J. Catrup

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.

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ADVERTISEMENTS

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SKETCHES FROM THE DIARY OF AN EDITOR.

Tuesday.—Read and reviewed three novels, a quarto dictionary, and three octavo volumes of travels; wrote an account of the present state of the world, cut up the legislature and the corporation, and criticised the performances at the two theatres last evening; also the grand oratorio, and Mr. Wiseacre's lectures on ornithology; received and rejected nine communications, and went to dinner.

Afternoon.—Three beautifully bound volumes on my table. Albums! from the three Misses Damper, with a request to hand them over the next morning to Mr. H., then to Mr. W., Mr. J., and indeed nearly all the letters of the alphabet.—What would the fair nymphs have said could they have heard the welcome I gave them? What must be, however, as some learned logican declared, must be; so I sat me down, and endeavoured to put my poetic machinery into operation.

"Confound the women!" I muttered, as I dipped my newly mended pen into the inkstand, and with contracted brow, prepared to compose something soft and airy. "Confound the women. I wish the whole sex were at the bottom of Lake Asphaltites." And so I wrote—to Miss Clementina J Damper.

Could these bright eyes, whose every glance
Sends blissful raptures through my frame,
Could they but—

A knock at the door introduced to my notice a little person with spectacles and a cane—an imitation gentleman; whom, although arrayed in a new attire, you could detect for a vagabond and a quack by a single glance. With a bow, which was evidently intended for a graceful one, he said:

"I presume I have the honor of addressing the editor of the ———?"

"I am the editor, sir."

"Then, sir, I appeal to you to enlighten the world upon the subject of my new pectoral, mysterious, revivifying, anti-dyspeptic syrup. It relieves every thing, sir. Comsumption, croup, cancer, colds, fever, and liver complaints. It renders the voice clear and sonorous, and is therefore extremely beneficial to vocalists and public speakers. It makes the hair grow and prevents the tooth-ache. I wish you to mention me in your paper; and also publish this certificate, which I assure you is a voluntary thing on the part of the person by whom it was drawn:

"'This is to certify that I, John G. Brown, of the State of Missouri, did for many years labor under—'"

I cut him short, and having succeeded in sending him about his business, not without difficulty, sat down once more to Miss Damper's album. I had not, however, read further than 'blissful raptures,' when a man came in with a piece of sponge, about as large as my head. He flung it down on the table, so that it overset the inkstand on Miss Damper's album and said,

"Do you see that, sir?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Well, what do you suppose it is?"

"Why, a piece of sponge."

"Well, but is it not a very beautiful specimen, soft as satin, and almost as white as snow?

"It is really a very pretty piece indeed."

"Very well, sir; now I want you to say just so much in your paper. I live five hundred and seventy nine Barlow street opposite Patrick Quin's grocery-store, and I want you to give me a puff"

As he departed a fellow about six feet high entered, with a large cow-hide, and walked gravely up towards my chair. I hastily ran over in my memory all my satirical pieces, for I thought my time had arrived.

"Are you the editor of the ——— ?"

"I am sir," said I boldly.

"Well, Mr. Dickenson desired me to hand you this."

"And pray who is Mr. Dickenson?"

"Why he makes gentlemen's fashionable canes, and wants you to give him a little lift in your paper He says he makes the best canes, horse-whips, and cow-hides in the city."

"Cow-hides, fellow!" said a strange voice.

"What do the public care about cow-hides? Let me speak. Have I the honor of seeing the editor of the ———?"

I nodded assent, perhaps a little impatiently, for I thought there was a pretty fair prospect of the three Misses Damper's albums going home spoiled by one of my worst incipient efforts. The new intruder with many flourishes, informed me that he was a schoolmaster.

"I, sir," said he, "belong to the new system. I teach on improved principles; so easy and expeditious, that my scholars learn more in one week than by the ordinary method they would be able to acquire in a year. I not only teach them quick and well, but you see I teach them *cheap*. My plan is to begin at the foundation and to proceed upwards on such short clear, comprehensive, and extraordinary terms, that the natural eye and the understanding are both struck at the same moment, and study becomes an actual delight. You see, Mr. Editor, I've a *natural tact*. In six lessons I teach drawing; in six more three or four different kinds of painting, including botany; I perfect a boy in English grammar in twelve; and in a fortnight he is completely competent to write the best poetry, and indeed every species of composition; a few more lessons, and he understands elocution, singing, and playing on the piano, guitar, and harp, flute, flageolet, and violincello; and, by a few familiar lectures I communicate the art of chiography, so that no one can fail to write a neat, rapid, and beautiful hand. The tyro is instructed in geography by the aid of a machine, wherein the oceans, seas, lakes, &c. &c. are represented by real water; where little mountains are erected, and continents and islands resemble the real world. Now, sir, I have written an editorial article, which I wish you to print as your own, and—."

But I will not longer trouble the reader with my pedagogue, whom I dismissed as soon as I could in decency. I immediately proceeded to finish Miss Damper, when the devil broke in upon my poetic aspirations with the awful cry of copy.

"Copy, Peter. You have enough. Why the critique on the theatres last night takes up two columns."

"Yes, sir, but one of the plays was changed, and we thought you'd wish to wait till some other time."

"The deuce—and the literary notice of the quarto dictionary?"

"It's lost, sir. We looked in all the drawers, and it's no where to be found."

"And how is the state of the world?"

"Set up, sir, and the men waiting for more."

"Mistress sent me for the books, sir," said a little, red-headed fellow, with a green baize apron.

"Books?" What Books? And who is your mistress?'

"The albums, sir. Miss Damper sent me for'em. She's going out of town.

"Pray, sir, what may you want?" said I to a bald-headed, stupid looking fellow who stood bowing and scraping at some distance, with a bottle in his hand.

"Sir, I'm the man that invented the compound Asiatic mercurial syrup for the growth of the hair. I wish you to say something about me in your paper."

I was prevented from replying by a boy who came running breathless into the room.

"Well, sir, what now? More mercurial cerate, or have you come to announce the invention of a plan to keep people in hurry from getting out of breath?"

"Mr. Hopson, sir, told me to give you this as soon as possible:"

Mr. Hopson was one of my most valuable correspondents; he had written an article in which the word "communication" occurred three times in four lines, and, to obviate the tautology, I had taken the great liberty of substituting 'information' in the place of one which did not at all interfere with the sense. This note informed me that I had spoiled his article; he wished the press stopped, and the piece taken out. He would write for me no more. It was my privilege to reject what did not please me—a privilege which no one could dispute—but never to *alter*.

Before I had finished his epistle another was handed me from a young poet, some of whose verses I had rejected.—They were not even fit for an album.—The note ran thus:

"Sir—If you refuse my poetry, which has been pronounced by competent judges to be a piece of very superior merit, I should like to know why you publish such stupid trash as you do every week in your silly paper?"

This cost me thirty seven and a half cents postage.

"What shall I give the men for copy?" said Peter.

My friend Jennings dropped in at this crisis. He is a professional lounger, and an interminable talker. He entered puffing a long whiff of blue smoke from his lips, with the air of one who luxuriates in the enjoyment of the real Havana, and as he stretched himself out on three chairs he exclaimed, 'How d'ye do? What an easy time you editors have. Nothing to do but scribble a little. No responsibilities, no fears, never offend any body, never get offended who would not be an editor?'—*N. Y. Mirror.*

The following well-timed aicle from the last Journal of Health deserves a perusal, at least, at this season of hot suns.

The present season is one of hopes—anticipated enjoyments, and leasurable calculations. The country and its charms are the engrossing theme with all the inhabitants of our cities and towns. Mothers, with their daughters, have already projected an order of march—the outlines of an excursion, in which amusement is to be reconciled with the requirements of fashion, and health is to foow in the train of both.—The ladies only await the final decision of their husbands or brothers, as to the time when the pressure of business or professional and literary engagements shall admit of these lords of the creation being escorts for the journey.

But the season is not one of unmixed corporeal enjoyment, and unquestioned sanative powers. The sun pours down a powerful stream of heat, and makes not the heart alone throb with violence, but the temples beat with unusual pulsations—while head-ache is now more than ever, the complaint of the unfortunate dyspeptic invalid. They who eat promiscuously, of whatever is before them at table, or who persist in taking the same amount of rich nutritious animal food which they had eaten during the winter, will feel light-headed and complain of being billious, as they term it.—They ask their physician about the propriety of getting bled, or, perhaps, taking an emetic. Such persons shoud be made to know, that the most safe, salutary, and simple means of relief, from these ailments, is to put less food in their stomachs, and not to stimulate it by any kind of heating or intoxicating drink, nor to weaken the nervous system by late hours and unlicensed indulgences Summer season puts us, of northern and middle latitudes, in nearly the same physiological condition with that in which the inhabitants of southern climates are most of the year round. If we would avoid disturbance and disease, head-ache, continued thirst, feverish heat, and actual fever, flushed skin, or one covered with eruptions, we must imitate these latter in their usual diet, and substitute vegetable for much of the animal food we consume in winter—drink simple water, or this fluid slightly acidulated, or deriving flavor from dried fruits—we must rise early and inhale, when not in marshy districts, the morning air—avoid the hot meridian and afternoon sun—use the tepid or warm bath in the middle of the day or in the evening, if the dinner has been very simple and light, and taken at an early hour. They who awake in the morning with a hot skin and active circulation, and who habitually suffer from excess of heat, may, at this time, with advantage, have resourse to cold bath, or to sponging the surface with cold water. But if excess of any kind has been indulged in the evening before, whether in eating and drinking, or in dancing to a very late hour, or by any unusual exhausting labor—then the cold bath ought to be omitted, and the tepid or warm substituted for it.

Health, to be won, must, like maidens fair and stately dames, be diligently sought. A person, negligent of all the rules of hygiene, may, for a while, retain comfortable bodily feelings—so will, occasionally, an eccentric beau—a *bete ferouche* of a man attract female regard, perchance love; but both are surely trying critical experiments; and it must be admitted, that the rules of Cornaro, in the first, or of Chesterfield on politeness in the second instance, are of much safer and pleasanter general application.—Country air is very grateful, refreshing and invigorating; but it does not shield a person against a country sun at noon, or chilling dews at midnight. Drinking mineral waters, or sea bathing, is often an admirable recuperative agency; but it is not an antidote against the effects of gormandizing, drinking freely of strong liquors at dinner, or heavy suppers, or late hours and dancing. Rural scenes gladden the mind, and, by imparting cheerfulness, improve the health; but their influence will not extend through the walls and closed doors of a fashionable hotel, however romantic and picturesque a country it be in, nor will rouge, and artificial flowers, and the *gallopad*, even in such places, be substitutes for the fresh breeze fanning the cheek, flowers in all their native bloom and variegated colors, gathered by the hand of the fair lady herself, and the gallop taken on an active and docile steed. The hypochondriac, whether from indolence, or the oppressive cares of business or study, or disappointed love (a possible though rather an uncommon case) will not recover the tone of his spirits, by merely going into the country and visiting a watering place, and, when there, spending his mornings in a billiard room, and his evenings in flirting with some charming coquette, with the little interludes of yawning over a novel, or talking politics after dinner.

Change of place; to be beneficial, by restoring the body to healthful vigor, and the mind to its lost equanimity and cheerfulness, must be aided by the rules of hygiene, which are little else than common sense experience; eating and drinking, sleep and exercise in such measure and time as the majority of those not perverted by vicious indulgences, nor excessive love of lucre and fame, have ever most generally adherred to.

From the Virginia Herald.

SEED WHEAT.

Sir: As the time of harvest is approaching, I address, through your paper, my brother farmers, on the importance of allowing wheat intended for sowing, to be entirely ripe before reaping. Accident last year, and eye sight this year, have convinced me of the propriety of this course.

In the year 1829, having selected by hand some ears of Mexican wheat, and sowed it in the fall of the same year, it was forgotten last year, until my little son reminded me that it ought to be gathered. It was then from seven to ten days after my other wheat of the same kind had been cut. This wheat was then gathered and deposited in a bag. Last October, this wheat was seeded on the same day, in the same manner, and adjoining to other Mexican wheat. No selection of land was made for it, as no experiment was intended It has survived the fly, and the last severe winter with little injury, but not more than one third of the adjoining wheat has been left alive.—From its present appearance, it will produce, I believe, two thirds more than its adjacent neighbour.

Can the keeping in the bag, be the cause of this superiority? I believe not because in several previous years seed wheat has been kept by me in bags; and no similar result has taken place; my inference then is, that this difference must be owing to the entire ripeness of the seed. Should any reader of this communication have doubts on this subject, it would give me great pleasure to show them the growing wheat which will convince, I should think, the most sceptical.

From my 24 years experience as a farmer, I am also satisfied, that the smut is mainly attributable to unripe seed wheat. My seed wheat has been always riper than that of my neighbours, and during that period I have never seen but six smutted heads in my crops. In a conversation with the late Mr. Isaac Williams, he confirmed my opinion, by stating to me the same practice of one of his nearest neighbours, attended by the most entire success.

In making this communication, the interest of wheat-growers is my sole object, and if, by it, their crops should be increased, it will contribute to the happiness of your obedient servant,

JOHN TAYLOR.

Liberty Hill, Caroline.

From the New York Commercial Advertiser

Outrageous conduct of Georgia, under the sanction and by the assistance of Gen. Jackson.

On Wednesday we published an account of the removal of the Reverend Mr. Worcester from the Post Office at New Echota, the principal town of the Cherokee Nation The moment we saw the account of that disgraceful act on the part of the Post Master General, directed as it must have been by the President, the conviction flashed upon our mind that it was but the prelude to some further act of aggression, probably of a more high handed and oppressive description than any that has preceded it in the whole progress of this controversy. Such is indeed the fact, as the reader will learn from the following documents, which we find this morning in the Cherokee Phœnix of the 4th inst. Heretofore the President and his defenders, have attempted to disguise the agency of the General Government in advancing the unhallowed schemes of Georgia, by a pretended tenderness of conscience in respect to State Rights. But the mask is now dropped. The government of Georgia equally cruel and unprincipled, having thus far by the covert aid of the President, succeeded in every step of its oppressive course, was at length determined to deprive the Indians of their spiritual guides and comforters—their directors in the march of civilization, and the ministers of our holy religion. But one of these, as a matter of convenience had been commissioned several years since, as the Village Postmaster; and Georgia could not arrest, manacle and throw him into prison, for the crime of preaching the Gospel to the Indians, without swearing to support her unconstitutional laws, unless his commission should be first taken from him. And this has been done. The weak and passionate tyrant who in an evil hour has been called to preside over the destinies of this nation, has yielded at once to the request of Georgia, and now stands before the American people, the naked and undisguised abettor of a measure of cruelty which must cause every American who possesses the soul of man, to blush, and hang his head. Yes, fellow citizens: The Ministers of the Gospel—the messengers of peace on earth, and good will to men—the METHODIST alike with the PRESBYTERIAN—are to be seized and incarcerated, or driven into banishment, not only by the PERMISSION, but by the ASSISTANCE of GENERAL JACKSON! We call upon Christians of every denomination—we call upon the American people, as one man—to raise their voices against these tyrannical acts—acts, which, if allowed to be enforced, without visiting the heads of the authors with the strongest legal manifestation of the public indignation, will cover the American name with reproach in the eye of man, and render the nation accursed in the eye of Him who hears the ravens when they cry; without whose knowledge a sparrow does not fall to the ground, and who has said: "*vengeance is mine and I will repay!*"

From the Cherokee Phœnix, June 4.

PROGRESS OF OPPRESSION.

We little thought when we were remarking last week on the Post Office reform in this place, that we should be able so soon to publish additional facts in regard to the means employed to effect the great object of the State of Georgia and the present administration of the general government. The surmises of some that the removal of Mr. Worcester from the Post Office was but to pave a way for his arrest have turned out to be well founded, as will be seen from the following order of Col. Sanford, addressed to each of the Missionaries under the care of the American Board, and the letters of Governor Gilmer to Messrs. Thompson and Worcester, which we have been permitted to publish.

Scudder's, May 28.

Sir—After the receipt of the enclosed letter, 10 days will be allowed you, to remove out of the unsettled limits of the state. If found residing within it, after the expiration of that time, you shall be subject to arrest and to such punishment as the Law shall direct in case of illegal residence, &c. Your obedient servant.

J. W. SANFORD, Com G. Guard,

Executive Department,
Milledgeville, May 16, 1831.

Sir: *Sufficient evidence* has been obtained from the goverment of the United States, to convice the courts of this State that the Missionaries employed among the Cherokees, by the American Board of Foreign Missions, are not its Agents, and therefore not exempted from the operation of the law forbidding white persons to reside among the Cherokees without license. In continuing so to reside, you must have known that you were acting in violation of the laws of the State The *mistaken* decision of the Supreme Court upon this subject in the late case determined in Gwinnett county, has enabled you for a time to persist in your opposition to the humane policy which the General Government has adopted for the civilization of the Indians, and in your efforts to prevent their submission to the laws of Georgia. However criminal your conduct in this respect may have been, I am still desirous that you should have an opportunity of avoiding the punishment which will certainly follow the continuation of your present residence.—you are therefore advised to quit it with as little delay as possible. Col. Sanford, the Commander of the Guard, will be directed to cause to be delivered to you this letter, and to enforce the laws if you persist in your disobedience.

Very respectfully, yours, &c.

GEO. R. GILMER.

Rev. John Thompson.

Executive Department,
Milledgeville, 16th May, 1831.

Sir: It is a part of my official duty to cause all white persons residing within the territory of the state occupied by the Cherokees, to be removed therefrom, who refuse to take the oath to support the constitution and laws of the State. Information has been received of your continued residence within the territory, without complying with the requisites of the law, and of your claim to be exempted from its operation, on account of your holding the office of Postmaster at New Echota.

You have no doubt been informed of your dismissal from that office. That you may be under no mistake as to this matter, you are also informed that the government of the U. States does not recognize as its Agents the missionaries acting under the direction of the American Board of Foreign Missions. Whatever may have been your conduct in opposing the humane policy of the General Government, or exciting the Indians to oppose the jurisdiction of the State I am still desirous of giving you and all others similarly situated, an opportunity of avoiding the punishment which will certainly follow your further residence within the state contrary to its laws You are therefore advised to remove from the

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