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. XV. EASTON, MD. SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 30, 1832. NO. 26.

PRINTED & PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY EVENING
BY
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.

A STORM IN THE CHESAPEAKE.

Extracted from the new work, "Swallow Barn," the production of a gentleman of Baltimore.

"At the time to which my story has now advanced, an event took place which excited great interest within the little circle of Swallow Barn. It was about the breaking up of the winter—towards the lattter end of February—some four years ago, that in the afternoon of a cheerless day, news arrived at Norfolk that an inward bound brig had struck upon the shoal of the middle ground,(a shallow bar that stretches seaward beyond the mouth of the Chesapeake between the two capes) and from the threatening aspect of the weather, the crew were supposed to be in great danger. It was a cold blustering day, such as winter sometimes puts on when she is about to retreat:—as a squadron, vexed with watching a politic enemy, finding itself obliged, at last, to raise the blockade, is apt to break ground with an unusual show of bravado.—The wind blew in gusts from the north-west, a heavy rack of dun and chilly clouds was driven churlishly before the blast, and spitted out some rare flakes of snow. These moving masses were forming a huge,black volume upon the eastern horizon, towards the ocean, as if there encountering the resistance of an adverse gale. From the west the sun occasionally shot forth a lurid ray, that, for the instant, flung upon the dark pile a sombre, purple hue, and lighted up the foam that gathered at the top of the waves far seaward; thus opening short glimpses of that dreary ocean over which darkness was brooding. The seabirds soared against the murky vault above them, & now and then, caught upon their white wings the passing beam, that gave them almost a golden radiance; whilst at the same time, they screamed their harsh and frequent cries of fear or joy. The surface of the Chesapeake was lashed into a fretful sea, and the waves were repressed by the up weight of the wind; billow pursuing billow with an angry and rapid flight, & barking with the snappish sullenness of a wolf. Across the wide expanse of the Hampton Road might have been seen some few baycraft, apparently not much larger than the wild fowl that sailed above them, beating, with a fearful anxiety, against the gale, for such harbours as were nearest at hand, or scudding before it under close reafed sails, with ungovernable speed,towards the anchorages to leeward, Every moment the wind increased in violence the cloudsswept nearer to the waters;the gloom thickened, the birds sought safely on the land; the little barks were quickly vanished from view; and, before the hour of sunset,earth air & sea were blended into one mass, in which the eye might vainly endeavor to define the boundaries of each: whilst the fierce howling of the wind, and the deafening uproar of the ocean gave a desolation to the scene, that made those, who looked upon it from the shore, devoutly thankful that no ill luck had tempted them upon the flood.

It was at this time that a pilot boat was seen moored to a post at the end of a wooden wharf that formed the principal landing place at the little seaport of Hampton. The waves were dashing, with hollow reverberations, between the timbers of the wharf, and the boat was rocking with a violence that showed the extreme agitation of the element upon which it floated. Three or four sailors—all negroes—clad in rough pea jackets, with blue and red woollen caps, were standing upon the wharf or upon the deck of the boat, apparently making some arrangements for venturing out of the harbour. The principal person among them, whose commands were given with a bold and earnest voice, and promptly obeyed, was our stout friend Abe, now grown into the full perfection of manhood, with a frame of unsurpassed strength and agility. At the nearer extremity of this wharf, land-ward were a few other mariners, white men, of a weather beaten exterior, who had seemingly just walked from the village to the landing place and where engaged in grave consultation upon some question of interest. This group approached the former while they were yet busy with the lacking of the boat. Abe had stepped a board with his companions, and they were about letting all loose for their departure.

"What do you think of it now, Abe?" asked one of the older seamen, as he turned his eyes towards the heaven, with a look of concern "Are you still so crazy as to think of venturing out in this gale?"

"The storm is like a young wolf," replied Abe. "It gets one hour older and two worse. But this is'nt the hardest blow ever saw, Master Crocket."

"It will be so dark to-night," said the other, "that you will not be able to see your jib; and by the time the wind gets round to the north-east, you will have a drift of snow that will shut her eyes. It will be a dreadful night outside of the capes. I see no good that is to come of your foolhardiness."

"Snow-storms or hail-storm it's all one to me," answered Abe. "The little Flying Fish has ridden summer and winter, over as heavy seas as ever rolled in the Chesapeake. I knows what she can do you see!

"Why, you could'nt find the brig if you were within a cable's length of her, such a night as this," said another speaker; "and if you were to see her I don't know how you are to get along side."

"You would'nt say so, master Wilson," returned Abe, "if you were one of the crew of the brig yourself. We can try, you know; and if no good comes on it, let them that saunt me judge of that. I always obey orders."

"Well," replied the other, "a negro that is born to be hanged—you know the rest Abe:—the devil may help you, as he sometimes does."

"There is a good help for a negro as there is for a white man, master Wilson—whether on land or on water. And no man is going to die till his time comes. I don't set up for more spirit than other people; but I never was afraid of the sea."

During this short dialogue, Abe and his comrades were busily reefing the sail, and they had now completed all their preparations.—The day had come very near to the hour of sunset. Abe mustered his crew, spoke to them with a brave, encouraging tone, and ordered them to cast off from the wharf. In a moment all hands were at the halyards; and the buoyant little Flying Fish sprang off from her moorings, under a single sail double reefed, and bounded along before the wind, like an exulting doe, loosened from thraldom, on her native wastes.

"That's a darling fellow!" said one of the party that stood upon the wharf,as they watched the gallant boat heaving playfully through the foam—"and would'nt mind going to sea astride a shark, if any one would challenge him to it."

"If any man along the Chesapeake," said another, "can handle a pilot boat in such weather—Abe can. But it's no use for a man to be tempting providence in this way. It looks wicked."

"He is on a good errand," interrupted the first speaker. "And God send him a successful venture! That negro has a great deal of good and bad both in him—but I think the good has the upper hand."

The Flying Fish was soon far from the speakers, and now showed her little sail, as she bent it down almost to kiss the water, a spotless vision upon the dark lowering horizon in the east. At length she was observed close hauled upon the wind, and rapidly skimming behind the headland of Old Point Comfort whence, after some interval, she again emerged lessened to the size of a water fowl by distance, and holding her course. with a steady and resolute speed, into the palpable obscure of the perspective.

When the last trace of this winged messenger of comfort was lost in the terrific desert of ocean, with its incumbent night, the watchful and axious spectators on the wharf turned about and directed their steps, with thoughtful forebodings, to the public house at some distance in the village.

From what I have related, the reader will be at no loss to understand the purpose of this perilous adventure. The fact was, that as soon as the intelligence reached Norfolk that the brig had got into the dangerous situation which I have described, some of the good people of that borough took measures to communicate with the crew, and to furnish them such means of relief as the suddenness of the emergency enabled them to command. The most obvious suggestion was adopted of despatching, forthwith, a small vessel to bring away those on board, if it should be ascertained that there was no hope of saving the brig itself. This scheme however, was not so easy of accomplishment as it, at first, seemed. Application was made to the most experienced mariners in port to undertake this voyage; but, they either evaded the duty, by suggesting doubts of its utility, or cast their eyes towards the heavens and significantly shook their heads, as they affirmed there would be more certainty of loss to the deliverers than to the people of the stranded vessel. The rising tempest and the unruly season boded disaster to whomsoever should be so rash as to encounter the hazard. Rewards were offered; but these, too, failed of effect, and the good intentions of the citizens of Norfolk were well nigh disappointed, when chance brought the subject to the knowledge of our old acquaintance Abe. This stout-hearted black happened to be in the borough at the time; and was one of a knot of seamen who were discussing the proposition of the chances of affording relief. He heard, attentively, all that was said in disparagement of the projected enterprise; and it was with some emotion of secret pleasure that he learned that several seamen of established reputation had declined to undertake the venture. The predominant pride of his nature was aroused; and he hastened to say, that whatever terrors this voyage had for others, it had none for him. In order, therefore, that he might vouch the sincerity of his assertion by acts, he went immediately to those who had interested themselves in concerting the measure of relief, and tendered his services for the proposed exploit. As may be supposed, they were eagerly accepted. Abe's conditions were, that he should have the choice of the boat, and the selection of his crew. These terms were readily granted; and he set off, with a busy alacrity, to make his preparations. The Flying Fish was the pilot boat in which Abe had often sailed, and was considered one of the best of her class in the Chesapeake. This little bark was, accordingly, demanded for the service, and as promptly put at Abe's command. She was, at that time, lying at the pier of Hampton, as I have already described her. The crew, from some such motive of pride as first induced Abe to volunteer in this cause, was selected entirely from the number of negro seamen then in Norfolk: They amounted to four or five of Abe's most daring associates, who, lured by the hope of reward, as well as impelled by that spirit of rivalry that belongs to even the lowest classes of human beings, and which is particularly excitable in the breasts of men that are trained to dangerous achievements, readily enlisted in the expedition, and placed themselves under the orders of their gallant and venturous captain.

The tender of service and its acceptance, produced an almost universal reprobation of its rashness, from the sea-faring men of the port. And while all acknowledged that the enterprise could not have been committed to a more able or skilful mariner than Abe, yet it was declared to be the endeavour of a fool-hardy madman who was rushing on his fate. The expression of such distrust only operated as an additional stimulant to Abe's resolution, and served to hurry him, the more urgently forward, to the execution of his purpose. He, therefore, with such despatch as the nature of his preparations allowed, mustered his intrepid crew in the harbour of Norfolk, and repaired with them to the opposite shore of the James River, to the little sea port, where my reader has already seen him embarking upon his brave voyage, amidst the disheartening auguries of wise and disciplined veterans of the sea.

I might stop to compare this act of an humble and unknown negro, upon the Chesapeake, with the many similar passages in the lives of heroes whose names have been preserved fresh in the verdure of history, and who have won their immortality upon less noble fests than this. but history is a step-mother, that gives the bauble fame to her own children, with such favoritism as she lists, overlooking many a goodly portion of the family of her husband Time.—Still, it was a gallant thing, and worthy of a better chronicler than I, to see this leader and his little band—the children of a despised stock—swayed by a noble emulation to relieve the distressed; and (what the fashion of the world will deem a higher glory) impelled by that love of daring which the romancers call chivalry—throwing themselves upon the unruly waves of winter, and flying, on the wing of the storm, into the profound, dark abyss of ocean, when all his terrors were gathering in their most hideous forms; when the spirit of ill shrieked in the blast, and thick night, dreary with unusual horrors, was falling close around them; when old mariners grew pale with the thought of the danger, and the wisest counselled the adventurers against the certain doom that hung upon their path;—I say, it was a gallant sight to see such heroism shining out in an humble and unlettered slave of the Old Dominion!

They say the night that followed was a night of the wildest horrors. Not a star twinkled in the black heavens: the winds rushed forth, like some pent-up flood suddenly overbearing its barriers, and swept through the air with palpable density: men, who chanced to wander at that time, found it difficult to keep their footing on the land: the steeples of Norfolk groaned with the unwonted pressure; chimneys were blown from their seats; houses were unroofed and the howling elements terrified those who were gathered around their own hearths, and made them silent with fear: the pious fell upon their knees: nurses could not hush their children to sleep: bold-hearted revellers were dismayed, and broke up their meetings: the crash of trees, fences, out buildings mingled with the ravings of the tempest; the icicles were swept from the eaves, and from every pent-house till they fell in the streets like hail; ships were stranded at the wharves, or were lifted, by an unnatural tide, into the streets: the ocean roared with more terrific bass than the mighty wind and threw its spray into the near heaven, with which it seemed in contact; and, as anxious seamen looked out at intervals during the night, towards the Atlantic, the lighthouse, that usually shot its ray over the deep, was invisible to their gaze, or seen only by glimpses, like a little star immeasurably remote, leading through foam and darkness.

What became of our argonauts?—The next morning told the tale. One seamen alone of the brig survived to relate the fate of his companions. In the darkest hour of the night their vessel went to pieces, and every soul on board perished, except this man. He had bound himself to a spar, and by that capricious fortune which the frequent history of shipwreck recounts, he was thrown upon the beach near Cape Henry. Bruised, chafed, and almost dead he was discovered in the morning and carried to a neighboring house, where care and nursing restored him to his strength. All that this mariner could tell was, that early in the night,—perhaps about eight o'clock,—and before the storm had risen to its height, (although, at that hour, it raged with fearful vehemence,) a light was seen gliding, with the swiftness of a meteor past the wreck; a hailing cry was heard as from a trumpet, but the wind scattered its tones and rendered them inarticulate; in the next moment, the spectre of the sail (for no one of the sufferers believed it real) flitted by them, as with a rush of wings, so close that some affirmed they could have touched it with their hands; that, about an hour afterwards the same hideous phantom, with the same awful salutation was heard and seen by many on board a second time; that the crew, terrified by this warning, made all preparations to meet their fate; and when at last, in the highest exasperation of the storm, the same apparition made its third visit, the timbers of the brig parted at every joint, and all, except the relater himself, were supposed to have been engulphed in the wave, and given to instant death.

Such, was the sum of this man's story. What was subsequently known, proved its most horrible conjecture to be fatally true."

From the New York Atlas.

A DUEL BY TORCHLIGHT.

We make an extract from the account given of a singular affair in the memoirs of the Dutchess d'Abrantes.

"Among the generals who had placed themselves in absolutely hostile opposition to the general-in-chief, Lanusse, the brother of him who lately commanded at Besancon, was one of the most fiery. One day an expression so horrible, and at the same time so alarming for the safety of the army, was reported to Junot, that from that moment the favorable prepossessions with which the bravery of Lanusse had inspired him, were utterly destroyed. 'I came to hate him, at last,' said he to me, when relating the circumstances of their quarrel Amicable appearances were nevertheless kept up, but their hearts were estranged.* One day Murat wished to reconcile the two generals, invited them to dine with him, together with Lannes, Bessieres, and *I* believe Lavallette, who was then aid-de-camp to the general-in-chief.

"Dinner passed off agreeably, and the party afterward fell to play. During a game at bouillotte the conversation turned on a military operation which the army was about to make, when Lanusse suffered a sarcastic smile to escape him; it exasperated Junot. Bessieres who sat next to him, kept him quiet for a few moments Lanusse, misinterpreting the tranquility which prevailed around him continued talking about the state of the army in very indecorous terms In the midst of his strictures he stopped short, and addressing Junot, 'Junot' said he, 'lend me ten louis! I am a bankrupt.' 'I have no money before me,' replied Junot dryly As he had a heap of gold before him, Lanuss, eyeing him steadfastly, rejoined 'How am I to take your answer, Junot?' 'Just as you please.' I asked you to lend me ten of the louis that are lying before you.' 'And I answer, that if there is money lying before me, there is none for a traitor like you.' None but a scoundrel could use such an expression, cried Lanuss, beside himself with rage.

"In a moment all were on their legs. 'Junot! Lanuss!' cried they, endeavouring to soothe them, for, at the epithet employed by Lanusse, Junot had become furious. All at once he appeared calm. 'Hear me, Lanusse, said he, in a voice, the mildness of which formed a strange contrast with his choleric trembling, 'hearken to me; I called you a traitor; I don't think you are.† You called me a scoundrel; you don't think me one; for which we are both brave fellows. But look you, we must fight: one of us must die. I hate you, because you hate the man whom I love and admire.** We must fight, and that immediately. I swear that before I go to bed to-night this affair shall be settled!'

"All the witnesses of the scene were sensible that such words as had been exchanged demanded blood and even life But what was to be done? The general had proscribed duels; he would not have any in his army. If the affair were to be deferred till the next day, he would know it, and then it would be impossible to settle it Murat's garden was spacious; it sloped down to the Nile. Torches were lighted, and they might fight that very instant. It was nine o'clock, and quite dark.

"'What weapon shall we take?' said Junot. 'A pretty question;' said Lanusse; 'pistols to be sure.' Every one looked at him in astonishment. He had been insulted; according to the laws of duelling he had a right to choose the weapons that should be employed. All were therefore surprised that he should prefer one which, in Junot's hand was sure to prove fatal. It is well known that he was the most expert marksman with the pistol,not only in France,but in Europe. At twenty four paces he never missed an ace, and could always cut the ball in two, and that exactly in the middle, against the blade of a knife.' I will not fight you with pistols,' said he coolly to Lanusse; 'you are no marksman, you would not hit a barn door. We ought to fight upon equal terms. We have our swords; let us go.'

Bessieres, who was Junot's second along with Murat, whispered to him that he was a foolish fellow, as Lanusse was a capital swordsman, and he might perhaps stand no chance with him. 'Consider too,' said Murat, 'that it is for life or death.' Junot would not listen to any thing. They proceeded to the garden, and by the way Lanusse again raised his voice, and employed some very offensive expressions with reference to Junot, "you are acting now like a man without heart, and yet you are a brave man: one would suppose you were trying to screw up your courage.' Lanusse replied with a volley of abuses. Lannes silenced him.—'Come along, Lanusse,' in that energetic manner with which he adorned all he said, for at this period and even much later, I never heard him speak two words but the third was an oath Come along,.....hold your tongue.....You are going to cut one another's throats—what the devil would you have more? All that you say to him now is positively thrown away.'

When they were on the ground, the seconds examined it, and they had a good mind not to suffer the affair to take place on that spot. The Nile, after its periodical inundation had left inequalities which were enough to trip a person up at every step." "If it were but day light!" said Murat. "But you cannot fight here." "Come on" said Junot' "this is children's play." Pulling off his coat, he drew his sword, and Lanusse did the same. Junot was a good fencer. He was nimble, brave, and perfectly cool: but wishing to finish the affair, and taking his opportunity, he made a stroke at Lanusse, which cut the crown of his hat and spent itself on his cheek.—Had he been without his hat he must have been killed. Taking advantage of the movement which had left Junot exposed, he gave him a backhanded cut, which laid open the abdoment, and made a wound, the scar from which was more than 8 inches long. Junot was removed with great difficulty. The nature of the wound was most serious in a country where inflammation of the intestines is the chief thing to be dreaded. But he was surrounded by persons whose talents and friendship quickly alleviated his alarming situation.

The general-in-chief was furious the next morning, when Desegenette's at Junot's desire, informing him of the occurrence. "What!" cried he "are they determined to cut each other's throats? Must they go into the midst of the reeds of the Nile, to dispute it with the crocodiles, and leave behind for them the body of the one that shall have fallen? Have they not enough then with the Arabs, the plague, and the Mamelukes? "You deserve, Monsieur Junot," said he, as though his old aid-de-damp had been present, "you richly deserve putting under arrest for a month when you get well." Such were the very words of Bonaparte. He went to see Junot a considerable time after the affair, that is to say when Junot was almost convalescent, for, at first, Napoleon would not see him, saying, that he was more culpable than Lanusse. However, the very next day, when apprized of the result and causes of the duel, he exclaimed: "My poor Junot—wounded for me! But then the idiot! why did he not fight with pistols?"

*They had previously been intimate, and I know that Lanusse had even laid my husband under obligation. I take pleasure in acknowledging this.

†Lanusse was remarkable for bravery, and one of the most distinguished officers of the army of Egypt.

From a late London Paper.

A SCENE AT TATTERSALL'S.—Gentlemen, what can you hesitate about? Only look at her! She is one of the most beautiful creatures that I have ever had the honor of submitting to your notice! So gentle in her paces—indeed, so safe a goer that a child might ride her. Her pedigree is excellent—she is thorough bred from her ear to her hoof; and the Herald's College could not produce a more sound and satisfactory one. She comes from a good house, I pledge my word, gentlemen. My Lord Duke, will you allow me to say 250 pounds for your Grace? She will, notwithstanding your Grace's stud, be an ornament to it. She is a picture—complete to a shade; in fact, I could gaze on her for ever, and always be struck with some new beauty she possesses. Thank you, my Lord Duke, I was certain your Grace would not let such an opportunity pass. There is not a horse dealer in the kingdom who can show such a fine creature! She is above competition—I may say matchless! The Regent's Park could not be petted to a mole hill with safety that she has no paragon. Sir Henry, let me call your attention to Cleopatra! She is like her namesake in the olden times—but beautiful without paint! She is pure nature and no vice! Her action, Sir Henry—yes, her action—I could dilate upon it for a quarter of an hour, but puffing is out of the question—you shall judge for yourself.—Run her down, John. The Graces, I am sure, Sir Harry, were they to behold her movements would be out of temper with her captivating excellence! Taglioni, I must admit, can perform wonders with her pretty feet; but Cleopatra, my Lord Duke, can distance the whole of them put together, and positively leave the Opera House, with all its talent, in the back ground. In fact, I am deficient in words to display her immense capabilities—300 pounds, Going, going! 310 pounds. Thank you, my Lord Duke, she must be yours. For the last time, going at 310 pounds, but I will do the handsome thing. I will allow you five minutes to compose your mind—I am well aware that such unparalleled beauty is very dazzling—therefore, before you lose sight of this handsome creature, I do impress upon you, to remember that the opportunity once lost—320 pounds; Sir Harry, I am obliged to you—the world has always ackpowledged you as a man of great taste in matters of this kind; and, without flattery, you have never shown it more than in the present instance—according to the poet 'Beauty unadorned is adorned the most!—Going!—Cleopatra, my Lord Duke, will be in other hands if your Grace does not make up your mind in your princely style of doing things—a good bidding will make Cleopatra your own for ever, therefore now is the time to put on the distancing power, and your Grace will win the race in a canter! 340 pounds—My Lord Duke, *I* can only express my gratitude to say, that you have done me honor—Going, going!—in fact, gentlemen, I am like an artist in this case. I do not like to leave such a delightful picture, and *I* could dwell upon the qualities of Cleopatra to the echo that applauds again—but most certainly I have given you all a fair chance. Cleopatra is on the go—are you all silent? going for 340 pounds after all. What is that sum for one of the greatest English beauties ever submitted to the inspection of the public? 350 pounds. Thank you, Sir Charles—worth your money at any price. I have witnessed your notice of Cleopatra for some time—she bears looking at, again and again! Charming Cleopatra! I am glad to see she has so many suitors for her hand—I beg pardon, gentlemen—a slip will happen to the best of us—her feet, I should have said, but nevertheless, I am happy to see she has a host of admirers. I cannot bid myself or else I would 'make play,' and Cleopatra should become a noble prize. 370 pounds, Bravo! my Lord Duke! for 370 pounds positively, yes positively, 'pon my honor, positively the last time—or else the beautiful Cleopatra goes into the keeping of my Lord Duke. You are sure, gentlemen, that you have all done? Don't blame me, don't blame yourselves. Going once! Going twice! Going three times. [The auctioneer, after a long pause, and numerous flourishes with the hammer, in hopes to obtain another bidding, but the 'cock would not fight,' exclaimed] Gone!!! Cleopatra belongs to the Duke.—[Pierce Egan's Book of Sports.

American Nankeens.—A sample of this article has been shown to us. made of the nankeen coloured cotton, raised in Georgia, on the estate of Senator Forsyth. It is sold at $2 the piece, and is finer than the India nankeen ordinarily worn; still finer samples are intended to be manufactured. It differs advantageously from the India in the important particular of not fading from wear. On the contrary, a sample was shown to us which had been in wear two years, and had grown of a darker and richer colour.

The patient between two Physicians.—In the height of his maladay, M. d'Argout, who was attended by the celebrated Dr Bruiseai and another physician, was told by the former that if he took hot and sudorfic drinks, his disorder which was the cholera, would speedily terminate fatally, and his only safe course was to lose blood and take ice. By the other physician he was told, on the contrary, that this system would certainly kill him, and that his only safety was in warm drinks often resorted to. Here was a puzzle for the patient. M. d'Argout however, who had some knowledge of medicine, adopted both courses—he lost a little blood, he took a little ice, and he drank some warm drinks, and he speedily and entirely recovered.—*Messager des Chambers.*

A FACT—An honest dutchman was recently travelling in Virginia with his wagon, when he reached the well known Hot Springs, the road passing near, and the old gentleman being in strange parts, and ignorant of the heat of the water, stopped his team for the purpose of watering them. He left his son standing with the horses; the old gentleman took his water bucket, and dipted into it, found it sufficiently hot to boil an egg. At this the old gentleman was much alarmed; he hastily took up his bucket, and addressing his son, he exclaimed: "Shon! Shon! Oh, mine God trive on mit all your might vor be sure Shon, H-ll is not vone mile from dis place.'

MARRIED, at Printer's Retreat, (Indiana) on Wednesday, the 23d May, by William R. Wiley, J. P., WILLIAM MORRIS, Esq. to Miss ELIZABETH DUVEES, both of Posey Township. The united ages of this happy pair is exactly one hundred years—the groom, eighty five years, the blooming bride, fifteen years.—Among the numerous guests present were fifty three of the groom's children and grand children. Just as the ceremony was concluded, the bashful groom was seized with a violent attack of the gout, which caused considerable dismay, but having sufficiently revived, the happy pair on the same evening embarked on board the Bob Handy steamer for Pittsburg, from whence they will take a tour through the States and return home by the way of New Orleans.

A ROGUE IN GRAIN.—A person wished to purchase a number of yards of bed ticking, he called at a store, the merchant had but one piece, and it lacked just one yard of the quantity, the purchaser must have just such a number of yards, and was about leaving the store, when the merchant said he carried a piece to his house the day previous that contained just about the quantity wanted, the piece they were looking at would answer his purpose and he would carry it to the house, and bring back the other. "I started" said he, (we had the story from the merchant's own mouth) "ran into a back yard, unrolled the piece, put it round a smooth post, and gave it a most a d——l of a pulling, rolled it up and returned with it, measured it off to my customer, when it held out a quarter of a yard over what he wanted, which in consideration of his waiting for me to go to my house, I very generously gave him!"

GETTING YOUR FOOT IN.—According to the Asiatic Researches, a very curious mode of trying the title to land is practised in Hindostan. Two holes are dug in the disputed spot, in one of which the lawyers on either side put in their legs, and remain there until one of them is tired, or complains of being stung by the insects, in which case his client is defeated. In this country, it is the client and not the lawyer who "puts his foot into it."

On the evening before Dr. Chubbe died, his physician feeling his pulse with much gravity, and observing that it beat more *even* than upon his last visit, 'My dear friend,' said he, 'if you don't already know, or have not a technical expression for it. I will tell you what it beats—it beats the *dead march.*'

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2940_scm11030-0286.jpg