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VOL. XXVI. EASTON, (MD.) SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 23, 1843. No 37.

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.

## *Mademoiselle Le Normand.*

TRANSLATED FOR THE NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER FROM A PARIS JOURNAL

A thick veil has again fallen over futurity the hand that formerly raised that veil is stricken by death; Mademoiselle *Le Normand* was snatched away from her pursuits of occult science on the 25th of June. It is the principal event of the week, and the only one which has caused any excitement, but the demise of a person so celebrated, and who had so many customers of both sexes among the higher classes as Mlle. Le Normand, could not fail to excite much sensation. Established on the most solid basis; brought into notice by extraordinary success; sanctioned by the most famous names of our era, the repute of the modern Sybil has been sustained for more than fifty years, in the midst of revolutions and vicissitudes of every kind, she has triumphed over severe trials, braved skepticism, disdained threats, ridicule, and finally filled every doubter with mysterious & surprising persuasion of her powers.

From her earliest years Mademoiselle Le Normand held correspondence with the celestial intelligences. She was only seven when she felt all at once enlightened. Her first essay in the art of divination was at the convent of the Benedictines, where she began to learn her catechism. The little scholar announced that the superior was to be removed.—The oracle was severely punished, but the event proved her right. Then, pursuing her career, the child to whom futurity unveiled its secrets, indicated the name, titles, and antecedents of the person who would take the place of the dismissed superior. There were many candidates, and the place was disputed for a long time. The nomination did not occur till six months afterwards, and then the event justified all the details of the inspired scholar

It was thus a decided vocation, nothing could prevent its accomplishment.—The science of looking into the future is not, however, to be received from Heaven with impunity; this second sight imposes an arduous mission, which must be fulfilled, and Mademoiselle Le Normand accepted it resolutely. On quitting the convent she established herself as a pythoness. The time was favorable for fantastical pretensions; agitation and disorder spread on all sides; the future veiled itself in clouds, there was nothing but darkness in the horizon, and the Sybil was welcome in the midst of gloomy uncertainty and awful enigmas. But what a sad privilege was hers! What frightful secrets were revealed to her by the hitherto unfolded book of fate! The pack of cards would often fall from her hands at the sight of the sorrowful events they disclosed! There was naught but mourning and blood in those black and red cards! After the courtiers—who composed at first and for a short time the principal of her patrons—the grotto of the Sybil was occupied by fierce mountaineers. They had been told that the Romans consulted augers, they had heard of the Sybil of Cumæ, and they thought themselves quite equal to the Gracchi, Scipio, or Brutus, when they went to consult the *citess* Le Normand.

Three men presented themselves one evening at her house, and asked her in a laughing way, to reveal to them their destiny. She took their hands in hers and started back with horror. 'Speak without fear,' said the younger of the three; 'we have bold minds, and whatever may be your decree we shall hear it without shrinking.' Not being able to control her emotion, the Sybil continued shuffling her cards; her voice failed her, she could not articulate a word. However, she finally yielded to the imperative commands of her three visiters, who received with shouts of laughter her inauspicious words; their gaiety did not abate when they heard themselves threatened with a bloody death. 'It is quite clear that the oracle is mistaken,' said they as they went out; if the revolution destroys us, we shall all three perish the same day, the same hour, and at the same place.'

'That is true,' replied one of them; 'this woman did not know what she was saying in predicting that I should fall before either of you, and that my obsequies would be splendidly attended, whereas, on the contrary, the people would insult your last moments. She has calumniated the people; what if we denounce her to the tribunal?' 'Bah! we must allow some license to prophecy, the Sybil of Cumæ was never disturbed.' So saying, *Robespierre, Marat* and *St Just* (the three) went to the committee of public safety, where they thought of other things than the *citoyenne* Le Normand. The death of *Marat*, which happened a short time after, fulfilled one part of the oracle. *St. Just* & *Robespierre* went again to visit the Sybil, but she was upon her guard, and did her best to lessen the effect of her first prediction. Unfortunately, other consultations found her less prudent and her prophetic ardor was near hurrying her to a prison from which no one then went out but to the scaffold. The greatest prophets are subject to such mishaps. Entirely occupied with destinies of others, they never think of drawing their own horoscope, and they allow themselves to be surprised by dangers which could have been easily avoided if they would only have taken the trouble to contemplate the lines of their own hands and deal the cards for themselves. The reaction of the 1th of Thermidor saved Mlle. Le Normand. Had she forseen this denouement? This is what has never been proved. For the rest, the persecution of which she was near being the victim, only added to her celebrity. Hardly had she entered again her own laboratory, when she received the visit of a young woman in deep mourning, sad and downcast. 'Your grief is lawful, madam,' said the Sybil; 'but you must have expected the blow which has fallen on you. This misfortune was indispensable to the fulfilment of a prophecy which has already been told you.' 'How do you know;' cried the young widow, putting aside her black vail. 'I know that a high destiny has been foretold you.' 'And this prediction?' 'Will be realized.' These words were if not a consolation, at least, a softening for the grief of the widow. *Josephine Beauharnais* turned from the idea of a dismal past to look forward to a splendid future. Her Creole imagination was much affected by these two prophecies, at which twenty years distance from each other promised a crown. The Parisian Sybil confirmed the oracle formerly pronounced by the sorceress of Martinique. It needed nothing more to make Mademoiselle Le Normand the fashion among the beauties of the Directory—Madame *Tallien* and Madame *Recaimer*, and many other graceful and gifted women the examination of whose fair hands opened a new era in the saloons of the Luxembourg. But alas! this double prediction is seriously threatened as being false. The widow of the Viscount Beauharnais marries a little officer of fortune, scarcely a general and soliciting a command that is refused him 'It is a poor match,' say they to Josephine; 'you are about to commit a foolish action which you will repent deeply.' It is true in marrying him I abdicate, thought she. The dream of ambition were sacrificed to the impulses of the heart. However before the knot was tied which was to enchain her future life, the lovely widow went once more to consult Mlle. Le Normand, and persuaded *Bonaparte* to accompany her. The Sybil explored the hand of her visiter, consulted, her cards, and said.' Nothing is changed in your future prospects.' She then took the hand of the young General in hers and contemplated it with much emotion. The lines in this hand brought to the view of the Sybil the plains of battles and brilliant paths conducting the victor to the height of power. Bonaparte had come to her careless and incredulous, and from sheer complaisance, to gratify what he thought a charming caprice of Josephine; but when the Sybil spoke of his secret designs and of his warlike projects, as well as of the fortune of his arms, he listened with astonishment.—'I will endeavor to realize your oracle,' said he, as he retired. 'And I,' said Josephine, leaning with pride on the arm of Bonaparte,' I do not doubt that a glorious destiny is in store for me.'

On another occasion Madame de Stael went to consult Mlle. Le Normand. It was during the consulate. The times, as predicted by the prophetess, were in rapid accomplishment. All the celebrated personages of the epoch had paid her their tribute. Recently returned to Paris, and wishing to know the exact state of the affairs of the day, Madame de Stael hastened to the house of the Sybil, who, among other things, said to her: 'Your mind is preoccupied with a step you are about to take to-morrow, and you will be much dissatisfied with its results.' In fact Madame de Stael was to be received on the morrow, by the First Consul.—Bonaparte knew that the distinguished blue stocking had the loftiest pretensions, and meant to treat with him as on a footing of perfect equality; he knew also, that Madame de Stael had not spared him in conversation; had blamed him for much he had done; and had he thought made common cause with many of his enemies. Nevertheless, the conqueror of Italy and the Pyramids might in this instance, have achieved a new victory; it was in his power to attach to his triumphal car one of the most influential minds of the day; and this precious acquisition would only have cost him a few gracious words, and a slight indemnity of twelve hundred thousand francs, claimed by the daughter of M. Necker. But the great Caprian thought that would be paying too dear for such a laurel. He therefore received Madame de Stael in the midst of a numerous circle, and far from addressing her on any of those subjects which would emblazon her talents, he asked her bluntly. Have you seen the Magpie & the Maid? it is the fashionable piece.' Astonished at such a question, so unexpected, Madame de Stael hesitated how to answer. The First Consul added: 'They say now we have a siditious Magpie.' This last stroke deprived Madame de Stael of all faculty of reply. She was silent; & the First Consul, not wishing further to annoy her, turned his back on her, and addressed his conversation to some more favored individual. Besides the grievances he fancied he had experienced on the part of Madame de Stael, he detested literary women. This is a whim that many great personages have had in common with him. After this memorable audience, Madame de Stael collecting her scattered thoughts, recalled to herself the words of Le Normand. She returned to the dwelling of the Sybil; and ever after granted her that entire confidence which was respectfully continued by one of our doctrinaire Ministers, (the Duke de Broglie, the son in law of de Stael.)

The high destinies predicted to Madame Beauharnais were realized' but this strange fortune was soon to experience a reverse. One day the Empress Josephine went into the Cabinet of the Emperor in great distress. 'I know the project you are meditating against me,' said she: 'you will sacrifice me to a State policy. The act of divorce is already prepared' It was true: the Empress was correctly informed, but how had she she learnt this State secret, known only to a few intimate councellors? 'I will discover the author of this treason' said the Emperor, 'and, whoever it is, I will find means to punish him.' 'Be tranquil and just,' said Josephine; 'there is no traitor in your family, nor among your councellors.'

In order to prevent innocent people from being suspected, the Empress continued, 'She who predicted my elevation has also announced my downfall. I have learnt all from Mademoiselle Le Normand' An hour afterwards the Sybil was taken before the Minister of Police. 'Well,' said Fouche, in a bantering tone, 'have you read in your cards that you were to be arrested to-day?' 'No, I thought I was ordered here for a consultation, and I have brought my cards accordingly.' So saying, with a simple and tranquil air, Mlle. Le Normand spread out her cards upon the table of the Minister. Fouche recollected that when he first came to Paris, as a mere Deputy to the National Convention, one of his friends conducted him to the house of the Sybil, who, then uttered to him these remarkable words: 'You have already been in an elevated position, but you will be placed still higher.' The first part of this oracle alluded to an adventure which signalized the youthful career of Fouche One day, in presence of all the population of Natz he ascended in a balloon, and performed the voyage which was fatal to Poilaster du Rosier. This lucky excursion, pretty bold on the part of a young professor of philosophy, established the popularity of Fouche, and afterwards aided him in his election as Deputy for the Loir Inferieure. Thus one elevation brought on another. The Minister reprimanded Mlle. Le Normand very sharply upon some of her oracular flights; but she continued to shuffle and distribute her cards, saying from time to time in a low voice 'Always the Knave of Spades.' The reproaches of Fouche were just and the Sybil felt them so.—Two years before, she had chosen her abode in the Rue de Tournon, whence she ruled over all the Faubourg St. Germain flattering by her predictions the hopes of the Royalists. This was black ingratitude towards the Empress Josephine, who had loaded her with kindness. But Josephine was about to be divorced; and, besides in glancing at the future, Mlle Le Normand promised nothing on the part of Providence. Fouche said not a word concerning the divorce; he resumed his conversation, observing to the Sybil that she was to be put in prison, where she would remain a long time. 'How do *you* know that?' said Mlle. Le Normand. 'Here is a Knave of Spades that will let me out sooner than you think.' Ah! the Knave of Spades will have that power?'—'Yes for he represents the Duke of Rovigo, your successor.'

The fall of the empire re-established Mlle. Le Normand in fashionable honors. She had been persecuted for having predicted the Restoration, the Emperor Alexander had honored her with a consultation; nothing was wanting to her glory; the only thing she now had to do was to endeavor to make money by the peaceful practice of her magical science, and she did so with unabated success and a mysterious celebrity, which remained with her to the last. For forty years, Mlle. Le Normand lived in the Rude de Tournon, No. 5; the grotto of the Sybil was on the ground floor, at the Bottom of the court yard. Over the door was the sign of the prophetess, with these words, 'Mademoiselle Le Normand Bookseller.' The profession of soothsayer is not recognised by our imperfect laws; but all sorts of business must have a special title in order to obtain a license therefore Mlle Le Normand took the quality of bookseller, in order to receive her clients and expound her prophecies without giving offence to the police, the successors of the Dukes of Otranto and Rovigo; it was in the capacity of bookseller that she was inscribed in the National and Royal Almanac.

You rang at the bell of the oracle's house and the door was immediately opened by a servant, who introduced you into a cabinet which contained nothing sybilline. Mlle. Le Normand disdained all the trappings which belonged to vulgar magicians; she was surrounded by no phantasmagoria; the interior of her apartment was quite simple, and corresponded to her sign of bookseller. There were ranged along the wall about thirty volumes. These were the works of the pythoness herself. The Prophetic Remembrances Les Souvenirs Prophetiques, La Reponsed M Hoffman journaliste, Memoires Historixues, and five or six other productions more or less cabalistic. Melle Le Normand soon made her appearance; she was, of late years, a short, fat rosy little woman, her head decorated with a wig of very light hair, and an immense turban half oriental, the rest of her dress was that of a butter woman.

'What do you wish;' she asked of her visiter. 'Madame, I come to consult you.' 'Well, sit down. How high will you go? I have various prices for my skill—ten, twenty, & as high as four hundred francs. 'I will take the worth of a louis,' 'Very well—come near this table and give me your hand.' 'There it is. 'No, not that give me the left hand. How old are you? What is the flower you like the best, & to what animal have you the greatest repugnance?' All these questions were made in a monotonour and nassal tone, and at every reply the Sybil exclaimed 'very well;' then shuffling the cards, she offered them to you, saying, 'Cut with your left hand.' Then turning over the cards, she spread them on the table, one by one, revealing your horoscope with a volubility that was extremely dilicult to follow. One would have thought she was reading in a book, or rather that she recited a lesson got by heart. Amidst this torrent of words, which seemed at first destitute of all meaning, one would be struck all at once with a ray of light. The Sybil excelled, especially, describing the character, the tastes, and fancies of the person who was before her; and it was not by the countenance that she was guided, for she hardly looked at you, all her science, all her penetration appeared to be in the combinations of the cards, which rarely deceived her. She generally told you much of your past life, and the generality of those who consulted her have declared that her prophecies were almost always realized More than this; those who consulted her always received good advice along with her prophetic conversations 'Thanks to Mademoiselle Le Normand,' said the Princess de V., 'I have lived thirty years without either doctor or lawyer.' 'I have never failed to consult the Sybil of the Rue de Tourron before committing any foolish act,' said another great lady, 'and I have been very lucky, for all my follies have succeeded. M. ***, de l' Accademie Francaise, visited her every week regularly. Among her votaries are many celebrated names: Baras, Tallien, the painter David, Prince Talleyrand, Garat the singer, Talma, General Moreau, the Duke de Berri. A great many distinguished persons corresponded with her. Almost all the beautiful women in the fashionable world have consulted her.—If Mademoiselle Le Normand left memoirs—if she perserved all the letters which were addressed to her—if she kept a register of the names of all those who had recourse to her art, those papers will sell for much more than 500 000 francs which, it is said, is the fortune she leaves.

Mademoiselle Le Normand can never be replaced; it is in vain that vulgar fortune-tellers aspire to supply the void her loss has made. Faith is extinguished, the last of the Sybils is dead: the tripod is overturned; the cards are confused y scattered; farewell the great and little game of fortune. The kingdom of the future now belongs to none!

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From the American Farmer.

## SEEDING OF WHEAT.

Although the time has not yet arrived for putting in this crop, as it is one of the most important staples of our husbandry—one which is subject to various casualties & drawbacks by freezing out and disease—it is full time that the careful and provident husbandman should be looking around him, and making his arrangements to prepare his fields, in order that he may not be behind hand in the time of getting in his seed. No farmer ever yet lost anything in being in advance of his work; but on the contrary, is always sure to derive benefit from having placed himself in such a position, both in a mental and pecuniary point of view. To a man who takes pride in his business, the reflection that he has his work under his control, should carry to his mind the most gratifying sensations of an honorable ambition, as while it places him in the relation of an example to his neighbors around him, it assures him of all those advantages arising from the ability it gives him of getting in his crop in due season.

The particular object we have in view in writing this article, is to call the attention of the Wheat growers to a few subjects which we consider of vital importance to their success in the growth of the crop

The first in order is the time of sowing.

In speaking upon this point we feel a delicacy arising from our respect for the opinions of others, and did we not consider it our duty to advocate what we consider truth, we should feel still more embarrassment in speaking on the subject than we do. To prevent the ravages of the fall attack of the Hessian Fly, farmers have, in our opinion, got into the habit of seeding their wheat entirely too late, as in their desire to avoid the fall attack of this baneful insect, they deny the wheat plant sufficient time to entrench itself with roots, to withstand the effects of the thawings and, freezings of winter and early spring. If our winters were as they were many years ago, something like an approach to an evenness of temperature, there would be policy in such late sowing, as to the certainty that the grain would be protected from the autumnal warring of the Fly, and no disadvantage would result from the alterations of seasons of which we have before spoken; but, as from the precarious nature of our winters and springs, there is no making any calculation upon their character or stability, we do think that the safe plan will be found in sowing early, and hazarding the fall visitation of the Fly, as in so doing we conceive there would be found less peril than in trusting a crop of scanty rooted wheat plants to the mercy of our ever varying and changing temperature of the seasons. What we are about to say now, we desire to be considered as mere opinion; for although there are facts to sustain the practice, we do not consider them sufficient to treat the matter as a settled question. It has been stated upon creditable authority, that if the wheat grower use due vigilance & watch his wheat plants in the fall, so as to detect the Fly when it is in the pupa or worm state, that by rolling his wheat field he may destroy the insect, and thus not only protect his crop from the fall attack, but lessen the number of the insects the ensuing spring, and thus relieve his field from serious injury from their second appearance. We incline to the opinion that this remedy is practicable. It certainly has common sense to recommend it, as every one must know that the pressure of some hundred of pounds, which the roller weighs, passing over the fly while in the pupa state, must necessarily grind it into atoms, and thus cut off all subsequent chances from indulgence in the soft dalliances of love, or of depositing its eggs with a view to the perpetuation of its kind. If, then, we can get rid of this enemy by watchfulness and the application of the roller, why need any dread be entertained of early sowing? We know that there is greatly apprehended danger from early sowing, of the wheat being lodged; but this we think may be obviated, if there be sufficient potash in the soil to dissolve the sand, so as to form the silicate of potash, that substance which gives strength and elasticity to the stem of the plant. Potash exists originally in all clays; but by long culture the soil may have become exhausted of it; it may be supplied by applications of ashes, lime, marl or virgin clay, so that, without naming any others, here are four resources at hand; and to those who reside on our salt water rivers, where the sea weed washes up, we will state, that in that weed potash abounds.

In the event of an attack of the Hessian Fly, and the application of the roller, we have no doubt that the crop would derive solid benefit from the consolidation of the soil, and the increased disposition and ability it would impart to the plants to tiller. But should early sowing conduce to rankness, it would be an easy matter to feed the wheat plants down by turning in a flock of sheep in dry weather in early spring. But we must be candid; we confess, nothwithstanding existing opinions, that we should have no dread upon the subject, if we were satisfied that there was potash enough in our soil; but on the contrary, should look forward to something like a certainty, that early sowing would push on the ripening of our grain, in summer, a sufficient number of days to enable it to escape injury from the rust, an enemy equally formidable with the fly.

With but one single exception, all the wheat we have examined this season, has favoured the belief that early sowing is best. This brings us to the time of sowing. We would always endeavor to make our arrangements to commence by the 15th of September, and finish from the 1st to the 10th of October.

The second subject to which we would call the attention of wheat growers, is the use of charcoal.

In France, as in America examples are at command to show that the opinion prevails in the minds of practical farmers in both countries, that the Wheat crop has been preserved from the ill effects of the Rust by the application of fine charcoal to the soil as a top dressing; the quantities are not stated, but we should think that fifty bushels to the acre would be sufficient. This is a substance that every farmer may provide at but little cost of labor and time. As we have before premised, the conservative properties of charcoal may arise from its great powers of absorption, affinity for ammonia, carbonic acid, and the retention of those substances when absorbed, as also to the fact of its possessing, in its constituent properties, a portion of the siliciate of potash. The experiments of agricultural chemists teach us that charcoal will absorb ninety times its weight of ammonia, and that it yields it out slowly to the voltaic action of the roots of plants, and the more approved opinion is that ammonia forms a very material food of plants. If these facts be as stated, the exemption arising to the wheat plant from the use of charcoal may accrue in this way—first, by the supply of the siliciate of potash to give strength and the power of resistance to the stem of the plants—and, secondly, by its yielding up the nutritive food so slowly, as not to endanger their disruption through grossness of habit or surcharge of the sap-vassels.

We offer these suggestions in the hope that they may induce experiments to be made the approaching season, to test the virtue of charcoal. If it possesses the property ascribed to it, of being a preventative against Rust; it is desirable that the truth of its efficacy be established—if it do not possess it, it is equally important that that fact be also established, in order that delusion may be put to rest.—But as neither its efficacy nor inefficiency caa be established without a series of well conducted experiments, we sincerely trust that wheat growers will feel themselves called upon to make them.

Thirdly. We would suggest that in every instance where wheat may be sown, that the ground undergo thoro' preparation, and that all should consider deep ploughing and repeated harrowings essential operations.

Fourthly. We would advise, that if the land may not have been previously limed, that from 5 to 10 bushels of lime per acre be sown thereon, or an equal quantity of ashes. These quantities are small, but will be found sufficient for the uses of a season. And wherever wheat may be sown on a clover ley, we would sow from 2 to 4 bushels of salt to the acre.

Fifthly. We would, by all means, be particular in the selection of good seed, having due regard to the weight of grain, strength of straw, earliness of maturity, and quality of flour.

Sixthly. We would not have [illegible] sown, without having it first thoroughly washed in pure water, and then soaked in a brine or salt that would bear an egg or potato for 24 hours, which when taken out, should be drained and then dried in lime. We are the more particular in insisting upon this mode of preparing seed wheat, because we have noticed many accounts of injury to the crops during the late season from smut, a disease perfectly within the control of the wheat grower, and which can never occur but from culpable neglect, as the means we have pointed out, we do know, will prevent its occurrence

Seventhly. While we are upon the subject, let us advise all wheat growers to give to their land a bountiful allowance of seed, as should he fail to do this, the bare portions of the soil will call into being some of those numerous weeds, the seeds of which are always at hand, to occupy spots left by the neglect of the husbandman. He that wants a clean field of wheat must fill that field with wheat plants. If he does not commit a sufficient quantity of seed to the earth, nature will supply a crop of pestilent weeds to rob his wheat plants of their food, diminish his crop, and thus punish him for his neglect of duty.

## MULTICOLE RYE.

This is the name given to a plant, a native of Poland, which has been introduced into cultivation with great success in the south of France, and of which the following account is given in the London Farm Magazine:—'It grows on common soil suited to the old fashioned rye, but its habits are totally different. By the reports of above thirty respectable agriculturists near L'Orien, who have cultivated it for the last two years, it does best when sown the 1st of June. Its growth is most rapid. The two crops of it are before July cut for hay, and by the 15th of August, a grain crop is reaped. The straw is from 8 to 10 feet high, & the ear from 10 to 18 inches long. An account of this rye may be found in the 'Transaction' published by the French Minister of Agriculture, &c.' Would not this variety of spring rye be worthy of trial in those parts of our country where other grasses are difficult of growth, on soils rather sandy and light but which if in good condition are the best for this grain. The growth, if correctly stated, is truly surprising.

SMOKING.—An affair of some interest to tobacco manufacturers at least, is detailed by a Paris correspondent of the London Court Journal. It is easy to see how the tobacco trade might be most extensively affected, should the example of the fastidious young wife in this case be emulated by any considerable number of her sex similarly circumstanced. It appears that a marriage lately took place with much magnificence, between a distinguished young Spanish General and the daughter of