# 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, MD. SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 8, 1829. NO. 32.

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 very subsequent insertion.


*From the London Magazine.*

## THE STAGE COACH.

"————————He bore
A paunch of awful bulk before,
Which still he had a special care
To keep well cramm'd with thrifty fare;
As white-pot buttermilk, and curds,
Such as a country house affords!
With other victual, which anon,
We farther shall dilate upon."

I never, for the life o'me, could understand why a man of *ten* stone should pay as much for coach hire, as one of *twenty*. There's neither reason nor virtue in it; and the stage coach proprietors must be a set of unjust jolterheads not to alter it. The rogues weigh your dead stock—your luggage; and, if it be what they call "over weight," they make no scruple of charging you so much a pound for every pound above a certain number of pounds, but they take no account at all of overweight in *living* luggage, and will charge just as much for carrying a little whipper snapper of a passenger, whose entire *corpus*, in full dress, might be tucked into a coat packet as they will for a great, over-fed fellow whose empty waistcoat would button round a haystack! If a man will stuff himself till he's as big as a roasted Manningtree ox with a pudding in his belly, let him do so—there is no statute to the contrary thereof, that I know of: but I see no reason why he should obtrude his fat upon folks of reasonable compass—or expect to have his overweight of blubber carried about the country for nothing. Twelve stone is about the average weight of a man; and if the coach owners were not blockheads and boobies—blind to their own interests, and to common equity, they would establish a scale of fares, hang weighing chairs in their coach offices, and demand so much additional fare upon every stone weight above twelve; reducing the fares to those of less weight in proportion. If they would know that a man wedged in a six-inside coach between two of these enormous bowel cases, might take some little comfort to himself in knowing that what he suffers by suffocations he saved in pocket. And truly, your political economists—your Malthuses and M'Culloch's are little better than strainers at gnats and swallowers of camels, or they would have proposed some such regulation as a check upon over-consumption; it would do more towards saving the national victual than any of their fine-drawn schemes for stinting day labourers in barts and potatoes.

It was our fate to have one of these two-legged prize cattle—"a certain Franklin in the wild of Kent," as a travelling sixth in the Ramsgate and Dover Morning Star Unicorn Coach. We took him up—or rather, he was heaved up, by the coachman and half a dozen helpers at a road-side public house, somewhere between Sandwich and Deal; and when he was up, and had poked forward, half way across the inside of the coach, his hips stuck in the door way, so that he was obliged to turn aside, before he could bring in his rear. At length he was *all in;* and down he went, squash! into the only vacant seat, between two venerable spinster-like ladies—his elbows spreading over them in front like a couple of Brobdignagian sausages, and his stupendous catastrophe tearing all before it as it subsided. "Mercy on us!" cried one of the spinster like venerables—"I declare you have torn my gown completely out of the *gather*?" "And mine too!" said the other. "Really, Sir, we must get you to sit up a little," said both. "Aye—I thought I felt something give way," grunted the mountain of mummy; and then, instead of sitting up as they had requested, he leaned slowly from side, to side so as to almost smother each lady in her turn, whilst the other was dragging her torn gown from beneath his abominable brawn. However all that being arranged, and room having been made for his *legs*, as he called them, on we went; but we had not gone more than a mile, when he grunted—"Can't stand *this!*"—"Stand *what*, Sir? you seem to me to be *sitting*," said somebody. "Can't ride *backerd*—never *could*," grunted tallowkeech in reply. Now it so happened, that directly opposite to him sat a fine bouncing dame—fat, fair, and fifty, tightly done up in blue brailed broad cloth, overhung with a gilt Belcher chain, almost big enough for a chain cable, and she no sooner heard his complaint of not being able to ride backward, than she offered to change places with him—whether from sympathy with his fat, or respect to her own blue broadcloth, did not appear. But how this exchange of places was to be brought about, was the thing;—to the lookers-on it seemed to be almost as easy as turning a couple of bullocks in a watch box, but, as the necessity for it was growing more and more urgent every moment the attempt was made. In the first instance they each essayed to rise like ordinary people; but that would'nt do; before the *male* was half up, down he went again—squash!—and they repeated the attempt a second time with no better success—"I tell you what, ma'am," grunted tallow-keech "you'd better catch hold of my hands." The lady complied; and having hooked their fat fingers together in the way the boys call *butcher's* hold, they succeeded in bousing each other up fairly out of their respective seats; but in the attempt to turn, they missed stays, as it were, and swung round, horizontally, across the laps of the rest of us. Here was a pretty predicament!—In a moment we were all mixed up together like so many maggots in a greese pot, all trying to get the upper hand of each other; the spinsters were shrieking; the bouncing dame squalling, the fat fellow grunting; and all of us sprunting; with might and main, to keep our heads above brawn. Luckily the two fat ones had "a kind of alacrity in sinkin"—their ability to sprunt being diminished in exact ratio to their superabundant blubber, so that we soon got them pretty well under; but nevertheless, there is no knowing what the upshot might have been, had not a lean and long neck'd linen dealer, in the corner, poked his head out at the window, and implored the coachman to stop—"Coachman," cried he—"coachman! for Heaven's sake stop the coach!"—Why it was to be stopped for *Heaven's* sake I could not make out—unless from a notion that a fat body must needs have a fat soul, and a fear that Heaven might be as much burdened with blubber as we were—for, indeed, by this time the fat fellow did begin to manifest very purely physiognomical symptoms of apoplectically ejecting the immortal tenant of this mortal brawn. However the coach did stop and that right speedily—for the cry was urgent, and both doors being thrown wide open, we—the four lean ones, as soon as we could disentangle ourselves got out upon the road, shoe-top deep in mud, and the rain raining as though it thought the sooner we were cooled the better; whilst the two fat ones, assisted by the coachman and others were getting themselves set upright on their own proper personal seats, and this matter achieved we all got in again. Now you would think, perhaps, that after such a squabbish, the fat man's appetite would be sadly damaged—and I thought so too; but I was mistaken; for in less than an hour after I sat down to dinner with him at one of the inns in Dover, and I'll just tell you the manner of his feeding.

It was sort of a shilling ordinary—plenty of food there was: and some twenty or thirty feeders—each with a four ounce lump of bread by the side of his plate. You'll take some *soup*, Sir?"—said somebody to the fat Franklin.—'Yes I'll take *soup*" said he, and did—three plates full, to which he added the aforesaid four ounce lump of bread.—You'll take *salmon*, Sir?—"I'll take *salmon*,—and some *bread*, waiter." The plate of bread was handed to him, and having paw'd over three or four ounce lumps, he ingulph'd two of 'em with the salmon. Shall I send you a fried sole, Sir?—"Yes—I'll take fried *soles*—and some *fresh ale*, waiter." A quart jug of ale was set beside him and having ingulph'd a great goblet of it, he sent down a half pound of sole, and the fourth lump of bread after the salmon. Here's a fine brill, Sir; will you allow me to send you some?—"Yes—I'll take some *brill*, and some *bread* waiter." The plate of bread was again handed to him, and having pawed off four lumps, down went one of them with the brill, and another goblet of ale cleared his gullet for the second course.

Second course:—Roast beef, roast pig calf's head, and boiled leg of mutton. Beef, sir?—Yes; I'll take some *beef*; Champ, champ, champ, chamble, chamble, champ, and gulp—gulp—gulp; and there was an end of the beef, and a third goblet of ale. Some calf's head sir?—"Yes: I'll take *calf's head*; slerrup slerrup chamble, champ, slerrup—gulp, gulp:" A little more calf's head, sir!—"Yes, I'll take a little *more calf's head;* slerrup, slerrup, *bread*, waiter—slerrup, slerrup, chamble, chamble, champ: gulp, gulp, gulp, gulp. and thus ended the second course.

Third course:—Shall I send you the wing of this goose, sir?—Yes: I'll take the *wing of a goose*;"—and he did. Allow me to send you a slice or two of the breast sir? Yes I'll take some of the *breast*; and he did. Some boil'd fowl and oysters sir? "Yes; I'll take some *boiled fowl* and *oysters* slerrup, slerrup champ, champ champ stop waiter! where are you going with that duck! I shall take some *duck*;" & having finished his boiled fowl and oysters, he helped himself to the breast and leg of the duck. By this time his eyes stood out like a lobster's; the perspiration stood in large drops upon his bald front. But still he went on, champ, champ, champ, and fearing the pastry would be cleared away before he had finished his duck, he contrived to eat the solid slices from the breast with one side of his mouth whilst he knaw'd the meat from the leg with the other; the drumstick looking out from the corner of his nasty mouth, till it dropped completely picked upon his plate. Then, gulping down the remainder of his ale, he tossed a glass of brandy after it; and asked for some *damson tart*; swallowed it in a twinkling; a little *custard pudding?* Yes. *Cheese?* Yes and finally a *bottle of Sherry?* Is it not monstrous, that a fellow like this, who will cram himself with more food than would serve a dozen moderate men, should obtrude his abominable paunch upon decent people, and get his overweight carried about from town to town for nothing.

## EXTRACTS FROM ENGLISH PAPERS.

*Received at the office of the N. Y. Morn. Herald.*

*Devoted Affection.*—He was soon summoned forth himself; two stern faced men led him out, and they fastened him with cords, to a solitary cross of stone that stood upon a rock, above the hermitage about two hundred yards. Here, after his execution, they designed leaving his body, in sight as it were, of the garrison of Cordova, as an insult to the French arms. About twenty paces from him stood six rude musketeers, in a rank, priming their pieces; grouped to the left as spectators, were all the fierce band; in front of these Velasco and the priest, with fixed eyes & folded arms. Already had the musketeers presented their pieces; already had the victim breathed his last prayer, and opening his eyes, was looking steadily at his executioners, that he might see their aim good and true before he gave the signal; when a cry of "Hold for the love of the most Holy Virgin! hold!" arrested the attention of all. Her mantilla fallen, her hair loose, her arms uplifted, her cheeks flushed with the struglings of hope and fear, Leonora de Velasco [illegible] mercy, rushed with winged speed, and when she found herself in the midst, between Eustace and the levelled arms, in presence of her brother and his band; she suddenly stopped, and again cried with a nervous tone, that went trembling to many a hearer's heart, "He shall not die! he shall not die! Brother, he spared you the night we kneeled and sung a requiem for our father. He shall not die, brother! he repaired the great Velasco's tomb. He shall not die!" "Away! unworthy Velasco, away!" said Juan, sternly; "will no one remove the girl?" The priest ran and caught her arm to drag her from the line of fire. With a strength lent her by despair, she threw him far, and violently from her, then turned and was in a moment at the cross, and placed herself before it. "Here," said the devoted girl, "here will I stand! here gladly fall, for or with this noble enemy! no enemy to me or living man! as a brother dear to me!" "Fire!" cried Juan,—he was not obeyed. "As a thousand brothers dear to me!" repeated Leonora. "Daughter of my father! you have lived too long," thundered Juan as with lightning swiftness he flew to her and she fell stabbed at his feet, the blood from her stricken bosom flowing forth upon them. "Brother, brother!" said she faintly, as soon as she could recover from the shock; "Juan; you used to love me, kiss me Juan;" and she supported herself on her arm, and lifted up her pale lips and kissed his murderous hand that hung stained down. "Leonora, confess! speak, say that it was true!—say that you were guilty!" "Of many sins against high Heaven, Juan, but none against my brother." "Is not this enemy your lover? Hath he not abused you?" "Your sister is as chaste and spotless as the unsunned snow," said the voice of Eustace, now for the first time heeded; though, from the instant of Leonora's arrival, he had prayed her to let death take its course upon him.—"Brother, I forgive you more than my death blow—I forgive you this." With slow and solemn utterance she spoke and paused, fainting at the close of this effort. One more she made, "Let it be said that I have died for this good man;" and after, there were but murmurs not intelligible, and lips that moved in prayer and her cold cheek felt not the pressure of her brother's as he lay down by her, prostrate in his despair. The lady Cassilda and Clemente found her as white and cold as marble when they arrived at the foot of the cross; there, where she had fallen, she lay dead. Leaning against the cross, to which he was no longer bound stood Eustace, like a statue of grief, the boy Presidonio at his feet, kneeling before the cross.—Juan and the priest, and the guerillas were gone.

In the chapel of San Francisco, in Cordova, there is a plain tablet of white marble to the memory of Leonora de Velasco; it records not the manner of her death but is simply inscribed with her name: above are the words *in cælo quies.* Beneath, *oveja perdida ven.*—*Tales of the Wars of Times.*

## REMINISCENCES.

*Washington City.*

At the foot of the hill, immediately north of the Capitol, and near a fine meadow, extending for some distance in an easterly direction, is a small eminence in which many years ago, was interred the body of an Indian chief. In the centre of this meadow, which was formerly a marsh, through which a tributary stream of the Tiber flowed may be seen a large mound of earth, of peculiar formation, and which from its position and construction independently of some other evidence, would lead to the belief that it is an Indian tumulus, and contained the bones of the original natives and proprietors of this portion of our country. The Indian we have mentioned came to our city in company with some associate chiefs, on his way to Philadelphia, on business with the Government, and was taken sick and died. We were then young but we have a distinct recollection of the majestic appearance of this venerable Indian. The population was at that time very thin, (it was some years prior to the removal of the Seat of Government to Washington,) and the appearance of those natives of the forest so rare and unusual as to make a strong impression on the mind of a youth. We became familiar with him, and through an interpreter who attended to him, till he had "shuffled off his mortal coil," we received the history of many of his daring exploits in war, and the tradition of his ancestor who inhabited the spot which is now occupied by the metropolis of the nation. He thought that the mound in the marsh was a tumulus, were some of the chiefs of another tribe were supposed to be buried many years before, and that if he should die he wished his body to be deposited in the spot which he designated, and, where it now reposes. We stood on the sunken ground a few days ago. The spot is covered with loose stones and brambles; a new generation has arisen in the city, and scarcely one is now left that knows the fact we have stated. While gazing on the obscure resting place of this child of nature, memory was busied in retracing the events which have transpired in our city since his body was consigned to its kindred earth. We looked around and beheld the changes which had taken place within the brief space of thirty three years, and asked ourselves—where are those whom we knew in our boyhood, and echo answered where are they?" Across the mirror of memory, "they come like shadows to depart." They, and the incidents and events with which they are connected, are like the dreams of things that were. The active and joyous beings who once animated the scene have passed away many of them have become the clods of the valley; and the very landscape itself has changed its features and lost its charms.—The picturesque rivulet, the Tiber, which once flowed through meadows and was bordered by the lofty oak and humble willow; which glided in silence through beautiful groves and amid impervious brambles, is now a wretched and shallow stream, exposed to every eye or diverted from its original channel gradually diminishing in size, and yielding to the progress of improvement.—There is a curious incident connected with this stream, which deserves to be remembered. Many years before any idea was entertained of making this the Seat of Government, an English farmer settled on a small spot immediately northeast of the Tiber; either from prophetic inspiration, or a fancied resemblance to Rome, he has been repeatedly heard to say that on the hill now occupied for this purpose would be erected a building which would be called the *Capitol*, and that the stream which passed near his ground would be called the Tiber. It is said that he did not live to see his prediction verified. A few years ago this city was partly a forest, and partly cut up into small farms or plantations which were cultivated by different proprietors or tenants. We have often gathered, unchecked and without dread of refusal, fruits of various kinds from the trees, which were exposed to all who chose to gather them. Magnificent buildings now occupy the ground were flourishing orchards stood, and streets run over the bodies of those who once owned the soil. The spirit of improvement has kept pace with the growth of the nation, and our citizens though not commercial, have been not less enterprising & public spirited than those of other cities more advantageously situated for the purposes of foreign trade. We hope yet to see it rise into wealth and importance notwithstanding the check it has recently received and that it will become as its illustrious founder wished it to be, the wealthy and magnificent metropolis of a great nation.

*Washington Chronicle.*

Among the interesting and impressive ceremonies connected with the celebration of independence on the 4th inst. was the "BLESSING OF A STANDARD," in the Roman Catholic Cathedral in Charleston. S. C. The standard belongs to the "French Fusiliers," which company was escorted to the Cathedral by the Charleston Rifle company and German Fusiliers. The church had been elegantly and appropriately decorated; and the military on entering were directed to assume seats immediately in front of the altar. We take the additional details from a full account in the Charleston Courier.

"The Deacon in his Alb. Stole and Dalmatic, preceded by two children in surplices, advanced from the vestry through the sanctuary, to meet the ensign who bore the flag, and accompanied him and the color guard to within the rail, where the standard, still furled, was left in charge of a sentinel near the Bishop's chair; this sentry was occasionally relieved during the service.

Upon the ensign withdrawing to his company, and the deacon to the vestry the organ succeeded the band, & the procession of the clergy commenced from the vestry to the sanctuary. After the children and Acolyths, two priests advanced; then the subdeacon in his Tunic, and the deacon in his dalmatic, followed by the Bishop in full pointificial dress, wearing his mitre and carrying his crozier.—When they paid their homage to the altar, and turned to salute the military, the organ ceased, and they were received with the full military salute and music. The troops then rested on their arms, the mass commenced, accompanied by the organ; the Bishop read the mass of the Catachumens in his chair. This being concluded the clergy went to the altar to make the offerings, and the mass of the faithful commenced. The military were again, under arms, and received with due honors the deacon with his incense. The mode in which the French company paid the religious homage at the consecration and elevation, was peculiarly striking; they knelt with arms presented and heads inclined, whilst the incense rose in the sanctuary, and its spires curled as it rose the small bell tingled; and the subdued roll of the drum gave height to the solemnity. The escort stood with arms presented, as a token of military respect for their brother soldiers. During the remainder of the cannon, the French stood under arms and the escort rested.

The manner in which the Bishop's blessing was received by the troops at the close of the mass, was nearly the same as at the elevation.—After the Gospel of St. John, the bishop advanced to the middle of the altar, and the captain of the French Fusiliers (Laborde) was called upon to approach. The bishop asked if the flag which was presented for blessing was to be used in the services of the state of South Coralina and of the United States of America, which being answered in the affirmative, the bishop stated that he was ready to proceed, and several officers accompanied Captain Laborde into the sanctuary; they unfurled and displayed the standard, the devices and emblems of which having been examined by the bishop, he proceeded to read the prayer of the blessing at his seat, surrounded by his clergy. This prayer being concluded, the deacon presented holy water in a silver vase; and the bishop sprinkled the flag. He then was seated with the mitre on his head, and the Captain taking off his cap and sheathing his sword, knelt to receive the banner which the bishop presented with the usual admonition. After the proper salute, the captain rose, and wearing his cap he held the staff of the flag whilst the bishop addressed him:

"Capt. Laborde—I have often announced in this sacred enclosure great and eternal truths, which show forth to the universe the glory of the Most High God. To-day, in the same place, the children of honor advance to proclaim the glory of the land of their birth, and to pledge their allegiance to the country of their adoption.

The union of those two powerful motives should always establish in our hearts that immortal love of which we owe to God, and that steady attachment which we owe to our country. From this sublime blending should arise all the virtues which form heroes. It is impossible that heroism should ever exist without them.

Receive, then, from the hand of religion this Standard consecrated to the preservation of *the rights of South Carolina* and of the *liberties of the United States of America.*

Warriors of France! soldiers of America! upon you is fixed the observing eye of those two nations. Children of glory I have blessed your flag in the name of the Supreme Majesty of the God whom we adore: upon that he has now bestowed his sanction; and hence under his influence it may become a token of safety. When this revered emblem is borne near

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