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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THE POCKET FARRIER.

Try before you buy.—If you meet with a horse you like, and are desirous buying him, do not fall in love with him before you ride him, for though he may be handsome he may start or stumble.

To discover a stumbler.—If you buy of one who knows you, it is not unreasonable to desire to ride for an hour.—If refused, you may suspect he has some faults; if not mount him at the door of the stable where he stands; let him neither feel your spurs, nor see your whip; mount him easily, and when seated go gently off with a loose rein, which will make him careless: and if he is a stumbler, he will discover himself presently, especially if the road in which you ride him be anything rough.

The best horse indeed may stumble (a young one of spirit, if not properly broken in, will frequently; and yet if he moves nimbly upon the bit dividing his legs true, he may become a very good saddle horse;) the best horse, I say, may stumble: but if he springs out, when he stumbles, as if he feared your whip or spur, depend upon it he is an old offender. A horse should never be struck for stumbling, or starting: the provocation I confess, is great, but the fear of correction makes him worse.

In the purchase of a horse, examine four things—his teeth, his eyes, his legs and his wind.

To know his age.—Every treaties on farriery has instructed us to know a horse's age by the marks in his mouth; but no one in five hundred (a dealer excepted) can retain it in mind.

Every horse has six teeth before in each jaw, until he is two years and a half old, they are also smooth and uniform in their upper surface.

At two years and a half old he sheds the two middle teeth, (by the young teeth's rising and forcing the old ones out,) which at three years old are replaced by two hollow ones.

When he is about three years and a half old, he sheds two others, one on each side the two middle ones, which at four years old are replaced by two others, which are also hollow.

The sharp single teeth in horses, begin to appear in the lower jaw when the horse is about three and a half, or four years old, they are full grown, pointed and concave in the inside.

When he is four years and a half old, he sheds the two corner teeth, which at five are replaced also with two hollow ones, grooved on the inside which groove marks the age precisely.

At six years of age this groove begins to fill up, and disappears so do the hollows of the rest of the teeth which continue till near seven and a half or eight years old when all the teeth become uniformly full and smooth.

Crafty jockeys will sometimes burn holes in the teeth to make them appear young which they call bishoping; but a discerning eye will soon discover the cheat.

Eyes.—If a horse's eyes are lively and clear, and you can see to the bottom, and the image of your face be reflected from thence, and, not from the surface of the eye, they are good; but if muddy, cloudy, or coal black, they are bad.

Legs.—If his knees are not broken, nor stand bending and trembling forward (which is called knuckling,) his legs may be good; but if he stops short and digs his toes in the ground, it is a sign he will knuckle. In short, if the hoof be pretty flat and not curled, you need not fear founder.

Wind.—If his flanks beat even and slow, his wind may be good, but if they heave double and irregular, or if (while he stands in the stable) he blows at the nostrils, as if he had just been galloping, they are signs of a broken wind. Deceitful dealers have a draught which they sometimes give to make a horse breathe regularly in the stable; the surest way therefore to judge of his wind, is to give him a good brushing gallop and it is ten to one, if his wind be broken, or touched, that he will cough and wheeze very much, and no medicine can prevent him doing so.

Cure for broken wind.—A broken wind may be cured, if the following be applied on the discovery of it:—A quartar of a pound of common tartar, and the like quantity of honey; beat them well together, then dissolve them in a quart of new milk; let the horse fast two hours before you give the drench; walk him an hour after, and let him fast two hours: give this drench every second day with warm meat and drink.

A Draught Horse.—A horse with thick shoulders and a broad chest laden with flesh, hanging too forward, and heavily projecting over his knees and feet, is fitter for a collar than a saddle.

A Saddle horse.—A horse with thin sholders, and a flat chest whose fore feet stand boldly forward and even, his neck rising semicircularly from the points of those thin shoulders to his head, may justly be said to have a light fore-hand, and be fitter for a saddle than a collar.—As most horses in the hands of farmers are drawn while they are young, which notwithstanding their make, occasions them to move heavily; if you desire a nimble-footed horse, choose one that has never drawn.

In buying a horse, inquire into four other things viz:—biting, kicking, stopping, and starting.

A horse may be sound, though guilty of all four, which can hardly discover by barely looking at him, so I refer you to his keeper.

When you are buying, it is common for the owner to say in praise of his horse, that he has neither splint, spavin nor windgall.

That you may not be imposed upon, those three are thus discribed:

The Splint.—The splint is a fixed callous excrescence or hard knot, growing upon the flat of the in or outside (and sometimes both) of the shank-bone; a little under and not far from the knee, and may be seen and felt.

Most young horses have splints, more or less, and they will occasion lameness while they are coming upon the bone; but after they are grown to the firmness of bones, they do not lame a horse, nor is such a horse worse for use, though he may not look so well to the eye.

The spavin.—The spavin is of the same nature, and appears, in like manner, on the instep bone behind, not far below the hough. To take it off, beat the bone with a bleeding stick, and rub it; then anoint it with the oil of origanum, tie a wet cloth about it, and with a hot brick applied to it, soak in the oil; till it be dry.

Windgall.—Windgalls are several little swellings just above the fetlock joints of all the four legs; they seem, when felt, to be full of wind or jelly, but they never lame a horse; the splint and spavin always do. They all three proceed from one and the same cause, which is hard riding, travelling too far in one day, or carrying too great a weight when young.

From the Ladies' Companion.

THE REFEREE CASE.

BY EMMA C. EMBURY.

The outlines of the following sketch were related to me by an aged and honored member of a large family connexion; and a man who possesses an almost inexhaustible fund of legendary lore, and whose most interesting anecdotes and comic tales are but recollections of past scenes, of which he can say in the language of Aeneas, *'quorum magna pars fui.'*

'Many years ago,' said Mr. E——, 'I happened to be one of the referees in a case which excited unusual interest in our courts, from the singular nature of the claim, and the strange story which it disclosed. The plaintiff, who was captain of a merchant ship, which traded principally with England and the West Indies, had married quite early in life with every prospect of happiness. His wife was said to have been extremely beautiful, and no less lovely in character. After living with her in the most uninterrupted harmony for five years, during which time two daughters were added to his family, he suddenly resolved to resume his occupation, which he had relinquished on his marriage and when his youngest child was but three weeks old, sailed once more for the West Indies. His wife, who was devotedly attached to him, sorrowed at his absence, and found her only comfort in the society of her children and the hope of his return. But month after month passed away and he came not, nor did any letters, those insufficient but welcome substitutes arrive to cheer her solitude. Months long heaped into years, yet no tidings were received of the absent husband, and after long hoping against hope, the unhappy wife was compelled to believe that he had found a grave beneath the weltering ocean.

"Her sorrow was deep and heartfelt, but the evils of poverty now were added to her affliction and the widow found herself obliged to resort to some employment, in order to support her helpless children. Her needle was her only resort and for ten years she labored early and late for the miserable pittance, which is ever grudgingly bestowed on the humble seamstress. A merchant of New York, in moderate but prospering circumstances accidentally became acquainted with her, and pleased with her gentle manners, no less than her extreme beauty, endeavored to improve their acquaintance with friendship.—After some months he offered her his hand, and was accepted. As the wife of a successful merchant, she soon found herself in the enjoyment of comfort & luxuries, such as she had never before possessed. Her children became his children, and received from him every advantage that wealth and affection could procure. Fifteen years had passed away; the daughters married, and by their step-father were furnished with every comfort, requisite in their new avocation of housekeepers. But they had scarcely quitted his roof, when their mother was taken ill. She died after a few days sickness, and from that time until the period of which I speak the widower had resided with the youngest daughter.

"Now comes the strangest part of the story.—After an absence of thirty years, during which time no tidings had been received from him the *first* husband returned as suddenly as he had departed. He had changed his ship, adopted another name, and spent the whole of that long period of time on the ocean, with only transient visits on shore while taking in or discharging cargo; having been careful, also, never to come nearer home than New Orleans.

"Why he had acted in this unpardonable manner towards his family, no one could tell, and he obstinately refused all explanation. There were strange rumors of slave trading and piracy afloat, but they were only whispers of conjecture rather than truth. Whatever might have been his motives for such conduct, he was certainly any thing but indifferent to his family concerns when he returned. He raved like a madman when informed of his wife's second marriage and subsequent death, vowing vengeance upon his successor, and terrifying his daughters by the most awful threats, in case they refused to acknowledge his claims. He had returned wealthy, and one of those mean reptiles of the law, who are always to be found about the halls of justice, advised him to bring a suit against the second husband, assuring him that he could recover heavy damages. The absurdity of instituting a claim for a wife, whom death had already released from the jurisdiction of earthly laws was so manifest, that it was at length agreed by all parties to leave the matter to be adjudged by five referees:

"It was on a bright and beautiful afternoon in spring, that we first met to hear this singular case. The sunlight streamed through the dusty windows of the court room, and shed a halo around the long grey locks and broad forehead of the defendant; while the plaintiff's harsh features were thrown into a still bolder relief by the same beam which softened the placid countenance of his adversary. The plaintiff's lawyer made an eloquent appeal for his client, and had we not been better informed about the matter, our hearts would have been melted by his touching description of the return of the desolate husband, and the agony with which he now beheld his household goods removed to consecrate a stranger's hearth. The celebrated Aaron Burr was counsel for the defendant and we anticipated from him a splendid display of oratory. I had never before seen him, and shall certainly never forget my surprise at his appearance.—Small in person but remarkably well formed, with an eye as quick and as brilliant as an eagle's, and a brow furrowed by care far more than age, he seemed a very different being from the arch traitor and murderer I had been accustomed to consider him. His voice was one of the finest I ever heard, and the skill with which he modulated it, the variety of his tones, and the melody of its cadences, were immitable. But there was one peculiarity about him, that reminded me of the depths or darkness which lay beneath that fair surface. You will smile when I tell you, that the only thing I disliked was his step. He glided rather than walked; his foot had that quiet, stealthy movement, which involuntarily makes one think of treachery, and in the course of a long life I have never met with an honorable man to whom such a step was habitual.

"Contrary to our expectations, however, Burr made no attempt to confute his opponent's oratory. He merely opened a book of statutes; and pointing with his thin fingers to one of the pages, desired the referees to read it, while he retired for a moment to bring in the *principal witness*. We had scarcely finished the section which fully decided the matter in our minds, when Burr re-entered with a tall and elegant female leaning on his arm. She was attired in a simple white dress, with a wreath of ivy leaves encircling her large straw bonnet, and a lace veil completely concealing her countenance. Burr whispered a few words apparently encouraging her to advance, and then gracefully raising her veil, disclosed to us a face of proud surpassing beauty. I recollect as well as if it had happened yesterday, how simultaneously the murmur of admiration burst from the lips of all present. Turning to the plaintiff, Burr asked in a cold quiet tone, "Do you know this lady?"

Answer. "I do."

Burr. "Will you swear to that?'

Answer. "I will; to the best of my knowledge and belief she is my daughter."

"Burr. "Can you swear to her identity?"

"Answer, "I can."

Burr. "What is her age?"

Answer. "She was thirty years of age on the twentieth day of April."

Burr. "When did you last see her?"

Answer. "At her own house a fortnight since."

Burr. "When did you last see her previous to that meeting?"

The plaintiff hesitated—a long pause ensued—the question was repeated, and the answer at length was, "On the fourteenth day of May 17—'

"When she was just three weeks old," added Burr. "Gentlemen," continued he, turning to us, "I have brought this lady here as an important witness, and such I think she is. The plaintiff's counsel has pleaded eloquently in behalf of the bereaved husband who escaped the perils of the sea and returned only to find his home desolate. But who will picture to you the lonely wife bending over her daily toil, devoting her best years to the drudgery of sordid poverty, supported only by the hope of her husband's return. Who will paint the slow progress of heart sickness, the wasting anguish of hope deferred, and finally, the overwhelming agony which came upon her when her last hope was extinguished, and she was compelled to believe herself indeed a widow! Who can depict all this without awakening in your hearts the warmest sympathy for the deserted wife, and the bitterest scorn for the mean, pitiful wretch, who could thus trample on the heart of her whom he had sworn to love and cherish! We need not inquire into his motive for acting so base a part. Whether it was love of gain, or licentiousness, or selfish indifference, it matters not; he is too vile a thing to be judged by such laws as govern *men*. Let us ask the witness—she who now stands before us with the frank, fearless brow of a true hearted woman—let us ask her which of these two has been to her a father!"

"Turning to the lady in a tone whose sweetness was in strange contrast with the scornful accent that had just characterized his words, he besought her to relate briefly the recollections of her early life. A slight flush passed over her proud and beautiful face as she replied. "My first recollections are of a small, ill-furnished apartment, which my sister and myself shared with my mother. She used to carry out every Saturday evening the work which had occupied her during the week, and bring back employment for the following one. Saving that we some visit to her employer, and regular attendance at church she never left the house. She often spoke of our father, and of his anticipated return, but at length she ceased to mention him, though I observed she used to weep more frequently than ever. I then thought she wept because we were so poor, for it sometimes happened that our supper was a bit of dry bread, and she was accustomed to see by the light of the chips which she kindled to her famishing children, because she could not purchase a candle without depriving us of our morning meal. Such was our poverty when my mother contracted a second marriage, and the change to us was like a sudden entrance into Paradise. We found a home and a father."

"Would you exile my own child against me!' cried the plaintiff as he impatiently waved his hand to her to be silent.

The eyes of the witness flashed fire as he spoke. "You are not my father," exclaimed she vehemently. "The law may deem you such but I disclaim you utterly. What! call you my father? you, who basely left your wife to toil and your children to beggary! Never! never! Behold there my father," pointing to the agitated defendant, "there is the man who watched over my infancy—who was the sharer of my childish sports, and the guardian of my inexperienced youth. There is he who claims my affection and shares my home; there is MY FATHER. For yonder selfish wretch I know him not. The best years of his life have been spent in lawless freedom from social ties; let him seek elsewhere for the companion of his decrepitude, nor dare to insult the ashes of my mother by claiming the duties of kindred from her deserted children!"

She drew her veil hastily around her as she spoke, and giving her hand to Burr, moved as if to withdraw.

"Gentlemen," cried Burr, "I have no more to say. The words of the law are expressed in the book before you; the voice of truth you have just heard from woman's pure lips: it is for you to decide according to the requisitions of nature and the decrees of justice."

I need scarcely add that our decision was such as to overwhelm the plaintiff with well-merited shame.

THE LAST FIGHT—Crossing the Hellgate ferry the other evening, from Hallett's Cove, where we had been assisting in the consumption of such a bowl of strawberries as Epicures never dreamed of with our ancient friend Shaw, we observed a man with a game-cock beneath his arm. Presently another man came along with a lobster, just caught and lively. A proposition for a fight between the cock and lobster was made by one of the ferrymen and accepted by both proprietors. The legs of the cock were unloosed, and as the joints of the lobster had not been plugged, he was game at any moment—and at it they went. The battle was short, however, since the ample mail of the lobster was impenetrable to the spurs of his antagonist, and no tailor ever plied his shears with greater dexterity than the little sea monster did his long testaceous fingers. Victory accordingly perched upon the standard of the lobster, whereat chanticleer was so crest-fallen that he made not the slightest effort to crow.

N. Y. Com. Adv.

ADDRESS

TO THE PUBLIC GENERALLY, AND THE CITIZENS OF CAROLINE COUNTY PARTICULARLY.

A long and distressing indisposition has prevented me from sooner coming out before the public in self defence against the bitter and untiring attacks of several assailants. At the present moment my health is not sufficiently restored to enable me to prepare a long replication to the many malignant attacks upon me—I shall aim only now at giving a plain statement, which I hope, will be sufficient to exonerate me from the charge of the gross improprieties made upon me.

Early last summer Mr. Marcy Fountain called on me at my house in Caroline county to know if Mr. Burchenal was the nominated Whig Candidate for Senator—and whether I would suffer myself to be brought out in opposition to him, he said the Van Buren men had a small meeting a few days before, when it was ascertained that they could not conveniently get a man of their own party, as Mr. Sangston would not serve—that the situation of Dr. Whiteley's family was such, that he could not—Robert F. Keene would not—and that Dr. Tatum could not give up his practice, and that in the meeting he took the liberty of mentioning my name—he said some objected and some approved of me. I replied, that I did not wish office, that I had said I never again expected to see my name on a ticket or in a commission for office—that I was in feeble health, and unable to take the electioneering field, and that I considered that there was but one man in the county who would unite or reconcile the Whig party, and that man was Gen. Potter.—Mr. Fountain then said, in reply, that if Gen. Potter or myself would come out we would not be opposed, that their opposition was to Mr. Burchenal, and that if I would consent to serve, I should be at no trouble, that I could again go to the springs for my health, and that as soon as I was announced there would be more than fifty Whigs to declare for me; that with the Whigs I could get to vote for me and the Van Buren men united I could be easily elected.

After the nomination of Mr. Burchenal by the Whigs, Mr. Fountain again called on me at my house, at which time, I consented to serve, and my annunciation was drawn up accordingly, without any pledge being required of me, for it would have appeared strange and absurd, to have required pledges to support the Van Buren party, after saying that more than fifty Whigs would declare for me, who were known to be as firm, decided and respectable as any portion of men of the same number, in this or any other county in the State. This was immediately preceding the Van Buren meeting, that nominated candidates. At this meeting they fairly agreed to support me; afterwards I understood some still had objections to me as being a Whig.

Shortly after I called on Mr. Sangston and informed him that I would prefer to decline the canvass, and that the Van Burenites could determine on a man of their own party—that I could send my declination to the paper at Easton on Monday morning which would appear on Tuesday, in time for the purpose. He insisted that I should not decline, and stated that their party would have a meeting on the next Tuesday, that the leading Van Buren men of the county would be present, and they would consider the case. He requested that I should attend at Denton; I did not go, but my friend Mr. Jump was there, and on the next morning he informed me that they had unanimously agreed to support me, and said that there was nothing required as to pledges, &c. If there had been, he was directed to withdraw my name.—Things went on in this way until just before the election, when a gentleman informed me that if I did not promise to support the Van Buren delegate ticket, that I would not be supported by the party. Things having progressed so far and having been abused by many of the Whig party—the Whig candidates all opposing me, I did consent to vote for the Van Buren delegation, and did so.

About this time, Mr. Sangston called on me, as he correctly states, on Denton bridge, as I was passing. I stopped, and he came to me, and the conversation was on the subject of the election—he wished to know how many Whig votes I thought I could get, which question I answered; then he said, you will be elected by the Van Buren party, if you are elected—to which I said no—they could not elect me. If I was elected, it would be by both parties. He mentioned my supporting the Van Buren party, to which I declined, giving a decisive answer; and he did mention the U. S. Senator, particularly, as I well remember, but *I utterly deny that I ever made the pledge as stated by him.* He appears to higgle in that case: he says—"the U. S. Senator was also mentioned, to which I did not give a decisive answer," because I thought it unjust in him after his party and himself had brought me out as a Whig, and having agreed to support me as such he should at that late hour require such a pledge from me. I candidly acknowledge that I did evade his question, and think I did right in doing so. Mr. Sangston and one or two individuals under his influence, were the only persons who required any thing like pledges.

I am charged likewise with having gone against the pledge made to the party. It will not be denied that almost every one of the party voted for me; & did so with the full belief that I was a decided whig. I can prove by the most respectable evidence in Queen Ann's and Caroline counties, that Mr. Fountain, who was probably the most active partizan in the county, said, both before and after the election that I had given NO pledges to the party, and that I was as good a whig as Mr. Burchenal, but not so obnoxious to the Van Buren party. I contend that it was unjust in Mr. Sangston to wish me to make any pledges, and I do most utterly deny that I ever went further than to promise to vote for their candidates to the Legislature, and I never did at any time intend to compromit my whig principles if elected to the Senate.

I am accused of having electioneered for Mr. Reyner, and of being the cause of a second clerk's being elected by the Senate, this is false, I never said a word, or wrote one letter to any individual on that subject.

I understand it was determined on board the Steamboat from Baltimore, by members of both political parties that it would be necessary to have two committee clerks, as the body had increased one third, or more. A Van Buren Senator, from an adjoining county said to me, that Mr. Reyner could be elected if he would keep still and say nothing about it—and Mr. Reyner informed me, on the same day, (Sunday evening) that a delegate from the same county with the Senator, had made a similar proposal to him. If I had thought proper to have united with Dr. Wilson in the support of his friend, I could have procured the appointment of Mr. Reyner, without the whig interest. Away with the charge, then, that the appointment of Mr. Reyner had any influence, or any thing to do with my course as Senator. Throw aside the charge of Mr. Sangston, and there is no one who can dare to charge me with inconsistency or with a failure to perform all I ever promised.

Charity would induce me believe that Mr. Sangston may have mistaken me, owing to his deafness, or that he wanted good sense enough to give a relation of what did really transpire. Mr. Sangston's weakness of intellect is proverbial and it is well known that he was induced to resign the Register's office, or what was worse, sell it from incompetency to discharge its duties; he could not fill up a common printed warrant to officers, without considerable difficulty even after he had been several years in the office. If any one wish a full history of Mr. Sangston's character for veracity, integrity, *or even what constitutes an honest man* I refer them to the files of the Easton Gazette, of the 12th, 19th and 26th of November 1831, and the 3d 10th and 24th of December, the same year—and 31st of March and 7th of April 1832, where will be found an abundance of charges strongly questioning his veracity, &c.—all of which took place just before he resigned or made sale of the office which he held as Register of Wills.

In the No of 24th August 1831, there is a case stated wherein he suffered an old and tried friend, the late Thomas Saulsbury to be incarcerated in prison, before he would agree to pay or to become accountable for money while he actually held the property of the late John Brown accountable for the debt, and which debt, Mr. James Sangston has paid since, on being threatened with a suit in chancery in Delaware, where the property lies.

I will give a few extracts from a handbill, now before me, dated 16th September 1833, signed by his half brother John A. Sangston, to show how far in case of veracity his word and character may be relied on, which says—"my home and fireside has not been spared—lying and intrigue has been the order of the day, throughout the country, and who has been the formost in it, a half brother, a man whom I have gone through thick and thin for; day and night; in several severe political contests, in which he has been engaged, and many has been the time my voice has been raised in defence of his character, for in fact he has been charged with almost every species of villainy; of base ingratitude and villainy;" and in another part of the same paper he says—"was either turned out or left the Methodist Church for his improper conduct, this he dare not deny, and he has never been in the church since but always a church trimmer, trimming with all and belonging to none.' Again he says "this very same James Sangston was my testamentary guardian: not regularly appointed by law. A good many years ago he had my property, a small farm in his hands four or five years before I arrived at age. In 1816 I called on him from time to time for a settlement but all in vain: and it has been put off and put off and finally he denied the debt, and against this old fox I stated an account for rents, & left them with his clerk with a request that he should state his account, well he stated his account against me, and that was the only way I caught this honest fox. Wm.

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