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, NOVEMBER 25, 1837. No. 48

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.

MATHEWS AND BORALOWSKI.

> 'Wee willy Grey, with his leathern wallet,
> Peel a willow wand to be his boots and jacket;
> Twice a lily-leaf will make him sark & cravat,
> Feathers of a flea will busk up a' his bonnet;
> We Willy Gray'

And so Count Boralowski is gone to his *short* home! Good little man, he has died at a great age, demanding the regret of those who ever had the opportunity of seeing him in private life.

I am about to recount my slight acquaintance with him, conscious that, though my nothing of a name can have little interest with my readers, the personages I shall mention will find favor in my eyes.

In my first suit of dittos, covered with quadruple rows of sugar-loaf annoyances, I was taken, as a reward for not committing my usual share of mischief, to see the famous dwarf: and I remember well, even at that tender age, being struck by the elegance of the small gentleman's deportment and unshow-like discourse, so different from the squeaking parrot-rote of Mr. Allen, then travelling with "*Lady* Morgan," both of whom I had seen at the last fair. These two very unpleasant pigmies were afterwards united; but I am not aware if her ladyship retained her rank or resigned the title subsequently associated in our minds with a far higher order of celebrity. But I am wandering: the polish of the Polish Count delighted me. I was charmed with his interesting broken English, and in absolute raptures with his graceful manner of taking snuff: it seemed strange to see so small a thing indulge in a habit then only practised by grown persons.

To confess how many years ago it is since I first appeared "a forked thing" would be to let the world into the secret of my age, a matter of importance to a man not yet too old to propose to an heiress, or, "for a consideration,' visit St. George's Hanover-square, with a widow.

Many years rolled over my head; with a grateful recollection of the pleasure the charming little Count had afforded me, I was delighted to hear that so exquisite a specimen of man in miniature was still able to gratify hundreds by his presence.

In the summer of 1821 or 1822, my friend Charles Mathews asked me to pass a long day with him at Ivy Cottage; I gladly accepted his invitation, was received with the same cheering smile, the same warm hospitality as I had experienced on former occasions, but could not fail to observe an anxiety on the part of my host to interrupt the sincere expression of my happiness in again meeting his amiable wife.

"Of course yes, 'glad to see you,' 'sweet place,' 'much improved,' 'your exquisite taste, my dear lady'—so everybody says, and what everybody says must be true: but we like you too well to expect compliments—besides I want you to come with me into the gallery. I've something to show you there that will delight you."

"A new Zoffany or a choice Harlow, I suppose?"

"Not a bit; what you are going to look on is in the language of the proprietor of the travelling theatre at Norwich, Bury, and thereabouts, 'None of your shadows upon blankets, but the living work of—'" The sentence remained unfinished, his hand was on the handle of the gallery door. 'Now, my dear boy,' he pursued, 'prepare; for you shall see my long Pole, and if it does not stir you up,' may I never again be encored in 'Bartle'my Fair.' I mean the song, not Smithfield.'

He entered the room; not a living creature was visible; and Mathews looked searchingly about, never lifting his eyes above the surbase.

'I left him here when you rang the gate-bell, perhaps he's gone for a walk round the garden—roller, or has—'tis very annoying, so it is.'

As he said this, his fingers were run through his hair with such rapidity as to convince those who knew his ways that he *was* annoyed; but scarcely had he withdrawn his hand from deranging the economy of his curls, when from behind a table glided forth Count Boralowski.

Age had dealt kindly with him: a few deep wrinkles marked the lapse of time since last we met, and the hair, which I had first seen *en toupee et en queu* and well besprinkled with mareschal powder, was now silver gray, and streamed in thin tresses about his intelligent face; the eyes were bright and sparkling as ever, and he advanced to meet his host with a smile perfectly bewitching. I was presented in due form. With a bow that would have put any master of the ceremonies to the blush, the Count held out his tiny hand, saying—

'Saar, any bodey dat my ver dear Mistare Matoos call his friend must be mine. I am ver glad to have honor to know you.'

The presence of this extraordinary being brought back to my memory every action of his which I had witnessed at my first sight of him. I therefore presented my box, knowing that where snuff does not act as an absolute introduction, it is often a ratification of friendly feeling.—*Ma tabatiere* happened to be one of the Patagonian size. No sooner did I tender this offering from Brobdignag to Lilliput, than the Count burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, which for some minutes prevented his speaking: at length he managed to say,

'Matoos, my dear Matoos, upon my vord, do look, I nevare saw sooch a ting in my life! *Parbleu!* I tink I could put all my *bas de soie*, and two three pair of satin *calottes* in him, apon my vord, ha! ha! ha!'

His merriment did not prevent his accepting the proffered pinch, and producing his own small gold box in return.

After a while Mathews proposed to me a ramble round the beautiful grounds attached to the cottage: as might be expected, the being we had left forming the subject of our discourse.

'Isn't he a sweet little fellow? Now, I'm going to tell you what happened to us last week, for I do think *you* are a likely person to feel an interest in my relation—I don't mean the Count, Heaven bless his dear little body and big heart, I wish I could claim kindred with such a perfect diamond Bible of a man: no, I mean that I'm sure you'll be pleased at what I'm going to say, because I know you are a loyal subject, as all soldiers should be.—So lend me your ear.'

Scarcely had he uttered these words when he observed a large party making their way towards him, and, with a look of utter dismay, added,

'It's no use, I see that. The moment I fancy I can have an hour to myself, some incursion of Calmuc Tartars, Cossacks, Goths, Vandals, Fiends, is sure to break in upon my quiet. Now who *are* these people who have invaded my premises?'

Saying which, he walked towards the group. Various introductions I could perceive were made to my friend, and presently the whole party entered the Picture Gallery.

I did not see my host again till the dinner was served; he was evidently suffering from the infliction he had endured in answering the questions of so numerous a party, principally ladies; once or twice he expressed his wish that the whole squad had been sent to ——any other place but Ivy Cottage.

'Nevare mind, my dear Matoos; dey are all gone, and you shall not be teaze no more,' said the good hearted Count, as he clambered up to take possession of the chair which had been prepared for him.

I observed also that small knives, forks, and spoons were laid for him—a proof of the considerate care of his hostess. Mathews soon recovered his equanimity, and the *petit cuere* seemed disposed to make themselves and their companions happy. Count Joseph fed more like a fairy than a man, though obviously quite habituated to all the niceties of good breeding requisite at table. On challenging him to take wine, he said—

'Ah! Sare, vill you pardon my rudeness to refuse? I nevare have drink vine, nor grog punch, all de vile I stay in your countree. I do not require him, so I leave him alone. Vat shocking ting for me to make tipsy myself at dis time of my day, but I shall pledge you vid von glass va'er, vid all my heart.'

With the dessert coffee was served for the temperate Boralowski, who appeared to relish it as much as we did our wine. With unaffected good humor he volunteered to sing a French *chanson*, accompanying himself on the guitar: and it was with difficulty I could restrain my laughter when I saw Matthews screw him up, on the music-stool, till he conceived himself high enough for the performance. To see this extraordinary little figure, hugging an instrument nearly as large as himself, turned round and round till he came to a level with the table, had a curious and ludicrous effect.

The Count's singing was pleasing, and his execution on the guitar brilliant. his hands tiny as they were, had a perfect command over the strings: and the whole affair was so unlike display as to be quite charming. At an early hour he retired to rest, Matthews reminding me that what had been said by some histrionic wag of Simmons, that he never lay long in bed, was more applicable in the present case.

'Well, now, my dear fellow we have no fear of being interrupted, and I will proceed to tell you what I meant you to hear this morning, but for those invaders. If I did not know thou wert good audience, I'd see thee hanged ere I'd tell thee my story. You must know that an intimacy for many years has existed between the Count and myself. The last time I was at Durham, where he resides, I pressed him to come and see me here. He told me that he had long wished to visit town, as he was anxious to obtain an audience of the King. I was rather startled at this avowal, but could not in decency ask for what purpose, until I had him where I might be of some use, so I only became more urgent in my invitation, and it was accepted.

"About ten days ago, the darling atom arrived, and soon after dinner commenced the subject which appeared so near his heart.

"'Matoos,' said he."

Here the inimitable imitator assumed the voice, manner, and look of his theme so perfectly, that he had no occasion for going on his knees, which he did so effectively as the Infant Richard, Molly Maybush, and other characters in his entertainments. The illusion was complete without this resource. Our tall comedian appeared to dwarf the lower the higher his genius towered.

"'Cher Matoos,'" he went on, "'please to tell how I sal get admit to Carlton House, apon my vord, eh?'

"'What is your object, my dear Count? tell me that, and I shall be better able to afford you information.'

"'Objec is to present a copy of de Memoir of Count Joseph Boralowski to Majeste; I write myself, big book in splendid bind, prepare to offer to de King. How can get to pay my devoir? Vat is to be done to go to court, to levee, upon my vord?'

"This was a poser; loving the little creature as I did, and feeling the utter impossibility of such a figure mingling in the crowd of a levee within, and spectators without, I was in a perfect agony at the difficulty which presented itself in pointing this out to my small friend without offending him, for it is a remarkable trait in his character, arising I suppose from the force of habit, that he is perfectly unconscious of the existence of any singularity attached to him in private life. However, as the whole soul of the little body was bent on his project, I promised to write to Lord Conyngham on the subject.

"'Ah! you good creature, apon my vord; in Durham I tink you only funny Matoos, now I see you are kind Matoos, ver kind and good to your Boralowski.'

"Must give you every word, albeit in my own praise. My object was to do away with the ridicule which must have attended a public presentation, and, in addressing his [illegible] my feelings and the facts.

"The following day brought a reply; it contained his Majesty's desire—command I should say—that I should call at Carlton House on Thursday: as no mention was made of the Count, I kept the communication a secret, fearing that, after all the object of his ambition might not be attained. I need scarcely say that I was delighted at the prospect of paying my personal and dutiful homage to the King and that I was in an unusual state of excitement. However, I braced up my nerves, stepped into the carriage, and astonished honest Thomas by telling him to drive to Carlton House.

"Well, I reached the palace, showed Lord Conyngham's letter, and with as much courtesy as though I had been an Ambassador from some great power, I was led to the presence of Royalty. Never can I forget MY reception, never will the grace, the dignity of the King be forgotten. The moment my name was announced, his Majesty came forward to meet me, made me one of *his* bows:—talk of the Apollo Belvidere,—nonsense! staff! He at once entered on the business which brought me into his presence, saying—

"I have a great desire to see my old friend Count Boralowski: I remember him well when I was young, and being much pleased with him. Will you, Mr. Mathews, bring him here to-morrow evening?' I bowed. 'And,' added the King, 'I seldom go into public, Mr. Mathews: I have heard a vast deal of your performances, am I asking too much, tell me if I am, in requesting you, if it does not bore you, to let me hear any part of your entertainment you like best.'

"I bowed again lower than before, and, in a few words, expressed my sense of the honor conferred on me, and my readiness to obey a command so graciously conveyed I took my leave, was again attended with all due ceremony to the carriage, and hastened home to tell my news. My wife was delighted, the Count was in ecstacies; he would have kissed me if his lips had been within three feet of mine, but he mounted on a chair, threw his arms round my wife's neck, and said—'Ah Madame Matoos, you have got such a good man for your osban, I must embrace you, as *he* will not let me, apon my vord.'

"Long before the hour of starting for town, his Countship made his appearance in his best bib and tucker, with *the* book under his arms, in as gorgeous a covering of Morocco and gold as I ever beheld.

"'Eh, bein, Matoos! am I fit to pay respect to Majeste? is my dress enough good for court?'

"Nothing can be better, but let me carry your book till we get to the royal presence, you will be fatigued with its weight.' Heavy lightness, serious vanity, as to its contents no doubt.

"Well, I handed—I was going to say lifted—my charge into the carriage. As we set out I observed that the Count's countenance lost its usual serene yet vivacious expression, and imagining that he felt awed at anticipating his interview with royalty, I dilated on the urbanity of the King, of which I had so lately enjoyed personal experience; but my companion soon enlightened me as to the cause of his agitation.

"'No, Matoos,' he said; 'I have stood before several very crown heads, it ees not dat, it ees because de trouble of my unhappy contre make a me sheltaire here; dat I can forget I am gentleman. Some time ago, it ees true, I receive de viseets an people give my valet shilling for open de door; but now I go to lay at de foot of your king de historie of my leetle life, I am in terrible frightfulness. If fine, large Angleish Majeste shall not beleef dat dere ees room enough for great deal of pride and man of honor even in dis breast; if he offair me money, my Matoos, upon my vord, your friend will faint, expire, dead as wall-stone. Oh! hope Majeste cannot think to give no money to Count Boralowski.'

"I said all I could to reconcile the dignified scrap to an occurrence so very probable, and assured him that the king would do every thing with the best possible grace; but in spite of my eloquence, little Joseph was determined on treating great George too a swoon, if even the tassel of a purse became visible.

"We reached our destination, and were ushered into a large drawing room, one of the attendants begging me to name what I required, as his Majesty had given directions that attention should be paid to my wishes. The King seemed anxious that *I should make myself quite 'at home' and I was delighted at the prospect of seeing him so. In a very short* time I finished my preliminary preparations *a la* English Opera House, arranged my wigs and properties, and found my 'soul in arms and eager for the fray.'

'About nine o'clock, the King and his dinner party entered the room: the moment his Majesty saw Boralowski, he caught him in his arms, kissed his two cheeks, and then placing him on the chair next himself, said—'My dear little friend, it is just two-and thirty years since you were in this room before.'

"An inclination of the royal head I took for a signal to commence, and as good fortune would have it, I was in capital [illegible] in good order—no need of [illegible] glass of water, between my saying, 'May it please your Majesty' [illegible] your noble guests." The King applauded me most manfully; the lords and ladies couldn't do less. I found it worth while playing to such a capital audience, and did my best. My neverfailing friend, Mrs. Mac Knight, appeared an especial favorite of the King's, so was Daniel O'Rourke, your story, you know, and I left off, to use Parliamentary language, with 'deafening cheers from both sides of the house.'

'Refreshments were handed to me, the King recommending to my notice some iced punch, made after a peculiar receipe. I took some, and found it delicious, but what was worth more to me than all the liquors or liquids in the world, was his Majesty's thanks for the entertainment I had afforded him and his friends, such were his own words, think of that, Master Hill.' Turning to Boralowski, the King said, 'Count, do you remember —— the page, who brought you to me on your first visit here.'

"'Majeste, very well, nice kind gentleman.'

"'Poor fellow,' said his Majesty, 'he is confined to his room, you will oblige me by seeing him before you go. I will read your book, depend on't, and as a token of my regard, pray accept this.' So saying, his Majesty drew from his pocket a remarkably small, beautiful gold watch with delicate Trichinopoly chain, and minute seals. 'Good night, Count; good night, Mr. Mathews,' and exit through the door in flat the finest gentleman in Europe.

"One of the ushers led us to the page's room. My friend the Count was the happiest creature living; he surveyed the bijou with streaming eyes, exclaiming, 'Majeste noble body; my mind ees ease, he offer no money. Happy Boralowski to live in countree with such prince.' We found the object of our visit in bed, to which I learnt he had been confined for many weeks: the eyes of the sick man lighted up with a strong expression of delight as he saw the Count enter, and he rose to welcome his vister.

"'Saar,' said the Count, 'Majeste tell me to come; I am happy to show my duty, but verr sorry to see you in bad bed.'

"'My dear little gentleman,' said the invalid, 'I am very much obliged to you for taking the trouble. His Majesty told me that you were to be at the palace today, reminded me of old times, and when I said I should like to see you again, promised that I should.'

"'The King *told* you?' said I, inquiringly.

"'Yes, Sir,' feebly articulated the sufferer. 'Heaven bless him, for the kindest and best master that ever breathed; every day since my illness, has my gracious Sovereign sat by my bed side for an hour, cheering my spirits, and ordering every thing I could fancy to be sent to me.'

"It was now *my* turn to shed tears, and how could I help it, at this rare and beautiful trait of human feeling in a man, the goodness of whose heart, so many *beasts* are just now disputing; I won't attempt a word of praise, the deed speaks for itself. Again and again, I say, God bless the King! to which, I am sure, you will say, Amen."

I did: so spoke Mathews about Boralowski, and that is the long and short of my story.

From the Saturday Courier.

UNCOMMON WEAKNESS.

SCENE IN A DOCTOR'S OFFICE.

'Doctor, I'm quite sick'

'What is the matter?'

'Weakness.'

'Have you a good appetite?'

'Excellent.'

'Does what you eat agree with you?'

'Uncommon well.'

'Do you rest well at nights?'

'Why, I sleep 14 hours out of the 24 without being sensible whether I am dead or alive.'

'Well that's pretty well. Good appetite, sleep well, and food don't hurt you?'

'Yes doctor, but I've an uncommon weakness.'

'Where?'

'Why a kind of universal weakness.'

'How much do you weigh?'

'Only 195 and a fraction,'

'Do you perform any business?'

'No doctor, I have nothing to do—my steward collects my rents.'

Well Mr. 195, the only thing that will cure your universal weakness is sawing wood or walking to Germantown and back every day.'

'Doctor, I differ—my weakness is *sedate*.'

'That's from *sitting*.'

'No doctor, I lie on the couch more than half the time,'

'And so you have the *lying* weakness also?'

'Yes doctor I have my fears that way, for when I sit up two hours at a time, I am uncommon weak afterwards.'

'Well you have overdone yourself.—You must go to bed and repose your weakness, or I have my doubt whether you will ever get it out of your nature.—You are *naturally* a *weak* man. I rather think it must have been an hereditary complaint in your family. Wasnt your mother a WEAK Woman?'

'Can't say doctor, that she was but my father was an uncommon WEAK man.'

COLONEL WILDFIRE OUTDONE.

We copy from the Zanesville Gazette, an extract from a speech of a candidate for office in Muskingum, Co. Ohio, spoken from the stump in 1831.

"Gentlemen Jacksonians, and fellow-citizens of this *confluctious* community, in this land of concuessence and supernatiousness, Jacksonians, I say, exaggerate yourselves, I say, and support the insufficiousness of the oricle of Jackson.

'Friends! the cause of the vetoe on the exonerous, consumacionsness of the venerousness of the United States Bank, was the fulleution of the Clay party; and when Jackson had spyificated the confluence of the present Congress, he rose in his superfillious majesty and crushed the growing powers of the people of these illusible States.

"This, gentlemen Jacksonians, was adequate to the curbumiference of Jacksonism and now I previse you to exaggerate yourselves."

THE NEW FASHION, of wearing the hair in long "splatches" over the ears, was brought up by a *cropped* convict, in order to hide the evidence of his infamy.

A CUSTOMER FOUND.—A lady in New York advertises for a 'divine, jovial, bold, majestic, inoffensive, scientific, nimble husband,

The editor of the Wheeling Times says she describes him exactly, and speaks for a chance.

Turning a shin plaster into Silver.—The Baltimore Transcript relates the following anecdote of a fellow who peddles a polishing composition about the city.

"Look here ladies and gentlemen said" the composition pedlar, rubbing a brass watchcase "This is the greatest thing ever discovered it will turn every thing into silver."

"Is that a fact, sir' asked a countryman.

'Yes sir—look at this watch case, it was brass just now, but it's changed to silver.'

"Well I swow!" exclaimed the countryman, handing him a modern shin plaster; "I wish you'd rub a little of that 'ere stuff on this bill and turn it to silver.'

[From the Pennsylvanian.]

NEWSPAPER PUBLISHING.—We are of those who do not believe that the cheapness and multiplicity of newspapers is a blessing either to the public or to the publishers. Competition past a certain point in this matter as in some others—theatres for instance—is apt to result not in the production of a better article, but in furnishing the community with one at a less price, and of an inferior nature; while the producers; in their anxiety to recommend themselves to favor, may perhaps succeed in beating down rivals, but are sure to inflict proportionate injuries upon their own interests. Were newspapers less numerous, they would of course be more profitable—a greater amount of talent and labor could be concentrated on each, and they would attain a dregree of influence, usefulness and respectability which is now out of the question, when the establishment of a new paper is of frequent occurrence, and when they rise and fall so rapidly that their appearance and disappearance are scarcely noted.

The editor of the Wheeling Times has the following article upon this subject which vividly portrays the consequences of yielding to the mania for newspaper publishing. It should be republished on account of the lesson it conveys, in every paper in the country, for the benefit at least of the rising generation.

"There is a mania for publishing newspapers in this world of ours, that is more fatal than the small pox, the cholera or the yellow fever. Ninety in a hundred meet their destruction in it; yet as fast as one dies another takes his place, gets innoculated with the writing fever, thinks of gold and glory, turns newspaper publisher, drags on a worthless life, half fed, half clothed, toils day and night, heart sick and weary; the public slave, yet wielding an engine which; properly restricted, would move the world, or make its inhabitants tremble.

"The press cannot be free or useful while it is trammelled with poverty and dogged with duns. So situated, it will, it must be, at the back of every whipper-snapper who has money enough to keep the printer's soul and body together.—This state of things will not do. We move that the printers of the United States divide off in halves, and 'jeff' to see which shall go to digging ditches or picking stone coal for a living. It would improve the situation of both halves mighty. We look upon every new paper that is started, very much as we do upon every new murder that is committed. We think there is another man lost to every thing useful, lost to himself, lost to the world, and doomed to a purgatory from which salt cannot save him. We think that the last days of that man will be worse than the first!—but all must live and learn. We have become a little hardened to the business, but if we had life to go over again, we should rather adopt the trade of fishing for minnows with a pin hook, than that of publishing a paper in the United States."

The following illustration of the successive experiments of General Jackson, and of the proposition by Mr. Van Buren to go on with further experiments, after the miserable and disastrous failure of his "illustrious predecessor's," is taken from a speech delivered by Mr. Horace Everett in the house of representatives during the extra session:

But, we are asked, will you not support your Government; will you not supply the means to meet its expenditures; will you not relieve it from its present embarrassments? For one, he answered he would: but he reserved the right to judge of the measures proposed; to adopt or reject them as his judgement should dictate. But might he not stop to ask by what providence or improvidence the Government was brought to its present condition? Might he not ask will your measures afford permanent relief to the Government itself? Might he not inquire whether the new experiments would not, in the end, involve the Government and the country in additional embarrassments? The Government now proposes to separate itself from the States and the people. It asks relief *for itself* alone. How stands the case? The Administration have been trying a grand experiment. Disregarding the experience of the past, and the admonitions and warning of the best engineers, they have run their cars, with flange wheels, on one side only. The I TAKE THE RESPONSIBILITY, with its train, went fair and smooth on the level and straight road; it was then the glorious experiment. But at the first turn, locomotive, tender, and passengers were all in the ditch together. The chief engineer finds his assistants and firemen can give no aid. He calls on the passengers; he asks them to assist in getting his locomotive and tender on the rails again; and the passenger cars, too, they ask. No, gentlemen: I intend to leave you where you are. I have constitutional scruples. What would probably be the answer of the passengers? He would not apply their answer as his answer. Before he gave a final answer, he would ask the chief engineer, Pray, sir, if we do put you on the rails, how do you propose to place [illegible]? He has already answered,—Try another experiment, merely by changing my flange-wheels to the other side. The unanimous opinion of the passengers would be that at the next turn he would be off and in the ditch on the other side; and entertaining that opinion, he would not, as one of the passengers, vote for any measure of relief to the Government that was unsafe for the People.

Some of the papers are telling us what a wife should be! Who volunteers to tell us what *they* are?—[Bangor Post.

We do, Mr. Post they are too frequently the neglected slaves or victims of man's passions and caprice instead of helpmates, and bosom friends, and consolation for which they are so happily formed and adapted, but for the slight and wrong they receive in exchange for their love and devotion.—[Phil. Courier.

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