St. Hammond

EASTON GAZETTE.

WHERE THE PRESS IS FREE—"Literature, well or ill-conducted, is the Great Engine by which all Popular States must ultimately be supported or overthrown."
RELIGION purifies the Heart and teaches us our Duty—Morality refines the Manners—Agriculture makes us Rich—and Politics provides for the enjoyment of all.

VOL. XI. EASTON, MARYLAND, SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 22, 1828. NO. 44.

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

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Easton, Nov. 8 6w3eow

A New Firm.

WILLIAM JENKINS,

OF THE late firm of JENKINS & STEVENS, takes this opportunity of rendering his acknowledgements to his friends and the Public in general, for the liberal encouragement the aforesaid firm has received in the

MERCANTILE BUSINESS,

During its continuance—and now begs leave to inform his friends, his former customers, and the public in general, that he has associated, and taken into Partnership, his son JOHN W. JENKINS. The business will be hereafter conducted, and carried on under the Firm of

WILLIAM JENKINS & SON,

At the former Stand of Jenkins and Stevens.

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UNDER THE AFORESAID FIRM OF

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IRONMONGERY,
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All of which will be selected with great caution and sold at a moderate advance for the READY MONEY—Also will be taken in exchange, FEATHERS, WOOL, and COUNTRY KERSEY, (to punctual Customers as usual.)

☞The attention of the public are respectfully invited to give us a call and examine for themselves.

WILLIAM JENKINS,
JOHN W. JENKINS.

Easton, Nov. 8 6w

☞*William Jenkins and Son,* expect in a short time from this, to receive a handsome supply of GOODS, suitable for the present and approaching season.

W. J. & SON.

REMOVAL.

THOMAS H. DAWSON,

HAS removed his DRUG AND APOTHECARY'S STORE to the Stand lately occupied by LAMBDIN & HAYWARD—next door to the Post-Office.

He takes pleasure in informing his friends and the public that he has made VERY CONSIDERABLE ADDITIONS to his stock of

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SWAIM'S PANACEA, COLUMBIAN SYRUP
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TEETH, HEAD, SHOE, PAINT, AND
White-wash Brushes, &c. &c.

Easton, Nov. 1. 8w

THE FIRST TIME OF ASKING.

A Dilemma of Courtship.

[As a guide in like cases of embarrassment with any of our readers, we condense the subjoined narrative of a fellow sufferer. It may be remembered that even 'Solomon' says he was puzzled in this difficulty.]

"Uncle," said I, to my sage and staunch counsellor, "you are aware that I have a feeling,—that is a youthful bias, or otherwise expressed sensation towards Julia ——"

"A what?",—inquired my uncle, and yet he was not deaf; but a man with corns is always trodden upon.

"A definition, uncle, is hard, you know; a hint is bad enough, and surely you who have lived *puellis idoneus* can measure the first advances, without any other guide than your eye."

"Ho! ho! chuckled the soldier, "is it so my boy? it is the god of arrows, or rather of quivers, that has shaken your citadel! and what of it, my man of brass; why stop short with that silly halt, and put on so complete a black-hole expression of countenance?'

"Uncle," I replied, 'you are a married man;' (he nodded sagely,) "I want the benefit of your experience,—how am I to ask her in marriage?'

[To this important inquiry no answer was returned, except a direction 'to fish for himself;' and the poor nephew was compelled to make a plan of proceeding unaided. He thus soliloquizes on the topic:—

Either the delicacy or the shame, or the forgetfulness of our predecessors, oh! ye bachelors and spinsters, has led to the concealment of the most suitable talisman for our emancipation from our one-ness. The sparrows have frequent 'penchants,' and the tender oyster, that divides its heart with some blest inmate of the mud-bank, enters upon its matrimonial engagements with no forms but a squeak, no pauses but of nature, no lengthy preliminaries, but a note of interrogation and one of admiration. But for us,—set aside the cooing & wooing; it is enough that we have still left—the suing. Is not the whole courtship a system of diplomacy tending to one question—and is it not so framed & conducted as to lead to the particular form, mode, and circumstance of that question? Does not the precipitate lover crown a three days' admiration with a sentence of three words? Will not the spouse, affianced for years, hasten matters at last by a continuous, close, and well-distended blockade of at least a fortnight? Would a silent 'inamorata' so far forget propriety as to give vent to his final interrogative in articulate language; & for your phlegmatic *nonchalant* would he dare exhibit one spot more of colour, one beat more of pulsation, one tremor more of utterance, than if he were inquiring the state of the barometer or the health of the minister—Too confident of this nice dependence of the parts on each other, I had to look back on a system of love making consistent in no respect, and, therefore, utterly useless, as affording me a hint of my final measures. Should I be tragic, listless, the high fantastic, the low desponding epic, or lyrical? Should I clip my moustach, like Grecian damsels before a sacrifice, or curl my front locks, and have my coat buttons new covered?—which would abet me most judiciously, a walking stick or the brown umbrella? would wisdom before dinner be better than valor after it? these were points on which my uncle might have satisfied me if he would. Then, as to the phrases for the occasion.—Here was a 'nodus!' "Madam," I should say—and yet not Madam, for she had not surmounted her teens:—Miss Julia, (miss fire!) I am perhaps, too presumptuous when I consider, (or imagine) that my past addresses have been favorably received.' She stares and is ignorant of the addresses; I assure her 'twas meant seriously: She asks 'What?' I reply, "my great attentions." She considers them not great, and I have to begin my courtship anew. No! these intelligible words may be quibbled upon. Let me see. We sit together on two chairs not far apart, and I entertain her in my usual droll way about the mathematics and rural economy: anon comes the push. As a joke I shall sigh very loud, long, and often; she will ask me the reason; I'll tell her, as it in jest, that I'm in love; and her answer shall be my cue. Well, and if it prove unfavorable, is there a chance on my part of momentary resolution enough to determine my after progress? No, no! some better mode must certainly exist: "Goddess of the translucent eye, and Pons maximus of a nose, may thy swain dream of interminable bliss—may he lead thee to the hymenial altar?" Very good, this, if she happen to give the right answer, but to a question perfectly unintelligible there is equal chance of a right and a wrong one,—and this uncertainty will never do. Inuendos are great in their way; but opportunity is so much, and talent so little in this case,—at least the talent that I mean; displayed in the premeditated stock of inuendos, for I can't think that any man thinks of extemporising on these fatal occasions, at any rate he has no right to trifle so. But now suppose I bring into the field some poetry scraps about "connubial loves," & "doves:" "Infant brood," and "good,"—"marriage state," and "fate,"—no, that savours of predestination, and a woman does not like to be forced to any thing—well then, once more, "marriage state," and "not too late;" good! with other well known popular sentiments, might not they avail?—and after all, why not "write the question? What? to be shown up before, & laughed at, by all the neighbourhood, as the silliest, vainest, most inexpert and even contemptible young man out of a court of justice? Better to be dismissed by a look, and know that your writing-master had no share in your rejection. Courage, *mon ami*!—let us be wise as serpents!—

Such were my reflections during many hours of the night preceding the most critical occurrence of my life. A thousand formulæ of love-making crowded upon my brain; the whole vocabulary of Venus, with the different dialects of Chidos and Paphos, was diligently explored and prest into service. I dreamt in bits; and my visions were of amorous polysyllables huddled pell-mell on a Mayday; I had a night-mare of interjection, and I awoke in the midst of spectral and passionate symonymes. My toilet, and other preliminary duties, were despatched as neatly as might be expected. It was odd that I felt so queer; no positive danger was to be apprehended,—I had only to encounter a woman. But my neckcloth sat very uneasily, and I had to waggle and turn and accommodate my chin to the most disastrous circumstances of shirt collar. Well! is it time!—No use delaying if it must be done; give me both stick and umbrella, Mary;—hand the dinner? order what you please. Stay!—is my coat clean behind?—Just brush off the stuff, there's a good girl, and now for the best stick—no, the other, that will do—good bye. Bang goes my own door; would that the time were come to hear that delicious thump once again.

I thought Julia more beautiful than ever; and as we sat so near each other without a human creature to witness, or any sound but some distant humming from the street to intrude upon us, it seemed that the long intervals of our silence were more sweet than even the words which fell like "the music of the waters" from her own dear lips. At any rate, I could find neither inspiration, nor the wish for it, and my taciturnity was the natural luxury in which my mind indulged, fed with a thousand rich thot's and happy contemplations. But my life might have been passed so, or rather the power so to pass it was to be purchased by one forcible hard effort, and the occasion for it had now arrived.

"Julia," I said in a low voice, or rather Miss Julia, for there is a decorum,—When it occurs to me, as God knows it often does; when the thought, the feeling, the persuasion comes to molest or rather to delight my solitude, of the necessity of those exertions which some people think not so disagreeable as others, there is not that in this which could enliven the bitterness of other reflections, or the painfulness, or I may say, difficulty of—"

'What do you say Mr. Sims?'—interrupted my divinity.

'I said that some are capable of things that others are not ——'

'No doubt that is true,' said she laughingly—'but there is no need to look so solemn about so very well believed a fact; you have said nothing hazardous.'

'Have I not?' cried I, somewhat disappointed, for I hoped I had already put the question.—Well then, to go yet a little further, I must say that the bliss of some men does not depend upon themselves but upon——upon——'

'Upon what—their dogs.'

'No, Miss Julia?' I replied with a glance that was thought to be significant—

'What then—their coats?'

'Now how can you!'—

'Or their sticks and umbrellas, like yourself; You have done nothing to-day but knock these two distinguished visiters up and down, here and there, to the great detriment of my peace, and your own amusement, I suppose.'

Here was a blow!—'done nothing else!'—I fancied the citadel was undermined and nearly carried; I thought to have performed wonders; my-self possession was nearly gone; I fidgetted for my sentences, and betrayed myself a thousand ways. What recipe should I now follow? It must be done by a *coupde main*.

Madam! or rather Miss, for you have scarcely surmounted your teens,' (she looked surprised; but I was carried on)—'I am too presumptuous perhaps, when I consider or imagine that my past addresses have been received—'

'Mr. Sims!' —— I faultered, but well aware, that any thing was better than delay, rushed on in a moment with my second charge.

'Presumptuous I may be—but when I fancy with the poet, that it is good to have an infant brood, that cooing doves enjoy connubial loves, and that the marriage state is ordained by fate; no!—zounds!—that the marriage state, I should have said, may come too late—'

'Sir, exclaimed Julia, 'I cannot guess what this rhapsody is intended for unless you are entertaining yourself at my expense.'

'Entertainment, say you?'—And I moulded my face into a compound expression of jest and earnest (I fear with a wrong preponderance of the latter,) and sighed four times as loudly, and long as I could. She looked alarmed.—

'Are you ill, Mr. Sims—or—' mad, she would have said, but I interrupted her with a hyena grin, and an answer quite to the purpose.

'No! not ill—only in love! yes, I'm in love, decidedly in love!—ha! ha! ha!—and jumped up and childishly roared with laughter to convey the idea of a good joke. But my tactics were not simple enough; in the delirium of confusion and awkwardness I had mixed up all my different modes of attack, and rendered it as shapeless and unmeaning as the paroxysms of a lunatic. However I did not discover this till afterwards, and quite blind to the effects of so much rant,—stupid, muddled and bewildered, I filled up a pause created by a breathless astonishment on her part, with an explosion of my last amunition, a burst, as I felt convinced, of rhetoric, overwhelming, sufficient and conclusive. With one knee on a footstool, and with up-lifted hands in a theatrical style, I exclaimed!

"Oh! goddess of the translucent nose, and Pons maximus of an eye, may thy swain dream of interminable bliss—may he lead thee to ——' the word stuck in my throat, and she rang the bell in a state of fearful alarm. A servant entered,

'John' she said, in a trembling tone, 'attend to this gentleman; stay here with him, or, if you can get him safely out of the house, Poor fellow, who would have expected it.'

I found myself on the threshold of an asylum, and apologized out of it as I could.

I wrote once more to my uncle for advice. An answer came after two posts.

"Dear Harry:—It is an unfilial act to drive an old man like me into a corner; but it is done. You complain of misbehaviour on a late important occasion—I dare say; Who is wise, who prudent, who I say can possibly do otherwise. 'Tis no use to dissemble any longer. I hold this same crisis to be deadly and horrible. God forefend that I should ever be used as a monitor again. I am as ignorant as you are, Harry, how these things should be done. I may have lost; I have lost, some very fine chances by my ignorance, or clumsiness, or what not. Harry, the truth must out,—when I had to marry, I got Jack Douglas of the Blues to pop the fatal question for me. Yours ever "in vinculo matrimonii."

"ROGER SIMS."

I am still a bacholor —— a plague on the untimely end of honest Jack Douglas of the Blues.

Case of Spectral Illusion.—The following very distinct and interesting narrative was read to the London Phrenological Society, & communicated for insertion in the *Phrenological Journal* by its learned author, a member of the English bar.

"In December, 1823, A. was confined to his bed by inflammation on the chest, and was supposed by his medical attendant to be in considerable danger. One night, while unable to sleep from pain and fever, he saw sitting in a chair, on the left side of his bed, a female figure which he immediately recognized to be that of a young lady who died about two years before. His first feeling was surprize, and perhaps a little alarm; his second, that he was suffering from delirium. With this impression he put his head under the bed clothes, and after trying in vain to sleep, as a test of the soundness of his mind he went through a long and complicated process of metaphysical reasoning. He then peeped out, and saw the figure in the same situation and position. He had a fire, but would not allow a candle or nurse in the room. A stick was kept by his side, to knock for the nurse when he required her attendance. Being too weak to move his body, he endeavoured to touch the figure with the stick, but, on a real object being put upon the chair, the imaginary one disappeared, and was not visible that night.

The next day he thought of little but the vision, and expected its return without alarm, and with some pleasure. He was not disappointed. It took the same place as before, and he employed himself in observations.—When he shut his eyes or turned his head, he ceased to see the figure; by interposing his hand he could hide part of it, and it was shown like any mere material substance, by the rays of the fire which fell upon, and were reflected from it. As the fire declined it became less perceptible, and as it went out, invisible. A similar appearance, took place on several other nights, but it became less perceptible, and its visits less frequent, as the patient recovered from the fever.

"He says that the impressions on his mind were always pleasing, as the spectre looked at him with calmness and regard. He never supposed it real; but was unable to account for it on any philosophical principles within his knowledge.

"In the autumn of 1825, A.'s health was perfectly restored, and he had been free from any waking vision for nearly 18 months. Some circumstances occurred which produced in him great mental excitement. One morning he dreamed of the figure, which stood by his side in an angry posture, and asked for a locket which he usually wore. He awoke, & saw it at the toilet, with the locket in its hand. He rushed out of bed and it instantly disappeared. During the next six weeks its visits were incessant, and the sensations which they produced were invariably horrible. Some years before he had attended the dissection of a woman in a state of rapid decomposition—Though much disgusted at the time, *the subject* had been long forgotten; but it was recalled by the union of its putrescent body with the spectre's features. The visits were not confined to the night, but frequently occured while several persons were in the same room. They were repeated at intervals during the winter: but he was able to get rid of them by moving or sitting in an erect position. Though well, his pulse was hard, and generally from 90 to 100.

"A. is a person of good education and literary habits. I have not the slightest doubt of his veracity. He never supposed the appearances abovementioned other than illusions. He has always had a propensity towards the supernatural, without any belief in it, and he ascribes these effects of imagination to the persual of the "Tales of wonder" and other ghost stories when a boy.—He will not allow me to lay before the society an account of his head, as connected with this statement, as he would not like to be called a dealer in the marvellous. I may, however, say, that ideality is large, and the reflective faculties very good."

Edinburgh Phrenological Journal.

THE RUSSIAN ARMY.

INTERESTING LETTER.

The following are extracts from a letter written by an English surgeon, who is in the Russian service, and belongs to the army which is attacking Turkey:—

"*Odessa August* 20—I joined the regiment to which I was appointed last month, and now proceed to give you a few desultory remarks—not on political matters which I refrain from noticing for motives which you may readily divine—But I must first tell you that, on my arrival at St. Petersburgh, I immediately proceeded to the residence of the Inspector General of Surgeons.—You may recollect that several months ago, the Russian Minister published a notice, by which all competent professional individuals were entitled to enter the Russian service, and, as far as I have been able to ascertain upwards of 150 young Englishmen, but principally Irish and Scotchmen, have been induced to try their fortunes in these regions, and many of them have already received their appointments as surgeons in the army commanded by the Emperor Nicholas.

I was well received by the Inspector, and a day was fixed to undergo my examination. Knowing, as you do, that no objection had been made to my acquirements by the School of Medicine in Paris, it was not probable that I should have any difficulty in passing the ordeal before the St. Petersburgh Professors. Many of the latter, I found, were foreigners either Germans, French, or Scotch, and the questions put to me were similar to those employed by the Parisian doctors. I was not found wanting, and instantly received my diploma. I have not heard that any of those who have presented themselves to be employed have been rejected; indeed, the truth is, that, at the period I am speaking of, there was a sad lack of army surgeons, either because the forces had been increased, or that during so long a peace, the surgical department had been much neglected.—You, of course, have seen the Russian Bulletins, and as there has been a good deal of fighting, I have not been without my share of employment. It is impossible to see a finer and better disciplined army than that of the Emperor, particularly the one which is now before Ghoumla; the soldiers are brave even to rashness, but they have to contend with an enemy fantastically enthusiastic, who being taught that, when dying on the field of battle, they exchange the miseries of this world for the happiness of Paradise, and the company of the ever-beautiful houries—these followers of Mahomet, I say can scarcely ever be prevailed upon, even in the most dangerous situations, and though surrounded by Russian troops, to deliver up their swords.—A body of men, say 400 or 500, will on certain occasions, when persuaded by their commanders allow themselves to be taken prisoners; but those same men, in an isolated state, will fight like so many ferocious wolves, and only surrender their arms with their lives. Before we reached the neighbourhood of Choumla I was witness to one of these dreadful encounters.

A company of Russian yagers, which I was ordered to follow, had entered a small village towards the close of the evening, and, as we understood the Turks had completely evacuated it in the morning, we had no fear of being attacked; eight of them had, however, remained behind, for what purpose we have never been able to learn. When they found that, being in perfect security, we began to separate, and repair to the different quarters assigned for us, they made a furious onset on 16 of our soldiers, before the latter could recover from the suddenness of the attack; they were all cut to pieces. It fortunately happened that the next onset was made on 25 of our troops, who, having heard the clashing of arms, were quite prepared. The lieutenant, who was with these men, called out to the Turks to surrender. They heeded not what he said; they fired their pistols, by which two men were killed and one wounded, & then rushed forward with drawn swords. Tigers deprived of their young could not have been more furious, nor anxious to shed blood; but they were overpowered by numbers, and perished, not however until they had reduced the number of the little corps to fourteen.

The Russian soldiers feel extremely exasperated by the horrid sights they witness during the march; where a skirmish has taken place, if the enemy have had the advantage, the unfortunate victims to warfare are seen stretched on the ground deprived of their heads, or at least of their ears, and, in consequence of this feeling, it has been my lot to witness some dreadful cruelties on the part of our troops, who are determined on retaliation. The different Colonels of the army have, however, given strict injunctions to punish with great severity any unnecessary cruelty; & two men were ordered to be shot, a short time ago, for perpetrating a rape, & otherwise illusing a Jewish young female, whose father they had murdered before her eyes. The Russian officers may, with propriety, be called the 'French of the North;' they are extremely polite, obliging, and most of them well educated. The accounts I have frequently seen in papers about "ignorant and barbarous hordes" are by no means correct, as far as the Russian officers are concerned. You seldom hear any other language spoken among them than German or French; at all events they never speak Russian when I am in their company, and their accent is nearly as pure as that of an inhabitant of the banks of the Seine.

During the whole time I have been in this army we have been well supplied with meat, bread, wine and spirituous liquors; but the beverage preferred by the officers and also by many soldiers, is your English breakfast drink; fine green tea—of which there is great abundance, and finer flavoured I never tasted. As it is brought by land from China, the Russians say that it does not lose any of the aromatic qualities which a sea voyage deprives it of. It was in consequence of a severe fever, that I left the army for this place; but, as I am perfectly recovered, I shall join again in a few days. This goes by the Ambasssador's bag.—You shall hear from me shortly."

DANIEL O'CONNELL, ESQ.

Mr. O'Connell is descended from a line of ancestors who once enjoyed a Royal sway in that part of Ireland now known as the county of Kerry, which in ages long gone by was the kingdom of Irera, ruled by kings of the race of O'Connell. The traditional throne is still occupied, by an uncle of Mr. O'Connell's of the same Christian name, who is proprietor of a large extent of territory, which yields a revenue of four or five thousand pounds a year, to which as well as the throne itself Mr. O'Connell is the heir apparent. The uncle has long exceeded the usual period of human existence, being considerably more than fourscore and ten, so that in the course of nature the heir may soon come into possession of his inheritance. The family always maintained their attachment to the Catholic religion, and he was sent to prosecute the study of Catholic Theology at St. Omer's. Before he reached his 23d year he had passed through the exercises of the Middle temple, & in Easter term, 1798, was duly admitted to the practice of the Irish bar. The time of his admission was singulary auspicious. The bar in Ireland had just been opened to Catholics. His appearance attracted attention, and with his industry, which was never surpassed—and his talents which are admitted by all to be of no ordinary character to attract attention was to ensure success. He rose in eminence in the public meetings quite as rapidly as in the courts of law; and soon established himself as a most efficient advocate, not merely of his clients in court, but of a suffering people with whom he identified himself. Some years ago, Mr. O'Connell was engaged in a dispute with the corporation of Dublin which terminated in a manner that must have been painful to his feelings.

The members of the corporation are, in general, opposed to the catholic claim of equal rights; and frequently express their hostility at their meeting in no very courteous terms. Mr. O'Connell is not a man to disguise his feelings—it was scarcely possible too that he should have felt a high respect for the hostile corporators, or the body of which they formed the majority; and at a public meeting held he gave expression to his contempt of the "beggarly corporation," All the Aldermen, and we may conclude, the great majority of the Corporate Body, wisely thought that discretion was the better part of valour; but a ready and more courageous dependant availed himself of the occasion to lay the corporation under a debt of gratitude by becoming their champion. The name of the unfortunate man was L'Esterre. Accompanied by persons he considered his friends he ostentatiously paraded the streets of Dublin with a horsewhip in his hand for the avowed purpose of chastising Mr. O'Connell. He then addressed a note to Mr. O'Connell, calling upon him to apologise for the insult offered the corporation, or give him a meeting as one of the body. Apology was out of the question; and in an evil moment, Mr. O'Connell, agreed to the other alternative; he gave the rash man the meeting he demanded, an exchange of shots took place, D'Esterre was mortally wounded and lived but a few days. Not very long after this dreadful result Mr. O'Connell was engaged in a dispute with Mr. Peel then Chief Secretary of Ireland, in consequence of allusions made by each to the public conduct of the other. A meeting was appointed but happily it in some way transpired, and both parties were bound to keep the peace. It was then agreed that they should meet on the continent to which Mr. Peel and his friend immediately went. Mr. O'Connell on his arrival in London for the same purpose, was arrested and held to bail by the Court of King's Bench; he has since then admitted that the result of his reflection his conduct towards Mr. Peel, was to convince him that he was in error; and this conviction he has made known to Mr. Peel in a manner most unobjectionable. He has also publicly declared that he never will again be party to a duel.—We have already noticed his amazing industry; the versatility of his talents is not less extraordinary. A writer who describes the principal members of the Irish bar, observes, "It would appear as if half a dozen varieties of the human species, and these not always on the best terms with each other were huddled together in the single frame of Mr. O'Connell is vigorous and comprehensive; but there is often evidently a want of order in his sentences, probably the effect of that haste which is inseparable from the [illegible]

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