J. Catrup

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. XVI. EASTON, MD. SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 16, 1833. NO. 7.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY
SATURDAY MORNING
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.

THE TWO APOTHECARIES.

About the year 1712, there lived in a country town near Canterbury, a private gentleman named Turner. He had an only son, who, having attained the age of fifteen, was very desirous of qualifying himself to follow the profession of apothecary and surgeon. Accordingly his father had him bound apprentice for seven years to an eminent surgeon of the same place, whose name was Steevens. The young man was so attentive to his business that before he was out of his time, he was universally allowed to be as great a proficient in medicine and surgical matters as his master.

His apprenticeship being concluded, the friends and acquaintances of Mr. Turner came to make merry and spend the evening with him as was at the time customary, and among the rest his father, who entering into conversation with Mr. Steevens relative to his son's capacity and inclination for his profession, at last addressed him:

"I should grieve to find any thing left undone that might prevent or lessen his perfect qualification in his art." The apothecary replied, "Sir, I believe him to be as capable in it as myself, barring that he cannot have had so much experience. I have neglected no part of his instruction, and have communicated all I know, except one single point, which is a secret I discovered myself, and having experienced its truth and its value, I am not willing to impart it to any one without an adequate compensation."

Mr. Turner was unwilling his son should be deficient in any point which might be wanting to complete him for his profession, and therefore demanded the price of his secret. "Sir," answered Mr. Steevens, "if your son makes a proper use of it, it may bring in thousands. I look upon it as infallible, & to a man of prudence and great practice, it may be invaluable; but as your son has served his time with me, and has behaved well and diligently to his business, I will make him master of this useful and excellent nostrum for thirty guineas." After a little consideration and debating the matter with his son, Mr. Steevens agreed to take twenty guineas, which were paid immediately, and he gave in return a slip of paper, on which seven words were written, being the recipe of his great and precious nostrum.

The old gentleman, after reading the recipe, burst into a violent passion, saying he had been defrauded, and had parted with his money without an equivalent compensation, and that he would appeal to the laws for redress. The surgeon being in possession of the money remained quiet, and permitted him to vent his rage at leisure; when this had somewhat subsided he said calmly to Mr. Turner, "Why, sir although you now make so light of this secret; because you know it, yet, insignificant as it may seem to you, it has put many hundred pounds into my pocket, and if your son will always bear it in mind, and make proper use of it, he may turn it to as good an account as I have done."

Still this did not satisfy old Mr. Turner; at length his son interposed, and said to his father "Do not, sir, make yourself uneasy about the purchase of this seeming trifle; my master has treated me kindly during the whole term of my apprenticeship, and I have no reason to suppose he wishes to impose on either of us. You, sir, do not understand our business; there are secrets in all trades, and I have no doubt but I shall, as Mr. Steveens says, profit greatly by this valuable arcanum, so that I beg you will be contented, and leave the rest to me; I shall take care the money shall not be thrown away."

By this interposition of the son, his father became easy, and when the company broke up, took him home.

A few days after he wanted his son to set up in business for himself immediately, in opposition to his old master, whom he still considered as having cheated him. The young gentleman, however, had a mind to travel, and endeavored to convince his father how necessary it was to get to Paris for further experience in the practice of surgery, and that in that city surgeons had the opportunities of perfecting themselves in their profession. At length the old gentleman, however, reluctantly gave his consent, and his son set out for Paris.

After his arrival there he attended the hospitals during a year, and then continued his travels through Italy and Germany. After having thus employed seven or eight years, and being greatly improved in his person, learning and professional skill in both physic and surgery he returned to England with a resolution to travel all over it in the character of a mountebank doctor, which profession was at that time in great esteem both in Germany and in Italy.

This he accordingly began to do with great success and applause, and having completed his tour in about a year, he at last contrived to arrive at the little town where he had served his time. His long absence had made such an alteration in his person and features that he was under no apprehension of being known, so that assuming the name of Baron de Retourgnac and announcing himself as a famous foreign physician, on his travels throughout Europe, he advertised that he proposed remaining some time in Canterbury and its vicinity. Accordingly he began by making a figure with his carriage and servants, and in a short time acquired great reputation as well as emolument from a number of cures which he performed.

It so happened that one day while he was mounted on his stage in this town, attended by his servants, who dealt out his medicines to the numerous purchasers, his old master, Steevens, approached as near as he could, in order to hear this learned doctor harangue.

As soon as the doctor saw him he knew him, and a pleasant fancy that moment striking him he began to address the attentive spectators as follows: "Ladies and gentlemen, it is notorious that the medical practitioners and professors in this country almost entirely neglect the study of those sciences which do not immediately relate to physic; so that they remain unacquainted with many curious facts and observations which tend to elucidate numberless cases in their professional line. These observations are generally known to the most celebrated physicians on the Continent, and are of the utmost consequence to thousands of people who are afflicted with the most grievous disorders and maladies. When I was at Rome I learnt of a very eminent Italian professor a certain arcanum, nostrum, or secret, which for real use or value can scarcely be paralleled in the known world, and which I have often experienced without ever having been deceived; it is an art of such a nature that millions of gold are not to be compared with its intrinsic value, and which, I am bold to say, no one besides myself this day in England has the least conception of.

"You may observe, ladies and gentlemen, that it is a maxim among the learned, that unless the texture or combination of parts of the blood be already formed into a particular state which is vulgarly called a vicious state of body, it is incapable of contracting or receiving certain malignancies which affect and distemper it, and which malignancies will prevail in a greater or less degree, & become more or less virulent according to its vitiated state, all which I grant to be true. But I have now further to observe, that as the face is a palpable index to the mind wherein we may read tokens of the inward passions, so there are likewise certain signs to be observed in the face only, wherein we may perceive many prognostics and symptoms of various approaching diseases which are then breeding and engendering in the blood; and which by thus being discovered, if they are skilfully attacked in time, that is, before they get to the height and gain the mastery, may by proper methods be easily removed: and if they are not so found out and treated, they may and often do, occasion the certain death of the patient. This, ladies and gentlemen, is the art and mystery which I studied; and if I can discover among the vast concourse of people who now surround me, any such person whose present necessity requires my assistance, and by whom I may prove the truth of what I have been advancing, I will instantly point him out publicly before you all."

So having spent some time in surveying the throng, and affecting a very grave and penetrating look, he at last pitched upon his old master, and pointing to him,—"There," said he, "is a gentleman, who, I am certain, without my assistance, in ten day's time will be no longer living; and no other person in this kingdom except myself, can possibly administer any thing that will cure him! And so well do I know the nature and cause of the distemper which is now invading his animal fluids, that I would have you, gentlemen, particularly notice, that I assure you, at seven or eight o'clock this evening he will be first seized with a lowness of spirits, restless all night, to-morrow he loses his appetite, then a fever will succeed, after which it will fall upon his nerves, and in a short time it will carry him off.

"Thus, sir, be pleased to remember," continued he, addressing himself to the apothecary, "that I have told you the different stages and changes of this your new disorder; and seek the best advice and assistance you may, you will find all that I have advanced strictly true."

Here the people were all amazed at this strange prognostication of the foreign mountebank about their own doctor, and were impatient for its issue. The learned orator having finished all he intended to say on the subject, immediately proceeded in his harangue on other matters.

The poor apothecary could think of nothing but what the stranger had prophecied concerning his approaching illness. He went home directly and relates to his wife all he had heard. And some little time after, the good woman perceiving her husband pausing, melancholy, and apparently concerned at it, could not help sympathising a little with him, saying.—"My dear, I am sorry to see you so grave: I hope you do not feel the disease coming upon you already; I should think you are the best judge whether the doctor could perceive any symptoms of illness in you; but if I might advise you, you should for prevention and security take something which you may think serviceable, directly." "Aye," replied the husband, "but he also told me that nobody but himself could tell what to give me that would do me any good, and therefore, if I find myself attacked according to his prediction, it will be in vain for me to attempt any remedy from my own prescription, or from any person but from him."

From this moment he began to be very uneasy in mind, and consequently his disorder commenced; and as about 7 or 8 o'clock was the time the doctor had fixed for his lowness of spirits to begin, he was very impatient to see what alteration would appear at that time; when it came he could not avoid fancying himself worse and worse every moment, and very soon after he was so extremely ill that he could sit up no longer, so that to bed he went; and his distemper increasing the next day as Dr. de Retourgnac had foretold, his appetite was totally lost, and the noise of his illness spread over the whole town, to the great credit and honor of the mountebank baron. And although Mr. Steevens was very unwilling to send for him fearing it might tend to lessen his own reputation in future; yet he was persuaded that all the medicines in the world, without his assistance would be unavailing.

So that the next day a fever ensued (which was inevitable with a man of such notions,) by the advice of his wife and some friend, he at last sent for Dr. de Retourgnac; who being come, took no notice of ever having seen his patient before, felt his pulse, asked such questions as he thought proper, told that his disease was of a very dangerous nature, that he had not found any physician in England that knew how to manage it properly, but that still he had hopes of being able to recover him in a few days as he had been called in time; that if he cured him he would have forty guineas for his medicines and attendance, and that if he did not succeed, he was willing to forfeit a thousand.

To those terms the apothecary gladly consented, and the doctor went home to prepare something to relieve him; we may suppose any simple thing would do, for the cure was to be effected not by the medicine, but by the physician.

From this moment he began to mend apace, so that, in short, the cure was perfected in four or five days, and the doctor not only received his stipulated reward; but was extolled in an extraordinary manner.

After Mr. Steevens was quite well again, he was very anxious to know by what rule or method the approaching distemper could be found out, and how the cure was to be worked. He thought if he could by any means obtain this secret he should be happy, and then be able to vie with any of his professional competitors in England. So after he had made a proposal to the doctor for the purchase of this secret, and had taken a great deal of pains about it, he at last agreed with him to be taught this occult science for a hundred guineas. And when to his great joy, the bargain was struck, and the money paid, the mountebank baron gave him a paper neatly folded and sealed, which, as he said, contained the whole art and mystery.

The apothecary, with great impatience, broke the seal, and to his great surprise found the paper contained nothing but the identical nostrum, in his own hand writing which he formerly sold to Mr. Turner—being only

Conceit can kill, and conceit can cure.

He remained some time as if stunned, till the doctor burst into a fit of laughing, and discovering himself, asked him whether he did not approve of the secret. The apothecary was obliged to be satisfied, finding that by his own documents he had been disabled and restored. And Monsieur le Baron de Retourgnac, now Doctor Turner, by following his master's advice when his father purchased the secret, not only recovered the principal, but four times as much in addition, besides his fee, and had the pleasure of returning the compliment to his old master, by properly trying the most excellent nostrum, and experimentally proving it to be true

THE TWINS.

"I will tell it you as 'twas told to me."

In the autumn of 1825, I had occasion to visit the town of N——, beautifully situated on the western banks of the Connecticut river. My business led me to the house of B——, a lawyer of threescore and ten, who was resting from his labors and enjoying the fruits of a life stremuously and successfully devoted to his profession. His drawing room was richly furnished and decorated with several valuable paintings. There was one among them that particularly attracted my attention. It represented a mother with two beautiful children, one in either arm, a light veil thrown over the group, and one of the children pressing its lips to the cheek of the mother. 'This,' said I, pointing to the picture, 'is very beautiful—pray sir, what is the subject?' 'It is a mother and her twins,' said he, 'the picture in itself is deemed a fine one, but I value it more for the recollections which are associated with it.' I turned my eye upon B——; he looked communicative, and I asked him for the story.—'Sit down,' said he, 'and I will tell it.' We accordingly sat down, and he gave me the following narrative.

During the period of the war of the revolution, there resided in the western part of Massachussetts, a farmer by the name of Stedman. He was a man of substance, descended from a very respectable English family, well educated distinguished for great firmness of character in general, and alike remarkable for inflexible integrity and steadfast loyalty to its king.—Such was the reputation he sustained, that even when the most violent antipathies against royalism swayed the community, it was still admitted on all hands that farmer Stedman though a tory was honest in his opinions and firmly believed them to be right.

The period came when Burgoyne was advancing from the north. It was a time of great anxiety with both the friends and foes of the revolution, and one which called forth their highest exertions. The patriotic militia flocked to the standard of Gates and Stark, while many of the tories resorted to the quarters of Burgoyne and Baum. Among the latter was Stedman.—He had no sooner decided it to be his duty, than he took a kind farewell of his wife, a woman of uncommon beauty, gave his children, a twin boy and girl, a long embrace, then mounted his horse and departed. He joined himself to the unfortunate expedition of Baum, and was taken with other prisoners of war by the victorious Stark. He did not attempt to conceal his name or character, and both were soon discovered and he was accordingly committed to prison as a traitor. The jail in which he was confined, was in the western part of Massachusetts, and nearly in a ruinous condition. The farmer was one night waked from his sleep by several persons in the room. "Come," said they, "you can now regain your liberty; we have made a breach in the prison, thro' which you can escape." To their astonishment Stedman utterly refused to leave the prison. In vain they expostulated with him: in vain they represented to him that his life was at stake. His reply was, that he was a true man, and a servant of King George, and that he would not creep out of a hole at night, and sneak away from the rebels, to save his neck from the gallows. Finding it altogether fruitless to attempt to move him, his friends left him with some expressions of spleen.

The time at length arrived for the trial of the prisoner. The distance to the place where the court was sitting at that time was about sixty miles. Stedman remarked to the sheriff, when he came to attend him, that it would save some expense and inconvenience, if he could be permitted to go alone and on foot.—"And suppose," said the sheriff, "you should prefer your safety to your honor, and leave me to seek you in the British camp?" "I had tho't said the farmer reddening with indignation that I was speaking to one who knew me." 'I do know you indeed,' said the sheriff 'I spoke but in jest; you shall have your way. Go, and on the third day I shall expect to see you at I——.' The farmer departed, & at the appointed time he placed himself in the hands of the sheriff.

I was now engaged as his counsel.—Stedman insisted before the court, upon telling his whole story; and when I would have taken advantage of some technical points he sharply rebuked me, and told me he had not employed me to prevaricate, but only to assist him in telling the truth. I never heard such a display of simple integrity. It was affecting to witness his love of plain unvarnished truth, elevating him above every other consideration, and presiding in his breast as a sentiment even superior to the love of life.

I saw the tears more than once springing to the eyes of his judges; never before or since, have I felt such an interest in a client. I plead for him as I should have pleaded for my own life. I drew tears, but I could not sway the judgment of stern men, controlled more by a sense of duty than the compassionate promptings of humanity. Stedman was condemned. I told him there was a chance of pardon, if he would ask it. I drew up a petition and requested him to sign it, but he refused. "I have done," said he, "what I thought my duty. I can ask pardon of God and my King, but it would be hypocrisy to ask forgiveness of these men for an action I should repeat were I again placed in similar circumstances. No! ask me not to sign that petition. If what you call the cause of American freedom requires the blood of an honest man, for the conscientious discharge of what he deemed his duty, let me be its victim. Go to the judges and tell them I place not my fears nor my hopes in them." It was in vain that I pressed the subject, and I went away in despair.

On returning to my house I accidentally called on an acquaintance, a young man of brilliant genius, the subject of a passionate predilection for painting. This led him frequently to take excursions into the country, for the purpose of sketching such objects and scenes as were interesting to him. I found him sitting at ease, giving the last touches to the picture which attracted my attention. He asked my opinion of it. "It is a fine picture," said I, "is it a fancy piece, or are they portraits?" "They are portraits," said he, "and save perhaps a little embellishment, they are I think striking likenesses of the wife and children of your unfortunate client, Stedman." In the course of my rambles, I chanced to call at his own house in H——. I never saw a more beautiful group. The mother is one of a thousand, and the twins are a pair of cherubs."

"Tell me," said I laying my hand on the picture "tell me are they true and faithful portraits of the wife and children of Stedman!" My earnestness made my friend stare. He assured me as far as he could be permitted to judge of his own productions, they were striking representations. I asked no further questions. I seized the picture and hurried with it to the prison where my client was confined.—I found him sitting, his face covered with his hands and apparently wrung by keen emotion. I placed the picture in such a position that he could not fail to see it. I laid the petition on the table by his side; and left the room. In half an hour I returned. The farmer grasped my hand, while tears stole down his cheek, his eyes glanced first on the petition. He said nothing, but handed the latter to me. I took it and left the apartment. He had put his name to it. The petition was granted, and Stedman set at liberty.

From the Baltimore Gazette.

COBBETT.—It appears that this modest, mild, and consistent gentleman, has at length succeeded in attaining the great object of his ambition—a seat in Parliament. In his address to the electors of Oldham, for which he is returned, he uses the following characteristic language:

"Many as are the years that have rolled over my head, I have not forgotten the time when in my blue smock-frock and clumping nail shoes, I trudged along beside the plough-horses, each leg of which horses was pretty nearly as big as my body. I have not forgotten this, and as the present Prime Minister said that he would stand by "*his order*"—the order of *ermine robes and coronets*:—so, be you assured, I will stand by "*my order*"—the order of smock-frocks and nail shoes, and hard fingers. How often have the insolent wretches said, "Let him—let Cobbett—come here, and we will soon make him find his level." While they exclaimed, "*Let him come*," they lied and they bribed and expended hundreds of thousands *not to let him come*. You have now taken him into your hands; you have now given the answer to these insolent pretenders to superiority. You have taken up the *Surrey Plough-Boy*; you have tossed him in amongst them saying,—"*There he is!* now make him *find his level!*" I feel gratitude towards you, on more accounts than I have now time or presence of mind to state,—but the feeling which predominates in my breast is that of delight:—far beyond all expression—that you have now vindicated not only the rights, but the character of the working people of England. You have set an example to the whole country, and that example cannot fail to be attended with consequences of the greatest importance to us all."

Cobbett is unquestionably a man of talents, and there are traits in his private character which will always preserve him from the contempt of the public in spite of his overweening vanity, his grossness, and his want of political firmness and rectitude; but he is now on a theatre which requires a very different kind of ability from any that he has ever yet displayed.—He seems to think it necessary, in order to maintain the character of a man of the people, to affect even more rudeness and vulgarity than he actually possesses, and to seize every opportunity of displaying his contempt for the ordinary courtesies of life. The boisterous and overbearing manner, which distinguishes him has often been attempted in Parliament by men not inferior to him in talent, but never has succeeded, and never can succeed in the legislature of any civilized nation. It is probable, therefore, unless he "mends his manners," that he will speedily sink to a level, even below those who are inferior to him in parts and integrity, and superior only in their knowledge of the world, and regard for appearances.

The Three Friends.—Trust no friend before thou hast tried him, for they abound more at the festal board than at the prison door.

A certain man had three friends, two of them he loved warmly; the other he regarded with indifference, though that one was the truest of his well-wishers. The man was summoned before a tribunal, and though innocent, his accusers were bitter against him.

"Who among you," said he, "will go with me, and bear witness for me? For my accusers are bitter against me, and the king is displeased."

The first of his friends at once excused himself from accompanying him, on the plea of other business. The second followed him to the door of the tribunal: there he turned back and went his way, through fear of the offended judge. The third, on whom he relied the least, spoke for him, and bore witness to his innocence, so that the judge dismissed him and rewarded him.

Man has three friends in this world; how do they demean themselves towards him in the hour of death, when God calls him to judgment? His best beloved friend, *gold*, is the first to leave him, and accompanies him not. His *friends and kinsmen* accompany him to the portal of the grave, and then turn back to their own homes. The third, when he is most neglected of, is his *good works*. They alone go with him to the Judge's throne, they stand before him, and speak for him, and obtain mercy and grace.

Herder.

CONGRESS.

From the Globe.

In the Senate on Monday, various petitions & memorials were presented. Mr. Knight submitted the credentials of the Hon. Asher Robbins, re-elected to the Senate by the Legislature of Rhode Island, for six years from the 3d of March next. Mr. Smith, from the Committee on Finance, reported a bill to remit the duty on a locomotive engine and apparatus imported by the Baltimore and Susquehanna Rail-Road Company, which was read and ordered to a second reading. A short time was spent in the consideration of executive business, after which several bills, principally of a private character, were read a second and ordered to be read a third time. At one o'clock, the Senate resumed the consideration of the bill further to provide for the collection of duties on imports. Mr. Brown took the floor in opposition to the bill, in an animated speech near two hours and a half in length. Mr. Frelinghuysen then, in a few words, explained some of the views which he had taken, which he alleged had been misunderstood by the gentleman from N. Carolina (Mr. Brown.) Mr. Brown rejoined. Mr. Holmes signified his desire to address the Senate, but the hour being late, he moved an adjournment, which was carried.

In the House of Representatives, several petitions and memorials were presented and referred. The House went into Committee of the whole on the state of the Union, Mr. Wayne in the Chair, upon the Tariff bill. The question being upon Mr. Appleton's motion to amend the amendment of Mr. C. P. White—Mr. Ward addressed the Committee in favor of the general principle of the bill, and Messrs. Wardwell and Leavitt against it. Mr. Adams moved to strike out the enacting words of the bill, and supported the motion by a speech of about an hour. Messrs. Jenifer and Barringer opposed the motion—which was supported by Mr. Burges. Mr. Drayton addressed the Committee at length against the motion; when after some explanations between him and Mr. Adams, Mr. Patton took the floor, but gave way to a motion by Mr. E. Everett that the Committee rise, which was carried, and at 6 o'clock the House adjourned.

In the Senate on Tuesday, various bills mostly of a private nature, passed stages. At one o'clock the Special Order—the bill further to provide for the collection of duties on imports—was taken up. Mr. Holmes addressed the Senate in support of the principles upon which the bill is founded, about two hours. When Mr Holmes had concluded, Mr. Tyler rose and remarked, that he had intended to submit his views upon this measure to the Senate, but was not prepared at that time to proceed; and having expressed a wish that the Senate adjourn—the Senate adjourned accordingly.

In the House of Representatives, the House went into committee of the whole on the state of the Union, upon the Tariff bill, Mr. Wayne in the chair—the question being upon the motion of Mr. Adams to strike out the enacting clause. Mr. Patton opposed the motion and supported the bill in a speech of two and a half hours length. The question was then taken, and the motion of Mr. Adams to strike out, was rejected—ayes 68, noes 86. The question then recurred upon the amendment offered by Mr. Appleton, to the amendment of Mr. C. P. White, on the subject of the duties on cottons, which was negatived—ayes 70, noes 80. Mr. Howard proposed to strike out so much of the amendment of Mr. C. P. White as relates to the duties on cottons, and insert in lieu thereof, the provisions of the act of 1816, on the same subject, which was rejected without a count. Messrs. Wickliffe and Beardsley made ineffectual attempts to amend that portion of the bill proposed to be stricken out by Mr. C. P. White. The question was then taken on Mr. White's amendment and it was agreed to—ayes 69, noes 69, the Chairman voting in the affirmative. Mr. Jenifer moved to amend the bill by reducing the rate of duty on iron one half, which was lost. Mr. Jenifer then moved to strike out all after the enacting clause, and to insert a provision that the present rates of duties shall be continued until the 3d of March

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2940_scm11030-0414.jpg