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, AUGUST 13, 1825. NO. 35.

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.

FARMS, &c. TO RENT.

To be rented for the next year, that large and valuable Farm belonging to the heirs of the late Charles Goldsborough of Talbot county deceased, where Thomas Arringdale now lives; Also a small Farm near Hook-town, where William Barnes now lives; Also a very comfortable and convenient Dwelling House and Garden at Easton Point, where John Tomlinson now lives. For terms apply to

JOHN GOLDSBOROUGH.

Easton, *Aug.* 6—

A Farm to Rent.

To Rent for the year 1826, my Farm in Broad Creek (or Dirty Neck) adjoining the lands of the late Hugh Sherwood and at present occupied by John Kersey. This Farm is very handsomely situated on Harris' Creek.

WM. H. GROOME.

Easton, 6th *Aug.* 1825.

To Rent

For the ensuing year, and possession given the first day of January next, THE HOUSE AND GARDEN, situate on South street, formerly occupied by Tristram Needles and near the Carriage-Maker's shop occupied by Mr. John Camper. Also, the House and Garden on South street, contiguous to the former, at present occupied by Mr. J. Armor. Also, an entire new House, with a Garden, situate on Port street, adjoining the property of William Needles, now in the tenure of Tristram Needles. Also, the House and Garden on Washington street, adjoining my residence, occupied at present by Mr. Edward Hopkins. For terms apply to the subscriber.

EDWARD N. HAMBLETON.

Easton, *Aug.* 6

Farms to Rent, viz.

The FARM now occupied by Mr. Isaac B. Parrott.

The FARM on which Mrs. Frampton now resides—and the FARM occupied by Mr. Joseph Waddle.

For terms apply to

SAMUEL T. KENNARD.

Aug. 6 3w

To be Rented

For the ensuing year, the following Farms, in Caroline county, viz:

1. The Farm in Poplar Neck, now occupied by James Meloney and Joseph Harrison.
2. The Farm in Hunting Creek Neck, now occupied by Noah Ross.
3. The Farm now in the tenure of Abraham Pritchett.
4. The Farm now held by Dennis Hopkins.

The above Plantations will be let at very reduced rents to good tenants—applications may be made to Thomas Summers, near Cambridge, or to the subscriber.

C. GOLDSBOROUGH.

Shoal-Creek, Aug. 6 8w

PEWS IN CHRIST CHURCH, IN EASTON, FOR SALE.

Will be sold for cash, at public sale, to the highest bidder, at the Church door, on the *first Tuesday* in September next, the following Pews, viz:—No. 24, that formerly belonged to Mrs. Anna M. Hollyday—No. 1, that lately belonged to Charles Goldsborough, deceased; and No. 30, that is still owned by Edward Coursey, Esq. of Queen Ann's county. All those Pews are in desirable situations in the Church.

Per order of the Vestry of St. Peter's Parish,

WM. H. GROOME, Treasurer.

Easton, Aug. 6th, 1825.

For Rent,

THE FOUNTAIN INN TAVERN, for the next ensuing year, now occupied by Mr. Richard Sherwood. The rent will be very low to an approved tenant. Apply to

JAMES WILLSON, Jr. Agent for Mary I. Willson.

Easton, July 23 tf

Land to Rent.

To be rented from the first day of January next, a small FARM on Harris' Creek, remarkable for the healthiness & beauty of its situation. It is convenient to almost every luxury, with which the salt water abounds, and has on it a very fine Apple Orchard, as also a variety of other Fruit Trees. A comfortable *Dwelling House and Kitchen,* and such out houses as are necessary to the convenience of farmers.

The terms will be made reasonable. Persons wishing to rent said farm, are desired to make early application to the subscriber.

RICHARD DENNY.

July 16

A Farm to Rent.

The subscriber wishes to rent his FARM, (Milton) on the south side of Peach-Blossom branch.

ROB. MOORE.

Easton, 7 mo: 30th, 1825.

To Rent,

FOR THE ENSUING YEAR, 1826, The FARM in Banbury, whereon I now reside—apply to Richard B. Bowdle, or the subscriber.

SARAH BOWDLE.

July 30 3w

Easton Academy.

An Assistant Teacher is desired in this Institution. He must be qualified to teach the English Language grammatically, Writing, Arithmetic, the lesser branches of the Mathematics and Geography. There is reason to believe from the experience of the past in this Department, that the Tuition-Money will annually amount to five hundred dollars; and tuition-money beyond this sum may be obtained by such increase of his pupils as his merits and attention may command.

Application to be made on or before the 10th of next September, to John Goldsborough, Esq. the Secretary of this Institution.

By the Board of Trustees,

NS; HAMMOND, President.

Easton, Md. Aug. 6 4w

☞The Editor of the Baltimore Patriot, and those of the United States Gazette at Philadelphia, are requested to publish the above Notice in their respective papers, once a week for four weeks, and to send their accounts to his office for payment.

Public Sale.

By an order of the Orphans' Court of Talbot county, will be sold at Public Vendue, to the highest bidder, on Thursday the 25th day of August, instant, on the farm that James W. Botfield, lately deceased, rented on Broad Creek near St. Micheals, formerly the property of Capt. Richard Spencer, the goods and chattels of the aforesaid deceased, James W. Botfield's estate, consisting of Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Hogs, Feather-beds, House-hold and Kitchen Furniture, Carts, Ploughs and Farming Utensils and Poultry on a credit of six months on all sums over five dollars, but before a removal of the property, the purchaser shall give a bond, bill or note, with approved security for ensuring a punctual payment of the money bearing interest from the day of sale until paid; for all sums of and under five dollars the cash will be required—The sale to commence at 10 o'clock, and further particulars made known on the day of sale—Attendance given by

ABEDNEGO BOTFIELD, Admr. of James W. Botfield, deceased.

Aug. 6, 1825—ts.

Valuable Land *For Sale.*

By virtue of a decree of the Court of Chancery, will be disposed of at public sale, on Thursday the 8th day of September, if fair, if not, on the next fair day thereafter, the farm of the late John Gibson, Esquire, called

"The Seven Mountains."

This property is situate in Anne-Arundel county, on the north side of Magothy river, and immediately on the shore of the Chesapeake Bay, about seventeen miles from Baltimore and eight from Annapolis. The soil is fertile and abundantly stocked with timber and is peculiarly well adapted to the culture of Indian corn and tobacco, and all the products of a garden. It bears every variety of the best and earliest vegetables, and its proximity to Baltimore, and the convenient water transportation which its situation affords, give it advantages as a market farm, that few places possess. It abounds with delicious grapes and the choicest grafted fruit trees in full bearing. These have been collected with great care, and are now in a flourishing condition. The water, by which the place is almost surrounded, and a fish-pond that has been made at considerable expense, afford fish and crabs in the utmost abundance; and there is always during the winter, a plentiful supply of water-fowl, and the other ordinary game of the country. There are also on the farm a few fallow deer. Besides the advantages which this estate offers to persons who derive their support from agricultural pursuits, the extraordinary beauty of the situation, and the facilities which it furnishes for the enjoyment of rural sports, would render it a delightful retreat for a man of fortune.

The land will, for the accommodation of purchasers, be divided into parcels of about two hundred and fifty acres each; every part being bounded on one side by the water.

The terms of sale are one third cash, and the residue to be paid in three equal annual instalments. Bonds with approved security will be required for the payment of that portion of the purchase money for which credit is allowed. On the payment of the whole purchase money, conveyances of the land will be executed.

The sale will take place on the premises.

ADDISON RIDOUT, Trustee.

Aug. 6 5w

Land for Sale.

By virtue of an order of Talbot county court, at May Term, 1825, the undersigned commissioners will offer at public sale, on Wednesday, the 31st day of August, (if fair, if not, on the next fair day) all the real estate of Jonathan Hopkins, late of the county aforesaid, deceased, consisting of the Farm near Easton, upon which he lived, and its improvements, supposed to contain 100 acres of a tract of land, called *London Derry*—together with a HOUSE AND LOT, on the road leading from Easton to Easton Point, and an unimproved half acre Lot, adjoining this town, on said road, being parts also of the aforesaid tracts. The Farm will be divided previous to the day of sale, into as many lots, as in the opinion of the commissioners will contribute to accomplish the object of such a sale, the interest and advantage to both purchaser and seller, and in this form will be exposed to sale.

The sale will be made on a credit of one and two years, with interest from the day of sale, the purchaser giving bond with satisfactory security, payable in instalments of one and two years from the day of sale.

The sale will commence at 11 o'clock, on the farm, and continue until the whole is sold.

JOHN EDMONDSON,
EDWD. N. HAMBLETON,
SAMUEL T. KENNARD,
THOMAS DULING,
THEODORE DENNY,
Commissioners.

Easton, July 30 4w

AGRICULTURE
AND
DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

CIDER.

To the Editor of the American Farmer.

Sir,—I send you for publication, clear and simple directions for making cider, that those may be without excuse, who make it, as many do, not fit for man nor beast to drink. The apples are beginning to *turn*, as we call it, and I observe that my neighbor, who is a peaceable Quaker, that never speaks ill or does ill to any one, and who always takes time by the forelock instead of the tail, is overhauling his casks and righting up his cider-mill, and getting his work ahead, that he may have time for preparing a good stock of cider for the winter. He maintains, that every farmer should make it a matter of conscience to keep a good orchard, and to make cider and home-made beer enough to banish all artificial drinks from his table, besides leaving apples enough for table in winter and a good cold apple pie on Sabbath day. He has been preaching for several years to his neighbours Jemmy Likeit and Tommy Strikeit, that they ought to give up, altogether, the use of "burning liquors," as he calls them, in their houses, and substitute therefor, either good sound cider, or wholesome beer made in their own families, according to some one of the many simple, cheap and infallible recipes to be found in the American Farmer; and though no "lady's man," in the usual acceptation of that term, I have heard him exclaim with more than usual vehemence: "Besides many other considerations, there is one that ought to be conclusive with every man of *gallantry*—by storing thy cellar with fermented, instead of distilled liquors, an innocent, acceptable and refreshing beverage is furnished in warm weather for *wife and children*—the charms and the props of existence!"

He has caused the directions for cider-making which I now send you, to be copied by his little daughter, and given to his neighbours many years since. But, sir you will hardly believe me, that "burning liquors," whiskey or brandy, is almost the only drink to be found in a country gentleman's house, except—bad water, which is kept chiefly for the women and children, the cats and the dogs. How lamentable, that with the march of the mind, and especially the American mind in the progress of improvement of every kind, this degrading practice has not fallen into universal contempt and disuse! Who can reflect, without regret, on its degrading tendency. We cannot meet together, be the occasion gay or solemn, that whiskey is not introduced. The excuses for the use of it are as contradictory as they are various. Is the weather *hot*, then it rectifies the water and prevents the cramp cholic—in winter, a good drink of grog "keeps out the cold" Even the sincerity of welcome from one neighbour to another, is measured by the frequency that he invites him to pour hot ardent liquor into his bowels—and the man who does not keep it always on his sideboard, is esteemed a morose miserly fellow.

To give you a better notion of the habits of the country, (and I understand you townfolks are not a whit behind us,) I will give you the literal transcript of a dialogue that passed yesterday between two good honest Planters, who can muster 17 children between them, and have hard scuffling to make both ends meet. The visit was paid by Jemmy Likeit to Tommy Strikeit. They live near enough to hear each other's dogs bark and ganders squall, of a clear, frosty moon-light night. It was about three-quarters past ten, when Jemmy rode up and hitched his grey mare over one of the straggling garden pales which remained of the many that had been pulled off by other horses pulling back.

Good morning! Neighbour Likeit—Come, walk in and take a seat; mind, that old chair's a little crazy—its wanted mending these several years.—Well, how d'ye do; how are all at home?

Likeit—Pretty well, I thank ye, Neighbour Strikeit, how are all with you?

Strikeit—Reasonable well, I thank ye, except Polly; she's poorly—and our son Dick, he has a little touch o' the dysentery.

Likeit—Ah! its getting right common about;—this hot weather and eating green fruit, I suppose, brings it on.

Strikeit—Rachel, my daughter, go and tell little John to call Nell to mind the chicken coops and keep off the hogs, while he takes the pail and goes to the cool spring and brings some water, tell him be sure not to let the geese get into the spring, and take care not to muddy it;—been talking I don't know how long about having it cleaned out—every hard rain fills it up with mud.

Likeit—Our water's very bad, too; not fit to drink by itself. The old gum's got rotten, and the spring is so far from the house that the water gets warm before it gets to the house—'bliged to take a little spirit with it.

Strikeit—Ours was pretty good after it was cleaned out last summer, but the old pail has been in use so long, I think it gives the water a kind of woody taste like, without you take a little whiskey with it. I have heard 'em say water drinks better out of a stone pitcher.

Likeit—Yes; I've often thought next time I sent my tobacco to Baltimore, I'd write up and get a stone pitcher—but some how one has so much call for money!—the women folks send so many little orders for pins and needles, and shoes, and such like superfluities—ah! my friend, there's no end to the women's extravagance in these times.

Strikeit—Wonder what o'clock it is; reckon its nearly twelve. Rachel, my dear, go and set us out some whiskey, look at the sun on the sill of the front door, and tell Nell to call little John from the spring, and let's have some cool water.

Likeit—How's your corn, neighbour Strikeit, this hot weather.

Strikeit—Come, my friend, lets take a little grog, one may borrow half an hour this hot weather.

Likeit—Pours the tumbler about one third full of whiskey, fills up and drinks about half; neighbour Strikeit, your whiskey's very strong, fills up again, my service to you, and turns it off.

Strikeit—Yes, its pretty fair, takes the tumbler and putting in nearly one half full of whiskey, holds it up, looks at it and pours a *little* back for appearance sake, and filling it up with water turns it off.

Likeit—Had you any rain last Friday, there was a heavy cloud seemed to wear round this way.

Strikeit—No, my friend, it passed over neighbour Bowie's corn field and so down the Mattoponi branch, but there was not as much on my tobacco as would wet a silk handkerchief.

Likeit—Ah, so it is neighbour, it seems as though the rich were always in the way o' luck—I dont know how it is, but rains this year seem to be mighty partial.

Strikeit—Ah that they are my friend, come help yourself to some whiskey and water, they say it rains on the unrighteous as well as the righteous, and egad I begin to think more too—Providence like the world we live in, is apt to "*grease the fat sow*"—come take another drink.

Likeit—Well, I dont care if I do, this is very good whiskey; did you get this in Baltimore; drinks again.

Strikeit—Yes, got it of Laurenson, I buy all my groceries of Laurenson, but d——n me, I think the fellow charges rather extravagant, made me pay him 60 cents for this whiskey.

Thus these honest neighbours proceeded to talk and drink, and drink and talk. In the mean time the wife paraded an excellent dinner, and took her station at the table with Grace and Patience, for her handmaids, but neither could procure a drop of pleasant beverage for *her* refreshment. Its true, Mr. Strikeit, as he praised the ham and quaffed his grog, did once give her a nod of the head "my dear your health," but not a drop of any thing had she in which to return his kind wishes except the water which never was known in the hottest weather to kill by its *coldness*. From him to her, it was

"Drink to me only with thine eye,
"And I will pledge with" *whiskey.*

About sunset the last bottle was drained, and Mr. Likeit got suddenly quite impatient for his horse, to go and take orders for the next day's work—Mr. Strikeit ordered his wife to make Tom take the old black horse and the little black jug, with orders to go to Mr. C's store and get a jug of whiskey until he could get another supply from Baltimore, and tell him to call at the Post Office and get my American Farmer, and tell the post master I'll pay him my postage bill as soon as I can sell my wheat. Lets see what Skinner says about the prices of things; these country merchants there's no depending on them now a days, and my dear, tell Tom to balance the jug with the big stone in tother end of the saddle bags, but be sure he dont let the stone fall against the jug, when he takes them off, and break the jug and lose all the whiskey, as he did once before, and my dear tell him to call as he comes back at Mr. Thrifty's, and tell him I want to borrow his wheat fan, and his cart and steers to bring it in, and tell him to call at neighbour Softly's and borrow his new spade and a drawing knife, and then you can make him call at Mrs. Allnut's and borrow the hackle, to hackle that flax, and the little wheel to spin it on, and tell him to be sure to make haste back, as I want the horse to ride to the Tanyard spring in the evening, there's to be a meeting of the Officers of the Regiment, and the Colonel's going to "*treat*" and my dear, while I'm gone, you'll have that bacon taken down and rubbed with hickory ashes, and have that square of greens wed out, and some corn shelled, ready to go to mill Monday morning; but my dear don't take any o' the hands off from their work; you can take old Nell and old Will and little Jim, and my dear, if I should stay late, you needn't be uneasy, as the Col. treats, may be there'll be some speaking. And Polly, my dear, you may send that bridle to the sadlers and get new reins, and that new girth for your old saddle that you've been plagueing me about so long, and you'll see that Tom gets a good corn cob stopper for the jug.

But I forgot that besides this, which is all as true as preaching, you will have to publish the direction for making cider. If you publish this, perhaps some rainy day, I'll give you another picture of real life in the country.

Directions for making sweet, clear Cider, that shall retain its fine vinous flavour, and keep good for a long time in casks, like wine.

It is of importance in making cider, that the mill, the press, and all the materials be sweet and clean, and the straw clear from must. To make good cider, fruit should be ripe, (but not rotten) and when the apples are ground, if the juice is left in the pummice twenty-four hours, the cider will be richer, softer, and higher colored; if fruit is all of the same kind, it is generally thought that the cider will be better, as the fermentation will certainly be more regular, which is of importance. The gathering and grinding of the apples, the pressing out of the juice, is a mere manual labour, performed with very little skill in the operation; but here the great art of making good cider commences; for as soon as the juice is pressed out, nature begins to work a wonderful change in it. The juice of fruit, if left to itself, will undergo three distinct fermentations, all of which change the quality and nature of this fluid. The first is the vinous; the second the acid, which makes it hard and prepares it for vinegar; by the third it becomes putrid. The first fermentation is the only one the juice of apples should undergo, to make good cider. It is this operation that separates; the juice from the filth, and leaves it a clear, sweet, vinous liquor. To preserve it in this state is the grand secret; this is done by fumigating it with sulphur, which checks any further fermentation, and preserves it in its fine vinous state. It is to be wished that all cider makers would make a trial of this method; it is attended with no expense, and but little trouble and will have the desired effect.

I would recommend that the juice as it comes from the press, be placed in open headed casks or vats: in this situation it is most likely to undergo a proper fermentation, and the person attending may with correctness ascertain when this fermentation ceases; this is of great importance, and must be particularly attended to. The fermentation is attended with a hissing noise, bubbles rising to the surface and there forming a soft spongy crust over the liquor. When this crust begins to crack, and white froth appears in the cracks level with the surface of the head, the fermentation is about stopping. At this time the liquor is in a fine, genuine, clear state, and must be drawn off immediately into clean casks; and this is the time to fumigate it with sulphur. To do this, take a strip of canvas or rag, about two inches broad and twelve long; dip this into melted sulphur, and when a few pails of worked cider are put into the cask, set this match on fire and hold it in the cask, till it is consumed, then bung the cask and shake it, that the liquor may incorporate with and retain the fumes; after this fill the cask and bung it up. The cider should be racked off again the latter part of February or first of March; and if not as clear as you wish it, put in isinglass to fine it, and stir it well; then put the cask in a cool place, where it will not be disturbed, for the fining to settle. Cider prepared in this manner will keep sweet for years.

It is certainly of great importance to the people of America to cultivate the fruit that is natural to the soil of their country, and to make the most of the fruit which the soil produces; especially, when its produce is an article of value and of great consumption in this country.

A Lover of good Cider.

AFFECTING NARRATIVE.

A correspondent of the New York American gives the following pathetic narrative of the oversetting of a boat in the harbor of N. York, on Saturday last.

I happened to be one of the passengers on board the Brooklyn ferry boat on Saturday last, when a most melancholy accident occurred, of which for several reasons, I shall give you a detail. In the first place it is due to the *heroism* of some of the parties concerned, it is an act of *justice* towards the helmsman of the steam boat, to exculpate him from any blame in this unhappy business: and I also hope it may serve as a *caution* to persons who may be rowing close along the wharves, not to pass a steam boat wharf without first ascertaining the situation of the boat.

The steam ferry boat was just doubling the end of the pier, at Fulton slip, when a small barge shot from behind it, and immediately came in contact with the head of the boat. The alarm was instantly given, and the machinery stopped about the moment when the barge came in contact with the bar supporting the rudder of the boat. This bar upset the small boat, owing to the impetus of the ferry boat, and a heavy tide which began to set down the river. The boat contained two ladies, three children, two gentlemen and one servant, besides the two oarsmen.

In a moment one gentleman who was a good swimmer, appeared at the opposite end of the boat having dived under the wheel, which he says had still a slight motion. One of the sailors soon appeared nearly drowning, at a distance down the stream, and was relieved by a small boat near him; while at the same instant, an infant child was seen, on the water's edge immediately beside the boat. The little

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