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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Alexander Graham.

TERMS.

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

ADVERTISEMENTS

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

THE CASKET

AND

PHILADELPHIA MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

PROSPECTUS OF A NEW VOLUME.

The unparalleled success which has attended The Casket since it came into the hands of the new proprietors, induces them to begin a volume with

Still Further Attractions,

ON THE FIRST OF JANUARY NEXT.

ITS LITERARY CHARACTER,

Which has called forth so many comments will undergo no change; as the Magazine will still continue under the control of the same editors. Several

NEW CONTRIBUTORS OF HIGH TALENT,

however, have been engaged, beside those who have already been enlisted in its favor.

The Magazine will be enlarged and will contain a greater quantity of reading matter than any periodical published at the same price in this country. The work will appear in

A NEW AND BEAUTIFUL TYPE,

Cast expressly for the purpose, and will be printed on the finest paper.

It will also be ornamented with

Fine Steel Engravings,

provided at a heavy expense, and executed from the choicest designs. To vary the style of these illustrations, the services of distinguished artists have been engaged to furnish at intervals

MEZZOTINTS FOR THE ENSUING VOLUME.

The Heads of Several Distinguished American Writers

Will appear in the course of the year. The publishers determined to leave nothing undone to merit the patronage of a liberal public, have resolved, after much solicitation from many of their fair readers, to publish quarterly, as an extra,

Correct Plates of the Latest *Fashions, Highly Colored,*

and executed in the first style of the art. This department will be under the control of a French gentlemen of much taste and experience, and will be found to excel ANY THING EVER ATTEMPTED IN THIS LINE IN AMERICA.—The extra in the present (November) number, may be considered a fair specimen of what these fashion plates will be. The music department, as heretofore, will be under the charge of Messrs. G. W. Hewitt & Co. and the fine pieces of Copy right Music which they have hitherto furnished are a sufficient guarantee for the future.

The flattering terms in which the Casket has been noticed by the journals in every section of the Union, establish beyond a doubt its claims to support generally—*It will surpass any other work in the return it gives for the reader's money.*

TERMS—$3 per annum, invariably in advance, or two copies for five dollars.

All communications to be addressed, post paid to

GEORGE R GRAHAM & Co. Philad.

Nov. 30

LOOK AT THIS.

All persons indebted to the estate of William Atwell, dec'd either by note or open account, are requested to make payment by the 15th of December, or their accounts will be placed in the hands of an officer for collection.

WILLIAM WILSON, adm'r. of William Atwell, dec'd.

Nov. 30 3tq

Ranaway.

Was committed to the jail of Kent county, on Tuesday the 19th inst as a runaway, a negro woman who calls herself Harriett Kant, supposed to be about 40 years of age, of a dark complexion; five feet six inches in height, has a small scar under the left eye and several small scars on her hands, she states that she belonged to the estate of Robert Emory of Queen Anne's county; and was permitted to act as free by Mrs. Francis Emory, the widow of Robert Emory, deceased, and that she has a daughter living with Wm. Emory on Corsica Creek, in Queen Annes, a slave to him. She states that she has been acting as free for 14 or 15 years. She had on when committed an old light colored calico dress, a pair of cotton stockings and shoes about half worn. The owner is hereby notified to come forward, prove property, pay charges and remove her from Jail, otherwise she will be released according to law

JOHN USILTON, Shff. Kent co.

Nov. 30 3w

A Stray.

Came to the subscribers residence; (Gen Tilghman's farm near Easton) on or about the 1st of November, a large White and Black Sow, marked with a crop off of each ear. The owner can obtain the same by proving property and paying all charges.

SAMUEL BOWDLE.

Nov. 30

A Housekeeper Wanted.

The advertiser wishes to employ a Housekeeper, who will be willing to attend to all the business of the family. For such a one liberal wages will be paid. Apply to the Editor for particulars.

Nov. 30

REMOVAL.

JOHN W. CHEEZUM,

Has removed his Store, three doors above, to the Stand formerly occupied by T. H. Dawson & Sons, and adjoining the office of the Easton Gazette, where he invites his friends and the public generally to an inspection of his Goods.

Nov 30, 1839.

Postponed Sale. Public Sale.

The subscriber will sell, on Wednesday the 4th day of December next, if fair, if not the next fair day, at his residence near Dover Bridge, his

Household and Kitchen Furniture,





HORSES, CATTLE,

and a pen of well fattened

HOGS,

a large quantity of CORN in the ear. Also.

CARTS, FARMING UTENSILS,

Corn-Blades, and Top-fodder, and many articles too tedious to mention.

TERMS—Upon all sums of and under five dollars the cash will be required before the removal of the property. On all sums above five dollars, note with approved security will be exacted.

THOMAS M. FAULKNER.

Nov. 23 ts

The above sale is postponed until the 11th of December. T. M. FAULKNER.

Nov. 30

COACH, GIG &



HARNESS MAKING.

The subscribers respectfully inform their friends of Caroline and the adjoining counties and the public in general, that they have commenced the

Coach, Gig and Harness

MAKING,

in the upper part of Greensborough, opposite the store house of Messrs. Laugrell & Meeds. From long experience in the business and by the assistance of the best workmen, they are enabled to say, that their

CARRIAGES

shall be equal to any and superior to many. Unremitted attention shall be given to all orders and notices concerning their business. They hope by assiduous attention and punctuality to business and by making the most moderate charges to receive a share of public patronage. They politely invite their friends and the public at large to come and examine for themselves—Under a conviction of meeting the approbation of a generous and liberal community, they are

The public's obd't. servts.

J. H. ROBRECHT,
J. E. CARTER.

Nov 23 3w

Caroline County Court,

ON THE EQUITY SIDE THEREOF.

October Term, 1839.

Henry Roussett, vs. Sarah Elizabeth Jones and others. } Ordered, That the report of Henry Roussett, trustee, for the sale of the real estate mentioned in the above cause, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shown, before the second day of March Term next, provided a copy of this order be published once in each week for three successive weeks, in a newspaper published on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, before the said 2d day of March Term next—The report states the amount of sales to be $176. It is further ordered that the trustee give notice to the creditors to file their claims with the Clerk of Caroline County Court, by the said second day of next Term.

Test, JO RICHARDSON, Clk.

True copy,

Test. JO. RICHARDSON, Clk.

Nov. 30 3w

Tenant Wanted.

The subscriber wishes to procure a first rate tenant for his farm called 'FAUSLEY' one mile from Easton.—There are three fields of about 160,000 corn hills each, with an extensive range of meadow and woodland, remarkable for its fine grass and under substantial fences—The buildings are in excellent condition and very convenient.

TENCH TILGHMAN.

Nov. 23 3w

RELIGIOUS NOTICE.

The New Methodist Episcopal Church in the Town of St. Michaels, will be consecrated on the 15th of December. Service to commence at 11 o'clock. It is expected that several Ministers from a distance will be present on the occasion.

Nov. 23

The "Romance of the Revolution" was the subject of a lecture delivered before the Athenian [illegible] Philadelphia last week, by WM. B. REED, Esq. Warm, and we have no doubt, well merited enconiums have been bestowed upon it by the press of that city, as well in regard to the manner of its delivery as the matter of which it was composed. The following sketch of a portion of it is published in the U. S. Gazette:

He referred to the mournful tragedy, familiar to every classical student, which in the reign of the first Emperor of Rome cost the empire the flower of its army, and wrung from the lips of one whose career of prosperity knew no interruption but this, a bitter lamentation.—"Quintilius Varus! restore me my legions!" was the cry of that Emperor, when he thought of his soldiers massacred amidst the forests of Germany, led thither by the rashness of an inexperienced leader. Under the succeeding reign, a victorious Roman army, led by Germanicus, penetrated these very forests, the everglades of the day, and came, as it were, by chance, to the scene of former discomfiture. Passing over the scene which then ensued, he proceeded at once to a parallel which our own early history affords, viz:—The march through the deep recesses of what was then, in July, 1755, a Pennsylvania wilderness, of a large and well appointed British army, under General Braddock, the Quintilius Varus of his times, and the terrible defeat and subsequent massacre of that proud host on the banks of the Monongahela. Three years afterwards the fortune of war was changed & an English army found itself like that of Germanicus, near the spot where the bones of their countrymen reposed. In that army was an officer of rank, who had lost a father and a brother in Braddock's defeat. An Indian guide told him that, in the battle of the Monongahela, he had seen an officer of high rank fall wounded; and a moment after, a young subaltern, who had run as to his rescue, drop dead, slain by a random shot, and that the two bodies he was sure would be found together under the bough of a tree of peculiar shape, which he thought he could recognize

It was some instinct which told the young officer, who was Sir Francis Halket, then a Major in the 42d Regiment, that in the bodies of those who thus died together, he should find his own father and brother. The army proceeded through the woods, and along the banks of the river, to the scene of the battle. The Indian warrior discovered the place where he was posted on the day of carnage, and pointed to the tree under which the officers had fallen. The men were halted, and with Major Halket and the other officers, formed a circle; the Indians removed the leaves, and the two skeletons were found, just as the Indian expected, lying across each other, the younger above the older. Major Halket said that, as his father had an artificial tooth of peculiar form, he might be able thus to ascertain if they were indeed his bones, and those of his brother. After a short examination, the sign that he sought was found, and the remains identified beyond mistake. As the son kneeled in silence and in tears beside them, the pioneers dug a grave, and the bones being laid in it together, a Highland plaid was thrown over them, and they were interred with the customary honors.

This narrative brought the speaker to the times and annals whose illustration he had immediately in view—the picturesque incidents of that great struggle which began the session of the first Congress, in September 1774, and terminated at the the signing of the Provisional Treaty, in November, 1782—the American Revolution, which, in its aggregate and its details, was eminently romantic, while its incidents and the character of its actors were eminently picturesque.

He first contrasted it with the French Revolution, a continued scene of mock heroism, blood, carnage, and slaughter, and, unlike ours, with scarcely any incidents that deserved the name of purely beautiful or romantic. And still further, comparing the great men of that accidental revolution, with the true chivalry of our annals, our soldiers, and our statesmen, and still the palm is gloriously ours. The history of the old Congress, to its eclipse under the Federal Constitution would be of itself a rich record of romance.

The lecturer made a striking reference to the little known fact, that on the 9th of August, 1774, according to a statement in a newspaper of the times, there arrived at this port the Charleston Packet, Captain Wright, bringing as passengers Henry Middleton and Edward Rutledge, delegates to Congress from South Carolina. The first hands that came to lay the deep foundations of the fabric of the Union, came then, said the speaker, from South Carolina! Let their children remember *that*: let any and every misguided son, native or adopted of that honored soil, who seeks to topple down this proud edifice, or pick out the cement which binds it together, remember that, when he shall have dug to its very corner stone, he will find in its ancient masonry the names of Rutledge, and Pinckney, and Gadsden, and Middleton—first, the very [illegible], in the roll of its builders, to [illegible] him for his work of destruction.

To show how little concord at one period prevailed in the Congress, the lecturer said might be inferred from an anecdote, for which he was indebted to the retentive memory of one of our own fellow citizens, who has not forgotten his revolutionary lineage.

On the 8th of May, 1776, while Congress was in session at Philadelphia, the sound of heavy artillery was heard down the Delaware. It was soon known to proceed from the gun boats that had been sent to protect the river from the British cruisers. Hitherto no sound of actual war had reached this portion of the province, whose inhabitants were rather more pacific in their tone than was suited to the ardor and exasperation of New England—as the sound of the first gun burst upon the ear of Congress, old Samuel Adams sprung upon his feet, and cried out with exultation, to the infinite dismay of some timid members, who sat near him, "Thank God, the game's begun—none can stop it now." "I wish that man was in Heaven," was the ejaculation of one of his neighbors.—"No—not in Heaven," said another with a countenance of unmitigated disgust, "not in Heaven, for I hope to get there some day myself."

The lecturer spoke in a particular manner of the services and character of Charles Thompson, Secretary of Congress. On the 6th of September, 1774, the day that the Congress met, Mr. Thompson, then a merchant of good repute in Philadelphia, was a happy bridegroom having been married that very morning; and musing no doubt on other things, than the concerns of the public, he was met in the street by a hurried messenger, who came to tell him that the Congress, which was then about to organize, wished him to act as their secretary. Nor were the excuses and objections which he so reasonably urged admitted, but with a distinct assurance that the session would not be prolonged more than a few days or weeks, he was made to yield a reluctant consent. From duties thus assumed, he was not released for fifteen long years of doubt, and mingled hope and fear, until the month of July, 1789 when the Federal Government was organized

[illegible] occasion, he had referred to the romantic career and fate of James Otis, of Massachusetts. Mr. Otis had two friends near and dear to him, whose character, career, and death were like his. These were Josiah Quincy Jr and Joseph Warren. The former, after a long career of active opposition to the usurpations of Government in the Colonies, in the year 1774, went to England, and shattered his constitution by his unceasing efforts to avert the catastrophe which he too surely foresaw. On the 16th of March, 1775, worn down by disease and long suffering, both of mind and body, he embarked in a small and ill provided vessel bound to New England: and after being tossed about by adverse tempests until the 25th of April following, the spirit of the patriot took its flight, just as the first headlands of the soil for which he breathed his dying prayer, rose above the horizon. Warren, while serving as a private at the battle of Bunker's Hill, was killed by a random shot at the close of the engagement.

Such, said the speaker, was the career of the last of the three glorious triumvirate he had mentioned. Otis died a maniac, killed by a flash of lightning—Quincy, on the ocean, within sight of his native shore—and Warren, the first great martyr in the cause of freedom.

After describing the occupation of Bunker's Hill, he mentioned several incidents of rather an interesting character. When the works of the Americans were first discovered by the British men-of-war, they opened a heavy cannonade, which was at first ill directed, but at last began to take effect, and an American fireman, standing on the parapet, was killed.

A subaltern informed Col. Prescott that the man was dead. 'Bury him, then,' was the brief reply. 'What, sir,' asked the chaplain, 'without prayers? I am ready to perform the service.' And amid the shower of balls that was playing upon the redoubt, the primitive funeral rites were paid, and the deep tones of the armed minister of religion were raised to commend the spirit of the departed soldier to the God of righteous battles.

There was late in the Revolution, an other scene of funeral rites—the burial, a few days before the surrender of Burgoyne, of Major General Frazer, of the British army, the singular and romantic circumstances attending which, the lecturer mentioned in detail; but thought that though the scene at this funeral was more elaborately solemn in all the true elements of beauty, it was not more picturesque than the simple obsequies of the first private soldier that fell at Bunker's Hill.

The lecturer referred to the naturally beautiful battle ground of Brandywine where Washington staked his all to save Philadelphia. Within a few years, the young countryman was living who guided Washington as he hurried to the first point of attack. When at Chadsford, he heard of the brilliant manœuvre by which Cornwallis had turned his flank, and the distant firing which announced it, he compelled this young Quaker to guide him across the country; and as they dashed along, at the top of their speed, regarding no obstacle in their way, all that he remembered hearing was the low and hurried tones of the General's voice—'Faster, my young friend, faster—faster.' Their speed availed not; he arrived just in time to witness the retreat before an overwhelming force—the American army was routed, and Philadelphia fell.

He alluded to the fate of Major Andre, hung as a British spy; of Captain Nathan Hale, executed also as a spy, by the British, on Long Island, in '76; and of Col Isaac Hayne, who was murdered by the British at Charleston, in '81, in violation of the laws of war and humanity, and fell in the bloom of youth, a brave officer, a worthy citizen, a just and upright man, furnishing an example of heroism in death that extorted a confession from his enemies, 'that though he did not die in a good cause, he must at least have acted from a persuasion of its being so.'

Among the men of the Revolution, Washington was a perfect character of romance and chivalry in its highest sense. And the lecturer compared his character with that given to that link of chivalry Gaston de Foix, in Lord Berner's translation of Froissart's Chronicles, from which work he read a quaint extract, in which Gaston is eulogized as before all knights, kings, princes, and others, for the possession of those qualities for which Washington was distinguished. His strict sense of justice, his systematic disposition of his time; his rigid determination, on all occasions, to claim what was due to him; his willingness to give that only, which he had a right to give; his sense of religious obligation; his deference to the world's well ascertained properties; the dignity of his personal appearance; the daring gallantry of his spirit; his quick impetuous temper, &c.

The lecturer compared Washington and Napoleon, in their deaths. The first died peacefully and tranquilly in his bed, on his own farm, amid the people whom he, more than any single man, had contributed to render free and happy. The last died in a far off isle of the ocean, exiled from all that he held precious, wasted by disease deformed by convulsions, and his last words giving token of inward strife, as he fought his battles o'er again. The death of each was a characteristic comment of his life. The one, an illustration of all the gentle virtues which constituted his heroism: the other, the fit farewell to a life of storm and tumult. The one, he likened to the last anchorage of some war worn frigate, whose broad ensign has floated o'er many a righteous battle; the other, to the shipwreck of a private cruiser, whose flag has been long an emblem of terror to a peaceful world, whose decks are stained dark with blood, and who, at the height of the tempest, founders on some obscure rock in the centre of an ocean's desolation.

THE JEWS OF PALISTINE.

A late London paper contains some extracts from a letter by the Rev. Mr. McCheyne, one of a deputation from England, to ascertain the condition of the jews in Judea. He says:

The accounts we received at home, as to the state of the Jews in this land, are far from being accurate. The exact number of Jews, in Palistine, it is very difficult to ascertain. The largest estimate reckons them to be about fifteen thousand. Some state the number as low as ten thousand. They reside chiefly in the four holy cities, as the Jews call them. In Jerusalem about 7000; in Hebron, 700 to 800; in Tiberias, 1200; in Safet, 1500 to 2000. In the towns along the coast there may be, in Jaffa 60, in Kraffe, 150 to 200, in Acre, 200; in Tyre, 150; in Sidon 300, in Nablous (the ancient Sychar) we found about 200, and 150 Samaritans. In the villages of Galilee there may be 400 or 500. The increase in the number of Jews has been very decided since 1822, when the Pacha of Egypt took Possession of Syria. For two years past, the increase has not been so great, owing to the ravages of the plague, the increased price of provisions, the embarrassed finances of the Jewish community, and the oppression of the rabbis. In my last I mentioned, that, in Europe, collections are made at the door of the synagogue for the support of the Jews in the Holy Land. These collections amount, annually, upon an average, to 2800*l*. Every Jew in the land rich or poor, after he has been a year in the country, has a share appointed to him, if he chooses to take it. The chief cause of their returning to this land seems, certainly to be attachment to the inheritance of their fathers. They also believe their rabbis here actually inspired: that to die in this land is, to a Jew, certain salvation, and that, if they die out of it they must make their way under ground to rise in the Valley of Jehosophat.

They are very different from the Jews we have seen in France and Italy; they are far from being infidel; on the contrary, they are superstitious Jews. They have a real expectation of Messiah's coming; and this feeling is waxing strong-

[Correspondence of the New York Star.]

EXTRAORDINARY RUNNING.

A feat of pedestrianism has been performed in Dublin of so remarkable a nature that I think the facts cannot fail to interest your sporting readers.

An officer of the 19th regiment made a wager of a hundred guineas that he would run ten miles in eighty minutes. He had collateral bets to the tune of nine hundred guineas more, and his friends also betted largely upon him.—It was considered so improbable that the young man could accomplish such a distance in so limited a time, that odds were considerably against him, and some of the more good-natured of the betters made an arrangement with the others, by which it was agreed that they would allow him to be off the bets, for the pleasant consideration of a dinner, for the whole party at Gresham's Hotel. The officer returned his best thanks for these kind intentions, but intimated his unaltered resolution to attempt the feat.—They muttered "a willful man *will* have his way," and the day was fixed when the match would come on. The officer and his friends duly appeared in Phœnix Park at the appointed time, & there laid several extra bets that he would not only run ten miles in eighty minutes but that he would run the last mile in six minutes and a half. He got the long odds, and in this, also, his friends backed him. Umpires and a referee having been chosen, the spectators formed the line—some of them being on horseback, to keep up with him and see fair play. He ran upon the carriage drive through Phœnix Park, and steadily performed the first 4 miles in 27 minutes. This was at the rate of nine miles an hour. The next 4 miles were less quickly done, but the whole first 8 miles were done within the hour. He then walked part of the ninth mile, and appeared nearly knocked up. However, he finished it in an easy trot, rested two minutes, took extra bets on the last mile, washed his mouth with weak brandy and water, and then pushed off with great speed, and completed the 10 miles in 70 minutes, 35 seconds, (winning the match by 9 minutes, 25 seconds,) but ran the last mile in 5 minutes, 35 seconds. I have not learned the name of this fleet officer. He is a young man slightly built, but with long legs. It is said he has cleared about 3000 guineas by his bets, and his fellow officers, who betted on him, have "done the trick" handsomely. This feat is one of the quickest upon record.—Captain Barclay's feats were effected by strength as well as by speed, but it is impossible, in a feat like this, to judge of the *bottom* of the successful pedestrian. There are rumors of future matches, and we shall probably have him on the sod again.

The Knoxville, Tenn. Register of the 12th inst. states that the drought which has so long prevailed in that section of country still continues. The Watauga