been drawn out in a line, the whole march solemnly and steadily to one conclusion, and the position meant to be carried, is carried as completely and as irresistibly as by a bayonet charge of the most powerful British troops. One point being thus won, the orator arises upon it, both in body and mind, and wins a second by a more bold and brief attack. Then he vaults upon the subdued basis, rises in figure and in tone till he overtops the staring members and shakes the astonished house; and when he has gratified what you imagine to be the very summit of powerful speaking and has kept beating time upon a table and looking towards every corner of the house as if to see and sneer at the admiration which he has called forth, his voice and his figure sink again to a dimension lower than ever.

You would imagine that he was terrified at the echo of his own voice, but no such thing; it is like the bounding of the wrestler in order that he may twist his antagonist in his grasp, or like the drawing back of the tiger, in order that he may spring the more terribly on his prey. Woe be to the man upon whom his eye glares from that terrible concealment. Woe be to the wight, to whom those half whispered words are a prelude to the storm which is on the wing. You are of course a stranger, and know not what is to happen; you merely see a man putting on an air of incomprehensible mildness and simplicity, and he e a man speaking in subdued whispers which astonish you by being audible to the very smallest syllable. —The words which were at first cold and congealing, become hurried and hot, and while the speaker drowns the cheering of his own party, and binds the whole "Collective" in a fetter which they dare not break, he is peeling some poor devil to the bone, and tossing his mangled limbs into all the positions of mental agony through the whole figures of rhetoric; nor is it till his own body has been vanquished and beaten down by the energy of his own mind that he drops upon his seat giving the house time to cheer and leaving you utterly confounded.

AFFECTING CASE OF HYDROPHOBIA.
From the Derry Journal.

A few weeks since a man named Robert M'Gir, a farmer, of the townland of Drumloghen, in the parish of Taughboyne, distant about 6 miles from this city, went into his cow-house at night to see his cattle, and observing a strange cat lying in the litter, he touched her with his foot to drive her away, when she sprang at him and caught him by the hand. On being shaken off, she attacked a heifer with great fury, tearing her back and face in a piteous manner, and as M'Gir was endeavouring to relieve her, the rabid animal attacked himself a second time, and bit his thumb entirely through; so obstinately did she retain her hold that he could not get extricated till he killed her. Mr. McGir unfortunately thought no more of the matter, but continued to follow his business as usual, till Wednesday, the 5th inst., when, returning from the market of this city, in company with his son, he became quite outrageous towards a man with whom the latter happened to have a slight altercation, insomuch that it was no easy matter to restrain him from tearing with his teeth the object of his resentment. On reaching home he asked his wife for a drink, but it was with difficulty that he swallowed a little of it, and becoming greatly agitated, he dashed it upon the floor, observing that she wanted to choke him.—The day following he was visited by a medical gentleman, and copiously bled, when he became composed and despatched a messenger for his clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Cunningham, of St. Johnstown, to whom, on his arrival, the ill-fated man said, "Sir, I have always lived religiously and I wish to die so; may I therefore beg you to engage in prayer." His wish being complied with, he proposed that a psalm should be sung, the lines of which he attempted to give out himself; but he was obliged to desist at the second verse, and request his brother-in-law, to whom he handed the book, to finish the exercise, saying that he would listen. After singing, he expressed a wish to have prayer resumed, and he said to the Rev. gentleman that he himself would pray first, and that he would expect him to pray afterwards, when he addressed the Throne of Grace in so fervent and affecting a manner that there was not a dry eye present. The Clergyman next prayed. M'Gir then took a farewell of his family, his minister and all present, and soon after became greatly convulsed, foaming at the mouth, and warned those who were about him to keep off him or he would tear them to pieces. During this paroxysm it required four men to hold him down in the bed. He continued in inexpressible agony until nine o'clock that night, when throwing himself back on his pillow, he expressed the fullest confidence in the atoning merits of Jesus, to whom he said he would be glad with his dying breath to direct poor sinners like himself for pardon and salvation, and instantly expired. The heifer died also, with every symptom of Hydrophobia.

The following Prospectus for a new Society in London is one of the neatest satires we have seen upon the existing rage for associations:—

"FROM *GRAVE TO GAY!*"

It is with great sorrow we find the following notice in all the papers; but we feel it right immediately to submit it, lest the Society to which we belong should incur the imputation of borrowing their plan from another Company.—*John Bull.*

"GENERAL BURIAL GROUNDS ASSOCIATION.
"Capital of 30,000*l.*, Shares 50*l.* each.

"The immediate object of this institution is to render less frequent inhumations within this Metropolis, computed at 30,000 annually. The first spot is intended to be laid out as nearly similar to the celebrated Cemetry "Perre la Chaise," near Paris, as situation, &c. will admit. This measure is equally applicable to persons of every persuasion. The very crowded state of most Burial Grounds in London is self-evident. No fee is payable on the removal of a corpse, but every non-parishioner has to pay either half as much more, or as much again for extra parochial burial. This must be submitted to, or the whole parish is taxed upon the purchasing of a new ground.

"A detailed Prospectus, showing how the interests of all parties are intended to be respected, may be had at my office, where, also, and at the Bankers, Messrs. Sir W. Sterling, Bart. Sterling and Hod-

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