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 XVIII. EASTON, MD. SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 8, 1835 NO. 32.

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.

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

By virtue of a decree of Caroline county Court, sitting as a Court of Chancery in the case of James Dukes, against Ann Manship widow Elijah Manship and others, children and heirs of Andrew Manship, deceased, passed on the 15th day of March 1832, the subscriber will offer at public sale to the highest bidder, at the Court house door in Denton, on Tuesday the 18th of August next between the hours of 11 and 4 o'clock of that day, the Farm of the said Andrew Manship, purchased of a certain Mr Blake and others containing

Three Hundred and Sixty Acres,

more or less, called Lloyd's Regulation. Also one other tract of Land, adjoining the above *Farm*, formerly the property of a certain Elijah Russel, *Esq.* called Lloyd's regulation, and contains

One Hundred and Forty Seven

Acres of Land,

more or less. The above descrined lands, lie in a beautiful neighborhood, pleasantly situated and in a good state of repairs. The former tract has a substantial two story Dwelling, finished neatly in the best manner, with a good barn and other out buildings very conveniently arranged. The latter tract has a good dwelling house and out buildings sufficient for said Farm, with a thriving orchard of selected *Fruit*. The arrable land is of good quality and productive. There is also a quantity of good wood lands attached to both farms. Those lands lie about two miles from Denton and within 1¼ miles of Choptank river. A further description is deemed unnecessary, as persons disposed to purchase would find it to their advantage to view the premises for themselves.

By the terms of the decree a credit of twelve months will be given on the purchase money, the purchaser or purchasers giving bond, with approved security to the Trustee as such, for the payment of the same, with interest thereon, from the day of sale till paid. On payment of the purchase money with interest and the ratification of the sale by the court, the Trustee is authoris d to convey the lands and premises to the purchaser or purchasers, free, clear and from all claims of the complainant or defendants, or those claiming by, from, or under them.

The creditors are notified to lodge their claims with the clerk of the Caroline county court within six months after the day of sale.

JAMES DUKES,
Trustee

Denton, July 4. 6w

NEW SPRING GOODS

Wilson & Taylor

HAS just returned from Philadelphia and Baltimore and have opened their usual supply of

SPRING GOODS.

to which they invite the attention of the friends and the public generally.

april 25

NEW SPRING GOODS.

WM. H. & P. GROOME,

HAVE just received from Philadelphia and Baltimore, their entire supply of

SPRING GOODS,

which added to their former stock makes their assortment very complete. They respectfully invite their friends and the public to give them a call. Among the articles received are a variety of

English & French Ginghams,

French Painted Lawns and Chintzes, and Fancy Gauze and other Handkerchiefs

may 2

CARD.

I. I. HITCHCOCK

Late proprietor of the American Farmer Establishment, Baltimore Md having sold out that concern ENTIRE, will, within the present month (May,) open in Philadelphia an Agricultural and Horticultural Agency or commission Office. for the purchase and sale chiefly of choice Domestic Animals of all kinds.

He will also keep on hand, (when they can be had) the seed of the Gama Grass, and the Skinless Oats, and whatever other agricultural seeds, especially grains and grasses, he can obtain, that may be new or peculiarly valuable. He will supply also in the proper season, the Morus Multicaulis, or new Chinese Mulberry, and the eggs of the Silk Worm.

He will also attend to the selection of fruit and ornamental Trees, Seeds and Plants, from the various Horticultural Establishments in and about Philadelphia.

Further particulars will be advertised hereafter.

may 30

TAILORING.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs the Inhabitants of Easton and its vicinity, that he has commenced the above business in all its varieties at the shop next door to the Post Office, where he will attend to all orders in his line, with punctuality and dispatch.

Having served his time in one of the first establishments in Baltimore, and studied the art of Cutting to perfection, he feels confident of giving satisfaction to all who may honor him with their patronage. He has made arrangements to receive the

FASHIONS

regularly, as they come out; and hopes from his untiring disposition to please, to merit and obtain a share of public patronage.

The public's obedient servant,
JOHN SATTERFIELD.

may 2

THE ELOQUENT THIEF.

From a publication entitled 'Five Nights at St. Albans.'

Peverell, when he left Lacy's, proceeded at once to the mayor's house; but on his way he was overtaken by a crowd of persons, who were moving tumultuously along. His curiosity was excited, and he inquired what had happened. He was informed they had a thief in custody, and were conveying him to be examined before his worship. Peverell worked his way into the middle of the crowd, and beheld a tall, athletic, gipsey-looking youth, in the gripe of two constables; while, to his great surprise, he saw mine host following close behind, with a loaf of bread under his arm, which it seemed the culprit had stolen.

The appearance of the delinquent was such as attracted Peverell's attention.—His make was muscular, his step firm, & his statue erect. His countenance was, swarthy and overhung with raven locks which descended in natural curls, down the sides of his face. His eyes were large, dark, & piercing, full of gloomy purpose and sullen desperation. On his upper lip he wore large mustachios. There was a pleasing expression of benignity about his mouth, and his teeth were regular and of exquisite whiteness—His dress was tattered, and bespoke poverty but his mind and gesture were such as commanded respect. Even the rude rabble who were gathered round him, and who are always ready to insult and deride him whom the fangs of justice have caught—even they looked on with silence.

As the crowd moved slowly forward, various were the conjectures that were hazarded. Some thought he was the murderer of the man whose body could not be found; some wondered whether he was a wandering knight in disguise; while others hinted that he might be a magician, and, now they had caught him, perhaps there would be no more coil in the abbey.

They had now arrived at the house of his worship, and Peverell took the opportunity of speaking with him before he was engaged in examining the prisoner. He then informed him of the persons who were waiting without to bring a culprit before his worship, and mentioned what appeared to the be remarkable quality of the accused youth.

'I'll find his quality out, I warrant said his worship, 'as you shall see, an' you have time to wait the examination.'

Peverell readily consented and accompanied his worship into the room where he usually gave audience on occasions of this kind. Being seated in his chair of state, with his clerk beside him, he immediately proceeded to business, by inquiring what was the nature of the charge against the prisoner.

'An' it shall please your worship's reverence,' said one of the constables, 'this vagroom is a thief.'

'A thief!' rejoined his worship—'What has he stolen, and who is the accuser?'

Mine host now stept forth, and briefly stated that the culprit, after walking to and fro opposite his door which as his worship knew was the sign of the Rose—

'Yes, Master Wintour,' interrupted the mayor,' I do know; and, moreover, I know that a mug of as good ale may be had *under the Rose* as can be drank in St. Albans. But proceed.'

Mine host thanked his worship for his good word, and went on—'He walked several times up and down as I said, when anon, though he saw me on a bench near, he snatched up this loaf from a table and ran off with it. I ran after him, raised a hue and cry, and soon brought him back: but while I was asking him a few questions, he watched his opportunity, and darted off again with the loaf like a greyhound. We followed, and a devil of chase (saving your worship's presence) he led us, over hedges and ditches, up hill and down dale, before we could catch him. At last he ran into a lane that had no thoroughfare, and then we secured him, and now here he is to answer for himself.

'Aye, aye,' said his worship, 'I see how it is: he wanted his dinner, and was too lazy to work for it. But we'll give him a dinner, and supper too, I'll warrant.'—Then turning to the prisoner, Thou naughty varlet,' he continued, 'what have you to say?'

The culprit, who had remained unmoved during the whole of my hosts deposition, looking with a steady glance, first at the accuser and then at the mayor, now came forward with a deliberate step, and in answer to his worship's question simply pronounced the word 'Nothing' in a hollow but manly voice.

'You have nothing to say, eh?' said his worship, 'Nothing! said the prisoner.—'And do you know that you will be whipped, set in the stocks, and sent to prison?' 'Yes!' replied the prisoner. 'What is your name?' asked the clerk. 'I have no name. I lost it when I forfeited my honesty.' 'What are you?' said his worship. 'A man!' After some further interrogation, he was sentenced to prison. The constables were about to remove him, when he put them aside with a deliberate air; and thus addressed his worship.

'Having answered all your questions, now hear me.—I have been brought before you as an offender against the laws. Your are appointed to enforce and maintain those laws. My offence is small, and I hope, justifiable in the sight of heaven;' and he raised his eyes, streaming with tears. 'God knows from what motives I have acted! They were solemn ones.' His voice faltered a little, but soon recovered its wonted firmness. 'It was your duty,' he continued, 'to take the deposition of my accuser, and to act upon it according to law. But who gave you power, who gave you right, to insult me with your needless questions, to oppress me with mean insinuations, to wound me with your puny wit? The consciousness of that protection which your station throws around you should have made you merciful. I incensed you by no insolence of manner, by no turbulence of conduct I bore your taunts with mildness: surely it would become you to distinguish between the perpetrator in great misdeeds and the offender in trifling ones.

'What is the amount of my crime? I attempted to despoil this man of a loaf of bread. I had no money—I had no friends—I had no home; but I had; God of Heaven hear and forgive me! —I had a father—an aged, helpless, blind and dying father, calling aloud for food, & no raven of the desert to bring it to him. Poor old man! I would have plucked the morsel from a hungry bear to have given thee, rather than have longer heard thy feeble wailings for want—rather than have still beheld thy sightless eye-balls rolling in their sockets, and turned towards heaven to implore its pitying help!

'What had I to tear from man?—from man, who is my brother!—from man, whose heart should feel for misery!—Three long days and three miserable nights has my father fasted. During that time has he pined, inch-meal, away. In that time he has drank nothing but the water of the stagnant pool. In that time he has cursed his existence. During that time he has groaned beneath the bony grasp of death. Stretched on the bare earth, with no shelter from the inclement skies but what the embowering trees could give him, no pillow for his head but the green turf, no covering for his wasting body but his tattered clothes —there he lies dark and famished!

'I have shared his hunger—I have shared his watching—I have sat by him, and longed to hear his last sigh! Every moment I expected it, and would not leave him. His cries for food I evaded believing death at hand. I shudder ed at the thought of lengthening a wretched life a few sad hours! I sat in gloomy desperation, hoping to see him expire! Aye!—look on me with horror!—I panted, I thirsted to behold that wasted form stretched in the arms of death! For what is life to the blind, the aged, the needy and the ailing! Who that is thus bowed down with the infirmities of nature, and oppressed by the tyranny of man, would arrest the silent strides of death? Do you abhor the savage of the desert, who leaves his aged parents to perish? He is more merciful than we who shut out the grave, even when we are shut out from the world and the world's delights!

'Fixed was my gloomy purpose, and I sat in horrid silence by my father, heaving in the throes of death. With the green water of the stagnant pool I wetted his lips as often as he called for drink; when he moaned for food I was silent as the mole—he knew not I was near him. Heart rending was my task, and dreadfully I fulfilled it. When the the darkness of night encompassed the creation—when all was stillness, solemn and gloomy— then have *I* sat, impatiently listening to my father as he gasped for life! The fever's fiery fang had unstrung his joints, and he could not move, still as he called for drink I was at hand, but when he bade me to feed him I answered not. Vain hope! Each morning's dawn showed him to me still living but still dying!

'The length of my trial subdued my resolution; the energy which despair and misery had lent me was weakened; the iron purpose of my heart gave way, and I saw my father lingering on in the pangs of death, yet struggling to live. When I viewed his emaciated form still triumphing over hunger and the fever's rage—when I beheld him gnawing the very earth on which he lay, to satisfy the ravenous cravings of his famished stomach—my soul yearned with pity, and I left him this morning with the desperate resolve of procuring food for him, at whatever hazard. Filled with this resolution I passed your door; I repassed it—I hoped to interest your compassion by my looks —but you had no commerce with pity. *I* then seized the loaf and fled—not hastily or I might have escaped. I was brought back. An agonizing thought of my poor father's condition came across my mind. I rushed forth, again pursued by you and others. I was deceived in that lane—*I* thought it led to where my father lay—if it had, and I could have dropped the bread by his side, I should have turned upon you and delivered up myself without a struggle. But it was otherwise ordained and now glut your revenge. Here I am, a poor, forsaken, wretched persecuted outcast. You know my crime, you have it recorded. I would have robbed him to feed a dying parent! Perhaps by this time, he is dead. Heaven grant it be so. I am your prisoner; only let me know my father's spirit is released—that it is another world and you may command this carcase of mine to what part of this world it may please you to send it.'

Here he paused—and never did an oration of Demosthenese or Cicero produce an equal effect. After a silence of many minutes, which was more expressive than any language could have been, mine host, in a stammering voice, addressed his worship, observing. 'That as we were all christians alike, he thought, for his part, that we ought to behave like Christians one to another; and though he might not choose to have his bread taken away by any Jack that had a fancy to purloin it, yet could he have known at the time what he knew then, all the meat in his cellar might have kept company with that loaf, if they could have carried comfort with them to the poor creature who had pined with hunger three days and nights.'

His worship, who, when the dignity of office did not interfere, had a really kind and compassionate heart in his bosom, looked at mine host with a glistening eye, for he divined his meaning, and secretly lauded it. It was not for him, however, sitting in the chair of justice, and sworn to administer it impartially, to propound an escape for the prisoner: but he very significantly pointed out how it might be done while properly deprecating such a course. Peverell, comprehending his humane intention, by a timely hint to mine host, enabled him to withdraw the charge which he instantly did, to the satisfaction of all present.

'I am free to depart then,' said the youth.

'You are,' replied his worship.

'Then let me be gone,' he continued; 'every moment is precious, and I should ill deserve the liberty I have gained, were I to waste it in sloth, nor to fulfil the purpose of my absence.'

Peverell and mine host proposed to accompany him to the spot where he had left his father, and the mayor's kitchen supplied him with viands and a flagon of cordial which Crab who heard the whole proceedings, placed under the youth's arm, with an honest 'God bless you," as he left the house.

Woman's feelings, sooner matured than man's, more early sink to decay. Ripened by habit and warmly sensitive by temperament, the age of twenty, when comes the first true budding of man's spirit and the first free gush of his careless and generous heart, often witness the seared and blighted woman, with the cold and saddening memory of days gone by. The blight of our hope, the disappointment of one vision of happiness, throws a chill over her prophetic spirit, and wraps every dream in anticipated ruin! Man is a different being by his habits, his association; from disappointment he plunges into new pleasures, from one lost object he rushes on to new pursuits. It is a good characteristic of his nature, that he leaves the memory of sorrow for the hope of happiness. Well might it be for woman; it the indifference which she has sometimes reason to deprecate in him, were often to pour its Lethe wave upon her own bosom, which if it be called nature in its joy, yet clings with but too much constancy to its sorrow. Well might it be for woman, if the high laugh, and the careless, were not so frequently 'roses o'er a sepulchre.' Many a bright eye is dimmed, and many a fair brow clouded, while the more rugged spirit of man passes the fiery ordeal of suffering, with equal relish for a second pursuit, and equal strength for a second disappointment. Many a gay heart is broken, and the young bosom rests in its sepulchre, or seems in almost as lonely retirement, the oblivion or food of sorrow, while the buoyant spirit of youth, and the iron spirit of manhood, crush the thorns that would pierce them; and the careless and happy give one gaze to the passing form and one sigh to the early fate of woman, without a question or a thought, "why can such things be.'

From the Farmer & Gardner.

IMPORTANT EXPERIMENT IN POTATOE CUTTINGS.

Mr. Roberts.—It being desirable among cultivators to produce early vegetables, I take the liberty of noticing through your journal, an experiment on the potato crop, which may possibly be found useful to your subscribers, and cause our markets to be supplied with *new* potatoes about two weeks earlier than is customary, besides enabling those who plant them to prevent the ragged and uneven appearance which potato crops too generally present when coming up. In order to have a full and satisfactory trial, I caused a large square of ground to be prepared in my garden, and laid it out in four long beds, all well manured. In one of these beds I planted the top or crown of the potatoes, (mercer) in the next, the sides, and in the two last, the crowns and sides promiscuously. The crowns are all up about 8 inches high, and look very flourishing. On examining the bed in which the sides were planted I find them just sprouting, being but about 1 inch from the bulb, the surface of the ground having no appearance of vegetation whatever. The other two beds have come up as they were planted, promiscuously, presenting a very rough and uneven appearance, while some are 8 inches high, others have not made their way through the earth. This patch was planted on the 18th June, and I mention the facts thus far developed, to encourage others to make more careful experiments, on more extensive scales, and to excite a spirit of inquiry: satisfied that we agriculturists have much to learn yet.

S.

SPEECH OF MR CLAY.

At Lexington, Kentucky:

A public dinner was given to the Hon. GEORGE POINDEXTER, at Lexington Ky on the 11th instant. Mr CLAY was present and on being toasted rose and delivered the subjoined remarks.

Our fellow citizen, HENRY CLAY—Persecuted, slandered, and abused by the minions of power, he has pursued the even tenor of his way, with an eye steadily fixed on the good of his country and the happiness of the People. His name finds a responding throb of gratitude in the hearts of the votaries of liberty in every clime. (Three cheers)

This sentiment was greeted by the company with the most marked evidences of heartfelt approbation, the cheering being long, continued and loud. After the plaudits with which it was received had ceased—

Mr. CLAY rose to return thanks, and to make his grateful acknowledgments for the unexpected and unanticipated expression just made of friendly feelings towards him. He had received many proofs of the attachment and approbation of his friends and neighbors, by whom he was surrounded, and he felt most happy to find that he still enjoyed their warm regard, sympathy and confidence. But, highly acceptable and consoling as was this testimony, he came here by their invitation, to unite with them in conferring merited honor on the distinguished guest for whom this entertainment was given.

You have this day (said Mr. Clay) witnessed the ability and eloquence with which he exposes the alarming inroads of Executive power and vindicates the Constitution. On another theatre the floor of the Senate of the United States, where few if any of you have heard him, I can with truth, as *I* do with pleasure, bear testimony to the undaunted firmness, ability, and zeal, which he has displayed in the same cause. In the recent great contest, in which the senate has been the sole barrier against the daring encroachments of the Executive, he has stood in the front rank, among those who have struggled to preserve the balances of the Constitution, and to maintain unimpaired Public Liberty. I wish that that contest had successfully terminated; but it is still in progress, and the question remains to be decided whether the will of one man, in all public measures, is to have unquestioned and unbounded sway, or we shall continue to have a carefully balanced and cautiously regulated Government. What department what branch of the Government, (the Senate excepted,) what institution of the General Government, is there, into which Executive power or influence has not insinuated itself, to destroy or render it subservient to Executive pleasure?—The late pliant House of Representatives was a mere registry of Executive edicts, totally destitute of all independence, conniving at abuses, and exhibiting spectacles of disorder which would have been disgraceful to any primary assembly of the people. The senate has indeed hitherto stood erect; but it has not escaped the contemptuous treatment of the Executive and its constitutional share in appointments has been frequently disregarded and trampled upon. The authority of the Supreme Court has been despised and contemned; principles have been avowed by the Executive, which, if practically acted upon place the execution of all its discisions at his pleasure. The only institution that the wisdom of Congress has hitherto been able to establish to supply a safe general currency in which I agree with your distinguished guest in thinking that the Valley of the Mississippi, more than any other quarter of the Union, is deeply interested, has been overturned and prostrated. In lieu of it, the people have to rely upon the paper of a countless number of local institutions, multiplied daily, acting without concert, tending inevitably to general disorder, and to end in a common explosion. But I will not dwell on or enlarge this frightful picture, although materials are amply supplied by the present administration to give it greater extent and deeper coloring.

The Senate has been the sole, if not the last, refuge of the Constitution and of the Public Liberty. Whether it will be able much longer to impede the march of the Executive to despotic power, remains to be developed. It is with deep mortification and regret that I am compelled to own, that it has not been sustained by the people, throughout the Union, as its patriotic efforts and aims deserved. But here, at least, in our own State, its motives and labors have been justly appreciated, And I sincerely hope that, whatever discouragements, elsewhere may exist, however gloomy for the moment the prospects of civil liberty may seem to be, Kentucky, whilst a shot remains in the locker or she has a single gallant son left, will never strike the Whig flag, but, if she stand alone, will faithfully and to the last adhere to her principles. [Great and long continued cheering.]

The President is not satisfied with the undisputed and general sway which he has acquired. Like the Monarchs, and Emperors, and Despots, whose story History tells, he is desirous whilst he is yet in office, in the full possession of all his power and means of influence, to name his successor; and, under forms and veils which the feeblest vision can penetrate, has designated his successor. Is there any substantial difference between the hereditary principle and the practice, if it is to be sanctioned, of the existing Presidential incumbent nominating his successor? Can it be doubted that, if the President's bed had been fruitful instead of barren, the same means which are now employed, with his concurrence and approbation, to ensure the election of his favorite, would have been directed to the elevation of his own son?

With respect to the gentlemen who has been thus designated, I feel myself most reluctantly called upon, and this appears to me a fit occasion, to say a few words. The public press, private letters, and other evidences, have reached me, of opinions and preferences being ascribed to me by his friends or partizans, so as to create, I think, a duty on my part, to undeceive the public—My personal relations with the Vice President, before and since he came into office, have been those of civility and courtesy; but they have never for a moment affected my judgment as to the propriety of his election as Cheif Magistrate. In no aspect of the contest, in no conceivable contingency, in no imaginable alternative, do I think it would be for the interests or honor of the people of the U. States to elevate him to that office. Without stopping to insist upon objections to him, from the exceptionable system of party-tactics which prevails in his own State, and which; in the event of his success, he would endeavor to spread over the whole Union; from the means and the manner by which he has been so far advanced; from my utter inability to comprehend what his principles *now* are, in reference to great measures of National policy; there is one objection to him which, in my mind, is absolutely conclusive. *He is the nominated Candidate of the President and the official corps*, and sought to be forced upon the People by all the weight of the administration. If he were the most pure and perfect of all American Statesmen, this single objection would, in my opinion, be absolutely decisive against him. And I must have been false to every principle which has guided my public life, and faithless in my devotion to civil liberty, if I could have entertained an opinion that, under such circumstances, the Vice President should be preferred to any Candidate.—[Throughout the delivery of these sentiments, Mr. CLAY was repeatedly interrupted by animated bursts of applaus & cheering.]

These expressions have been forced from me. I wished to have enjoyed repose, without taking any part in the Presidential question; but opinions having been often erroneously attributed to me, on that subject, I have not been left at liberty to remain silent. Humble and without influence as my name is, I do not choose to allow it to be applied to unauthorized purposes. I hope this is the last and only occasion in which it may be necessary for me publicly to say any thing respecting the contest. Whilst I entertain decided preferrences, I do not intend to make myself a partizan of any candidate. This resolution is due to my friends, to the relations in which I have stood to them, and to my own character. Leaving the People free to make their own unbiassed choice, I shall, as one of them, at the proper time, exercise my right of suffrage in such manner, as, under all circumstances, shall appear to me best calculated to secure the honor, the interests, and the liberties of my country.

I rose for the purpose of returning you, Mr. President and Gentleman, my cordial and respectful thanks for the sentiment with which you have honored me. I hope the digression in which I have indulged will be excused; and that you will, in conclusion, allow me to offer to your acceptance the sentiment.

'*Executive Power*—It must be checked, and restrained within constitutional limits, or American liberty will find a speedy grave.'

From the New York Star.

Is it not almost time for the Globe to abuse Gen. Harrison? He is spoken of seriously as a candidate for the presidency in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and other places and we have been daily expecting an assault of some kind or other from the Globe. Attack him as "a military chieftain," or attempt to prove that he never fought the battle of the Thames—or

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2940_scm11030-0926.jpg