# EASTON GAZETTE.

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

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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.



## MARYLAND HOSPITAL.

This Institution has recently undergone extensive alterations, which have materially improved its condition and is now open for the reception of patients. Continuing to be recognized as a general Hospital, (exclusive of contagious diseases only,) its various departments have been revised with a careful reference to the purposes they are severally designed to fulfill.

In the changes effected in the Lunatic Department, attention has been directed no less to matters bearing upon the comfort of its inmates than to the introduction of such plans of medical & moral treatment as are sanctioned by the experience of the most popular foreign Asylums

The department, destined for the reception of ordinary diseases, has likewise undergone important improvements. Its Fever Wards are capacious and well ventilated, and are capable of accommodating comfortably a large number of patients. Rooms have been fitted up specially for the treatment of diseases of the Eye. Distinct apartments have likewise been appropriated for diseases of a Syphilitic character. The Surgical ward has in like manner, received due attention.

Gentlemen of professional ability have been appointed to take charge of the Medical and Surgical departments, but under circumstances where there exists a preference for any Physician or Surgeon, not connected with this institution, the privilege of election will be permitted the patient. There is at all times present a Resident Physician.

The terms vary according to the circumstances, &c. of the patient, the lowest charge being two dollars a week. Comfortable private rooms can always be had at a moderate advance. For information apply to Dr R. S. Steuart, President of the Board of Directors, or to the Sister Superior of the house.

april 18 3m

☞ The National Intelligencer and Globe Washington, The Republican, Annapolis; the Whig, Richmond; the Herald, Norfolk, the Gazette, Easton, will publish the above once a week for three months, and forward their bills to the President of the Board, Dr. Steuart for payment.

## CLOCK AND WATCH

## MAKING.

THE subscriber begs leave to inform his customers and the public generally, that he has just received an additional supply of

### MATERIALS

in his line of business, which added to his former stock, renders his assortment general and complete, all of which he is prepared to manufacture at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms. The subscriber flatters himself from his experience in his line of business and his assiduous attention to the same, that he will be able to give general satisfaction to those who may see proper to give him a trial. He has also on hand

New Watches,
Watch Chains and Keys,
Silver Thimbles,
Silver Ever Pointed Pencils,
Razors, and Razor Straps,
Shaving and Tooth Brushes,
Penknives, Scissors,

and a variety of other useful articles, all of which he offers at a small advance for CASH, or in exchange for old gold and silver. The subscriber returns his many thanks to his customers and the public generally, for the very liberal encouragement he has received, and still hopes by strict attention to his business to receive a share of the public patronage.

The public's humble servant,
JAMES BENNY.

May 2 3w

To Country Merchants & others

## JACOB BALDERSTON

Manufactures and has always for sale, at his Sieve and Wire Manufactory, No 60 South Calvert, a few doors from Pratt Street the following articles, viz: Wire Safes of the most approved kinds, Rolling Screens for Merchant and flax seed Mills; Riddles and Seives for coal, corn, ore, barley, rye, oats, flax and clover seeds, wheat, cockle, lime, sand, snuff, starch, and brick dust: plain and fancy Wire work for windows, libraries, &c. Also an assortment of Bird Cages and Rat Traps, all of which are made of the best materials, and will be sold as reasonable as at any manufactory in New-York, Philadelphia or Baltimore.

Baltimore, 4 april


## NOTICE.

The Commissioners for Talbot county will set in their office in the Court-house every Tuesday and Saturday for four successive weeks, commencing on Tuesday the 21st instant, to hear appeals. All persons having claims against Talbot county, are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the proper vouchers thereof on or before the 14th day of July next, as the levy will be closed on that day. Per order,

THOS. C. NICOLS, Clk.
to the Commissioners for T. C.

april 11, 1835. (W)


## NEW SPRING GOODS.

WILLIAM LOVEDAY

Has just returned from Philadelphia and Baltimore, and has opened at his Store House in Easton, he thinks as good and handsome a choice of

SPRING AND SUMMER

## GOODS,

and on as good terms as he has ever been able to offer them; he therefore envites his friends and the public generally, to give him a call and see for themselves.

Easton, April 18 (W)


*Collector's Second Notice for* 1834.

The subscriber being desirous of completing his collections for the year 1834, earnestly requests all persons who stand indebted to him for county taxes to come forward and settle them without delay; as he must if possible settle with all those who have claims upon the County in the time specified by law which will expire on or about the 1st of March next, and it is impossible for him to pay them unless he is first paid; therefore all those that do not comply with this notice on or before that time may certainly expect the letter of the law enforced against them, without respect to persons; as his duty as an officer will compel him to this course. Persons holding property in the county and residing out it will please pay attention to this notice and save themselves trouble.

JNO. HARRINGTON. Collector
of Talbot county.

Jan. 31


Easton and Baltimore Packet

*Via Miles River Ferry.*

## SCHOONER

WILLIAM AND HENRY.
JAMES STEWART, MASTER.

The subscriber grateful for past favours begs leave to inform his friends and the public generally, that the above schooner will commence her regular trips between Easton and Baltimore, on the 4th March—(weather permitting) Leaving Miles River Ferry on Wednesday morning at 9 o'clock—Returning will leave Baltimore on the Saturday following, at 9 o'clock, from Light Street wharf, No. 10, and continue to Sail on the above named days during the Season.

Freight intended for the William & Henry will be received on board at Miles River Ferry, or at the Landing's of such persons on the river, as may request it. All orders left at the Drug Store of Spencer & Willis, in Easton, or with the Captain, will be promptly attended to by the

public's obedient servant
WILLIAM TOWNSEND.

☞ Passage to or from Baltimore and ound $1 50.

Feb. 28


## A Valuable House and Lot for sale.

BY virtue of an authority contained in the testament and last will of the late Dr. Ennalls Martin, the subscriber as Executor thereof, will offer at public sale on Tuesday the ninth day of June next, between the hours of 10 o'clock, A. M. and 4 o'clock, P. M. on the premises, all that

HOUSE & LOT & PREMISES, situate, lying and being on the east side of Washington street in the Town of Easton, on which the said Dr. E. Martin resided in his life-time. As a comfortable private residence, this property is one of the most desirable situations in the town. It will be sold on a credit of twelve, eighteen & twenty-four months, the purchaser or purchasers giving Bond or Bonds for the payment of the purchase money with such security or securities as the subscriber may require—On the ratification of the said sale by the Orphans' Court of Talbot county, and on the payment of the purchase money with interest thereon, a full and complete title will be executed by the subscriber to the purchaser or purchasers, their heirs and assigns, free and clear of all incumbrances whatsoever. Possession of the above property will be given on the first day of January next.

JAS. G. MARTIN, Ex'r.
of Dr. E. Martin, dec'd.

april 25 (W1wts)


## SOLOMON BARRETT

Tavern Keeper, *Easton, Md.*

Respectfully informs his friends and the public generally that he still continues to carry on the above business at his old stand on Washington street, opposite the office of Samuel Hambleton, jr. Esq. where he is prepared to accommodate travellers and others who may be pleased to patronize his establishment—His Bar is well stocked with the choicest Liquors and his larder with the best provision the market will afford—his stables are in good order and well stocked with provender—He has in his employ careful oystlers and he assures the Public nothing shall be wanting on his part to give general satisfaction.

Easton, Jan. 31, 1835

N. B. S. B. will at all times pay the highest market prices for Terrapines, Oysters and Wild Ducks.

## Wheat Machine.

The subscriber has for sale one of Booth's Machines, which may be seen in Easton. It has been constructed particularly for breaking the straw for stock, so as to remedy the objection heretofore made against machines in that respect, and may be relied on.

N. GOLDSBOROUGH.

may 9 3t


Females of America, lend us your countenance and your efforts, and such heart-rendering cases as the following would not exist, to harrow up the very soul.

*From the Christian Adv. and Journal.*

### A SHOCKING OCCURRANCE.

Some years since I was travelling from the State of New York into the province of Upper Canada, by the way Cape Vincent and Kingston. Between the two channels of the river St. Lawrence, we passed over Wolf's or Grand Island, which is but thinly settled. It was in the depth of winter, late in the evening, when I called at an inn. As is but too common at public houses, several gentlemen were sitting round the fire side, engaged in conversation. A little interrupted by my coming in, they made a short pause. Soon, one of the company resumed the conversation, and with the spirit of indignation, said, 'Well, that man ought to be hung for such conduct to his wife,' to which the company responded in the affirmative. As I did not know the particulars of which they were conversing, I thought it was the slander and harshness of a bar-room conversation, and I asked for no explanation. The company soon dispersed. Early in the morning I called on a man in the neighbourhood, with whom I had some business to transact. Soon a gentleman rode up to the door wishing to know if I was a minister, stating that a woman had died the day before, and wished me to stay and attend the funeral; to which I consented, and learned the following particulars. J, B., the inhuman husband of the deceased, was the son of a tavern keeper on the island, and was early addicted to habits of intemperance. He had been married to Miss B. four or five years. Notwithstanding his early habits of dissipation, he had been somewhat guarded and prudent till he was married. He then gave himself up to his cups and his carousals, neglecting his business, scattering and destroying, spending, much of his time in the town of Kingston—a place noted for intemperance and gambling. It was not long before the last of his property 'tottered upon a single card.' He had sold the clothing out of his own house for rum, and his wife was left to contend with poverty and despair. He soon became one of the most abandoned drunkards I ever saw. He had not only seemed to have forgotten to provide for his family, but it had become his delight to rob his forsaken wife of every little comfort she might earn, or receive from a benevolent friend. He lived on the west side of the island in a log hut. It stood upon a rise, exposed to the northern blast that swept along the entire length of lake Ontario. Almost perpetually the howling tempest beat upon the lonely and shattered dwelling. The rolling waves of the Ontario were seen at a distance dashing their foam upon huge banks of ice, and the roar of waters and storm, added to the dismal gloom that reigned within a drunkard's home.

Here lived the unfortunate female whose unhappy fate I am attempting to describe. She had been married & confined to this prison house of a drunkard near five years. Ah! hapless woman! little did she think when she gave herself to the man she tenderly loved, and who promised to protect her, that he was soon to become to her the source of a thousand woes. With the pencil of fancy she had drawn the scenes of future life, and they were tinged with sunshine. But soon she learned that the husband of her youth was a drunkard—and what could she expect? Despair settled upon her pale brow, and anguish wrung her bleeding heart. Not one ray of hope shed its glimmering upon her solitary path. As if destined to woes, with her sorrows, her cares increased. Two infant children demanded her attention & her tears, the youngest of which was but a few weeks old, when its mother fell a victim to neglect and despair.

And here let simple narrative tell her tale of wo. When her infant was but ten days old she was under the necessity of going out through drift and snow, and piercing winds, to gather fuel to keep her from freezing—her husband being gone on a drunken frolic. She took a severe cold, and was soon confined to her bed of straw, (for such it literally was.) No longer able to walk, or even to sit up early one morning as her brutal husband was setting off to the tavern to spend the day, she expostulated with him, and endeavored to impress upon his mind her distressed and critical condition. She seemed to succeed—But, O! delusive hope. She told him she must have assistance soon, or her stay in the land of the living was short. He seemed to feel. She prevailed on him to go for medical aid. He crossed the river St. Lawrence on the ice to Kingston (a distance of four miles) and obtained a phial of medicine at the apothecary's store, and left in haste for his sick family. He was returning with apparent concern, and was passing the corner of the street when one of his associates in profligacy, looking through the window of a contemptible grog shop, saw his comrade passing and called him in to take something to drink.

Although this miscreate knew that the relief, if not the life, of his family depended on his speedy return, his helpless family being entirely alone, and none of his neighbors having knowledge of his absence, yet this miserable wretch, on hearing the sound of rum, and an invitation to partake of the crimson poison, soon forgot a suffering wife and helpless infants, left by him in the jaws of death. He entered the sink of wo and of crime where demons in human form are wont to meet and hold midnight revelry.—Here he remained in a drunken frolic for several days, during which it was extremely cold, and there was a heavy fall of now. No one called at his house during the storm, supposing that he was at home with his family. The fire was out—no friend to render assistance—nor even the call of a stranger to give relief. On her bed of straw, with and infant on each arm, and a few shreds of covering, lay the sufferer pierced with hunger and cold—the bed, fireplace, and floor were all covered to some depth by the drifting snow. On the third or fourth day he returned with a little medicine, and a bottle of rum. The snow had so drifted it was with some difficulty he entered his house. All within was silent as the house of death. It is said the fingers of the eldest babe were stiffened to marble, and the tear drop had frozen upon the infant's cheek. His wife neither smiled nor wept—life still flickered with them all. In this situation he found his neglected and perishing family. He was intoxicated when he returned—set his medicine and bottle of rum on a shelf, and immediately left for his father's, (near half a mile's distance) told his mother the fire had gone out, and his wife was at home sick, and wished she would go over and see to her—at the same time stepping into his father's bar, took a glass of brandy; as he came out, staggered and fell, and there he spent the afternoon.

His mother was unfortunately given to habits of intemperance, and was then under the influence of ardent spirits. However, with fire and fuel she set off to visit the abode of distress. She found the woman & children speechless, badly frozen, and apparently in the agonies of death. With some difficulty she made a fire threw a brick and stone into the flames; and while they were heating she discovered the bottle of rum. Being exceedingly chilled she drank freely of it and thought it would do her good; but she dethroned her of reason. By this time the bricks and stone had become very warm and the drunken mother* applied them to the naked feet of the dying woman. I will only add that in about thirty minutes the kindest messenger under heaven came to her relief—that messenger was death.

It fell to my lot to deliver the funeral discourse of this unfortunate female.—The feeling of my heart, on the occasion, I will not attempt to describe. When the lid of the coffin was removed, and many weeping eyes were casting painful looks on her who had fallen a victim to the casualties of intemperance, I saw her husband (the author of her hapless fate) stagger up to the coffin, and to all appearance, with a heart as unmoved, & an eye as tearless as the cold and lovely form on which he fixed his drunken gaze. We all proceeded to the burying ground, and I felt a pleasure in seeing the coffin consigned to its peaceful abode. But when I had dismissed the audience in a Christian form, with my own eyes I saw that drunken maniac stagger over the fresh grave of his bosom companion.—My heart failed, and my spirits moved within me and I could not refrain exclaiming in my heart, Almighty God! if it is thy will that man should suffer in this life, impose on me what evil seemeth good in thy sight—let me live in the cottage of poverty all my days and have nought but the bread of sorrow to eat, & when I am thirsting on a dry & parched desert let me find no water but mine own bitter tears; and when my enemies pursue me and seek my reputation and my life, and I fly for protection to my last friend, let that friend forsake me—let all this come upon me if *I* must suffer—but O! gracious Heaven! deliver me from the all devouring and overwhelming fate of the drunkard!!

J. ALLEY,

*She has since killed herself.

[From the New York Evening Star.]

*Illustrations of Fanny's Journal.*—We are treading on the heels of Europe, and are as prompt at getting up a caricature on others, as others may be in caricaturing us. We have been indulging in a hearty laugh,—no unusual thing for us,—at several well executed lithographic prints, supposed to have been intended as illustrations of Miss Kemble's Journal, which are published by Endicott.—The first plate represents the lady—an excellent likeness—in the cabin of the ship, working on a cap. Along side of her, a bible cover, and her Journal, with the extract, vol. 1, page 54, "In very desperation of sea-sickness, began embroidering one of my old night caps." Number 2, the inimitable Fanny is prostrate on the floor of the cabin. Along side of her are plates of beef, pie, and other eatables in abundance, and the black steward busily engaged in drawing a bottle of porter. "I came to my cabin; my dinner followed me thither, and lying on my back, I very comfortably discussed it." This is an admirable plate. No. 3 is a domestic scene in a parlor. A gentleman, a little "how came you so," with his hat on the back of his head, is staggering about in the presence of Miss Fanny, who appears to be quite shocked. Motto: "My dear father, who was a little *elated*, made me sing to him, which I greatly gulped at." Vol. 1, page 61. But No. 4, and the last, touches us quite nearly. The peerless lady is represented—oh shocking!—in her night cap and dress, about stepping into bed—the floor, curtain, and the bed itself, covered with *Bugs*.

The prints are admirably well done, and are entitled to a sale as rapid as the Journal.

*From the Boston Atlas.*

### A CABINET SCENE.

*Hero and Amos in session. Room hung with likenesses of the Hero, and with Proclamation and Protest on satin and in gilt frames.*

*Hero.* Well, Amos, I've at last got you where you ought to be, my boy. No more Kitchen Cabinet, eh? In the Cabinet Proper.

*Amos.* May it please your Majesty, I have no claim to this distinguished honor, except a due sense of your immortal glory, and a devotion without bounds to your illustrious person!

*Hero* I know that, Amos, I know that. But don't say that you have no qualification. You have the best qualification, Amos—the best! It is my will and pleasure, Amos, that you should be a member of the Cabinet. Bring me the man who can show a better claim or qualification. It is my will and pleasure. Gainsay that, who dares!

*Amos.* Illustrious man! To have served under you is indeed sufficient glory for my aspirations—but to have received your confidence and kindness is more than I could once have dared aspire to! Conqueror of Napoleon's conquerors!—Illustrious and immortal Hero of New Orleans! Among the brave the bravest—History will record you as the wisest among the wise.

*Hero* I've no doubt of it, Amos. I've no doubt of it. History, Amos, you have often told me, is the mirror of truth. I believe it. You and Blair shall write my History. But it's time for my Secretaries. What the devil has become of my Secretaries?

*Amos.* I am afraid, may it please your majesty, the [illegible] not be [illegible] to think all that they should think of my appointment.

*Hero.* Why, Amos, you know very well that my Cabinet's a UNIT: that is, Amos, they all think as I do, & as soon as they leave off thinking as I want to have them, then they have permission to retire.

*Amos.* True, may it please your Majesty—but—

*Hero.* But me no buts, Amos, but me no buts. I tell you that they all think as I do. Besides, Amos, they all appreciate you—they all understand you.

*Amos.* That is precisely what troubles me, may it please your Majesty. Now as for Dickerson—it's all well enough. He's a single man, and single men need not be so particular about their associates. Besides, may it please your Majesty, we understand each other about Dickerson.

*Hero*—(*finger on his nose.*) Understand him! To be sure we do. Say nothing, Amos, but Dickerson is a bit soft. Don't you think so? Not much brains, eh?

*Amos.* Why, between ourselves, since your Majesty has been pleased to say so, I don't know but that your Majesty is more than half right. But—

*Hero* Why, it is'nt Woodbury you're afraid of? Woodbury would not dare to say his soul is his own without my permission. Woodbury would be very glad to have you in, Amos. You're one of his own kidney. Why do you know, Amos, that Woodbury entertains as high an opinion of my miraculous military powers as you do? It's a fact, upon my word! I do love New Hampshire, Amos! It has given birth to such men.—There's Hill, what a jewel of a fellow! No more principle, Amos; why he'd do any thing to serve me. See that he is well paid, Amos. He's a good horse, but you must keep his crib full.

*Amos.* I know, please your Majesty, Mr. Woodbury entertains the most exalted ——

*Hero.* Why Amos, I'm sure of it. It is, not four and twenty hours since he told me that he really thought there was no battle of the present century to be compared with the battle of N. Orleans—and that a man who could display such signs of terrific and tremendous courage as I shew upon that eventful day, would live in history, poetry, painting and sculpture—when Vesper, & Orion, & Aurora, & all the other great generals of the middle ages would be lost in oblivion. Benton told me the same thing last winter; and, faith, Amos, I believe they are more than half right.

*Amos.* They are quite right. Your fame is as imperishable as the sun.

*Hero.* And like the sun, dispensing light and heat to the republic. But is it Cass that you're afraid of?

*Amos.* No, Sire, it is not Cass. *I* know very well that Cass will accommodate himself to your desires. To him your wish is imperative. Your word is law and gospel. No, no Sire, there is nothing to fear from Cass.

*Hero.* Who is it then? Is it that cursed sneering devil from Georgia, who wanted to have the skinning of me? Is he the man Amos? *I* have never forgotten that of him Amos. Skin me? would he! Amos, Amos, that man Forsyth ought to be hung up along side of Daniel Webster.

*Amos.* Your majesty speaks truly.—May you live to confound your enemies! Forsyth is no friend. Did *I* ever tell you how he treated me when he first came into the Secretaryship?

*Hero.* No matter how he treated you, Amos. No matter. Are you a Hero of New Orleans? Are you the Conqueror of Napolean's Conquerors? But how did he treat ME, Amos, ME! He wanted to *skin me*, Amos, alive, I suppose; and I've no notion that there is any thing very pleasant or affectionate in desiring to skin me alive!

*Amos.* But you must use your tools, illustrious man.

*Hero.* That's it, Amos. Forsyth has been useful to me, very useful. I was forced to give him the place. He had the wax, Amos, for months in his pocket. There's no love lost between us. It was only a fair business transaction. Services rendered;—bill on time; and paid at maturity! Why, Amos, between ourselves, I hate Forsyth worse than I do Benton.

*Amos.* You don't say so illustrious man!

*Hero* Yes, I do, Amos, and I tell you what. I'll keep a pretty stiff upper lip with Forsyth. My Cabinet shall be a Unit. Forsyth shall knuckle to you, Amos. Next to myself, you're the greatest states man in the country: and excepting myself, I don't know any other man who could have written my Protest. Do you know, Amos, I think that is the best specimen of my prose style? It beats my Proclamation all hollow. I wrote it one day after dinner; between my nap and tea time. I never composed with such wonderful rapidity in all my life. But, Amos, Forsyth is no such man as you and I are! He can't hold a candle to us, in the real picturesque and rhetorical. He's more of a gentleman than you, Amos; a good deal; and a much better speaker; rather an elegant man, Amos, but as proud as Lucifer, Amos, and despises you from the bottom of his heart. I fear we shall have trouble, [illegible] Amos—it [illegible], I'll make a general promotion in the Kitchen Cabinet. You shall be Secretary of State—Reuben Whitney, of Canada memory, the rogue—shall be Post Master; and Lewis shall take Cass's place. Blair shall be Secretary of the Navy; and I'll blow all the present Cabinet to the Devil. Come along Amos. (Exeunt.)

*The Phrenologists* are in clover in Philadelphia. Two "professors" are giving lectures and manipulation sconces at an amazing rate, and the Philadelphians are nearly all found to possess an extra organ, or, as it were, semi organ, being half a bump appropriated specially to punning. The Gazette & Intelligencer has a capital illustration of the science and sagacity of these craniological gentlemen. "A friend of ours," says the editor, "presented his cranium to the professors and asked them to read his character. They alighted with eagerness upon a vast protuberance, and told him that acquisitiveness was highly developed. No, said the gentleman you mistake, that is the bump of *pump handleiveness*. In my boyhood I broke my head against a pump handle and the result is the protuberance you have discovered.

A correspondent, of the Baltimore Chronicle says:

At the last term of the Queen Anne's County Court, held at Centreville, I entered the court-room; accompanied by a young Phrenologist. The heads of the ermined judges as well as of the members of the Bar were soon passed in review, until his eye fixed itself upon a bald Barrister, with a striking cavity about the middle of the arch of his head. "There," said he "is a striking instance of want of firmness,"—my life upon it; that gentleman wants "firmness"—knowing the party myself, I began to reflect upon the truth of the remark, when I was saluted by his brother—a physician—my eyes being still fixed upon the cranium of the Barrister—"Mr.—do you perceive what a large hole there is, in the top of my brother's head? I extracted from it a wen that weighed four ounces!"

*The Horse Darlington.*—The match to trot this horse eighteen miles within the hour came off last week between Retford and Doncaster, when the animal failed to complete the task until five minutes beyond the hour. The match was, that if the feat was completed the horse should be sold for 2000*l*, but if not he should be sold for a shilling to Mr. Brogden, of Manchester, the gentleman who made the match with Mr. Marryatt, the owner of the animal. Since the race the horse has been claimed for a shilling, and Mr. Marryatt refuses to deliver him. An action at law is spoken of, the result of which must of course depend upon the decision of the question whether the agreement was a *bona-fide* bargain or a gambling transaction.

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