General Advertiser

REPUBLICAN STAR AND

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PRINTED AND PUBLISHED,
Every Tuesday Morning,
BY
Thomas Perrin Smith,
PUBLISHER OF THE
LAWS OF THE UNION.

TERMS OF THE REPUBLICAN STAR.

The terms are *Two Dollars* and *Fifty Cents* per Annum, payable half yearly, in advance.—No paper can be discontinued, until the same is paid for.

Advertisements are inserted three weeks for One Dollar, and continued weekly for Twenty-five Cents per square.

Trustee's Sale.

By virtue of a Decree of Caroline County Court, sitting as a Court of Equity, the subscriber will on Tuesday the 27th day of November next, between the hours of one and three o'clock in the afternoon, sell at public sale, at the Court House door in Denton—All the right, title, interest and equitable estate of William Talboy, Junr. late of Caroline county, deceased, of, in and to a farm containing about 170 acres of land, lying and being within about one half mile of Denton, on which is a very commodious new dwelling house, and attached to which is an excellent Fishery, one of the best up Choptank River.

Also at the same time and place, will be sold Two Houses and Lots in the vicinity of Denton.

Also about forty acres of Wood Land, lying and being within about two miles of Denton, adjoining the lands of Robert Talboy, Andrew Manship and others, on which are two small dwelling houses, both new. This land is of an excellent soil & well timbered. Further descriptions are deemed unnecessary as it is expected any person desirous of purchasing will view the premises. A credit of 12 months will be given upon the purchase money, by the purchaser or purchasers giving bond with good and approved security to the Trustee, as such, for the payment thereof within that period, with interest thereon from the day of sale. Possession will be given on the first day of January next; and after the sale shall be ratified by the court, and the purchase money fully paid, the Trustee will by a good and sufficient deed, convey to the purchaser or purchasers, his, her or their heirs or assigns, the lands and real estate which may be so sold to him, her or them as aforesaid, free clear and discharged from all claim of the defendants or claiments, or either of them.

Further particulars made known on the day of sale.

The creditors of the said William Talby, junr are hereby warned and notified to exhibit their claims, and vouchers, properly authenticated to the Clerk of Caroline county court, within six months from the day of sale.

SAMUEL FOUNTAIN, Trustee.

oct 23. 4w

John G. Stevens

RESPECTFULLY informs his customers and the public generally, that he has just returned from Baltimore, and is now opening at his stand, second door below the Bank, a select assortment of

SADDLERY,

All of which he is determined to manufacture and sell on the most reasonable terms for cash.

Also, an assortment of Chaise, Gig and Riding Whips, of the first quality.

Easton, oct 23 3w

Caroline County Orphans' Court,

Tuesday, 25th day of Sept. A. D. 1821.

On application of WILLIAM W. GREENE, Administrator with the will annexed of James Buckhanan, late of Caroline county, deceased—It is ordered, that he give the notice required by law, for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate, and that the same be published once in each week for the space of three successive weeks, in one of the newspapers printed at Easton.

In testimony that the above is truly copied from the minutes of proceedings of the orphans court of Caroline county aforesaid, I have hereunto set my hand and the seal of my office affixed, this 25th day of Sept. anno domini, eighteen hundred and twenty-one.

Test, JOHN YOUNG, Reg. of Wills for Caroline county.

IN COMPLIANCE WITH THE ABOVE ORDER,

Notice is hereby given,

That all persons having claims against the said deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, at or before the 9th day of April, 1822: they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand this 16th day of October 1821.

WILLIAM W. GREENE.
Administrator with the will annexed of James Buckhanan.

oct 23 3w

To be Rented

FOR THE NEXT YEAR.

THAT convenient Dwelling House, on Dover street, in Easton, now occupied by Mr. Sylvester: Also, to be hired, two negro men and a smart farm boy, who has been *Ploughing* two years; Also, to put out till their arrival at twelve years of age, two little negro boys.

JOHN LEEDS KERR.

Easton, oct 2 w

Negroes wanted.

THE highest price in cash will be given for eight or ten head of young Negroes, which are wanted for the use of the purchaser.—Enquire at the bar of the Easton Hotel.

oct 30 3q

NAPOLEON AND MADAME DE STAEL.

Copy of a letter from a gentlemen in Paris, to his friend in this city.

[TRANSLATED FOR THE NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER.]

Paris, July 22, 1821.

DEAR SIR: I send you a posthumous work attributed to Madam de Stael, of which her son is supposed to be the editor.

It is very certain that Madam de Stael never would have permitted the publication of a collection of anecdotes, gathered and digested by an irritated woman more passionate and ardent than the heroines of her romances. She knew herself well, and, conscious of her defects, the moment the delirium was over she was fully aware of the degree of belief which would be attached to that which had been invented by hatred or gleaned in anger. In composing her "Considerations on the French Revolution," she had extracted from her journal all that appeared to her to deserve the attention of the public.—That which is now offered to us is the *caput mortuum*, or worthless remains of a collection of calumnies; nay, I will go farther, and say that even her "Considerations," which is a better work by far, ought not to have appeared, stamped as it is with an animosity which every page betrays.

Madam de Stael's ruling passion was that of distinguishing herself by the eclat of an animated conversation on affairs of government, and on all political subjects of great moment. Her house at Paris became the rendezvous of a club who were in perpetual opposition to the reigning system, and in this club she frequently declaimed. A crowd of persons attended her parties, attracted by the charms of her conversation, the liberality of her principles, and the urbanity and elegance of her manners. She had formed her disposition and imbibed her principles at the epoch when her father, the celebrated Neckar, had become the idol of the Revolutionary party, forgetting that the Constituent Assembly were occupied in demolishing an old fabric, while under the Consulate the great question was that of constructing a new one in the midst of inflammatory ruins on a volcanic soil imbrued with blood.

When Mr. Neckar was overthrown, Madam de Stael experienced real persecutions, which forced her to abandon France. She retired to her country, Geneva—returned to Paris under the *Directoire*—retired again, and again returned, passing her time in saluting the successful party, extolling them at one instant, combatting them at another, then retiring, and returning a third time with the hopes that France was about to be governed in conformity to her notions and those of her father. The public prints, in giving an account of these frequent visits to Paris, ludicrously compared her to those birds of passage whose arrival indicates an approaching storm.

On the return of General Bonaparte to Paris, when all eyes were fixed on him, she sought to render herself conspicuous, and during the festival which the legislative body ordained in honor of the Conqueror of Italy, she had a long conversation with him. She circulated her encomiums on the quick perceptions of his mind, his wise discriminations, and profound views. These eulogiums were repeated to Bonaparte, who repeated "She has great talents, but they are of that kind calculated to perpetuate revolutions; the same theories are not applicable to all nations.—Woe to those who permit themselves to be governed by women of genius who sacrifice every thing to one principle."*

Madame de Stael had no influence whatever under Napoleon, though she enjoyed a little with some members of the *Directoire;* but the Consul thought it was more the province of a woman to rule over her domestic concerns than to govern the state. *Inde Iræ;* (hence arose these resentments.)

Some one informed Napoleon, that at Madam de Stael's they were declaiming much concerning those rigorous measures which had been adopted against that party who were called at the time the enraged *Sans Culottes.* "Why so!" said he, with vehemence. "Is it not to prevent them from being hanged by these perturbators, she and all those meddling news-mongers who imagine, like her, that we can quench that immense volcano which still threatens us and Europe, with rose-water and sublime nonsense?"

It was some time after this that Mr. Neckar published a work, eminently calculated, by the principles it inculcated, and the reputation of the author, to agitate anew those political factions which Napoleon had been laboring so incessantly to calm. The house of Madam de Stael had now become the rallying point of the enemies interior and exterior of the infant government,† and you can readily conceive how much they traversed its operations. She was in consequence invited to retire to her father's. This caused her to reflect, when she acknowledged she had committed some faults. I have before me a letter of her's containing this remarkable passage: "I think that eight months exile ought to appear to the First Consul as a sufficient punishment for my *inconsiderate* conversations. I have happily now lost all taste for them, & nearly all the talent, so sad, weary, and stupid have I become—but I have *wit* enough left to *understand* you"

The First Consul being solicited in her favor, answered, I know her interest better than those who intercede for her; people must not sport with revolutions. An eloquent harangue has frequently caused much blood to flow: Madam de Stael had better reside with her father, as she is a widow, than at Paris, where the malevolent, more perfidious and artful than she is, may borrow and circulate her opinions, and by these means cause her total ruin."

She rendered justice to these sentiments of the First Consul, and I have a letter under my eyes of her's from Milan, wherein she expresses herself in these terms:

"The first Consul has said many things of me which leads me to hope for a mitigation.—He said, if I had been arrested by the Queen of Naples, he would have reclaimed me, and sent 20,000 men to my relief. Twenty thousand men can very well make a visit to the Queen without me, but this is nevertheless a very pleasing speech, particularly as I have heard what he said of my obstinacy; (mauvaise tete) on the whole I think him somewhat appeased."

In another of her letters of 1804, from Copet, she says, "The journey to Italy which I *must* take, has its obstacles. Cardial Fesch, my protector, is about going to Paris, in short, the Pope himself is going there—Rome is no longer within Rome—it is all where you are‡—can it be said to the Emperor? I would he understand it thus."

If we recollect that Cardial Fesch was the Ambassador, and uncle of the Emperor, and then reflect on these expressions of Madam de Stael, we must suppose that her resentment could not have been very strong; it was when on her travels to the North that she became soured and excited, yet I was too much her friend not to recal to your mind, with some pride, how this resentment melted away when the hour of adversity had *knolled* for Napoleon; you, like myself, are in the secret of that noble act which, while he was still at Elba, signalized one of the last years of the life of that celebrated woman. The time is not distant when it will be made known, as it is as interesting to the memory of the Emperor as Madam de Stael. "The Emperor," said she, "appeared to me to be the enemy of liberty, but I have been to Paris, and have seen the effect on all noble minds of the comparison between a great man reigning by the voice of the nation, and those princes who *grant* constitutions according to their own will and pleasure. If I thought I should be welcomed by Napoleon at the Island of Elba, I would take upon myself the mission I grieve for our once glorious, now miserable France; the loss she had sustained is irreparable. If he returns to the helm of affairs, will he again send off Madam de Stael?"

Say then to M. de S——, when you see him, that he must not believe Madam de Stael guilty of the work of "Ten Years' Exile;" beg him to recollect the letter she wrote to him after the return of the Emperor from Elba on the subject of the publication of the additional organic article to the constitution, which she judged sufficient to secure the liberty of France; and call to his remembrance how ardently she partook of that admiration which his miraculous return to Paris forced from his most blind determined enemies. How is it possible for a woman capable of such a generous action as the one you are acquainted with, to have taken pleasure in distilling poison over the tomb of him whom she had contributed to save by exposing herself to the most imminent dangers? She was vehement, passionate, irritable, and at times unjust, but her mind, capable of the most exalted heroism, was a stranger to dissimulation, falsehood, or perfidy. This work is an insult to her memory—it is not, cannot be hers; it is that of assassins, who, in the cowardly insolence of personal safety, make the dead speak to suit their purposes. Let it, then, be the task of just and generous minds to shield the victim from their black aspersions, that the weight of public execration may fall on those only who, with the same treachery, contrived to shorten the life of the Emperor Paul and that of Napoleon.

——— "Thou hast slain
The flower of Europe for his chivalry,
And treacherously hast thou vanquished him."

The son of Madam de Stael!—can it be possible!—he the editor of this work? I cannot believe it: if he is the publisher, he has debased himself and attached reproach to the memory of his mother. Can this young man have forgotten the audiance which on one of the hundred days he obtained of the Emperor Napoleon, in the garden of the *Elisee?* I saw him with my own eyes, and more than twenty persons were jealous of the favor he obtained of occupying the Emperor at a time when he was so much pressed by public affairs, and while strict orders existed not to admit any one. All persons in waiting, ministers and counsellors of state, saw him while walking with the Emperor, (for the space of thirty or forty minutes,) deliver him a packet. On entering the apartments of the palace, the Emperor said, "It is the son of Madam de Stael; she is a woman of great talents, but a little obstinate, (mauvaise tete) with an excellent heart;" then, smiling, he said, "our peace is made." In effect, the Emperor replied in these words to her solicitations through her son: "I always rendered justice to the talents of your mother. I believe she has become more discreet. She has rendered me services, for which I am grateful; and, as a friend, I advise her to remain at home where she is. If I am fortunate, she will return to Paris, where I shall be pleased to see her, and I will close her affairs of interest in a manner that will content her. But I may again be unfortunate; she ought therefore to preserve the possibility of entering into France, and being well received by those who may succeed me."

How can we bring ourselves to believe that a young man, thus favorably received, could so soon forget such paternal disinterested advice, so flattering to himself, and so honorable to the Emperor? I cannot think it. Tell your friend, therefore, to suspend his judgment, or rather to be convinced that the enemies of the Emperor Napoleon have assumed the name of Madam de Stael in order to give currency to their audacious calumnies. They are ignorant that every thing relating to the life of the Emperor is destined to be brought to light; for too many are interested in their notoriety to suffer them to remain dormant. His living witnesses will be aroused from their slumbers to overwhelm his puny detractors, those vile agents of his pusillanimous foes.

He is no more—but his contemporaries still exist, and are on the alert. The time is gone by when assassins, who mounted the thrones of dethroned princes, became the arbiters of their fame. It is no longer in the power of a *Suetonius*, or writers of his cast, hired by those in authority, to establish in conformity with their views the reputation of the mighty dead. The art of printing has changed the face of the world. The *diatribes* of an *Aretin* are no longer tolerated. Facts, supported by evidence, are on their way to the judgment seat of posterity; and had the Generals Bertrand, Montholon, and all those who left St. Helena, with all the papers and memoirs of Napoleon, been swallowed in the abyss of the ocean, truth would nevertheless have been brought to light—it never dies.

Archimides said, "give me a place to stand on, and I will move the earth." Your country, which enjoys the liberty of the press, is that spot; printing the lever, and liberty its fulcrum. There are in the world as many Archimides, as there are friends to truth, justice, and the rights of man: what, in the end, can be accomplished against their unanimity of opinion by the hissing of a few venomous reptiles, monsters as rare in social order as deformed bodies in the physical world? Without doubt, the mercenary writers of all the cabinets of Europe will attempt to change and direct public opinion, but the moment is not far off when the sovereigns themselves will be forced to acknowledge that the death of Napoleon was a public calamity.

He had made those concessions to an enlightened age which it demanded as a security for the rights and happiness of the people, and to the prejudices of authority those which were required by that degree of civilization (or corruption if you will) to which the great nations of Europe had arrived.

He knew too well the horrible results of a crisis like that of 1793, and therefore labored to avoid them. Through such, however, it was necessary to pass, before republics could be formed from such discordant materials as composed the old monarchies of Europe; each nation must have submitted to the ordeal of a revolution, and these revolutions would have engulphed a large portion of his generation. This was not, therefore, the system which he wished to adopt; for, in such case, he ought to have been created *Tribune* General. He was accustomed to say: "I may prevent the water from overflowing, but when the torrent has forced the dykes I can no longer control it."

He accepted the title of Emperor for the purpose of arresting the alarming course of the revolution—judging that, in following his inclinations, he might, in attempting to do better, do worse—convinced that the uncertainty of success would not justify the necessary means to be used in the experiment

He thought that the example of his government, such as he conceived it would become at the conclusion of a general peace, when the different parties existing in France should be consolidated, would suffice to draw gradually all the nations of Europe into the same principles of administration—such as the acknowledged sovereignty of the people; a national representation, having the sole power of levying taxes; equality of rights; independence of the judiciary; separation of the national treasury from that of the civil list; religious tolerance; liberty of the press, and liberty of the ocean. 'But (said he) to realize all this requires ten years more.' In the mean time, the judiciary was independent; public instruction organized; the codes drawn up and published; the administration of the finances in a prosperous state; manufactures cherished, and the arts, letters and sciences honored. The historical names of the first ages of the monarchy, and those which the revolution had rendered illustrious, were blended together, contributing by their united endeavors to the great objects in view with more zeal and good faith than is generally supposed. But a storm arose and arrested this great man in his career!—This is true; and how then can we be so unjust as to judge of what he would have done in times of profound peace, by what he had done in the midst of wars? How can we expect from the mariner, manœuvering against the contrary winds and tides of a boisterous ocean, the same regularity in his course, as from him whom they all conspire to waft steadily into his desired haven?

It would seem as if the vast designs of Napoleon were beyond the grasp of human powers, or that the life of man was too short for their accomplishment.

His premature death, however, hastened no doubt by hatred, does not authorise such atrocious calumnies against a man whose name will descend with the current of time into future ages, and whose history will henceforth and forever be studied with admiration by the sage, the warrior, and the statesman.

* It is not easy to render into English Napoleon's phrases—they were like the man, unparalleled. 'The flashes of his mind, like those of his eye, were always felt but could never be followed.'

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.

† Within the *infant* rind of this *state* flower,
Poison has residence and medicine power.
Shakespeare.

‡ Thus Sertorius to Pompey, "Rome n'est plus eans Rome, elle est tout ou je suis."
Corneille.

LATEST OF LA FAYETTE.

FROM THE CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR.

The following is an extract from a letter dated Paris, April 25th, 1821.

My dear Friend: We have just returned from a visit which has given us much pleasure.—This you will readily believe when I tell you it was to the Marquis de La Fayette—a name which will ever be dear to Americans, associated as it is with that of the Father of our Country. We were received by him with the kindness and courtly affability for which he is so much distinguished. Although he is now approaching three score and ten, yet his gait and motions have the sprightliness and agility of a man of thirty, with the exception however of a slight lameness in one hip, occasioned by a fall. He is quite tall, being full six feet, if not more—firmly rather than elegantly built—large but not corpulent. His upright figure, broad shoulders, and prompt manner, shew that there is still something of the soldier left. He has fine hazle eyes, to appearance entirely unimpaired by age, alternately flashing with the fire of intelligence, or softening into the mild expression of kindness—projecting eyebrows, a high long nose bordering upon aquiline and yet rather fleshy—very fine teeth, and a healthy countenance.

His dress was entirely unornamented, and without any badge of nobility, consisting of a short gray surtout with covered buttons, a white vest, blue pantaloons, his linen being without ruffs, and his cravat carelessly tied in a single knot. His residence is very respectably yet plainly and characteristically furnished; and the room where we were was decorated in a manner a little calculated to flatter our vanity. On one side of the door hung the Declaration of the Rights of French Citizens, as established in '89, exhibited on a single sheet, and set in a plain frame; on the other side of the door was the Constitution of the United States, similarly executed and framed; and at a little distance from this was a fine print of Canova's statue of Washington, which I had recently seen at Rome. In reply to an enquiry respecting the strength of the likeness, the Marquis said, in English, which he speaks quite well, that he thought it very good, abating for the artist's desire to make it as perfect a piece of sculpture as possible. He showed us, however, a bas-relief in gold upon the lid of a snuff-box, which he said he considered the best likeness he had ever seen of the 'General,' as he familiarly called him. They both bear a strong resemblance to those we commonly see in our country, and that on the box was very like the one in the print of the 'Washington Family,' with which you are familiar.

The Marquis manifested considerble interest in the affairs of Naples and Piedmont, and made several enquiries concerning them, observing, however, their behaviour had shewn them unfit for a better government. To a friend, while conversing upon the conduct of America to her revolutionary soldiers, he remarked that *he* had no reason to complain of ingratitude, and that the estate he now enjoyed was the fruit of her generosity. During the era of vicissitudes & troubles in France, his own possessions & those of his lady were confiscated, and he was left almost entirely without resources. Through the instrumentality of Mr. Jefferson, then our Envoy at the French Court, valuable and saleable lands were allotted to him by government for his services. With the avails of these, he purchased back a part of his wife's patrimonial estate, the Chateau of La Grange Blessneau, upon which he lives in retirement and comfort during the recess of the Chamber of Deputies.

Of this body he is at present a member, and, associated with Benjamin Constant, he has a controlling influence in the opposition. The opinion which the royalists entertain of his importance here, is manifest from the strenuous and determined efforts they made, during the last election, to keep him out of the House.—But, greatly to their mortification, he was elected from two departments at the same time, so that one seat yet remains vacant in consequence of this struggle.

Perhaps there is no man of eminence in France, now living, with the exception of Talleyrand, who has passed through such vicissitudes, of almost every kind, as La Fayette. But, while Talleyrand has safely wormed his way through, by cunning and duplicity, La Fayette has stood, like a monument consecrated to political virtue, which all have been afraid to violate; or, rather, like an immoveable rock, around which revolutionary tempests have raged in vain, and their billows fallen harmless at his feet. Napoleon himself could not seduce him from his integrity, and he did not dare to destroy him.

DISTRESSING ACCIDENT.

Bellefonte, Centre County, (Penn.) Oct. 17.

On the 8th day of October, instant, Judge Forester, of M'Kean county, was shot, accidentally, by his son. The circumstances relating to this melancholy event are as follows:—The son had left home for the purpose of hunting wolves: after he had been gone sometime, the father went out for the same purpose. As is common among hunters, one of them set up an *howling*, after the manner of a wolf, and was answered by the other. They continued howling in this manner until they approached each other within a very short distance. The father had hid himself behind a log, placing brush upon his back to disguise himself, so that when the wolf (as he supposed) came near enough to shoot, it would not be frightened away. Having raised himself a little for that purpose, the son observing the motion, fired, taking the object fired at to be a wolf—The ball entered the right side of the neck and passed out at the left hip. The son, on finding what had happened, took off his coat and vest, placed them under his father's head, and started home for the purpose of getting aid; but his senses fled before he reached his father's residence, he became deranged and was found in that situation; not knowing, or having power, at that time, to relate the dreadful and heart-breaking tale.

PETERSBURG, Va. Oct. 23.

On Friday last Charles Jones, a youth, was brought to the bar, charged with being one of the persons concerned in the murder of William Royster, the particulars of whose tragic and untimely death we have already laid before the readers of this paper. Mr. Dunn, assisted by two gentlemen of the name of Jones (from the lower part of the state, as we understand) appeared as counsel for the prisoner; Messrs. D. Robertson and Baker prosecuted for the Commonwealth. After hearing the evidence, which was clear and positive, and attentively listening to the arguments of counsel, which were of considerable length, the jury retired about 10 o'clock P. M. and soon returned with a verdict finding the prisoner guilty of the second degree of murder, and adjudging his punishment to *eighteen years* confinement in the penitentiary house.

Yesterday John Davis was arraigned for a participation in the same crime. His counsel attempted a removal of the case, on the ground of prejudice; but the motion was not sustained. The court proceeded with the trial—but at three o'clock, owing to the numerous challenges of the prisoner, a jury had not been obtained.

NEW-YORK, Oct. 23.

An Impostor discovered at last.

A certain Baron, not Baron Trenck, has at length, when deception and villainy could be carried no further, taken flight across the Atlantic, and left his astonished dupes to lament their weakness, losses and credulity. In plain words, this young foreigner who, for a number of years, has succeeded in passing himself off upon the first circles in this city, as a man of fortune and family, under the name and title of Baron Von Hoffman, absconded last Sunday in the ship Ann, for Liverpool, and since his departure it has come out that for a long time, say for more than four years, he has been in the habit of committing forgeries of letters, documents, seals and post-marks, by means of which he has defrauded various persons to a large amount. Certain gentlemen may now recollect that on a recent application to me for a paragraph commending his honorable conduct towards some of his creditors, my constant reply was, WAIT A LITTLE LONGER FIRST.

Ev. Post.

OCTOBER 24.

Yesterday a black woman stopped a respectable looking white woman in the Washington-market, and charged her with stealing her shawl, which she claimed. The white woman, uneasy and distressed at this public and shameful charge, denied it, and refused to pull off the shawl, which the black woman vociferously demanded. A by-stander questioned the black woman closely as to the marks on her shawl, which she hesitatingly said was torn here and there; and, upon examining the shawl, no such marks were visible. It was with difficulty the people were prevented from d[illegible] the black hussy, who was finally turned [illegible] market by the clerk.

N. Y. Adv.