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. XX. EASTON, (MD.) SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 8, 1837. No. 28

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 time for ONE DOLLAR; and TWENTY FIVE CENTS for every subsequent insertion.

NOTICE

OF THE SALE OF VALUABLE LANDS IN TALBOT COUNTY.

The President, Directors and Company of the Farmers' Bank of Maryland, by virtue of a power, contained in a deed of mortgage, passed and executed to them, by William Hayward, deceased, bearing date the twenty fourth day of April, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty two, will offer for sale, at public auction, on Tuesday, the fifteenth day of August next, between the hours of three and four o'clock, in the afternoon of that day, at the front door of the Court House of Talbot county, in the State of Maryland, all and singular that farm and premises of him the said William Hayward, in his life time, lying and being in Talbot County aforesaid, consisting of the parcel of land called "Theobald's Addition," and of part of the tract of land, called "Sheepshead Point," bounded on the East by the land of Abednego Botfield, deceased, on the South by the public road leading to the Bay Side, on the West by the land that belonged to William W. Moore, and on the North West and North by the Cove and St. Michaels River, and containing the quantity of one hundred and sixty two and an half acres of land, more or less, which the said William Hayward purchased at public sale of the Sheriff of the said county, and died possessed of. The land is leased for the present year, therefore, possession will not be delivered to the purchaser, until the end of the year, but he will have the privilege of seeding wheat on the premises in due season, and on the usual terms. This farm being deficient in wood and timber, the purchaser will have the opportunity of obtaining a reasonable portion of wood land, convenient to the farm. There is an incumbrance on the land of the widow's dowor, which she will either sell for a reasonable price, or lease for a moderate rent. The sale will be made for the purpose of satisfying the Bank for the sum of two thousand eight hundred and twenty dollars, current money, and some interest and costs. The terms of payment can be made easy to the purchaser by an accommodation at Bank, provided a note, with approved security, be offered.

THOS: J. BULLITT, Pres't. of the Branch Bank, at Easton.

Jan. 21 1837 1w6m

Notice of the Sale of Valuable Lands in Talbot County.

The President, Directors & Company of the Farmers' Bank of Maryland, by virtue of a power, contained in a Deed of Mortgage, passed and executed to them, by Lambert W. Spencer, bearing date the fifth day of May, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty one, will offer for sale at public auction, on Tuesday the 18th day of July next, between the hours of three and four o'clock, in the afternoon of that day, at the front door of the Court House of Talbot County, in the State of Maryland, those parts of the several tracts of Land, called Ashby, Tilghman's Fortune, Harding's Endeavor, and Betty's Addition, adjoining each other, and lying and being in the County aforesaid, on the South East side of Miles River, adjoining the ferry, and on the North East side of the road leading from the said ferry to Easton, which were purchased by the said Lambert W. Spencer from one Charles D. Barrow, and contain the quantity of one hundred and ninety acres and one half acre of land, more or less, and also those parts of the tracts of land, called Daley's Delight and Tilghman's Fortune, lying and being in the said County, on the South side of Creek, called Fausley Creek, which were Purchased by the said Spencer from one James Seth, contain the quantity of twenty four acres and one half acre of land, more or less, and adjoin the first mentioned lands. The sale will be made for the purpose of satisfying the Bank for the sum of four thousand, seven hundred and fifty dollars, current money, and some interest and costs, due from the said Lambert W. Spencer. The terms of payment can be made easy to the purchaser, by an accommodation at Bank, provided a note, with approved security, be offered.

THOS. J. BULLITT, Pres't. of the Branch Bank at Easton.

dec.3 1,1836. ts

MRS. E. C. STUART,



MILLINER,

Feeling sensible of the gratitude which she owes to the public for the very liberal patronage, that she has received, since she commenced business, she again takes the liberty to inform them that she has just returned from the city with a

NEW ASSORTMENT OF

BONNETS,

OF THE LATEST FASHIONS.

She still continues at the stand which she occupied last year, on Washington Street, nearly opposite Mr. James Willson's Store, and next door to Mr. Samuel Hambleton's office, where she invites the attention of the Ladies and humbly hopes to share a part of their patronage.

ANECDOTES OF NAPOLEON.

[From "Evenings with Cambaceres."]

Count d'Orsenne one day accompanied the Emperor on a reconnoitering excursion. The Emperor had been complaining of thirst, and some one seeing a *vivandiere*, or sutler woman, at a little distance, called to her. The woman did not know Nepoleon, or any of his escort. She gave the Emperor a glass of spring water mixed with a little brandy, and then curtsied for payment.

'There, my good woman,' pointing to Count d'Orsenne, 'there is the Emperor, ask him for the money. He pays for us all.'

The *vivandiere* blushed, and looked embarrassed; then turning to the Count, she scanned his splendid uniform with the eye of a connoisseur, and said:

'Ha! pooh, nonesense! Do you think I am fool enough to believe that? The Emperor is not such a coxcomb. You, sir, look much more like him yourself.'

The Emperor was much amused at this remark, and he gave the woman a double louis.

Count Daru, who was one of the party on the evening when Prince Cambeceres related the above anecdote, said:

'Your amusing story, Monseigneur, reminds me of another also relating to one of those camp-following nymphs, called *vivandieres* You know how carefully the Emperor preserved his incognito when he was with the army. I was well he did so; for he frequently ventured into places where, had he been known, he would have incurred the greatest risks. During one of the campaigns in Germany, the Emperor, wrapped in his celebrated gray great coat, was riding about in the environs of Munich, attended only by two orderly officers.—He met on the road a very pretty-looking female, who, by her dress, was evidently a *vivandiere*. She was weeping, and was leading by the hand a little boy, about five years of age Struck by the beauty of the woman and her distress, the Emperor pulled up his horse by the road side, and said:

'What is the matter with you, my dear?'

The woman, not knowing the individual by whom she was addressed and being much discomposed by grief, made no reply. The little boy, however, was more communicative, and he frankly answered:

'My mother, is crying, sir, because my father has beat her'

'Where is your father?'

'Close by here He is one of the sentinels on duty with the baggage.'

The Emperor again addressed himself to the woman, and inquired the name of her husband; but she refused to tell, being fearful lest *the Captain*, as she supposed the Emperor to be, would cause her husband to be punished. Napoleon I am sorry to say, had but little confidence in the fair sex. On this occasion, his habitual suspicions occured to his mind and he said:

'*Malpeste*, your husband has been beating you: you are weeping, and yet you are so afraid of getting him into trouble, that you will not even tell me his name. This is very inconsistent!—May it not be that you are a little in fault yourself?'

'Alas, Captain! he has a thousand good qualities, though he ill treats one very bad one—he is jealous—terribly jealous; & when he gets into a passion, he cannot restrain his violence.'

'But that is rather serious; in one of his fits of jealousy, he may inflict on you some severe injury—perhaps kill you.'

'And even if he did, I should not wish any harm to come to him; for I am sure he would not do it willfully. He loves me to well for that.'

'And, if I guess right, you love him.'

'That is very natural, Captain: he is my lawful husband, and the father of my dear boy.'

So saying, she fondly kissed her child, who, by the way in which he returned her caresses, proved his affection for his mother. Napoleon was moved by this touching picture, in spite of the heart of iron, or marble, or of adamant, which has so often been allotted to him.

'Well,' said he, again turning to the woman 'whether you and your husband love each other or not, I do not choose that he should beat you madam—I am one of the Emperor's aides-de-camp, and I will mention the affair to his Majesty; tell me your husband's name.'

'If you were the Emperor himself, I would not tell it you, for I know he would be punished.'

'Silly woman! All I want is to teach him to behave well to you, and to treat you with the respect you deserve.'

'That would make me very happy, Captain; but though he ill treats me, I will not get him punished.'

The Emperor shrugged his shoulders, made some remark upon female obstinacy, and galloped off.

When he was out of the woman's hearing, he said to the officers who accompanied him:

'Well, gentlemen! what do you think of that affectionate creature? There are not many such women at the Tuilleries. A wife like that is a treasure to her husband.'

In the course of a few minutes, the baggage, of which the by had spoken, came up. It was escorted by a company of the 52d Napoleon despatched one of the officers, who was riding with him, to desire the commander of the escort to come to him.

'Have you a *vivandiere* in your company?

'Yes, sire,' replied the Captain.

'Has she a child?'

'Yes, little Gentil, whom we are all so fond of.'

'Has not the woman been beaten by her husband?'

'I was not aware of the circumstance till some time after the occurrence. I have reprimended the man'

'Is he generally well conducted?'

'He is the best behaved man in the company. He is very jealous of his wife, but without reason. The woman's conduct is irreproachable.'

'Does he know me by sight?'

'I cannot say, sire; but, as he has just arrived from Spain, I think it is probable he does not.'

'Try and ascertain whether he has ever seen me, and if he has not, bring him hither. Say you wish to bring him before the General of the division.'

On inquiry, it appeared that Napoleon had never been seen by the grenadier, who was a very fine looking man, about five and twenty. When he was conducted to Napoleon, the latter said in a familiar tone:

'What is the reason, my lad, that you beat your wife? She is a young and pretty woman, and is a better wife than you are a husband Such conduct is disgraceful in a French grenadier.'

'Bah, General! if women are to be believed, they are never in the wrong.—I have forbidden my wife to talk to any man whatever; and yet, in spite of my commands, I find her constantly gossiping with one or other of my comrades.'

'Now, there is your mistake. You want to prevent a woman from talking—you might as well try to turn the course of the Danube. Take my advice; do not be jealous. Let your wife gossip and be merry. If she were doing wrong, it is likely she would be sad instead of gay. Your comrades are not absolutely capuchins: but I am much mistaken if they would not respect another man's wife. I desire that you do not strike your wife again; and if my order be not obeyed, the Emperor shall hear of it—Suppose his Majesty were to give you a reprimand, what would you say then?'

Ma foi! General, my wife is mine, and I may beat her if I choose. I should say to the Emperor: Sire, look you to the enemy, and leave me to manage my wife'

Napoleon laughed, and said: 'My good fellow you are now speaking to the Emperor.'

The word produced its usual magical effect.—The grenadier looked confused, held down his head, and said:

'Oh, sire; that quite alters the case.—Since your Majesty commands, I of course obey.'

'That's right. I hear an excellent character of your wife. Every body speakes well of her She braved my displeasure rather than expose you to punishment. Reward her by kind treatment. I promote you to the rank of Sergeant, and when you arrive at Munich, apply to the Grand Marechal du Palais, and he will present you with four hundred francs. With that you can buy a sutler's caravan, which will enable your wife to carry on a profitable business. Your son is a fine boy, and at some future time he shall be provided for. But mind, never let me hear of your beating your wife again. If I do, you shall find that I can deal hard blows as well as you.'

'Ah, Sire! I can never be sufficiently grateful for your kindness.'

Two or three years after this circumstance the Emperor was with the army in another campaign. Napoleon, you know, has a wonderful power of recollecting the countenance of persons whom he has once seen. On one of his marches, he met and recognised the *vivandiere* and her son. He immediately rode up to her, saying.

'Well, my good woman, how do you do? Has your husband kept the promise he made to me?'

'Oh, Sire! Oh, Sire! Since my good star led me into the gracious presance of your Majesty, I have been the happiest of women.'

'Then reward me by being the most virtuous of wives.'

A few pieces of gold were presented with these words; and, as Napoleon rode off, the cries of '*Vive l' Empereur*,' uttered amidst tears and sobs by the mother and her son, were enthusiastically repeated by the whole batallion.

From the New York Daily Express.

AN INCIDENT IN REAL LIFE,

Savoring of Romance, or, a True Story of a Pole.

How many occurrences in our every day life, (did we but bethink ourselves of it) which we dismiss from our minds as soon as we have bestowed upon them a passing notice, as common and immemorable incidents, are full of interesting matter, for contemplation and reflection! We have just heard of one, which according to our way of thinking, deserves to be recorded, not only as being so characteristic of the kind hospitality and genuine good feeling that have ever distinguished the place of its occurrence, but as conveying a most striking and useful lesson of the benign nature of the institutions we live under in this favored country. *It* is the true story of

"A most poor man, made tame by Fortune's blows,
Whom the experience of touching sorrows
Made pregnant to good pity."

Every one who has travelled on the main post route from Boston to Portsmouth and Portland, remembers the fair though somewhat decayed town of N———, so delightfully situated on the banks of that loveliest of rivers, the Merrimack. It has ever been a place of considerable pretension in point of wealth and population; and though now suffering deeply from the effects of repeated conflagrations, one of which is memorable all over New England, as having laid a large portion of one of her fairest towns in ruins, still its old character remains unchanged. Its citizens are still distinguished for their elegant hospitality and enterprising public spirit, while its neat and commodious buildings, its clean and well-ordered streets, and the quiet beauty of its position on the sloping banks of the river, continue to fasten it upon the recollection of the traveller, as well as to endear it forever to the hearts of those who drew their first breath within its pleasant bounds.

It was to this quiet and fair spot that a poor Polish wanderer travelling westward from Canada, where he had landed a few months before, had strayed, upon one fair morning a few weeks since. Covered with rags, the picture of squalid poverty, he sat starving upon the stone door-step of one of the handsomest dwellings in the place. His mien was that of one who had seen better days, and the mendicant was discernable in his attire alone. His whole manner, as he sat exhausted at the gate, seemed to say, in the language of Shakespeare.

"Speak with me—pity me—open your door,—
A beggar begs that never begged before!

Attracted by a sight so unusual, the lady of the mansion raised the window, and demanded what the man wanted. His reply was couched in broken English but accompanied by a manner strikingly respectful, and a voice appealing at once to the heart, by its tremulous accent, for pity and relief. He said he was in want of food. The next inquiry of the lady was why, being stout able bodied and apparently hearty and strong, he did not work for support? To this he made answer, that he had worked, as long as he could get employment, at making stone wall for the farmers, on his way from Canada, and at other similar occupations; that it was his object to get to New York, where he had prospects of more permanent employment. To relieve his hunger he was carried, in all his rags and dirt, to the kitchen; and then ate with an avidity which clearly proved so much of his story, at all events, as related to the state of his appetite.

During his meal he gave a more full account of himself, and, declaring that he was one of those unhappy Polish refugees who had been driven from their own country by the unhappy turn of the revolution, he recapitulated the other particulars of his story already related. He declared that he had been well educated, and said that he very well understood all the languages of Europe, which was corroborated by his conversing with great fluency and elegance in Italian, French and German. He also spoke of the arts, and said he could draw and paint, and play upon several instruments. Being asked, what instrument of music was his favorite, he replied the guitar; and one of the young ladies of the house ran and fetched hers.

Seizing it with sparkling eyes and a marked rapture, as one salutes an old friend, he immediately begun to put it in tune, and then struck it with the practised touch of a master. The bystanders were of course delighted, and invited their nearest neighbours to witness the curious spectacle of a tatered beggar playing that most graceful instrument with so much elegance and taste. Astonishment, however, soon gave way to other considerations. The sympathies of these two families, so strongly enlisted in his favor were soon shared, by others, and that day's sun did not set, without the adoption on their part, of measures for the permanent relief of the stranger. A class was raised of young ladies to be taught by him the art of playing the guitar, and a place was procured for him, in the course of a few days more, in a school in the town as teacher of modern languages.

It gives us sincere pleasure to record this characteristic anecdote of a place so endeared to our earliest recollections—and to be able, moreover, to bear witness to so noble a triumph of that loveliest of the sciences, Music. How fortunate for the poor exile that his wanderings led him in his distress, to the door of a musical family,—and that family, too, residents in N,———!

From Jack Brag, by T. Hook.

The ambitious Tallow-chandler and his Mother—'Johnny,' said Mrs. Bragg; 'you are a silly fellow. What is there to be ashamed of in honest industry? If all the fine folks whom you go a hunting with & all the rest of it, like you, & are really glad to see you it is for yourself alone; and if they, who must know by your name and nature that you can never be one of themselves, care a button for you, your trade, so as you did not carry it about with you, will do you no harm What difference is it to them how you get your thorough bred horses your smart scarlet coat, neat tops and white cords, so as you have them?—they wont give you any new ones when they are gone.' 'It's all very well talking,' said Johnny; 'but I never should show my face amongst them if I once thought they guessed at my real trade. I live in a regular worry as it is. If ever a fellow asks me if I was at Melton last year, that moment I think of the shop: 'pretty mould of a horse' tingles in my ears—'sweet dip of the country' sets me doubting; and only last week, a proposal to go 'cross country and meet Lord Hurricane's harriers at Hampton Wick nearly extinguished me.' 'And what now, Johnny' said Mrs. Brag, 'do you think these Lords take you for, if not for a tallow chandler?' 'An independent gentlemen,' said Jack. 'That is to say,' replied his mother, 'a gentleman who has nothing to depend upon.' 'They look upon me as an agreeable rattle' said John. 'One that has often been in the watchman's hands, too,' said the old lady. 'I talk big and ride small,' said Jack; 'I am always up with the hounds—never flinch at any thing—am the pride of the field wherever I go—and, in steeple chases, of infinite value.' And very little weigh', my dear Johnny,' interrupted his mother. 'One of my dearest friends,' continued Brag. 'Lord Tom Towzle, a deuce of a fellow amongst the females, is going to put me up as a candidate at the Travellers.' 'What, riders for respectable houses?' said Mrs. Brag; 'and a very proper club, too.' 'Respectable houses!' said Jack 'Poh! not a bit of it! What! bagmen in buggies with boxes of buttons in the boots? No, no! the Travellers—*par excellence*.' 'Par what?' said Mrs. Brag 'What, d'ye mean the fine club house in Pall Mall, which you showed me the outside of last King's birth night!' 'The same,' said Brag. 'Now, if I had stuck to the naked, as Lord Tom says—told the plain unvarnished—I never could have qualified. Lord Tom asked me if I should like to belong to the Travellers? in course I said yes—straight up, right down, and no mistake. Well, then he asks me if I could qualify;—so, not quite understanding him, he says, 'have you ever been in Greece?' 'Yes,' said I: I might have added 'up to the elbows often;' didn't though. Had him dead. Down he whips my name, and calls in Sir Somebody Something out of the street to second me.' 'If you should get in there Johnny,' said Mrs. Brag *do get 'em to give up gas and take to oil on illumination nights.*'

An anecdote.—Mr. C——— was always fond of a frolic, on his benefit night, declaring that he never took liberties with his friends at any other time It once happened, during an engagement at Philadelphia, that on such an occasion he was short for money, and at a loss to raise the wind for the accustomed breeze. In this dilemma he started up town, in speculative mood, determined to inspirit himself in some way or other. Having reached the corner of Callowhill and Eighth streets, he cast his eye towards the Delaware, and perceived one of those enticing signs of three golden balls.—He turned the corner, and entering the fatal door, addressed the man behind the counter thus: 'My name is C———. This is my benefit night. The manager can't do without me, as I am up for Richard III. I want some liquor, I have no money. Now I propose to hypothecate my royal person for ten dollars, and you may lay me up on one of your shelves' The joke was a good one, and the master of ceremonies paid the $10, and C——— was laid up.

The Theatre that night was crowded and at seven o'clock the manager came forward to apologize, stating that, with permission of the audience, the performance would commence with the farce He had sent in different directions, but was unable to find Mr. C———in the city. He presumed the tragedian would be forthcoming, in the course of the next half hour.' As the manager retired, he was informed that a boy wished to see him in the green room. He found the lad, who presented a note, written in cyphers, which he at length translated thus—

'My dear———, I am in pawn for $10, send and redeem me, or it will be impossible for Richard to be himself tonight.

Yours, C———.'

The manager started immediately after the first star, and found him nicely shelved, and a plate of crackers and cheese, and a bottle of brandy by him. In the button-hole of his coat was a piece of paper marked, 'No. 1473,' pawned for $10. The amount was paid, a hack was called, and Mr. C——— and the manager rolled to the Theatre, where the former had just time to dress, and commence, 'Now is the winter of our discontent,' &c. It is said he never played Richard better, or received greater applause. George Frederick Cooke is doubtless the person meant.

WHAT WILL YOU HAVE?

After a day's work of calculation and copying, I was under the mortifying necessity of waiting an hour in the bar-room of a low tavern, to secure the services of a mail-guard, who was to carry a parcel for my employers. Amidst the smoke, the spitting, and the clatter of a crowd of innhaunters, I could not but find some subjects for reflection.

The presiding genius of the bar was a bloated, carbuncled, whiskered young man, whom I had long known as the abandoned son of a deceased friend. I sighed and was silent. Ever and anon, as one after another, or squads of two, three, or more, approached his shrine, to receive and empty their glasses, and deposite their sixpences, I heard the short, peremptory formula of the Bacchanal minister—*What will you have?*—brandy? gin? punch? *What will you have?*—And the victims severally made their bids, for a smaller, a cocktail, a sling, or a julep, as the case might be. The constant repetition of the form in that case made and provided, set me upon a drowsy meditation on the pregnant question,—*What will you have?* Methinks I can answer the question, said I to Myself, as I cast a glance around the murky apartment—and first to the young shoemaker, who with a pair of newly finished boots, is asking for 'grog.' What will you have? Young man you will soon have an *empty pocket*.

There is a tremoling, ragged man, with livid spots under the eyes. He is a machine-maker, and has lodging in the house. What will you have? Ah! the bar-keeper knows without an answer; he takes gin and water. Poor man! I also know what you will have. Already you have been twice at death's door; and the gin will not drive off that chill. You will have *typhus fever*. There comes my neighbor, the bookbinder. His hand shakes as he raises his full glass.—And Shannon—I dread to say it—but you will have the *palsy*. The glasses are washed out not cleansed, in the slop-tub under the bar-shelf. Now a fresh bevy comes up segar in hand. Gentlemen, what will you have? I choose to supply the answer for myself, thus:—The baker there will have an *apoplexy* or a sudden fall in his shop That tailor, in green glasses, will have or rather has already a *consumption*; and I, fear, the three idlers in their train, will have the next epidemic that shall sweep off our refuse drunkards. But what will that man have who leans over the table, seeming to pore over the last 'Herald'—He is scarcely resolved what he shall drink, or whether he shall drink, at all. I understand the language of his motions—he is a renegade from the Temperance ranks. He has borrowed money this week. John, you will have *lodgings in a jail!* Sorry, indeed, am I to see in this den, Mr. Scantling, the cooper. Not to speak of himself, I have reason to believe that both his grown sons are beginning to drink. He looks about him suspiciously. Now he has plucked up courage. *He* takes whiskey. You will have a pair of *drunken sons*.

That young fellow in the green frock coat, and colored neckcloth is a musician and a man of reading, and the husband of a lovely English woman. He takes his glass with the air of a Greek, drinking hemlock. You will have a *heart broken wife*

What! is that lad of fifteen going to the bar? He is; and he tosses off his cognac with an air. You will have an *early death*.

The old man that totters out of the door has doubtless come thither to drown his grief. His last son has died in prison from the effects of a brawl in the theatre. The father has looked unutterable anguish every sober moment for two years. Wretched old man! You will have the *halter of a suicide*.

CHARACTER OF GEN. JACKSON.

The following sketch of the character of the late President of the United States is given in the National Gazette as the conclusion of a 'correspondence,' the first part of which has been published in that paper, but which we have overlooked. The sketch of the ex-President is in some parts, correct, but we believe not strictly accurate throughout. We may be prejudiced, however, and therefore let the writer speak for himself.

Alexandria Gazette.

There were three great ruling passions with General Jackson, to which every consideration, moral, prudential, or patriotic, was made to yield. These were the desire to avenge himself of those who had, or of whom it was said they had, indulged in unkind remarks about himself—the determination to destroy the BANK—and his hostility to CLAY. Over these presided that master passion—his love of conquest.

General Jackson came into office