EASTON GAZETTE.

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VOL. XVIII | EASTON, MD. SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 28, 1835 | NO. 13.

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.

[From the New York Daily Advertiser.]

MAJOR DOWNING'S CORRESPONDENCE.—Our readers may judge of our surprise on receiving from our news boat the following letter which was handed 'off the Hook' from on board the Two Pollies—Capt. Jumper, from Havre, and which vessel wore away south, with the intention no doubt of dropping other despatches nearer the Seat of Government

This letter will account for the Major's long silence—We had heard it intimated he had quit Washington, shortly after the date of his last letter—but where 'the critter' had gone no one seemed capable of telling—That he was busy somewhere for the good of his country we were certain—and we now confess our perfect conviction that all will go well in Paris But if by chance the Major returns and leaves things unsettled there, we shall conclude indeed that this matter has ceased to be capable of further negotiation.

PARIS, 1st Feby. 1835.

To my old friend Mr. Dwight,
of the New York Daily Advertiser:

I suppose you'll all be nock'd up in a kinder dunderment when you come to see where this Letter comes from—so I best begin by tellin you how it come about. You see just arter I wrote you that Letter dated 6th Decr. last—a little arter the message come out, the Gineral was so well pleas'd with my notions he sent for me, and says he Major, you have got the rale grit in you when things come to a pinch, and tho' you and I hav'nt agreed in all matters for a good spell now, yet I see when matters git mixed up with foreign business, you drop all party differences at home and ready to stand by the country, till things git a goin strait again. Now, says he, that's what I call rale American feeling, and with that we shook hands, and all was as pleasant atwixt us as a May morning.

'Now,' says I, 'Gineral, to make short of a long story, my notion is that the best thing I can do is to go right over to France myself and keep a look out on that side, and see how the cat jumps there—and as you and Congress will keep a sharp eye on things on this side, it will be a hard matter if they git worse without our knowing about it as soon as the rest of creation; for says I there is no tellin what them Frenchmen may do, and if we have got to eat porrage with the Devil, my notion is it is but fair we should have as long a handled spoon as he has got.'—'Now,' says I, 'they may take a notion to send Mr. Livingston off, and then there will be no one there to keep a look out for us, and I have been thinkin so much about it, says I, that I have concluded to go right off there as soon as Capt. Jumper can fit out the "Two Pollies" to carry me"—and I tell's the Gineral if he had any thing to say or any directions to give I was ready, and if he had'nt any it made no odds, for I believe I know's pretty much the upshot of the hull matter, and if Congress did'nt chuse to pay my expenses out and home, I'd pay' em myself, and take the responsibility too—and so arter a considerable talk about one thing and another, the Gineral he wish'd me success, and I push'd off post haste to Kenebunk, where Capt Jumper and the Two Pollies was, and as he had got my letters, I found things all ready, and was off in no time.

We had a pritty short but a pesky wet passage, for Captain Jumper had a considerable of a cargo of notions on board, besides a deck load of lumber, for he thought while his hand was in he might as well be taken advantage of 'the panic,' as he called it. We made a strait wake to Havre, where I left him, and I streak'd it right up here to Paris, and here I have been as busy as ever I was when Congress was getting together.

I suppose, as I didn't tell you or any other livin critter but the Gineral that I was goin to France, you have been wonderin why you ha'nt heard of me for so long a time. Well, now you have got the reason on't—And now I suppose you expect to hear what I have been about here, and what I have seen and hearn worth tellin about since I have been here. But this is impossible, for two reasons—first, I have seen so much that I could'nt tell you the half on't without detaining Capt. Jumper longer than I tell'd him I would, and another thing, I hai'nt got time to say all I want to say for our folks at Washington and that's the most important.

Pritty much as I expected when I got here, I found Mr. Livingston nigh upon as bad off as tho' he wan't here—but I suppose our folks at Washington have balanced that account by seein that the French Minister is treated jist so too—that's what they call diplomatic Tit for Tat.

The first thing I did as soon as I had time to turn round and get on my best regimentals, was to go right off and see the King, for I always like to begin at the right eend of all matters. So I took a chap along with me to show me the way—but I couldn't git him further than the outer gate of the "white house" or '*artillery house*,' as they somehow call it, where the king lives—but I did'nt stop for that myself, but push'd on and all the sogers that I met from the gate to the front door no sooner see me, than they give me the salute jist as quick as our folks of the 2d Brigade w'd on trainin days But when I got inside the front door, I met a leetle morsel of a stumper for a spell An amazin perlite critter said something to me in French, and made a rale smasher of a bow, and says I, Major Downing at your sarvice, jist then a parcel of gineral officers was coming down along the hall, and one on em no sooner heard the name than up he comes to me and says he, 'Major Downing of the 2d Brigade of Downingville Militia?' 'Jest so,' says I; and with that he threw his arms right around my neck, and says he, 'Major, I never am so happy as I will be up to this present moment to see you;' and who do you think it was? well who should it be but the Gineral, who was so long in our rigular sarvice. I didn't know him at first, he was so kivered all up in regimentals, but I was right glad to see him; and as soon as I tell'd him I wanted to see the king, he turned right round to the first chap who spoke to me, and gin him the word—and the name of Major Downing went along up the staircase about the quickest, and I arter it; and by the time I got where the king was up chamber, in his Cabinet room, I calklated there warn't a livin crittur in the house that didn't know I was there.

The king was surrounded pretty much by the hull scrape of his Secretaries, and Majors, and Auditors—and I don't know but Postmasters, and Contractors, for there was a mortal batch on 'em—and as soon as I came in they all bowed off as quick as folks used to at hum, whenever I and the Gineral met to have a talk on most matters.

The king he riz up, and put out his hand, and gin me a good hearty shake; and says he Major Downing, believe me says he, that next to the President there is no man from your country I am so glad to see—and at this particular time, says he, I dont know but I would rather see you than the President himself, for says he, it pains me to confess that ever since I have been a king, I have never been made to feel so much like what I was afore I was a king, as I have on readin that message the President sent to Congress a spell ago. He told me however to take a seat, and he sot down too, and with that he began asking all manner of questions, what Congress had done and what they was going to do, and when I left home, and how I came, and what office I came in, and seemed to be in quite a wunderment, & wound up by asking how the President was & if he raly was in earnest, for says he Major, you have no idea how the message has astonished the great and generous nation—So soon as I got a chance, I plucked up and we went at it talkin ever the hull matter—the particulars of all which Ive sent home to our folks, and if they choose to publish it I cant help tho' I shall take care to get out of France before the printed account ont gets back here.

I tel'd the king I believed the hull matter was in a nut she'l and if he'd keep his eye ont I'd crack it for him.

In the first place, says I, your folks owe our folks five millions of dollars jist as clear as though you and I had been tradin together for a long spell, and arter tryin for a settlement, I agreed to take less than I believed you owed me, and you gave me your note of hand to close the business for the sum agreed on—That's the plain English on't says I.—Now your folks haggle and twist about it, and wont vote the money agreed on, and want to open the matter agin, and our folks never will agree to that in creation. They wont take a cent less than five millions of dollars—they'll have that now or lose ten times the sum in tryin to git it; they'll make a spoon, or spile a horn, says I. Mr. Livingston found out, says I, that some of your opposition Congressmen would not vote in favor ont seeing that *you* was in favor ont, & some on em wanted jist to bother you: and we was so far off they did'nt calculate the consequences; but if the Gineral made it a serious matter, these opposition folks of yours would vote tother way;—here the king wanted to know how on earth I found this out, but I went on. Well, says I, the Gineral saw this in a minit and so he said jist what he did in the message—'but such a dose Major,' says the king—well, well, says I, the Gineral dont understand doctrin folks arter the French fashion—I suppose, says *I* a little magneshe and chicken broth would answer here, but when folks git in a tantrum on our side of the water, nothing short of a rale dose of elder bark tea does any good, particular if the complaints is of long standin. And now says I if any trouble comes ont *I* dont know says *I* which is most to blame the *complaint* or the *fissik*. The King he looked at me and then he scratched his head, well, says he, Major they are both bad enuf; but says *I* one will cure tother to rights *I'm* sartin.

I can't stop to tell you now one half of what I said or what the King said for as I said afore, Capt. Jumper is waiting, and his last letter to me from Havre says he can't possibly wait longer than Saturday next, as he wants to get home in time to make one run to Cuba and back to Kennebunk afore ploughing time. Whilst my hand is in, I w'd like to tell you a little about this place, but 'tis impossible—I keep thinkin all the while, there is one eternal *independence day* here—folks are so full of fun and such swods of Galls.—The King has me with him every day, and makes Gen. Bernard go about with me wherever I want to go; and if I hadn't been so long at Washington, and seen so much there of Congress and state matters from the President down, I'd feel, I suppose, more like goin threw my shirt collar than I do at the show of things here. Their Congress is in session here, and I dont mean to quit till our business is finish'd—but how on earth they manage to understand one another in their House of Representatives I can't tell, for sich a chatterin and jargin you have no idee; but arter all they manage things pritty slick in one way, and I see no other way they could do it—and I don't know but it is better than our way. When the Representatives meet, the president—answerin to our Speaker—he gives out the business to speak about—and then comes a scramble to get up into a kinder pulpit, or what Gineral Bernard says they call the tribune, and the first one who gits there the President calls his name and he goes at it, readin his speech pretty much arter Isaac Hill's fashion—some groan and some huzza, according to party notions—if they get so noisy that the President can't hear the speaker, he rings a bell, that quiets 'em a spell—but if it don't, he rings again; if that don't quiet 'em he gits up, and arter looking pretty hard, and givin fair warning, he rings the third time, picks up his black cap claps it on his head, & that's the end of that days's work. The house is adjourned jest as completely as though the vote was unanimous. So you see, laws and rules of all countries are made jest to suit the nature of folks. Now there is no other way in creation to put a stop to a noise in a French Congress but to adjourn it, and that can't be done no how but for the President to put his cap on & walk off—pritty much like the Gineral's Veto.

I shall be home pretty soon arter this for if I don't miss my guess, they are only waiting here to see what our Congress will do. If our Congress says fight, why then they must fight—but if Congress gives them a chance by saying any thing civil, they'll down with the dust, and git out of the scrape about the quickest; and it will be a long while afore they or any other nation will attempt to bamboozle us again.

You can tell all our folks there aint goin to be no war with France unless we begin it; for I believe they'd pay us the money as soon as they can do so, and git clear of having their neighbours say they were frightened into it. I have been asked pretty often here if the United States will declare war if they don't pay us; and I tell 'em, that as nigh as I can calklate I guess they will. But if I had my way about it I wouldn't jest yet; nor would I tell 'em when I would; but I'd keep my eye on 'em; and as we have got judgment I'd ev'ry year add interest to principal; and when they git mix'd up in some fight with their neighbours in Europe, and wouldn't have quite so much power to injure us as they now have, I'd hop down upon 'em and make 'em pay ev'ry dollar or lend their enemies a hand in givin 'em a sound thrashin—not that I am afeard to fight 'em right off now, but then my notion is if I wanted to fight a chap who only owed me money, I'd do it only for the mere sake of thrashin him, & I should take my own time and when I could do so without his being able to give me a scratch or black eye. But in defence of honour or liberty, & the rights of citizens, and such like, I'd go at it, if I thought I'd come out of it with only one eye and shoe string left.

Your old friend,
J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

HUMOROUS—EXTRACT.

I travelled by stage, last fall, from Dayton to Cincinnati. I had but one companion—an eastern gentleman—and much of our conversation was upon the history, resources, people & peculiarities, of the West. At Hamilton, a third person joined us. This was a Kentucky Drover, who was returning from "a jaunt jest over into Illinois and Indiana."—He was rude—but as frank and whole-souled a fellow as you will meet once in a long time.

While rolling rapidly over the rich bottom land immediately this side of Hamilton, my eastern companion and myself re-commenced our conversation on western subjects. Our new friend did not listen to us long in silence. Perceiving that I knew something about matters and things in the backwoods, he addressed himself to me.

"May be you've been over in Hoosherland, in your day, stranger?"

"Yes—once."

"Well—aint they cautions out thar, anyhow?"

The eastern gentleman smiled. He had before him a visible illustration of one topic of our previous conversation.

I slid into the drovers mood, as easily as he had slipped into our conversation.

"Rough exteriors, but generous hearts.

"You may well say that, stranger—Naterally, I aint rawboned; but you can see I h'ant got much flesh on my bones to brag of now; and my skin's like the back side of a bacon-ham, and my hair as crisped and frizzled as a nigger's"—

"Or as the side locks of some of our ladies that you may have noticed, when you passed through the city last spring."

"Exactly——ha! ha! wha! Your ladies"——

"But we must'nt forget our neighbors of Hoosherland."

"No. Well—may be you'd like to hear how I became as lean as a Jarsey pig. You see, *I* was down in the Wabash country; and the Fever and Ager cotched me there; and between the two, they shuck and burnt all the flesh off of my body, and tried to make leather of my skin and nigger's wool of my hair. They kept me down four weeks, cool, but they found my joints too well put together, to be shuck to pieces by a trifle. So *I* got on my feet again, and am going back to Kentuck, scamper.—Four weeks we had it, rough and tumble; and we was purty well matched, *I* tell you; for one day *I* would be master, and the next the rascals would have me down again; but they could n't hold me still enough, for *I* kep rolling and grinning and shaking all the time. But two on us was nt fair play; *I* could n't stand it, and stranger, may-be *I* did n't get purty d——d sick of the scrape before we got through. *I*'d sooner take hold of two chaps from among the knobs any time. And they're the very devil, every body knows.—Well, we had our bout—that is, *I* and the rascally Fever and Ager—at a worthy old Hoosher farmer's in the Wabash country.

I was kept there five weeks; and when *I* asked for my bill, if you'll take my word for't, the kind old codger would n't take a shilling. 'I had n't been much trouble—and was welcome to what I'd had—might make the youn'uns a present if I chose—never charged a stranger nuthen for a night or two's lodging—could n't think of turning his house into a tavern.' So the old man stepped out, and I began to look about for the urchins that were not big enough to be at work. There were three fine white-headed boys—Shem—Ham & Japhet,—and a pale, delicate little girl—Ruth; *I* gave Ruth my breast pin, and Japhet my pen knife, and Ham (who was a school boy) my ever point pencil, and Shem (the eldest) my watch; and such a bobbing of heads, and scraping of feet and glistening of eyes, as there was among that little flock, *I* never see before; when *I* stooped down to kiss little Ruthy my heart, tell you, fluttered about every which way, and felt entirely too big for its cage—What's o'clock, stranger, seeing as *I've* no time-teller now?"

'Almost four.'

'We shall get in late. Whoop, driver—halloo? Recon your team's taking a nap!

"Guess your tongue isn't troubled much in that way, 'muttered the driver. 'Twas well the Kentuckian did not hear him.

And so we rolled along to the city much pleased with the company of the jolly hearted Kentuckian.

AN EXTRAORDINARY MISER.

Daniel Dancer; an Englishman, who flourished about a century ago, was perhaps the most thorough-going specimen of a miser that ever existed. In Harper's recently published book of "Wonderful and Eccentric Characters," there is a pretty full account of him, from which we shall here merely give an abstract for the benefit of our readers.

Daniel Dancer seems to have inherited his miserly disposition, for both his father and his grandfather were misers before him. But he was not content with the bare inheritance, for he daily improved upon the patrimony, to the close of a long life.

Dancer had a sister, who lived with him till her death, and whose disposition exactly corresponded with his own. The fare of this saving couple was invariably the same. On a Sunday; they boiled a ticking of beef, with 14 hard dumplings, which always lasted during the whole week; an arrangement which no consideration could induce them to alter except through some lucky circumstance like the following. Dancer accustomed himself to wander over the common in search of any stray blocks of wood, cast horse shoes, old iron, pieces of paper, and even to collect the dung of sheep under hedges. In one of these perambulations, he found a sheep which had died from natural disease this prize he instantly threw over his shoulder and carried home, when after being skinned and cut up, Miss Dancer made it into a number of pies, of which they were extremely frugal while they lasted.

During his sister's last illness, Dancer was frequently requested to procure medical assistance for her. His reply was "Why should I waste my money in wickedly endeavouring to counteract the will of Providence? If the old girl's time is come, the nostrums of all the quacks in Christendom cannot save her: and she may as well die now as at any future period." The only food he offered her during her indisposition was her usual allowance of cold dumpling and sticking of beef, accompanied with the affectionate declaration, that if she did not like it she might go without.

This miserable woman died possessed of £2000. But as she had two other brothers who were equally celebrated for parsimony, and who put in their claim for a share of her property, Daniel brought in a bill £1040 as the price of her board for 30 years, at £30 per annum, and £100 for the last two years in which he declared she had done nothing but eat and lie in bed. This sum he recovered by a suit at law; and then shared equally with his brothers in the remaining property.

Although, Daniel never evinced any affection for his sister, he determined to bury her in such a manner as he should not *disgrace the family*. He accordingly contracted with an undertaker, who agreed to take timber in return for a coffin. Dancer, however, could not be prevailed on to purchase mourning for himself; yet in consequence of the entreaty of his neighbours, he unbound the hay bands with which his legs were usually covered and drew on a second pair of black worsted stockings. His coat was of a whitish brown colour, his waistcoat had been black about the middle of the last century, and the immediate covering to his head, which seemed to have been taken from Mr. Elwes's wiggery, and to have descended to Daniel as an heir loom, gave a grotesque appearance to the person of the chief mourner, but too well calculated to provoke mirth. This, indeed, was increased by the slipping of his horse's girth at the place of burial in consequence of which the rider was precipitated into the grave!

From a principle of rigid economy Mr. Dancer rarely washed his hands and face; and when he did, it was always without the assistance of either soap or towel. Dispensing with such articles of luxury, he used when the sun shone, to repair to a neighbouring pool, and after washing himself with sand, he would lie on his back in the sun to dry himself.—His tattered garments, which were scarcely sufficient to cover his nakedness, were kept together by a strong hay-band, which he fastened round his body.

He would not allow his house to be cleaned, and the room in which he lived was nearly filled with sticks he had collected from his neighbors' hedges. He was for many years his own cobler, and the last pair of shoes he wore had become so large and ponderous, from the frequent soles and coverings they had received, that they rather resembled hog-troughs than shoes.

He gathered, in his rambles, all the bones he met with, which he first picked himself, and then broke in pieces for his dog Bob. His conduct to his favorite, whom he always called 'Bod my child,' affords a striking instance of human inconsistency; for while he himself would swill the pot-liquor of Lady Tempest's kitchen, to save the expence of a penny, Bob was allowed a pint of milk daily.

Snuff was a luxury in which he never indulged; yet he always begged a pinch from those who did. In this manner he used in about a month, to fill a box, which he always carried in his pocket. He then exchanged its contents at a chandler's shop for a farthing candle, which was made to last till he had again filled his box, as he never suffered any light in his house, except when he was going to bed.

Lady Tempest, who was the only person that had any influence on the mind of this unhappy man, employed every possible persuasion and device to induce him to partake of those conveniences & comforts which are gratifying to others, but without effect. One day she, however, prevailed on him to purchase a hat of a Jew for a shilling, that which he wore having been in constant use for 13 years She called on him the next day, and to her surprise found that he still continued to wear the old one. On inquiring the reason, he after much solicitation, informed her, that his old servant (whom he hired at a salary of *eighteen pence* a week) had given him six-pence profit for his bargain.

The same lady, knowing that he was fond of trout stewed in claret, once sent him some as a present. But the weather being frosty, the stew hail become congealed in the night; and, as he could not afford the expense of a fire, he contrived the following ingenious method of thawing it. Having put it into one pewter plate and covered it with another, he placed them under his body, and sat upon them until the contents were sufficiently warmed!

At the age of seventy eight Daniel Dancer died, leaving property to the amount of £3000 per annum; most of which he willed to his benefactress, Lady Tempest; showing that he possesed at least one virtue, not too common in this world - gratitude.—[N. Y. Trans.

PRINTING

Of every description neatly and expeditiously done at this Office.

JENA, (*Saxe Weimar,*) *15th Jan.* 1835.

Extraordinary Suicide.—All interest and attention here has been absorbed by one of the most tragical and astounding events ever recorded in literary biography. You have at least heard by fame and name of Dr. H—S—, Custos of the Royal Liberary at Berlin,—distinguished as a scholar by his addition of 'Pacuvii Doulorestes,'—as a poet by his collection of Greek Songs, and his 'Bilder des Orients' He married, four or five years since, a highly accomplished and amiable young lady,—Miss W——, of Leipzig.—They lived most happily together, but had no family. Her whole time and attentions, therefore, were devoted to him: his success, his fame, his happiness, engrossed all her thoughts.—During the summer of 1833 they travelled together through Russia, and returned to Berlin delighted with the scenes they had passed through, and full of enthusiasm and new literary projects. But soon after the husband was taken ill—His disorder was peculiar, and the physicians expressed their fears that his mind would be ultimately affected. In the autumn of last year they visited together the Baths of Rissingen, but he did not derive from them the benefit anticipated. They were detained on their return by illness at Hanover, and only reached Berlin late in the season; but, as soon as he arrived, he resigned his situation of Custos of the Royal Library, that he might enjoy, undisturbed, the quiet of domestic life, and recover, if possible, his health. A friend, and one whom *I* had introduced, had often spoke to them of the beautiful environs of Jena—of our habits, manners, and social life. Led by his description, and perhaps a wish, under circumstances, to change the scene, they had resolved to spend the next summer in our little town. This was especially her plan; and in arranging for, and talking over, the contemplated change, the time passed until the 29th December when the Dr. went to a public concert. He expressed his intention of leaving it before a symphony of Beethoven's should be performed, fearing that it would be too much for him, and try his weak nerves too severely—His wife persuaded him to the contrary; he remained, was gratified and cheered by it—and returned home full of his plans for next summer. When he entered his lodgings he found all in confusion. During his absence she, having previously dressed herself in white, had killed herself—she had pointed a dagger to her heart, & with a resolved spirit struck the blow, & expire instantly. The maid servant, who heard her mistress fall, finding both doors which led to her chamber fastened, called for the landlord:—On forcing an entrance they found her dead—The unfortunate husband arrived at this moment. The following letter, written with a firm hand upon a sheet of common paper, lay upon the table:—

'More unhappy than thou has been, thou canst not be my most beloved; happier thou mayest become with real misfortune. There is often a wonderful blessing in misfortune—you will surely find it so. We suffered together one sorrow. Thou knowest how I suffered in silence. No reproach ever came from you—much, much hast thou loved me. It will be better for thee—much better. Why? I feel, but have not words to express what I feel. We shall meet hereafter, free and unfettered. But thou wilt live out thy time upon earth. Fulfil then thy destiny, and act with energy. Salute all whom I loved, and who loved me in return. Till, in all eternity, we meet, thy CHARLOTTE.

'P. S. Do not betray weakness—be firm strong, and resolute.'

These are the brief particulars of perhaps the most extraordinary suicide in the world's records. This heroic woman had a deep insight into the nature of her husband's malady. She felt and knew that nothing but a Real and lasting sorrow could give another direction to his thoughts, and save him from madness; and she offered herself a willing sacrifice to his happiness. It is perhaps still more extraordinary that from this eventful moment he has recovered; the physicans declare that no medicine could have worked with half such potency either on mind or body. He feels himself strong and able to fulfil her last declared wishes, and to accomplish those great projects which heretofore he had merely contemplated and speculated on. Since her death he has written some beautiful verses addressed to her friends in which he explains her motives and her conduct, and its influence on himself.

London Athenæum.

THE COMET.—A magnificent comet is expected to make its appearance during the present year. The American Almanac states that *two* will return to their perihelion, and also to their perigee, or points nearest to the earth.—"But, as from some unknown cause, says the editor, "the light of these bodies seems to be constantly diminishing, it is doubtful whether either of the two will be visible to the naked eye, or indeed without assistance of a very powerful telescope" But a late English paper, the Falmouth Packet, contains a notice of an interesting work by Lieut. R. Morrison of the royal navy, which speaks of the comet

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