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. XII. EASTON, MARYLAND, SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 28, 1829. NO. 13.

PRINTED & 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.

TALE OF THE SEA

The following very interesting story is said to be from the pen of MR. COOPER, the American novelist. "The brilliant exploit on which the tale is founded, was performed in the early part of the Revolution in Peru.—San Martin, after freeing Chili from the Spanish yoke, had pushed his army to the gates of Lima; and, with the co-operation of Lord Cochrane by sea, took possession of the ancient Capital of Peru, soon after the occurrences here detailed.—[Lit. Subaltern.

THE ESMERALDA.

It was a bright and sunny summer evening that a curious cavalcade was seen issuing from the gate of Lima, taking the road to Callao. It was composed of the "liberty men"* of the American frigate Macedonian, then lying in the harbour. A crowd of Peruvian boys followed it; and the very sentinels forgot their military gravity, and indulged in the irrepressible laughter which it excited. First came some half dozen sailors arm-in-arm, whom a tiny midshipman in vain strove to keep in order. Then followed some dozen mules, each carrying two drunken sailors slung like panniers, amid-ships, & guided by a stout Peruvian lad, seated 'en croupe'—Two or three midshipmen, with some twenty steady fellows of the crew, brought up the rear. The pinioned tars had no idea of the propriety of their mode of conveyance, and vented all their tipsy rage on the "after guard," so they styled the driver. But once on shore during a three years cruise the sailors had gone from the extreme of temperance and abstinence, to the extreme of excess; and having spent their last dollar, were now literally carried back to their vessel. Those in front, as they passed the soldiers, cocked their eyes, thrust their tongues into their cheeks, and throwing out their legs horizontally, performed the mock military to perfection, then bursting into a roar of laughter at their own wit, trod on each other's heels, kicked each other's shins, shouted "heads up ye lubbers!" and set order at complete defiance. The living panniers were less noisy, and groaned and hiccuped their discontent at being "tricked up" to such heavy sailors, as they termed the mules; kicked the sides of the animals aimed ineffectual blows at the 'after guard,' and ran a desperate risk of life as some restive beast, throwing his heels in the air, threatened to dislodge them. The rear, exhilerated, but not tipsy, with just enough aboard to show off the sailor to perfection, cracked their jokes, trolled songs, practised their manual "fun" upon the drunkards, and moved merrily along.—By dint of driving and swearing, the procession was urged over the seven miles from Lima to the sea, and reached Callao just as the sun flashed his last rays upon the Chilien brig, which was cruising, hull down, in the offing. The wharf or quay, alongside of which the frigate's boats were lying in readiness to receive the "liberty men," was crowded with people.—Sailors, soldiers, guarda-costas, Indians & idlers of all descriptions, were collected there. The clattering of the oars of newly arrived boats, the roll and splash of those leaving the landing, the voice of command, the English and Americans 'damn' the Spanish 'caramba,' the French 'sacre, and the Dutch 'der teufel,' were all heard mingled in the general clamour and hurry at the close of day. These sounds were dying away as the Americans approached the quay; and by the time that the "liberty men" were tumbled aboard the two cutters and pinnace, nobody remained to witness their departure but a few guardacostas, whose duty detained them along the shore.

It was a beautiful & tranquil bay, across which the Macedonian's boats now pulled. On the right lay the castles of Callao, the long line of ramparts serried with the bayonets of the Spanish soldiers: On the left, anchored head and stern, were the frigates Macedonian and Esmeralda; the latter a new ship, fully armed,—provisioned manned, and equipped for six months cruise; and a little farther out lay the British frigate Hyperion; all three within gunshot of the castles. Within the men-of-war the merchantmen were securely moored. A few black whale ships dotted the bay; and far off, in the shadow of the Island of San Lorenzo, lay the Patriot blockading squadron of Lord Cochrane. The stern sheet of the pinnace were occupied by two midshipmen. At home, by his own fireside on the Roanoke the youngest would have been called a boy; but here, in the Pacific, the officer of a yankee frigate it would have been sword and pistol work to have rated him any thing but a man. There was an air too of command about him, which sustained his pretensions to the character; and the sailors at the oars regarded him with that respectful kindness and ready obedience that showed he was a favorite among the crew. In place of a chapeau-bras, like that worn by his companion, the large straw sombrero of the Peruvians lay beside him, while a black handkerchief twisted round his head, shielded it from the damp air, which already began to float over the water.

"In the name of sense, Hal," said his companion, taking up the sombrero and measuring its immense brim against the sky, "where did you get this upper rigging? and what boot did you give in exchanging a chapeau?"

"It is too long a yarn to spin now," said the Virginian evidently willing to avoid the subject, "put the broad brim down, and mind the yoke rope. Here we are athwart the hawse of a merchantmen."

The sudden shock which threw the oars out of the rowlocks, created confusion on board the pinnace which effectually interrupted the conversation. The hail from the merchantman was answered. The commands, 'back water,' 'steady;' 'pull y'er starboard oars:' 'altogether now;' 'give way, boys,' followed in quick succession, and the pinnace shot by the obstacle which had momentarily checked its progress. All the vessels which the boat had hitherto passed, had hailed it at the usual distance, and it was now directly under the bows of the Esmeralda.

"Strange that the Spanish frigate does not hail," said the Virginian. 'So fine a ship should have a livelier watch on board. A sleepy dog that, whose bayonet I see just abaft the mainmast.'

*Sailors on shore with leave.

"They're deep in a frolic," replied his companion. 'I met a crowd of Spanish gentlemen going on board to dine, as I came ashore this morning, and the guarda-costa at the landing told me, that they had not returned at sundown'

"The more fools they," answered the other; "to blow it out with Cochrane at two gun-shots of them.'

'He is not the man to interrupt them,' was the reply; 'he lies so idly under the island, that his men will soon not know brace from buntline.'

'I don't know,' continued the Virginian; 'his vessels showed their teeth pretty plainly as we made the land here and his flag-ship walked across our fore foot in as gallant a style as I have seen this many a day.'

'Nothing but show,' said the other.

'The commodore did not think so, however or else all hands would not have been beat to quarters, ship cleared for action, bulk-heads down, decks sanded, and matches smoking. No no, Cochrane will be alongside of the Esmeralda yet and that before long. It may be superstition, Will, but for a commodore's broad pennant I would not sling my hammock to night to the best battens on board of her. In my eye, she looks like a doomed ship. Her sails bent, her guns run out, and yet so still not a living soul to speak to us from her decks; no sound about her but the rippling of the tide against her hawse.'

The farther remarks of the Virginian were interrupted by the loud hail from the Macedonian. It was promptly answered, and in a short time the sailors and their officers stood upon the deck of the frigate.

The bustle occasioned by the arrival of the boats was soon over. The sailors betook themselves to the forecastle, and became listeners to an interminable love song, which a sentimental blue jacket, was droning forth to his companions. The officers after reporting themselves on the quarter deck, either turned in for the night or joined the different groups that were laughing about the after part of the ship. Seated on the breech of a gun, with his sombrero on his knee and surrounded by a crowd of reefers, was the Virginian. The Peruvian hat had already been tried on the heads of all around and made the subject of sailor jests; and assuming all the dignity of one who was aware of the interest attached to his story, its owner commenced his account of the manner in which he obtained it, and the cause of his wearing it.

"You see reefers, the purser and I having come to a reckoning, I determined to have a regular blow out in Lima, not a tipsy spree, you understand, but something to recall the Roanoke and old Virginia. So off I started in the cutter, and having reached the shore, I hired the horse of a guarda-costa to carry me to town and engaged its master to serve me as a guide. I took the sheep-skins, and he trudged it on foot. It was sunset when he left the wharf, and before we had proceeded half way the mist came rolling over from the Sea, and concealed from our view even the trees which lined the sides of the road. We were the only travellers. Some loaded mules passed; but with the exception of these, we were the solitary occupants of the king's high way. I possessed Spanish sufficient to maintain a broken conversation with the guarda-costa, and we chatted easily enough, until we heard the clatter of a horse's hoof upon the road behind us. In another moment, a horsemen nobly mounted, but dressed in the poncho and sombrero of the country, dashed by us at full speed. He came, and he was gone. Here, and away. Lightning could scarcely have been quicker But still, as on he galloped, I was struck with his appearance. I noticed that he rode with civilized stirrups, and not the wooden shoes of the Peruvians. I thought, too, he had holsters; and I would swear to the long straight sword which clinked against the stirrup-iron. Small time for observation you say. Well, so it was; but time enough for all. The guarda costa saw every thing that I did. 'Bravo!' he said, as the stranger, unmoved in his saddle, bore the wide leap which his startled horse made in passing Bueno Caballero! That fellow sits well, signor!'—'Like a hero,' replied I, equally pleased with the dexterity of the horseman, but before the words had passed my lips, he had disappeared, and we again moved solitarily along. When we had proceeded about a mile further, to our great surprise, the single horseman again dashed by us at his utmost speed. But this time he came in the direction of Lima, and rode so furiously as almost to capsize the guarda-costa.—After passing us, he turned at right angles to the road, and continued his way far to our left. He had scarcely vanished in the mist, before a vidette of Spanish cavalry came on us, with almost equal speed. The officer commanding it reined his horse upon its haunches beside me and asked imperitively the direction taken by the single horseman, whose appearance and dress he described. I, however, had no idea of turning informer so I pretended not to understand him, and talked as fast in English as he did in Spanish. He cursed big and large, and then repeated his questions to the guarda costa.—I was afraid all would be blown now, and was consoling myself by calculating the advantages the delay had given to the fugitive, when I heard my guide log a deliberate lie, on assuring the Spaniard, that "Caballero" had pushed on to Callao; and in a moment more, the vidette were, as they supposed, pushing after him. We now continued our way.—The Peruvian chuckled and did not pretend to conceal his satisfaction at having crossed the trail of the vidette. "Santa-Maria! how he rode said the guarda-costa as if thinking aloud; "and those cursed Spaniards to think to overtake him." "You speak roughly of your friends," said I. "Friends!" repeated the man, in as fiendish a tone as I ever heard. He laid his hand upon the pummel of the saddle, threw back the broad rim of his straw hat, and rose many inches in height, as he darted his quick keen eye full in my face, to read in the deep gloom, the expression of my countenance For a moment he looked cautiously around, and then rapidly whispered, "I, signor, am a Peruvian, but not a free-born man.—Who made me? Who made the Incas slaves? The Spaniards." The guarda-costa paused; then, pointing first in the direction of San Martin's camp, and then towards the Chilian fleet, he continued in the same energetic tone,—"No, signor, there are our friends." I scarcely recognised the stupid custom-house drudge in the man who now addressed me. His extended arm—his bold carriage—his upright figure, which loomed large in the evening mist, belonged, I thought, to another being.—But the change was momentary. The soldier turned slowly away, and before I could reply, he was as when I hired him.

'In the mean time we approached the city. The guarda-costa appeared to have struck upon a train of thought which was far from pleasing, for he strode rapidly along, and occasionally muttered discontented sounds, as thought came unwittingly to his tongue. I tried to catch his meaning without success. His sullen answers prevented conversation, and we proceeded most unsociably, until challenged by the sentinel at the gate. 'Qué viva?' sounded hoarsely from beneath the old archway. 'San Martin!' fiercely replied my guide. In a moment the musket of the Spanish soldier on guard rattled in his hands, I heard the sharp click as he cocked it. Another second; and the guarda-costa had been a dead man. I sprung from my horse in time to strike up the levelled weapon, and shouted 'viva le rey,' in tones that brought the whole guard to the spot.—My guide was more alarmed than I was San Martin was uppermost in his thoughts, and the name of the patriot chief, at which the Limanians trembled was pronounced instead of the usual reply to the hail of the Spanish sentinel. We were now overhauled by the officers on duty; and after some impertinent examination I was damned as a North American, and suffered to proceed. My guide, however; was detained. This was unlucky enough. I knew nothing of Lima; and none of those whom the bustle at the gate had collected seemed at all disposed to assist me. Recollecting that Frank Lindesay's horse, in old Virginia—and I rode it often enough to know—stopped at all the grog-shops, I threw the reins on the neck of my steed, hoping that he would carry me to the place where his master usually put up. The animal's intentions may have been good; but I soon saw that the crowd where determined to thwart them. To make a long story short I was in the centre of a Lima mob led on by a little contemptible looking rascal, who persuaded the people that I was at the head of San Martin's army. At first I pretended not to understand what was said, but my valor at last got the better of my discretion, and I could not resist the temptation, of putting my fist between the eyes of a villain who was grinning his impudence in my face.—This brought things to a crisis: 'a la muerte,' was the cry, and the last thing that I recollected was a blow on the temple, which brought me to the ground.

(*To be Concluded*)

CURING A COLD.

"Stuff a Cold, & starve a Fever."—Old Saying.

As much as we venerate the time honored sayings and the wise saws of olden time, we must beg leave to call in question the first clause of the above. It has no more foundation in truth, than the divine right of kings. Stuff a Cold and starve a Fever—as if a cold was not likewise a Fever.

But absurd as the first part of this saying is, it has governed the multitude for ages. When they feel the slightest advances of a cold, they incontinently begin to stuff. The cold, thus fed & encouraged, acquires a strength and decision not its own, pushes on with vigor, blockades the nose, and throat, the lungs, and nearly cuts off all communication with the vital air. But the more the patient is stuffed with the cold, the more he stuffs himself with food. One would suppose they were stuffing on a wager; the cold stuffs up the breathing apertures, the patient stuffs the alimentary canal. Only imagine for a moment what a war of stuffing. But it so happens that the stuffing of the stomach only increases the stuffing of the lungs, until the stuffed patient, wheezing and barking, can just speak in a hoarse whisper, and deems it a matter of prudence to call a physician.

The Doctor comes. "How do you do Mr. Pheeze?"

Patient. [Coughing, ugh! ugh! ugh! I dont know Doc—ugh! ugh! ugh! a terrible cold

[Enter Wife.] Dont try to talk Mr. Pheezer, you're so stopped up. I'll tell you how 'tis Doctor, Mr. Pheezer put on a damp shirt t'other day, and took cold, and though I've done my best to cure him he's grown worse and worse, till now, poor man, he can hardly speak above his breath.

Doctor. What have you done for him?

Mrs. Pheezer. Why, besides giving him a sight of yarb drink, and bathing his feet in warm water, I made him eat as much good victuals as he could any way stuff down. I han't starved him, depend upon it. Doctor I've had a good dozen of Turkeys cooked, since he was unwell, poor man; which is only a week come to-morrow; besides three spare-ribs and a Goose—and as sure as I am a living sinner, Doctor, he's eat the bigger part on'em.

Doctor. And he's yet alive!

Mrs. Pheezer. Yes—I desire to be thankful that he is; though I think he wouldn't ha'lived but a very leetle while, if I had'nt ha' done what I have; dont you, Doctor?

Doctor. No, good woman, I think if you had starved instead of stuffed his cold, he would have been well before now.

Mrs. Pheezer. Lord ha' mercy on ye Doctor, starve a cold! why I never heerd of sich a thing in all my borne days.

Doctor. May be not, Mrs. Pheezer, but I assure you it is the right way to manage a cold. if you mean to get rid of it. For instance, let the patient take a little tea, coffee, or a glass of water, with a cracker three times a day—or a little water gruel, if more convenient or agreeable to taste. By this management a cold may ordinarily be cured in two or three days, while by the stuffing process it would probably be prolonged as many months, unless death should intervene and put an end to the cold and the patient together.

Mrs. Pheezer. Why, Doctor, I'm astonished at ye. I used to think you knewed something; but now I'm convinced all your skill an't worth the snap-e' my thumb. You needn't come any more, Doctor. [Exit Physician.] Starve a cold! Well, of all the strange doctrine I ever heard of, this is the cap sheaf. Among all my sins, Lord help me, I havn't got this to answer for.—

So Mrs. Pheezer pursued her stuffing regimen, her husband's cold became an inflammation of the lungs, and in a week after, Mrs. Pheezer followed him to the grave, consoling herself in the midst of her afflictions that she had not been guilty of the sin of starving his cold.

DEFINITION OF A GENTLEMAN.

There is no word so much used and so little understood, as 'gentleman.' What is a gentleman? A gentleman is he who is polite to all, subservient to none; generous and liberal in his behaviour; firm and honest in his own opinions; indulgent and respectful to those of others; affable with many, familiar with some, intimate with a few; of cultivated intellect, refined impressions, and honourable pursuits; always independent, insolent never. And if to these attributes you add elegance of manners, ardent Patriotism and Chivalrous emotions, you have the picture of a perfect gentleman.—

[Confuscius.

[From the Maniton Herald.]

ARISTOCRACY.

There is no word more used by those designing demagogues who endeavour to usurp an undue influence over the rights and persons of other men, than the word aristocracy." It is like the cry of "stop thief! stop thief!" raised by the thief himself, to cover his own guilt.

"Aristocracy" consists in political privileges, not in social condition. The liberty of selecting one's companions, and of choosing them from among those who agree with him in occupations, taste, feeling, education, &c. is inseparable from the idea of freedom: and that man who would abridge the right, is himself the worst aristocrat of all. Differences of social condition will exist in all countries: and if they constitute aristocracy, then republican institutions are impracticable and our government is not a republic. If differences of social condition are aristocratical and ought to be abolished, and frugality, industry, honesty, liberality and wealth must be prohibited. If the laws must interfere to prevent those differences, or any class of society be allowed to combine against them with violence and suppress them; then must every other distinction too be levelled: every tall man must be shortened to the size of his little neighbor; every strong man weakened to the force of the feeble; every rich man apportion his money among the needy; and every man of sense and learning conceal or discard his knowledge and abilities, for fear of being stigmatized as an "aristocrat" by the ignorant and stupid. Take but one step in such a course of reasoning, and you plunge at once into the odious and absurd

I have heard a fellow declaiming furiously against these unavoidable differences of social condition, as insufferable aristocratical distinctions, and calling himself at the same time a member of what he denominated "middle society," thus implying those very distinctions which he deprecated, and that, although he would pull down all above him, he considered many as beneath him. If, according to his rule, nothing superior to "middle society" be allowed, middle society will be first society and will deserve to be pulled down itself; and thus every thing will go crumbling 'ad infinitum.' In all popular commotions on this subject, the greater number are deluded, and a few leaders, who delude them, are actuated by malignant purposes. They would have no one's rights respected but their own, no distinctions but those which they themselves choose to establish. But the majority of an enlightened people will, sooner or later, take the correct view of the question.—They will determine that differences of pursuits, tastes, feelings, circumstances, associations and wealth, are perfectly compatible with entire uniformity and equality of political rights; and that those who contend otherwise, design to make themselves masters of their fellow citizens, under the pretext (like all tyrants) of liberty and independence.—Whatever classes and gradations may exist in society, (and they always will exist,) they are all entitled to kind and respectful treatment from each other, and none has a right to interfere with the rest. Herodotus, in his history of the Grecian republics, has well observed, that there is no better reason why there should be an aristocracy of mechanics, than an aristocracy of merchants, lawyers, or farmers; or why there should be an aristocracy of the poor, any more than of the rich.

The voice of truth and wisdom admonishes all their votaries, to be content with a "political" equality; not to covet their neighbours' goods; and, instead of being envious of their more prosperous fellow-citizens, to thank providence for those advantages and privileges which we all alike enjoy.—[Jeremy Bentham.

ANECDOTE OF A BANKER.—At the present moment, when so much is said about bankers and banking business, the following anecdote of a deceased member of the craft may not be unacceptable. Those persons who were well acquainted with the facetious old Knight, and there are many living, will vouch for its authenticity:—

"The late Sir M.——— B———always used to say. "D—n banking!—I hate banking.—When I was a banker I never slept soundly, and there never was a day I was not afraid of stopping payment."

"Some years after he failed, he used to tell humorous stories of the numerous escapes his bank had from time to time; take the following as a specimen: 'One afternoon,' said he 'just as we were shutting up for the day, at five o'clock, our head cashier came running to me, and said, "Lord, Sir, here's a man just come in with a cheque for 540*l*, and I do not know what to do, we have only 500*l* and a little silver and copper in the till.' 'Oh! said I, 'never mind; do you close the doors, and run out and borrow 40, and I'll keep the chap in jaw;' and so we saved the bank that night. Next morning, luckily, a customer paid in, as soon as we opened shop, two thousand pounds; which made all right. The fatal day, however, was to come, and come it did with a vengeance; we were run upon most unexpectedly, and, long before I had breakfasted, the house was shut up, and a large mob was round the doors. For a long time I could not account for it—at last it came across me like a flash of lightning. We had, only a week or two before we stopped taken in a new clerk to replace one that had died, and the cashier, when he went to dinner by mistake left him at the counter. The chap was a Yorkshireman, and at once saw how things were, and, not having been used to our ways, he told some friend, that friend told a third, and so we were run out.—This however, I will say for all other clerks—we paid them well, dined them well once a week, they knew our secret, and kept it for full ten long years. My first toast after dinner always was "D—n Banking, Curse Banking, and the next was to the clerks, "Come boys, hear, see, and say nothing!!"

A FEMALE HUSBAND.—The London papers contain an account of a curious discovery made on examining the body of a labourer, named James Allen, who was killed whilst working as a shipwright at Dockhead. The body turned out to be that of a female and yet strange to say, Allen has been married 21 years, and his wife deposed that she suspected, but did not positively know that her husband was a woman! Allen was a strong, active and ingenious workman (or workwoman) of an affectionate disposition but warm temper; and her fellow-workmen never suspected her sex.

The printer of a paper in the interior of this state, whose occupation failed him on the 4th inst. thus laconically notices the event—doubtless of some interest to himself and his subscribers:

O! what a splash!—This day John Quincy Adams and I are *tip'd overboard*. "How *we* apples swim"

T. CLEMONS."

The following good-natured QUIZ upon office seekers, we copy from a Jackson paper, the Boston Gazette:—

"Before the President elect arrived at Washington, the accumulation of letters for him in the Post-Office at that city, exceeded THREE THOUSAND. We suppose many of them are brief and run thus:—"Dear General, I congratulate you on your success, and having been one of your warmest friends and supporters, flatter myself that I shall be remembered when the offices are distributed. "Remember the poor," dear General, Yours, &c.

PUBLIC SALE.

WILL be sold at Public Sale, at the residence of James Chambers, Esq. near the Chapel, on THURSDAY the 2d day of April, a large quantity of personal property, consisting of Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Hogs, and Farming Utensils—Also Household and Kitchen furniture, among which is a first rate eight day clock.

The Terms of sale will be made know on the day of sale—Sale to commence at 10 o'clock A. M. and attendance given by

JESSE SCOTT.

March 21. ts.

BIBLE SOCIETY.

THE MEMBERS of the Talbot county Bible Society are requested to assemble on WEDNESDAY the 15th of April next, in the Episcopal Church at Easton, at 11 o'clock, in pursuance of an invitation from the Female Bible Society of Talbot county to meet then.—A punctual attendance is requested.—By order of the President.

March 21—

NOTICE.

THE Annual Meeting of the "Female Sabbath School Society of Easton" will be held on SATURDAY the 4th of April, at 10 o'clock A M. The members, and all persons friendly to the Society, are earnestly requested to attend. It is expected on this occasion, that several Addresses by different Clergymen will be delivered.——By order of the Board.

March 21 2w

To Brick-layers and Carpenters.

THE Committee appointed by the Trustees of the "Methodist Episcopal Church," to superintend the building of a new brick Church in the town of Easton, will receive written Proposals for the laying of the bricks, and the Carpenters' work, on or before the 9th of April next—to be left with Mr. John G. Stevens in the town of Easton. The dimensions of the house being 54 by 44 feet, and two stories in height

March 21—4w

Tuckahoe.



That beautiful full blooded horse TUCKAHOE, that took the 1st premium at the Easton Cattle Show in 1827, will be let to Mares the ensuing season at the following prices, to wit:—Four Dollars the single leap, Six Dollars the spring's chance and twelve Dollars to ensure a mare in foal; Twenty-five cents in each case to the Groom.

TUCKAHOE is a beautiful gray, full fifteen hands three inches high, out of the dam of Lady Light Foot, that took a premium at the Easton Cattle Show in the Fall of 1825. He was sired by Gov. Wright's celebrated Horse Silver Heels, he by Col. Tayloe's Old Oscar, who was got by the Imported Horse Gabriel, (sire of Post-Boy, Harlequin and Lady Jack Bull, grand dam of Chance Medley,) Oscar's dam was Vixen by Old Medley, grand dam Col. Tayloe's Penelope by Old Yorick; g. g. dam by Ranter; g. g. g. dam by Old Gift—Silver Heels' dam was Pandora, who at three years old sold for a thousand dollars, she was got by Col Tayloe's grey Diomed, who was got by the Imported Horse Medley, his dam by Sloe, his grand dam by Valiant out of the imported Mare Calista the property of Col. Wm. Byrd of Westover—The above Horse Sloe was got by Old Partner out of Gen. Nelson's Imported Mare Blossom; her dam was got by Mr. Hall's Union; her grand dam by Leonidas; her great grand dam by the Imported horse Othello; her g. g. grand dam by the Imported horse George's Juniper; her g. g. g. g. dam by the Imported horse Morton's Traveller, her g. g. g. g. grand dam was Col. Tasker's Imported Mare Selima, who was got by the Godolphin Arabian.

Gabriel (bred by Lord Ossery) was got by Dormout; his dam by the famous High-Flyer; grand dam by Snap, out of Shepherd's Crab Mare (the dam of Chalkstone, Iris, Sphinx, Planet and other good runners) her dam was Miss Meredith by Cade, out of the Little Hartley Mare. Medley was got by Gimcrack (Cripple Godolphin Arabian) his dam full sister to the dam of Sir Peter Teazle, was Araminda by Snap; grand dam Miss Cleveland by Regulus, great grand dam Midge, by Bay Bolton; great great grand dam by Bartlett's Childers, great great great grand dam by Honeywood's Arabian, out of the dam of the two True-blues.—So that Medley's blood, so desirable among Sportsmen flowed through Grey Diomed the sire of Pandora, the dam of Silver Heels; and also through Vixen, the dam of Oscar, sire of Silver Heels (the sire of Tuckahoe) who is of course a quarter Medley and a quarter Gabriel, the best running blood in America.

The Dam of Tuckahoe, (Grey Hornet,) by Col. Thornton's celebrated Virginia Horse Top-Gallant who was got by the imported horse Diomed, his dam by the imported horse Shark, his grand dam by Harris's famous Eclipse, who was got by Old Pearnought out of the imported Shakespeare Mare—Pear-nought was by Regulus and he was by the Godolphin Arabian. Top-Gallant's great grand dam by Mark Anthony,—his great great grand dam by Old Janus, that was the best bred horse that ever came to America, or that perhaps, ever will come.—He was by the Godolphin Arabian out of the Little Hartley Mare.

Grey Hornet the dam of Tuckahoe was out of White Hornet, by Col. Lloyd's celebrated horse Ratler, who was got by Gen. Ridgley's Medley, who was got by Old Medley—Ratler's dam was a fine running mare of Gen. Ridgley's.

White Hornet, the grand dam of Tuckahoe, was out of a fine blooded Virginia mare that was brought in this State some years ago and sold to Charles Walker Benney, esq. of this county.

TUCKAHOE will stand in Easton, Trappe, Subscriber's Stable "FARMERS DELIGHT" Head of Wye, and pass through Hillsborough to Greensborough, and will attend each of the above stands once in two weeks throughout the Season—Season to commence the 24th inst. and end 25th June next. E. ROBERTS.

Talbot County, March 21—tf—