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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TERMS

TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS Per annum, payable half yearly in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Not exceeding a square inserted three time for ONE DOLLAR; and TWENTY FIVE CENTS for every subsequent insertion.

Great Bargains, Great Bargains

ARE NOW TO BE HAD AT THE

COACH, GIG & HARNESS

MANUFACTORY

OF

ANDERSON & HOPKINS

In the Town of Easton, Talbot co. Md.

THE Subscribers take this method of returning their grateful acknowledgments to those gentlemen of Talbot and the adjacent counties, for their liberal patronage, since they commenced the above Business; & beg leave to inform them, and the public generally, that they have now on hand,

a superior assortment of articles in their line

CONSISTING IN PART OF

Eight new Gigs,

price from 130 to 300 dollars, of various patterns & finish—also SIX second hand ditto, f various prices, and too good

SULKIES

one of them is hung on Six Steel Springs, and a splendid assortment of

NEW HARNESS,

all of which will be disposed of on moderate terms, for cash or good paper, and liberal prices given for old Carriages in exchange.

They have under way a first rate Coachee, and a number of GIGS, in an unfinished state, which can be finished at the shortest notice and to any particular directions, according to order. They have also

a large assortment of

MATERIALS

fo their line, of every description, from which by the assistance of the best workmen, and their own knowledge of the business, they are persuaded they can finish off as handsome and substantial COACHEES, BAROUCHES, GIGS, &c. &c. as any establishment in the State. All kinds of repairs done in a neat and durable manner, and steel springs of every description, made and repaired, all of which will be done at the shortest notice and on reasonable terms.

The Public's Ob't Serv'ts

ANDERSON & HOPKINS.

N. B. A. & H., have also for sale, a large & superior turning Lathe, and tools, which can be bought low. Two boys of good steady habits, from 13 to 15 years of age, will be taken as apprentices, the one at the woodwork, and the other at the trimming Branch of the Business. Letters addressed to Anderson and Hopkins, Easton, Talbot county Md. specifying the kind of carriage wanting, will be promptly attended to, and the carriage brought to their own door.

A. & H.

Feb. 15 3m

The Eastern Shore Whig and Cambridge Chronicle will publish the above three months.

Easton and Baltimore Packet, by way of Miles River,

SCHOONER—WILLIAM & HENRY, JAMES STEWARD, MASTER.

The subscribers beg leave to inform the public that the above fine, fast sailing, new and substantially built, copper fastened Schooner, is now in complete order for the reception of frieght and Passengers; having a very commodious Cabin, she is well calculated for the accommodation of Gentlemen and Ladies.—She will commence running as a regular Packet between the above named places—and will leave Miles River Ferry on Sunday the 23d of March inst. at 9 o'clock, A. M., for Baltimore. Returning will leave Light Street wharf, Baltimore, opposite the store of A. B. Harrison, at 9 o'clock, A. M on the following Wednesday, and will continue to run on the above named days, during the season. She will take on board and land passengers at Wm. Townsend's; going to and from Baltimore.

All orders left at the Drug Store of Messrs. Spencer and Willis, Easton, or with Mr. Jas. Jorden, at the Ferry, will be strictly attended to. The Subscribers, intending to use every exertion to give general satisfaction, solicit the patronage of the public.

WM. TOWNSEND and JAS. STEWARD.

N. B. For Capt. James Steward's capacity and attention to business, as a commander of a vessel, the public are referred to Messrs. Nicholas Goldsborough, Tench Tilghman, Benjamie Bowdle and John Newnam, of this county.

March 5

NOTICE.

The subscriber gives notice to all persons interested, that it is necessary that business in his hands should be promptly closed, as he is determined that his securities shall not suffer by any delay.

He also wishes to call attention to the notice of Joshua M. Faulkner, Esq. by which it will be seen, that all his business as late Sheriff, is placed in the subscriber's hands, for settlement and the TENTH of the present month is fixed as the time by which it must be closed.—Those who wish to avoid further cost and trouble will, it is expected, attend to this notice—those who neglect must abide the consequences.

JO: GRAHAM, Shff.

march 4—22 tf

THE UNION TAVERN,

EASTON, MARYLAND.

JOSHUA M. FAULKNER,

RESPECTFULLY begs leave to inform his friends and the public in general, that he has taken the above named property in Easton, Talbot county, Md., known as the "UNION TAVERN," on the corner of Washington and Goldsborough streets, immediately opposite the Bank, adjoining the office of John Leeds Kerr, nearly opposite to that of Wm. Hayward, Jr. and directly that of Wm. R. Price, Esq.—e his house is situate in the most fashionable Td pleasant part of the town, within a few pa an of the Court House, and a market (I cannot hesitate to say,) equal, if not superior, to any of a like population in this State—he is also gratified in assuring the public, that he has advantages this tavern never before had, viz: A aomfortable dwelling adjoining not heretofore attached to the property, and all the property is about to go through a thorough repair; which will enable him to entertain private families, parties or individuals in comfort—he intends keeping in his bar the best of Liquors, and his Table shall be furnished in season with such as the market will afford. He has provided attentive Ostlers and Waiters, and has determined nothing on his part shall be wanting to give satisfaction His *Hacks* will run regularly to the Steam Boat Maryland, for the accommodation of passengers, when they can be conveyed to any part of the adjacent county at almost a moment's warning Regular conveyances can be had for Easton at the principal cities—a four horse stage runs three times a week to Philadelphia via Centreville; the Steam Boat Maryland twice a week to Baltimore, besides other conveyances in the two Easton Packets—so that passengers cannot fail to find an advantage in passing this way. Boarders will be accommodated on liberal terms by the day, week, month or year—he solicits the old stomers of the house and the public generally, to call and see him.

Oct. 5.

NOTICE.

There is now in preparation, and will be published as soon as practicable, a work entitled, the Protest; containing a series of observation and remark against the high claims of the Romish *Priesthood*, and all others who set up pretensions to ecclesiastical power by *Divine* appointment. Addressed, *generally, to every denomination of professing christians*, by

J. FORMAN,
a Presbyter of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

May 24

$100 REWARD.

RAN off from the subscriber between Saturday 17th and Wednesday the 21st of this month of May, a negro lad named

JACOB,

of tawney complexion and about 5 feet 7 or 8 inches high—his countenance is rather mild, but changeable when spoken to—he shows his white teeth a good deal when he speaks—in his ordinary walk he is laboured and seems to work his whole body. It is supposed he went off on the Saturday before or Sunday of the Whitsuntide Holydays—He is a shrewd and specious fellow—whoever will deliver to the subscriber the said absconding servant, or secure him so that the subscriber can get him, shall receive the above reward.

ROB'T. H. GOLDSBOROUGH,
near Easton Talbot county
Eastern Shore of Maryland.

May 24

$30 REWARD.

RANAWAY from the Subscriber, living in Talbot county (Deep Neck) on Wednesday last, the 4th inst. (June) a negro fellow, who calls himself DICK or

DICK ANDERSON,

about 21 years of age. Dick is very black and square built, about 5 feet 7 or 8 inches high. He took away with him a large quantity of wearing apparel, and I have no doubt has made his way to Delaware or New Jersey. Dick is an outrageous scoundrel, having made an attack on me for reprimanding him for his negligence, in not being in place for hours after my other hands were at work. I will give the above reward for his apprehension and delivery in the jail in Easton, Md. or secured in any jail so that I get him again.

FOSTER MAYNARD.

Talbot county Md., June, 7 1834.

From the Farmer and Gardener.

ADDRESS

TO THE HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY OF MARYLAND,

By John H. B. Lathrobe, May 15, 1834.

Ladies and Gentlemen of the Horticultural Society.

We have met again in accordance with the immemorial usage, that makes the season of an anniversary one of more than ordinary observances. It is the same with societies as with individuals. The birth-day brings to both its cherished memories. It marks the progression of their existence, and adds to its dignity. What they loose in the freshness of youth, they gain in the authority of age; and both anticipate the anniversaries of their origin, with feelings more inclined to chide the slowness, than to deprecate the rapidity, of the step of time.

Our Society is of too recent date to afford, upon an occasion like this, much interest from the recollections of the past. Our founders are still too intimately our friends for us to accord to them the full meed of praise, that they may one day receive as our benefactors. When the lapse of years shall have invested our present proceedings with the dim and shadowy shape and attributes, with which time loves to clothe his elder born, the individual, who then delivers the address of this festival, may find in our history ample ground for speculation; and the genealogy of a plant, the paternity of a name, may be made matters of grave and ingenious discussion; while the tradition of some enormous vegetable, or unparalelled crop may excite, among future horticulturists, the same admiration that we, to-day, feel at the accounts of the giant productions of the antediluvian world. Now, however, without the past to resort to, the interest of this occasion must be drawn from that treasury of innocence, beauty and richness, the fruits and flowers.

In most instances, accident determines the date of societies, and fixes the period of each succeeding anniversary. There is rarely any thing that makes one season preferable to another. What matters it, whether the organization of a bible society, a temperance society, or any of the almost countless creations of philanthropy, be commemorated during the summer or the winter solstice, save for the convenience of the crowd, that may throng to do honor to the occasion? Not so with us. Nature has indicated our season of rejoicing. Led to form the association that connects us by a common admiration for the productions of her vegetable world, it is with peculiar propriety that our celebrations take place when we may collect the fairest of these around us: not only as the ornaments of our hall; not only as witnesses of our skill; not only as specimens of the rare and curious; but as the powerful, though silent, advocates of our purposes. Winter would furnish forth but a sorry garnature for an occasion that should be marked by none but pleasant recollections. Few converts would be made to horticulture by the language of the cypress, the fir, the box, or the holly. The evergreens, after all, are but melancholy objects: and as they stand prominent in the snowy landscape, in their sombre dress, are like the rear-guards of a retreating army, left alone to abide the attack of the pursuing foe; and which, even when surviving to join their fellows, are at once lost sight of, amid the brilliant and uninjured crowd that collects around them. Winter brings but few pleasures to the horticulturist. But spring is his season of enjoyment. Then it is, that, released from the warm and protecting earth, the invigorating juices spread throughout the plant; the leaves, escaping from their envelopes, cover it with their mantle; and, freed from their buds, like jewels of rare price from their guarden caskets, blossoms of flowers adorn it with a beauty surpassing that of the richest treasures of the ocean or the mine. Then it is, that the heart of man expands with the bursting bud, and becomes open to all holy and kindly influences. Simple and innocent objects more readily attract his notice. His inclination is to leave the city, and seek the green fields.

A fair bright morning fills him with joy. His step is more elastic, his tone is more cheerful. He glances often at the clear sky; and when, at last, he turns to the cares of business within doors, he almost envies their lot, whose occupations, even of manual labor, entitle them to enjoy the sun and breeze of spring during their toil. Spring is the saturnalia of vegetation, when emancipated from the thraldom of winter, it puts on its gayest robes, and starts into moving and palpable life and freedom, from the tall oak to the quiet and modest little wild flower, that raises its head beside the yet lingering snowdrift. Spring is the birth day of the world of flowers; and we assemble to celebrate it, not less than to mark the return of our own anniversary.

Horticulture has two aspects: the useful and the ornamental. The first, connected closely with the culinary art and the wants of the table; the last, relating to the culture of flowers and shrubs, and the disposition of them in such wise, as to enhance their individual beauty by judicious and striking contrasts. The connection of the two, so as to produce the greatest usefulness, in combination with the best pictorial effect, is a desideratum of horticulture. It is rare, however, to see them united now-a-days.—The kitchen garden; with its skilfully alligned regiments of cabbages, beets and carrots, its asparagus, springing up here and there, like, disorderly militia at an old field training; its heavy artillery melons and cantelopes, mounted on appropriate eminences, and its long ranks of peas and tomatoes, is placed out of sight, and kept, like an army of reserve, for the protection of the citadel, the hard fighting, and the actual service, while the flower garden, with its fair weather soldiery, trigged out in the gaudiest uniforms is thrust conspicuously into notice. Of the former of these, it is not my intention now to speak. Ample justice has been done to the useful products of the garden by my predecessor in this office, who, with classic taste, pronounced their playful yet brilliant eulogy, at the first festival of our society. My present purpose is with the garden, as a picture, for which nature has provided the colouring and he materials and left man to make the disposition of them.

He, who would excel in horticulture, as a means of producing agreeable effects by the combination of choice, various & beautiful elements, should commence by studying nature as he finds her in the woods and in the fields. Within the narrow compass, that ordinarily limits his labors he cannot, it is true, hope to imitate the model, thus proposed to him, in its forests, lakes and mountains; but he should mark nevertheless, the features of the landscape; should notice how the sunlight & the shadow alternate upon it, like smiles & frowns upon the face of woman, in her loveliness; should observe the graceful form of every object around him, from the swelling hill & the windingstream that lie in dim perspective, to the tiniest blade of the grass at his feet, & thus improve his taste and collect his materials in the best of all schools for the horticulturist—that of nature herself. At every turn, he will find the advantage of such studies, and in all his work will the touch of the artist be perceptible, whether it be but a geranium, that requires his care, to pull its withered leaves and direct aright its straggling branches, or, whether, upon the extended landscape, he attempts to combine the lawn and the wood, the lake and the waterfall, in the most striking forms of the picturesque and romantic.

Two prints, that I have seen, of the same subject, occur to me, as forcibly illustrating the idea, which it is my purpose to convey.

In the seventeeth century, an Italian artist was employed to exercise his imagination in painting the garden of Eden, to be engraved as an ornament to a poem. In the foreground, he placed three beds, of the most approved form for the culture of cabbages, occupied by a monkey, a fox, a leopard, two doves, a chicken and a pair of rabbits; the whole bounded by a hedge, having an arbor in the middle of it, with a fountain tossing jets to the right and left, like the accommodating froth of the ever-spouting bottles of a cake house sign. Beyond the hedge many boxgirt squares and circles, with a clipped cedar in the centre of each, surrounded the tree of life, bearing the fatal apple prominently displayed. This formed the middle ground of the landscape: and further still a succession of eminences, with straggling bushes upon them, like remnants of a routed army, reach to the horizon. A clear sky, occupied by some half a dozen fowls of rather extraordinary dimensions, and a sun, with a broad merry face and ample rays, completed this rare conception of the blest abode on earth of the first parents of our race.—The artist, no doubt, never once looked from the window of his apartment even, while engaged at his work; but painted the pleasantest spot that he remembered, the formal and ill arranged garden of the period, where he breathed the fresh air, and forgot for a while his pallet and its colors.

In the later days, an illustration of the garden of Eden was again required; and the painting was once more brought to the assistance of poetry, in delineating a terestrial Paradise. This time, however, the wild and vivid genius of Martin, whose pencil seems to possess the power of expressing the infinity of space and numbers, was employed to transfer to canvass the divine imaginings of Milton; to represent

"In narrow room, nature's whole wealth, nay more,
A heaven on earth."

While his Italian predecessor has sought his materials in the horticultural absurdities of his time, Martin resorted at once to the elements of the beautiful and grand, afforded by nature. In his picture, the remote mountain, invested with the warm coloring of a summer atmosphere, blends so harmoniously with the bright sky beyond, that its irregular yet graceful outline, is just perceptible in the prolonged perspective. Vast forests extend along its base, until their ranges become more and more distinct, and a rich mass of varied foilage, basking in the yellow sunlight, forms a glorious garnature for "the river which runs out of Eden to water the garden," here spreading into a broad and placid lake

"That to the fringed bank with myrtle crowned,
Her crystal mirror holds."

Here and there, a tall palm tree, with its graceful leaves, waves over the inferior foliage, to break and diversify its gorgeous sameness, like the bending plume, which, o'er the brow of beauty, gives lightness, not less than dignity, to the charms below it. Still nearer, to the left, a long and shadowy vista leads upwards from the river banks, the cool quiet of whose unbroken solitude is placed in immediate contrast with the glitter and noise of the water-fall, which, after dashing & glancing, around rock & over precipice, is lost among the trees on the right of the picture. In the foreground stands the parents of mankind. Around them all is light and warmth. The foliage of the giant tree, that extends its yet unscathed branches above them, the grass under their feet, "damasked with flowers," all seem fresh and animate, as though the impulse of creation had yet scarcely ceased to operate visibly in their growth. Nature, in fine, furnished the elements for the picture of Martin, combined and connected by his exquisite skill into a scene of surpassing beauty.

It is by no means necessary, however to resort to such illustrations as the genius of this great painter has afforded, to *show the superiority of the models which nature presents, over any others within the reach of the horticulturist. Few individuals can return from a journey into the depths of our own Alleghanies, without appreciating a sensible improvement,* from their observation of the objects collected and disposed, without order or design, in the great features of that region. Every step among the mountains presents a new combination; until, becoming weary of comparing their respective beauties, all the faculties are absorbed in one continued feeling of admiration. The kaleidscope of nature here exhibits itself; save that the change is produced by altering the position of the gazer, in place of moving the tube with its brilliant elements of countless and interminable variety. Now, the traveller finds himself at the base of a lofty ridge, where the primeval forest stands unbroken, except by time and tempest, and where the oak, the chesnut, beech, walnut, poplar, and fir, rise side by side, in thick array, as if defying alike the storm of the elements, and the warfare of the axe. A road of gentle assent, the only evidence of man in the forest, is opened in the midst, now bending inwards to the hill, to round the gorge of some mountain ravine, now reversing its direction, to accomplish the passage of some rocky spur or buttress of the range. On the right, the steep is covered with whole groves of the rhododendron, sheltered by the tall trees, and just bursting into the glory of its summer bloom. The primrose, yet more humble than the mountian laurel, springs from the loose rich soil, &, as the time is evening, just before the setting of the sun, the hill side seems alive, as the broad yellow petals of the flower, wearied of their day's imprisonment, burst, as you watch them, into full perfection. Still lower than the primrose, the modest dodecatheon rears its slender stem, with its blossoms hanging over towards the earth, as though it would avoid the gaze of the observer, and shrink from a comparison with its more brillant neighbors. On the left of the road, the tinkling sound of the mountain rivulet comes faintly up from the dark ravine, where the sunlight never shone, and where the deer drinks of its waters, as they accumulate in quiet and solitary pools, without fear that the ringing horn, the tramp of horse, the shout of man, or the cry of hound, will disturb him in that admiration of his antlered beauty, which, as the fable runs, was once so fatal to his kind. Above the traveller, a portion of the sky is visible between the tree tops and through the opening here made, the oblique rays of the evening sun find their way to the upper branches of the forest, and, reflected from the bright leaves, throw a warm rich coloring over surrounding objects. The scene is exquisitely beautiful; and yet, save the winding road, nature is the only craftsman that has touched it. At length, the summit is gained. The trees are not here quite so lofty as lower down. Now and then, a blasted fir rears its yellow and barkless branches above the woods: but the laurel, the primrose and cowslip, still bloom as bravely as when first observed, far below. Here, however, the storm has had full play. A broad vista, strewed with the fallen wreck of the forest, shews where it has swept by with resistless fury; and, the eye, following the avenue thus formed, passes from mountain to mountain, as they alternate on either side, until the last mingles with the blue of the remote horizon.—The road now descends rapidly, at every turn presenting some new element of beauty. Here, huge masses of rock stand boldly forward, seemed with deep clefts, from which creeping vines hang in long festoons, still further to break and diversify the naked sameness of the stone. Here, a tall poplar, there a group of pines, rise far above their fellows, and, receiving the earliest and latest rays of the sun, are the giant telegraphs of the forest, to announce his advent and departure. At the base of the mountain where all is now in shadow, the road is not the only mark which man has made. A narrow clearing extends to the right and left, until lost in the turnings of the little valley, whose rich soil enticed the emigrant to fix himself in its vicinity. A low and simple fence, almost concealed in the rank luxuriance of the vegetation, separates the clearing from the road, and tall and girdled trees, from which the bark has long since fallen, extend their bare branches over the grass and corn, like spectres, stretching forth their hands to pronounce a malison against the industry that had made them what they were. In the moist places along the road, the lobelia cardenalis shews itself, with its bright scarlet flowers; and in a pond that has collected, owing to the defective drainage of the meadow, a whole fleet of water lilies seem to have anchored for the night. Still further, the snug farm houses, the well *cultivated fields, the capacious barns, bring man and his works in combination with other objects; and it is only when darkness falls around him, that the traveller in the mountains of our land ceases to admire.*

We have here dealt, only with the general features of the landscape, and the more prominent objects that appear upon it. But every fence corner has its treasury of sweets, its gallery of choice productions, fresh from the hand of the great Artist of all things. There is a world in its narrow limits. It has its grasses, its mosses, its flowers, and a thousand living things to animate it.—there is the beetle, that burrows in armour under the decayed stump. The cunning centipede, and his friend the grey quaker-bug, lying *perdu* beneath the broad pebble; the bee, that has drilled his home in the fence rail, and hums unseen in the wood; the ant, that rears his hill in the driest spot, and his contrast in all things, the yellow butterfly, the dandy of the corner, that flutters over the moistest; the spider, who spreads his net to entangle the unwary, and pretends that he pays for the mischief he does, because when the morning sun shines on the dew drops, that his threads have accumulated, they give the momentary radience of Golconda's treasures to the little realm around him. Then there is the fire fly, and the glow-worm, to do honor to the night; & if the convolvolus has spread its drapery over the rails, or the sumach put forth its rich berries, or the sweetbriar exhaled its fragrance, to attract the visit of the humming bird, the fence corner, abandoned as it is by the husbandman, as unworthy of culture or attention, is a volume which the lover of nature may study hour after hour; and minute in the scale of creation, as are the objects of his attention, they speak a lesson to his heart, which teaches him, more than ever, to appreciate the goodness and almighty power, of Him, who has set the everlasting hills on their foundations, and made perfect, the organization of the smallest plant that adorns their sides; or the most diminutive insect that finds a home beneath the pebbles that are upon them.

It is the same with the prairie as it is with the forest and the mountain. The elements of beauty are scattered far and wide, by a bountiful hand, whose plenty profuseness cannot diminish, and whose work knows no imperfections.—On the broad plains of the south-west, on the banks of the great river, that flows into the gulf of Mexico, models of beauty equally abound. There indeed, vegetation becomes colossal. The magnolia, the holly and the laurel, vie with the oak in altitude. The pomegranate and the orange cease to be exotics.—The rose, that we here cultivate with so much care, is there used for the protecting hedge. The Druid misletoe clings, with parasitic strength to the branches of the oak; and the moss, no longer confined to its humble station on the ground

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