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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A BURIAL AT SEA.

The ship heaves to, and the funeral rite
O'er the gallant form is said,
And the rough man's cheek with tears is bright,
As he lowers the gentle dead.

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The ship again o'er the wide blue surge
Like a winged arrow flies,
And the moan of the sea is the only dirge,
Where the lonely sleeper lies.

GOODRICH.

I shall never forget the day we buried poor Gerard. It was a clear pleasant morning between four and five bells of the forenoon watch. The wind, which about a seven knot breeze; was a little abaft the beam, and in the southern latitude where we were cruising, blew with a welcome freshness on our cheeks. Our studding-sails were set, on both sides, lower and aloft & they gleamed, in the light of the sun, with dazzling brightness. It had been calm all the day before, while life was slowly exhaling from Gerard's pale lips, and there was consequently but little sea rolling, more than the ground swell.—Our gallant frigate cuts swiftly through the blue water, leaving far behind her a sparkling track of foam in her wake; not unlike, thought I, as I leaned, in a musing mood, over the taffarail, the light which for a little while will linger on the ocean of time, marking the short and brilliant career of him whom we are about to consign to the deep.

If ever a man combined the qualities of a thorough sailor with those of a thorough gentleman, it was Frederick Gerard. He was not one of your fair-weather officers. His was one of those intelligent, cool, collected minds, which no difficulty can appal and no emergency, however sudden, take by surprise. I remember as it were last night, with what admirable presence of mind he worked our ship out of a most dangerous situation when she was struck aback, with all sails set, by a tremendous squall, in the British Channel, with a reef of rocks just under our counter, and scarcely sea room enough to wear the Commodore's gig. The oldest forecastle sailor on board turned as pale as death, and old Jack Stewart who had been at sea, man and boy, for forty odd years gave up all for lost.

Not so Fred Gerard, who fortunately happened to have the deck. With an undaunted heart, he leaped upon the lookout block, and perceiving in an instant the only chance of salvation, he issued his orders accordingly, in such a clear, distinct, and firm voice, that the very sound restored confidence to the crew. The least confusion of thought or the least hesitation to act, and we should have all perished. But Fred Gerard was not the man to be confused, or to hesitate in any situation. He would see more at a single glance than most persons would discover at a minutes inspection; and his actions succeeded the operations of his reasoning powers so rapidly, that he seemed rather to be propelled by intuition than reflection. When poor old Simmons, the quarter gunner, fell overboard, we were running down from Algiers to Gibraltar, before a strong Levanter; and any one who has been in the Mediterranean knows what kind of a wind that is to lay to in. Simmons had been ordered out on the side, to black the bends, that we might not look too rusty when we should come to anchor in the bay of Gibraltar. He was a clumsey old fellow, and had foolishly taken hold of some nine thread ratline stuff that was rove in the gangway, to keep the young reefers from falling overboard; but his weight tore off the thin piece of board to which it was attached, and down he fell into the waves.

The cry of "a man overboarded! a man overboard!" was immediately passed fore and aft, and great was the consternation of all hands, as, looking over the bulwarks they could but just discern the poor old sailor's grey head already far astern, and the sea rolling between, half mast high. It was a lucky thing for Simmons that Fred Gerard had the morning watch that day; and it would have done his old heart good, nearly suffocated as he must have been, could he have seen with what promptness his preserver backed the yards hove the vessel to, cleared away the stern boat, and, giving the trumpet to another lieutenant, whom the cry had brought on deck, jumped, himself, the first man, into the jolly boat, and pulled an oar most lustily to his rescue.

But I am wandering from my subject. I meant to speak of the burial of Gerard, and the cause which led to his death; not of his nautical skill and noble promptness of daring in a proper cause.

Till a short time before his death, there was not, in all the squadron, a gayer hearted and happier fellow than Fred Gerard. He was a tall, well built man; and his countenance had received, from his exposure in different parts of the world, a dark tinge, that rather added to, than diminished, his beauty. A sabre cut over the left eye, which had been given him in a personal rencontre with a celebrated West India pirate, whom he had singly met and subdued, imparted a more military air to his expression, without impairing the effect of his regular and classic features.—Just before he left home on his last cruize.

"Ah! little thought he 'twas his last!"

he had married a beautiful girl, to whom he had been long and fervently attached. It was a stolen match, and I, and our chaplain, who united them, were the only one's on his part, privy to it. How beautifully her delicate white complexion contrasted with his, as they joined hands before our nautical parson, who, by the way, was more skilled in the mystery of lobscouse and sea-pie, than in the ceremonies appertaining to his clerical character. However, the sacred rite was pronounced, the inaudible whisper of assent passed her trembling lips, and the lovely Jane Dayton became the bride of Fred. He looked, along side of the timid and blushing creature, like a lofty and stately frigate convoying a Baltimore clipper; and he would have been full as prompt and efficient in resenting an injury or insult offered to her, as any of our frigates have ever been in supporting the dignity of the American flag.

Just before we left Gibraltar to run down the coast of Africa, on our homeward bound passage, a vessel arrived, bringing letters to most of the officers of the squadron. Fred, among others, received a packet, which as was always his custom, he retired to his state-room to peruse In two or three hours after, when supper was prepared in the wardroom, the steward knocked at his door to call him, and, not receiving any answer, opened it—when there poor Fred was seen lying stretched on the floor, which was crimson with his blood. In his hand, tightly grasped, was the letter he had been perusing, and a glance at this immediately explained all. His Jane was dead! She had expired in giving birth to a child; and the shock of the intelligence had proved more than Fred could bear. He had endeavoured to suppress his agony, so as to give no audible intimation of it, and in the struggle of his feelings a blood vessel had become ruptured, and he had sunk fainting on the deck. Medicial assistance was, of course, immediately administered; and it had the effect to produce a partial restoration. Fred's body recovered—but his mind never did. He was no more the gay, cheerful fellow he had been; a heavy despondency settled on his spirits, which soon took the form of a hasty consumption; and in just two months and three days after he received the intelligence of his wife's death, he breathed his last.

The word had been passed, when the men were turned to at one bell in the forenoon watch, for all hands to prepare themselves for muster, or, in other phrase, for the ship's crew to dress themselves in their best apparel; and when the quarter master struck five bells, that is, half past ten o'clock, an order was sent up from the cabin, for the boatswain to call all hands to bury the dead. Scarcely had the deep sepulchral voices of himself and mates reverberated through the ship before every soul on board was on the main deck, gathered together in a compact group, just forward of the mainmast anxious to show all the respect in their power to their deceased officer. The cheeks of many a rugged tar that day were wet with drops of real sorrow for the fate of poor Fred, who was always the favourite of the crew in whatever ship he sailed. The body, wrapped up in a tarred hammock, and enclosed in a coffin, which the carpenter had hastily constructed, and over which an American ensign was thrown, was passed up the main hatchway, and placed on the bulwark, ready to launch it into the deep. The solemn words of the Episcopal burial service were read in a slow, impressive manner by the chaplain, and at the sentence, beginning, "We commit his body to the deep," the board on which the coffin rested was inclined towards the sea—the coffin slid from it—a splash was heard—a deep silence succeeded—and all that was left on earth of Frederick Gerard, sunk, unseen, unheard, down deep into the bosom of the ocean. Poor fellow.

No tomb shall e'er plead to remembrance for thee
Or redeem form or frame from the merciless surge;
But the white foam of waves shall thy winding sheet be,
And winds, in the midnight of winter, thy dirge."

The following are extracts from a humorous description of Doylestown, in the last Bucks county Intelligencer.

Before all other villages and towns, commend me to our charming knob, Doylestown. I admire exceedingly, its commanding situation its beautiful appearance when seen from a distance its winding streets and acute angles and above all, the judicious intermixture of fronts, corners rears and gable ends which line the way. Care has evidently been taken, in erecting houses, to avoid the monotony of method. They stand like the 33d regiment, P. M in motley array; front rank and rear rank, a little in, or a little out; as fancy or convenience may dictate. This certainly imparts the flavour of that pleasant spice, variety and to my eye, constitutes the beauty of a country town. A small town should not endeavour to look like a great one, (Esop has a fable in point) There should be something odd, something to "take the eyes," and elicit a passing remark from the traveller.

Doylestown is situated near the centre of Bucks county on the great road leading from Easton to Philadelphia thirty miles from the former and 26 from the latter, precise longitude and latitude not recollected. At the time the last census was taken (1820) its population was about 260 souls, since which time the number has been increasing in various ways, and is supposed now to be about 500. It stands upon an eminence "high and dry" —the air keen in winter, is pure and salubrious in summer, and to these circumstances, it owes, in a great measure, its reputation as an healthy place.

The plan on which Doylestown was laid out, is unique. It is doubtful indeed whether any plan or laying out was ever made, for if such had been the case, I should think the town would have been arranged with more regard for right lines and right angles. The main street makes a very palpable curve, running in a north westerly course, as far as Mr. Morris' Hotel, thence running to the North, something like a scythe blade, until it gets out of town.

For the origin of Doylestown it is in vain to fix a date. Certainly it is a place of high antiquity. The memory of man runneth not to the contrary. To search the Records, and wipe away the clouds of doubt and dust, "I thank my stars is not my task. The town however, derives its name from William Doyle, formerly a proprietor of part of the hill on which it stands, and instead of "Doylestown" was anciently written "Doyle-town." In the year 1812 it became the county town.

It is a fine market for such country produce as rags, butter, eggs, lime, fish, and old iron. Trading is confined briefly to 3 places, to Philadelphia for the luxuries, and some of the necessaries of life to the nearest points of the Delaware for lumber and shad, and to Whitemarsh, Montgomery county, for covered waggons, and occasionally, waggons without covers. Pedestrian merchants with huge packs on their backs, a basket in one fist and a yard stick walking cane in the other, frequently attempt to make sales.—Poor rogues they have hard work to dispose of their wares.—They are generally Irishmen gifted with a mellow mercantile eloquence, and determined to part with something. They often sell greatly below prime cost. They say so, at any rate. Book merchants and Book Auctioneers make repeated visits.

They have found out that there is literary taste in Doylestown. The different collections of books to be sold have a striking similarity. Besides many old novels and a few new ones, the catalogues invariably boast Josephus, Life of Bampfylde Moore Carew, Town and Country Song Book, Burns' Works, complete, Scott's life of Napoleon, and Quills by the hundred.

Doylestown can boast a flourishing Academic institution for the instruction of youth, a town Library and an academy of Natural Science. The latter is newly organised, and has yet to shed abroad the lights of science, but from the others which have been established nearly 30 years, much solid knowledge and information have been derived and disseminated.

TAILORS.

There is nothing upon earth that is of so much utility to men in general as fine clothes. A splendid equipage, a magnificent house, may draw the gaze of idle passers, and excite an occasional inquiry. But who, that has entered taverns and coffee-houses, has not perceived that the ratio of civility and attention from the waiter is regulated by the dress of his various customers? A stranger, elegantly and fashionably attired, will find little difficulty in obtaining deference, politeness, and even credit, in every shop he enters, whereas the stranger in more homely, or less modish garb, is really nobody. In truth, the gentleman is distinguished in the crowd only by the cut of his trowsers, and he carries his patent of nobility in his coat-lap. And to whom does he owe this index of his identity, but to his despised and much calumniated tailor?

There is not a metamorphosis in all the pages of Ovid so wonderful as that which the great magician of the shears and thimble is capable of effecting. If there be the most unpleasant disproportions in the turn of your limbs—any awkwardness or deformity in your figure, the enchantment of this mighty wizard instantly communicates symmetry and elegance. The incongruous and unseemly furrows of your shape become smooth and harmonized; and the total want of all shape is immediately supplied by the beautiful undulations of the coat, and the graceful fall of the pantaloons. And all this is by the potency of your tailor. His necromantick skill, unlike that of too many practisers of supernatural arts, is exercied only for the benefit of the world: and whilst Circe transformed the companions of Ulysses into brute beasts, the benevolent enchanter of our day transforms brute beasts into handsome and attractive men. Nay had Olympus been furnished with a tailor, Brotheus would have had no necessity to burn himself to death for the purpose of escaping ridicule from the gods on account of his deformity.

But he who is most indebted to this manufacturer of elegant forms, is the lover; and the base ingratitude of this sort of person is dreadfully enormous. After he has rivetted the gaze of his mistress upon his charming figure, drawn forth sighs of admiration for his remarkable elegance, excited the most tender perturbations by the grace of his movements, and finally acquired a complete surrender of her heart by the striking interest of his attitude when kneeling at her feet, ignorantly and presumptuously ascribes that to his own intrinsic qualities, without ever remembering that the abilities of his tailor are the sole source of all his success.—The very being who has endowed such a man with all his attractions, rests contented with the payment of his bills (if he be fortunate enough to obtain that;) whilst the other, by the power of fascinations so procured, obtains a lovely wife and twenty thousand pounds. *Sic vos non vobis*, &c.

Such is the skill of that wonderful being, the tailor, that his transformations are not more extraordinary than sudden. The time which is occupied in thus new moulding the human frame is really trivial compared with the stupendous change which is literally wrought. It is true the soul may remain the same but a new body is actually given to it by the interposition of vestiary talent, and this is what we have always believed to be the genuine meaning of the metempsychosis of Pythagoras.

It is not, therefore, without the most cogent reasons that we assert our opinion, that the distich of Pope, "Worth makes the man," or the title appended by Colley Cibber to one of his dramas, "Love makes the man," ought henceforth to yield in point of truth, to the irrefragable principle which we here solemnly advance, "that it is the tailor makes the man."

Present state of the Bonaparte family.

It is curious to learn what has become of the different members of this once all powerful family.

The comte de Survilliers [Joseph] is a farmer in the United States; in a letter dated 26th December, 1826, to a lady in Europe, he says:—"I think it would be scarcely rational to think of quitting a country where I find all that the old world wants. The separation from my friends is the sole consideration to be set against its advantages. I know not that I shall ever see them again; the rulers of Europe must first know me for what I am, and this is too much to hope from human passion." Zenaide, the eldest daughter of Joseph, has married the prince of Musignano, son of the prince of Canino [Lucien;] the youngest daughter is married to the eldest son of the comte de St. Leu [Louis.] These young people live at Florence, near the wife of Joseph, the countesse Survilliers, a person who bears an extremely amiable character.

The princess of Borghese, at her death left them a considerable fortune. The comte de St. Leu (Louis) has long been afflicted with rheumatism, to such a degree as to deprive him of many enjoyments. He gives himself up to literary pursuits chiefly; his late production, the answer to Sir Walter Scott's Life of Napoleon, is insignificant enough, considered as an answer, although it contains two or three remarkable points, such as his protest against war and the punishment of death. He lives alternately at Rome and Florence. His wife Hortense, the duchess of St. Leu, makes Rome her winter residence, and in summer she inhabits her beautiful seat of Arenberg, on the lake of Constance. She is said to lead a life worthy of the daughter of Josephine.

The prince of Canino (Lucien) has for some time dwelt at Rome and in the principality of which he bears the name. In 1827 he resided with his numerous family at Sinigaglia, a little town near Ancona. Some unlucky speculations having diminished his fortune, he has sold his palace at Rome to the prince de Monfort his brother [Jerome.] One of his daughters is married to prince Gabrieli; two others to Englishmen—one of them Lord Stuart. The prince de Monfort (Jerome,) by his legitimate connexion with the sister of the king of Wirtemberg, still maintains some regal state, and continues to be courted by the ambassadors representatives of the northern powers. The comtesse de Lipano (princess Murat) has not yet obtained permission to join her family in Italy. She is in Austria. Her eldest daughter is married to comte Papoli, a Bolognese nobleman; Achilles the eldest son, has purchased considerable domains in the Floridas. Lucien, his younger brother, is in South America.

Extraordinary printing.—The London Atlas newspaper published on the 14th March, had 20,000 copies struck off in the space of a few hours; each copy containing 40 feet of printed superfices, therefore, 800,000 square feet of printed surface were produced, capable of covering an area of about 20 acres. This number of copies consisted of 820.000 leaves, measuring sixteen inches in length; or of 640,000 pages or of 1,920,000 columns, or of 241,920,000 lines, or 2,419,200,000 words. Assuming, therefore that an ordinary octavo volume of 500 pages, each of 34 lines and of 10 words in each line, contains 170,000 words, the press of the Atlas may be said to have printed in the course of a few hours, sufficient matter for 14,230 octavo volumes. If the sixteen leaves of each copy be cut out and placed end to end, they would reach from London to Salisbury; and if each leaf be divided into its respective columns, and similarly arranged, the printed slip then formed would be of sufficient length to go round Middlesex and seven surrounding counties. The whole of the machinery by which these wonderful effects were produced, consists of two larger and two lesser cylinders, put in motion by a steam engine of Maudslay's of four horse power, managed by three boys, whose interference on the occasion was strictly limited to the presenting the end of the enormous blank sheet to the first cylinder, and to the receiving it in a few seconds, printed on both sides, as it was discharged by the last cylinders.

ANECDOTE OF BANKING.

"Talking of bankers" said a friend of ours the other day, "I'll tell you a curious fact relating to that craft. When old S ——, the banker, felt his breath fast declining, he called for his son and said, "William, I have sent for you to talk to you very seriously. I have long observed the steadiness of your conduct. I hope you will continue in the same course.—By my will you'll find I have divided what I have equally among you: you can prove what amount you think prudent at Doctor's Commons, but I am not worth a shilling. Our bank is rotten, and has been rotten for years!"

"'Good God!' said Willian, 'I always thought you very rich—have you not a large sum, sir, in the iron box? 'Ah, William" said the old man, 'that iron box, was to blind the clerks. The iron box, William, is empty, and has been for years.' Continue, however, my dear boy to attend to banking—some lucky turn may happen; the bank is all I can leave you—make the most of it; keep the secret, and the secret will keep you for years. Don't put down a single carriage or horse; a banker is thought nobody unless he lives like a prince.'

"William did as his father bid him; proved half a million at Doctor's Commons—and the bank continued nearly forty years to enjoy a good reputation but crashed at last, with many others, and paid 3s. 6d. in the pound."

TAKE NOTICE.

THE Subscriber intending to leave the Eastern Shore this summer, requests all those indebted to him, to come forward before the 20th of July next, and settle their respective accounts. Those neglecting this notice, will find their accounts, after that day, in the hands of the proper officers, for collection, without respect to persons.

THOMAS R. BROOKS.

Easton, June 27.

NOTICE.

DAVID M. SMITH having taken his Brother James L. Smith in partnership with him in the Tailoring Business, the Business will in future be conducted under the firm of D. M. and J. L. Smith at the old stand near the Easton Hotel, where they will attend punctually to those Cash Customers who may favour them with their Custom at short notice and on reasonable terms.

D. M. SMITH,
J. L. SMITH.

June 27

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