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, SEPTEMBER 24, 1825. NO. 41.

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.

New Fall Goods.

Wm. H. Groome

Has just returned from Philadelphia and Baltimore with a large and beautiful supply of

FALL GOODS,

CONSISTING OF A VARIETY OF

PLAIN & FANCY DRY GOODS, IRONMONGERY, CUTLERY, QUEEN'S-WARE, GLASS, GROCERIES, LIQUORS, CASTINGS, NAILS, STONE WARE, EARTHEN WARE, TIN WARE, ROPE, TOBACCO, SNUFF, SEGARS, COTTON-YARN, &c. &c.

Nearly all of which, he has the pleasure of saying he can now sell as cheap as at any former period.

He also intends constantly keeping
MEAL, FLOUR, SHORTS, OATS & SALT.

Easton. 17th Sept. 1825. 4w

WORTH THE PUBLIC'S ATTENTION.

Land for Sale.

The subscriber will sell on accommodating terms, the beautiful Farm on which he now resides—known by the name of

"MERCHANTS FOLLY."

containing 175 Acres of land more or less, situated in Talbot county, Bay-side, and immediately on the Bay shore, commanding the most beautiful prospect of the Chesapeake Bay, and one of the most healthy situations in the county—It being the first established Ferry from the Bay-side to the Western Shore, would well deserve the attention of the steam boat company. It is deemed unnecessary to give a minute description of the property, as those wishing to purchase will call & view the same, any person wishing to purchase are requested to make immediate application to the subscriber, who will make known the terms of sale. The object of the subscriber in selling his land is to move directly to the State of Missouri.

D. L. HADDAWAY.

Sept. 17 3w

N. B. Should the above Farm not be sold before the 20th October, it will then be to rent, for the ensuing year. D. L. H.

A Farm for Sale.



In virtue of a decree of Talbot County Court, sitting as a court of equity, I will expose to Public Sale on the premises, on Wednesday the 5th day of October next, all that Farm of Dr. Henry D. Sellers, near Hillsborough, adjoining the lands of William H. Tilghman, Esq. which was mortgaged to the Rev. John Emory. This farm lies on Tuckahoe creek, in Talbot county. The terms of sale will be one-fourth of the purchase money on the day of sale, and the balance in equal instalments of six, twelve and eighteen months, with interest from the day of sale. Bond and security will be required—Sale to commence at 11 o'clock, A. M.

P. B. HOPPER, Trustee.

Sept. 17 3w

Easton Academy.

Notice is hereby given to Parents and Guardians in this district of the county, that Mr. Hugh O. Watts has been appointed Assistant Teacher in this Institution; and that his Department will be opened for the reception of Scholars on Wednesday morning the 14th of September instant. He professes to teach the English Language grammatically, Writing, Arithmetic, the lesser branches of the Mathematics, and Geography; and the character, and recommendation, of his qualifications for these useful portions of Education, and of his moral conduct, have induced the trustees to believe that he will discharge the duties of his office with high credit to himself, and with great advantage to the pupils committed to his care.

The present occasion is taken to apprize the Public that the Classical Department in the charge of Mr. Thompson is also open; in which Scholars will be admitted to receive that course of Instruction, which has so long rendered the principal Teacher the subject of general praise.

By order of the Board,
NS: HAMMOND, President.

Easton, Sept. 13—17 4w

Boarding House.

Young Gentlemen and Boys can be furnished with genteel board and lodging, by applying next door to the Post Office, Easton.

Sept 17

Notice.

Was committed to Frederick county jail, as a runaway, about the last of August, a negro boy named CHARLES YOUNG, about 18 years of age, five feet 4 or 5 inches high, says that he is free, and that his parents are free and live in the city of Washington. He had on when committed a blue lindsey doublet, cotton shirt, linen pantaloons, a wool hat, and a pair of old shoes, and had with him a coarse linen shirt. The owner of the above described runaway is requested to come forward and prove his property, otherwise he will be released as directed by the act of assembly of this state.

THOMAS CARLTON, Shff
Frederick County, Md.

Sep. 17 3w

PRINTING,

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

NEATLY EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE ON REASONABLE TERMS.

REMOVAL.

Gentlemen wishing their clothes made in the most fashionable and genteel manner and to fit them with ease, are requested to call on the subscriber (lately from Baltimore and who formerly carried on business in this town) who from his strict attention to business and his superior knowledge of the same, hopes to merit a share of the patronage of a generous public.

He respectfully informs the public, that he has removed from the shop, noticed in a former advertisement, and taken the one lately occupied by Mr. John W. Jones, directly opposite the Easton Hotel, where all orders in his line will be thankfully received and promptly executed.

JOSEPH COLLISON.

Easton, Sep. 17, 1825. 3w

THE WHOLE TO BE DRAWN

IN ONE DAY,

In the city of Baltimore on Wednesday,

The 9th November.

COHEN'S OFFICE,—Baltimore, September 8th, 1825.

We have the pleasure to announce that the drawing of the

Grand State Lottery

OF MARYLAND,

will take place in the City of Baltimore on Wednesday the 9th of *November*, and will be entirely completed on that day, under the superintendance of the commissioners appointed by the Governor and Council.

HIGHEST PRIZE:

30,000 DOLLARS.

SCHEME:

1 prize of	$30.000 is	$30.000
1 do. of	10.000 is	10.000
1 do. of	5.000 is	5.000
10 do. of	1.000 is	10.000
10 do. of	500 is	5.000
30 do. of	100 is	3.000
60 do. of	50 is	3.000
100 do. of	20 is	2.000
200 do. of	10 is	2.000
400 do. of	5 is	2.000
20.000 do. of	4 is	80.000
20.813 PRIZES.		$152.000

40.000 Tickets *Not* 1 *blank to a prize.*

TO BE DRAWN ON THE

ODD AND EVEN SYSTEM,

secured by Letters Patent under seal of the United States.

The holder of Two Tickets or Two Shares, will be certain of obtaining at least One Prize, *and may draw THREE!*

The popularity of this Scheme is unrivalled—and in consequence of its Brilliancy and mode of drawing, has caused a continuance of sales the most unprecedented.—Every Prize is payable in CASH, which can be had THE MOMENT THEY ARE DRAWN.

Whole Tickets, $5 00 | *Quarters*, $1 25
Halves, ... 2 50 | *Eighths*, . . 62

To be had, in the greatest variety of Numbers (Odd and Even) at

COHEN'S

Lottery & Exchange-Office, 114, *Market-street*, BALTIMORE;

Where all the Great Capitals were sold in the last Grand State Lottery which was drawn on the 27th July—viz: the 40,000 Dollars—the 10,000 Dollars—the 5,000 Dollars—(the latter in Shares)—and where in the late State and other Lotteries, were sold the Great Capitals of 100,000 Dollars—3 of 50,000 Dollars—5 of 40,000 Dollars—5 of 30,000 Dollars—12 of 20,000 Dollars—17 of 10,000 Dollars—31 of 5,000 Dollars, &c.—And *where more Capital Prizes have been obtained than at any other Office in America.*

☞ORDERS from any part of the United States, either by mail (post paid) or private conveyance, enclosing the Cash or Prize Tickets, in any of the Lotteries, will meet the same prompt and punctual attention as if on personal application. *Address to*

J. I. COHEN, Jr. & BROTHERS,
Baltimore.

☞COHEN'S *'Gazette and Lottery Register,'* which will be published immediately after the drawing, will contain the complete List of Prizes, and will be forwarded *gratis*, to all who purchase their Tickets at COHEN'S OFFICE, and who signify their wish to receive the same.

Baltimore, Sept. 8, 1825. [Sep 17 4w]

$100 Reward.

Ranaway from the subscriber, on the 15th inst. a negro man, named SAM, about 20 years of age, 5 feet 8 or 9 inches high and stout made; he formerly lived in the neighborhood of Centreville, Queen-Ann's county, and belonged to William Clark, deceased. The above reward will be given if taken out of the state of Maryland, and secured in any jail, so that I get him again, or $50 if taken in the state.

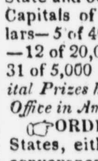
JOSHUA CLARK.

Tuckahoe Neck, Caroline Co. Sep. 17 4w

☞The editor of the Centreville Times will give the above four insertions, and forward his account to this office.

To Rent

FOR THE ENSUING YEAR,
THE HOUSE AND LOT



at present occupied by John Bennett, Esq.—For terms apply to Mr. James M. Lambdin or the subscriber.

Sep. 17. ROBT. BANNING.

Education.

The inhabitants of Hillsborough and its vicinity, are respectfully informed that the duties of the Academy in said borough will be resumed on Monday, September the 19th under the superintendence of Mr. DONNELLY.

Sep 17

From the London Literary Gazette.

Brother Jonathan; or the New Englanders.—3 vols. post 8vo. 1825, Blackwood, Edinburg; and T. Cadell, London.

America has hitherto had little or no originality in her literature; or, to speak more properly, she had done nothing but copy. Unlike other nations, she had not worked up her way gradually from barbarism to civilization; she had no religion, no manners, and above all, no language, essentially her own. People chiefly of the fanatic, the adventurer, and the criminal, bringing with them the usages and tongue of their mother land: exposed alike to want and danger; literally forced to live by the sweat of their brow; the farmer the husbandman, and the woodsman, had little time, and less inclination, for literary pursuits: imagination and manual industry are rarely companions; and even where exertion was followed by ease, and there was space and leisure for the powers of the mind, it was not America, but England that became their arena, it was beyond the seas they looked for success and reward. But the revolution changed all this: there was a new impulse given to the minds of men; and energies were called forth, which, like silver in the mountain, had lain hidden and unthought of, till the heavy torrents washed away the clay above, and displayed the treasure visible.

The war ended in triumph on their side; they had gained national importance; they knew their own power, and they sat down in peace to cultivate that spirit and that mind which, for the first time, they felt they possessed as their own. Still, however, the period succeeding that of revolution, is seldom a period of literary exertion; the mind and body, alike exhausted by the struggle, require rest, new and striking ideas are almost feared—they seem those by-paths of innovation which lead to the high road of revolution, yet too recent to be viewed without terror, its benefits being less striking than its suffering; for when was the thought of the present like the memory of the past? The deluge has passed, and, like most deluges, has probably left a rich and fertile soil, which needs only to be cultivated to yield a glorious harvest; but, as yet, it is almost in a few of her novels alone, that America has shown any thing like originality of talent. The one before us is what an American novel should be: American in its scene, actors, and plot; curious as a picture of language and manners; and interesting as a tale of deep passion, and belonging to a very striking period of the world's history. There is much of power and much of interest in these volumes, though the tale is too long and involved for even a sketch of it here; but we shall make some extracts, to show the author's style in description of manners, character, scenery, &c.

Speaking of the customs of the New Englanders:

"They have,—together with certain public, religious and political celebrations, or festivals there, some of a nature, between those of the fire-side and those of the world; neither private nor public. There are three, which now occur to us;—the Husking, the Raising, and the Quilting.

"The Husking, which prevails throughout New-England only, is brought about in this way. After the maize or Indian wheat, is gathered into the barn, the farmer, to whom it belongs, puts a good face on the matter; sends round among all his neighbours; and gives them notice, that he is ready to 'shell out;' or in other words to undergo a husking. The meaning of which message is; that, as he cannot help himself; on such or such a night, he will permit all the "fellers' and 'gals' to tumble about his barn, all night long, if they please; eat his pumpkin pies; drink his cider, and waste his apples; under pretence of husking corn.

"When the practice began, it was an act of neighbourly kindness; a piece of downright labour, done for nothing. It is now a wicked and foolish frolic, at another man's expense. Then, it was a favour, which the owner of the corn went about asking of others; it is now a heavy tax he would escape if he could. That which they are wanted for, is—to tear off the long green coats, from the ear; leaving two or three in some cases; whereby a large number of ears, when they are stripped, may be braided strongly together. That, which they do, is quite another affair. Instead of husking the corn, they husk the owner; trample on the product of his soil; and push one another about; sometimes to the squalling of a bad fiddle

"The Raising—a word of that here: it will save time, by and by. The people of New England live in frame-houses. The frame of any building, any where, in town or country, being ready, the public pour in from all sides; and, for a mouthful of bread and cheese, or a bit of mince-pie, and a 'twig o' cider' a piece, put up the frame for the owner, in a frolic.

"So too—and here, we come back to the story, again—so too, whenever a young sheyankee is 'laying out' for a husband, she gives what is there called a 'quilting frolic.' The women gather about her; and, for a cup of tea a piece, or some such matter, 'turn out' a handsome bed-quilt for her, sometimes in a single afternoon."

Sketch of an Indian called the Bald Eagle—"He was from one of the southern tribes—the warrior Creeks; the brown Apollos of the wilderness. He had been taken captive, when a youth, by a hunting party of the Mohawks; the most formidable of the northern tribes; the terror in fact, such was their warlike temper; their fierce, adventurous, unappeasable appetite for dominion; the terror, alike, of every body; white and red—all over North America. He had run the gauntlet, with six other captives. Four of them sunk, under the blows; two faltered on the way; but he ran it, without flinching or failing; perhaps without winking; at a speed, and with a sort of audacious valour that amazed the enemy. He was adopted by a Mohawk woman; a mother whose only child had been cut off by the relations of Eagle.

"Our Eagle was rather small; not more than five feet six, or seven; but straight as an arrow His carriage was that of the indolent young Greek, as we see it in statuary; the head rather forward; arms free; toes turned in. Such was the general bearing of Bald Eagle; but in council, or on coming near a white man of authority, he would uprear himself, to his topmast elevation, as if measuring stature with all about him.

"His common pace, when he had an object in view, was a kind of loose, long, lazy trot; like that of the wolf, through a light snow. Wherefore, it is called, in America, the Indian 'loup.' It is a step, nevertheless, with which a North American savage will go day after day, at the rate of about five miles an hour.

"At the age two-and-forty, there was not a wrinkle to be found in the face of Bald Eagle. Nor was there any appearance of muscle or sinew, in his frame. His whole body was round, smooth and effeminate. His limbs were daintily made; the joints finely articulated; and his feet remarkably small. And yet—fashioned so delicately—Built up so slightly—there was no man able to stand before him at a wrestling match.

"His general behaviour was that of a loitering, weak, indolent, peaceable creature, whom any body might overlook, or affront, with safety. But, once fully awake, there was no lulling, or appeasing the miraculous instinct of the savage. He was capable of enduring incredible fatigue; and was called by the southern tribe, to whom he went repeatedly, as a messenger, from the northern, Arka-poo-too; the spirit; or, literally, the man, without a body—'all heart.' His little keen, sharp, shining eyes were like those of the large black snake; the boa-constrictor of North America: his cheek bones were high; his forehead low, narrow and flat, or square; mouth, handsome, broad, and expressive; teeth, uncommonly large; of a startling whiteness when abruptly or unexpectedly disclosed; nostrils, wide and vigorous; nose, rather flat; hair coarse, black and shining, like the mane of a young stalion, roughened, if you will, in the blaze and smoke of battle—or scorched by unholy fires. It was carefully parted, from the middle of his head, all the way over; and hung behind, somewhat after the fashion of the squaws, in a large, heavy club.

No man shot so true an arrow as Bald Eagle, and few hurled such a tomahawk. He "swum like a frog; he run like a deer; he clumb like a squirrel; and jumped like a cattermount;" so said all the whites.

See him when, or where you might, unless in the hunting seasons, or at a time of war; and he was always idling about before somebody's great kitchen fire, half asleep; or under some great, old overgrown tree, twisting the tendons of a newly slain deer, for his bow, or splitting them into threads; polishing white bone fish hooks, and arrow heads; playing checkers; or staining slips of ash and willow, for basket work; feathering arrows; or working coloured beads, and brilliantly died porcupine quills, into his bullet pouch, mocasins, or belt.

His carriage, dress, and appearance, were pretty much of a piece; at all times; under all circumstances; winter and summer. If he was not laying before the fire, with his dog; or underneath a tree, he would be lounging about, with a negligent, graceful swing of his whole body; surrounded by a troup of children; a large, loose, dirty blanket, falling off, at every step, from his fine square shoulders, yet, so disposed, nevertheless—with a slovenly, brave air, as to show a sort of scarlet uniform underneath, encumbered with absurd ornaments—large plates of silver; rough medals; wampum; a knife; and a pipe or two; all ringing and rattling together, at every motion of his body.

It was amusing enough to see how patiently, how unconcernedly, he would bear the impertinent, annoying, examination of the white people. No matter what was done, or offered; especially by the children; they might strip him naked; or turn him inside out, in a good natured way; it was all the same to our savage, if they would "only let him rifle be."

American Dinner.—"The table was laid as usual, in America: there was no first; no second course. Every thing was brought forth at once, without parade; and every one ate of what he liked; helping himself, and shoving the dish on, to his neighbor, without fuss or ceremony. There was among the native preparations of the country, baked beans, pork and compliments; Indian pudding; custards and apologies, a drink, brewed of sweet scented herbs, leaves and roots; turkeys, apple pies and excuses; apples, cheese, and sweet cakes, or gingerbread. The whole family, servants, visitors and all; sat side by side, at the same table. There was no hauding of bread; no ringing of bells; no changing of plates; no standing behind chairs. All went on quietly and smoothly."

A Supper.—A New England supper table; and a genuine Yankee supper may be worth a moment of our time, and half a dozen sweeps of our brush; a supper and a table, such as were in fashion, half a century ago; and such as are still to be met with, all over the 'Western Country;' throughout all the woods and 'back parts of America'—with few variations, from 'hasty pudding and molasses, to hog and hommony;' from sweet corn, pumpkin pies, and *sarse* (vegetables;) to buckwheat cakes and goose's gravy, in many of the small towns, and over all the country parts, of New England.

We all know the value of these fire side habits, in making up our mind, about the social and moral character of a people. It is the household virtues, that chiefly distinguish one set of men from another. To know a man well, we should see him at *home*. People are very much alike, in their out of door habits; their dress of ceremony and fashion, before all the world; they are not half so much alike, at home; in their old coats and big slippers, lounging over the tables and chairs; each after the fashion of his own—more or less dignified or sloppy, as he is more or less afraid of being caught. Abroad, people are seen afar off, as it were, through an atmosphere, which, while it exaggerates the whole, confuses every part. Distance in space, like distance in time, never fails to confound the minutiæ and peculiarities of all men, however they may loom through it, like a great ship in a fog.

At home, it is, and only at home, as every body knows—(Then, why tell us of it! Because men will have it so. Books, altogether new, put to the trouble of thinking—perhaps)—At home, it is; and only at home, that we show the 'natural man;' the real temper of 'the beast,—perverse or sociable; overbearing, stern, or affectionate; cross or cruel; gentle or severe, our infirmities, whatever they are; our virtues, whatever they are; the kinder pulsations of the heart; the wicked emotions of the mind. If there be any blood in a fellow, he will show it whenever he dares—wherever he can: but, where can he show it more safely, than at home, where his wife and children cannot help themselves; and his 'people' are paid so much a week, to bear it. See him at home, therefore; whoever he may be; whatever he may be; good or bad; great or little: if you would know his true value. Is it a pyramid? go near to it, if you would know its real strength; it may have been built of pebbles. Is it a ruin? go near to it—nearer: it may have been richly sculptured; it may be a treasury of ornament.

A man may be a hypocrite all his life long, before the public; but no man ever was, before his own family. His true disposition is that, which they see, however it may appear abroad; over his wine; or, on particular occasions.

For this reason it is that we love to follow men home to their own fire sides. The table itself, apart from every thing else; that alone is a criterion, by which the refinement of a people may be determined. There is no better one; or, at any rate, only *one*—the condition of women among them. The rude, barbarian virtues; the coarse hospitality, and substantial fierce welcome, of every people in a savage state, are all of a piece.

The black broth of the Spartans; the raw frozen fish, and sea-blubber of the Laplander; the sour crout of the Germans; the fish-and-potatoes of the Yankee; the corn bread and hommony of an old Virginian; the oatmeal cakes, bannocks, and crody, of a Scotchman; the train oil of the Esquimaux; the substitutes of a Frenchman; the horse flesh and mare's milk of a wild Arab; the brave, coarse meat of the North American—that of a strangled bear, perhaps; the potatoes and point of an Irish peasant; the live, quivering steak of an Abyssinian; the buckwheat cakes of a New Yorker; the lion's meat of some people; the broken glass, brick bats, and old iron of the ostrich: or, worse than all, perhaps, the abominable plum pudding of an Englishman; that which, if he were not 'brought up' on it, the ostrich himself could not manage; what are all these things but so many infallible measures of refinement and character. They are always detestable to strangers, and always agreeable to the 'natives.' Those who are 'brought up' on them, love them: those who are not, bring them up—with a curse. They work upon us, nevertheless—all of them—like our mother's milk; and keep us yearning toward our home, even to the last.

"Now for supper. There being 'a pooty consid'r'ble snarl o' gals, I guess,' the supper was bravely furnished. As usual, in America, puddings and pies, vegetables and meat, were all on the table at once. 'We aint proud, I guess. Here were 'sweetmeats,' i. e. preserved plums; there was a fine goose; here, was a pumpkin pie, nearly

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