

# Maryland Gazette.

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**Jonas Green,**  
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Candidates for the Legislature.

**ABER LINTHICUM.**  
Charles R. Stewart,  
Robert W. Kent,  
William J. W. Compton,  
Christopher L. Gantt,  
Charles S. Matthews,  
John S. Williams,  
John S. Sellman,  
Robert Welch, of Ben.  
Edward E. Anderson,  
Stevens Gambrell,  
Joseph Nicholson.

**GENERAL WASHINGTON.**

Life, Habits, and Manners—Anecdotes.

The public days of the First President of the United States, were two each week. On Tuesday from

four to five o'clock, a levee was

held for Foreign Ministers, stran-

gers, and others, who could there be

admitted to the Chief Magistrate,

without the formality of letters of

introduction. It was, indeed, more

an arrangement of mutual con-

venience to the parties, than an affair

of state; still it was objected to by

some, as that time of day, as savouring

of monarchal etiquette, than the

simpler customs which should

prevail in a Republic. Who thinks

of this? In truth, the First Presi-

dent was so occupied with the mul-

titude of public concerns, atten-

ded to the outset of a new Govern-

ment, that it became necessary to li-

mit the time of visitors of mere cur-

iosity, as much as possible; and

thereby enabled all such persons

to pay their respects within the

short compass of an hour. The

President always governed in a con-

sistent degree by form and usage.

He never lived a man more averse

to show and pomp than Washington.

And in his habits, there was none

whom the details of official parade

and ceremony could be less desira-

ble to correct in all his varied sta-

tes of life, the days of the First

Presidency will ever appear as a

more dignified and impos-

ing in our country's annals.

On Thursday the President gave

a congressional and Diplomatic

dinner; and on Friday night Mrs.

Washington received company at

her Drawing Room.

The President attended Mrs.

Washington's evening parties, and

did his compliments to the circle of

friends for which he was remarka-

bly kind. Among the most polished and

well bred gentlemen of his time, he

was always particularly polite to la-

dyes, even in the rugged scenes of

war; and, in advanced age, many

were the youthful swains who sigh-

ed for those gracious smiles with

which the Fair always received the

declarations of his old beau of 65.

An interesting class of persons

used to be found at the side of the

President, on both his public and private

life, who gave a feeling and charac-

ter to every scene, and threw a

charm over very many of the asso-

ciations of more than thirty years

ago. We mean the patriots and her-

oes of the revolution.

Among the finest recollections

of those gone-by days, were the

anniversary of Independence, when

the gray haired brethren of the Cin-

centenary, assembled around their illu-

minate skill and success. He also in-

spected the weekly accounts, and

disbursements of his household in

Philadelphia. Indeed, nothing seemed

to escape the discerning mind of

this wonderful man, "who had time

for all things, and did every thing

in its proper time," and in order.

General Washington was a practi-

cal economist; while he wished that

his style of living should be fully in

character with his exalted station, he

was utterly averse to waste or extra-

vagance of any sort. He frequently

reprimanded his first steward Francis,

(the same at whose hotel in New-

York the General in Chief took leave

of his brother officers,) for expendi-

tures which appeared to be both un-

necessary and extravagant. Francis

once purchased a shad fish at an un-

usual season; it was served up at the

President's private table, who re-

marked that it was very early for

such fish to be in the market, and

demanding its price; the answer was,

three dollars. Washington waved

his hand, and ordered; take it away,

Sir; it must never be said that my

table sets an example of extrava-

gance. The mortified steward re-

moved the rarity-untouched.

The First President took consid-

erable pains, and used frequent strat-

agems, in endeavoring to avoid the

numberless manifestations of attach-

ment and respect which awaited him

wherever he went. On his journeys,

he charged the courier who would

proceed to engage accommodations,

at the inn, by no means to mention

the coming of the President to other

than the landlord. These precau-

tions but rarely took effect; and often,

when the Chief would suppose that

he had stolen a march upon his old

companions in arms and fellow-citiz-

ens, a horseman would be discover-

ed dashing off at full speed, and soon

would be heard the trumpet of the

volunteer cavalry, and the village

cannon, roused from its bed of neg-

lect, where it had lain since warlike

times, would summon all within

reach of its echoes, to haste and bid

welcome to the man who was "first

in the hearts of his countrymen."

Every village and little hamlet pour-

ed forth their population to greet the

arrival of him whom all delighted to

honour. A kind of jubilee attended

every where the progress of the Pa-

triot Chief; for even the school chil-

dren, with the curiosity incident to

that age of innocence, would labour

hard at the daily lesson, and leave

the birch to hang idly on the wall,

when to see General Washington

was the expected holiday and re-

ward; and many of these children,

now the parents of children, while

recalling the golden hours of infan-

cy, will dwell with delight on the

time when they were presented to

the paternal Chief, and recount how

they heard the kindly sounds of his

voice; felt the kindlier touch of his

hand; or climbed his knee, to "share

the good man's smile." Pure, hap-

py and honoured recollections! they

will descend like traditional lore

from generation to generation, ven-

erable to all future time.

In the frequent trial of general-

ship between the Chief and his an-

cient comrades in arms—the one seek-

ing to avoid the testimonies of res-

pect and attachment, which the other

was equally studious to offer—the

late Colonel Proctor, a gallant

and distinguished officer of Artillery,

was several times out-generalled—

the President having reached the

Seat of Government privately and

unobserved. This roused the good

old Colonel, who declared, "He

shall not serve me so again; I'll

warrant that my matches will be found

lighted next time."

So soon as the first gun would be

heard from the upper extremity of

Market-street, a venerable citizen

was seen to leave his office, and

moving at more than his usual pace,

ascend the steps of the Presidolead.

He gave in no name; he required no

ceremony of introduction; but, mak-

ing his way to the family parlour,

opened the general gratulation by the

first welcome of Robert Morris.

At the Ferry of the Susquehan-

nah, lived a veteran worthy of the

Revolutionary day, where the Presi-

dent always took quarters on his

journeys to and from his seat in Vir-

ginia. As the boat touched the

shore punctual to the moment and

true to his post stood Colonel Rod-

gers, prepared to hand Mrs. Wash-

ington to his house. It was his

claim, his privilege: like the claims

at a Coronation, it had been put in

and allowed, and, verily, the veter-

an would not have yielded it to an

Emperor.

The late General Charles Scott

had a most inveterate habit of swear-

ing; whether in private or public so-

ciety, on his farm, or the field of bat-

tle, every other word was an oath.

On the night, preceding the battle of

Princeton, Scott received an order

from the Commander in Chief in

person to defend a bridge to the last

extremity. To the last man, your

Excellency replied Scott; and, for-

getting the presence of his Chief, ac-

companied the words with tremen-

dous oaths. The General, as may

be well supposed, had but little

time, on that eventful even-

ing, to notice or chide this want

of decorum in his brave and well

tried soldier—After the war, a friend

of the gallant General's, anxious to

reform his evil habit, asked him,

whether it was possible that the man

so much beloved, the admired Wash-

ington, ever swore? Scott reflected

for a moment, and then exclaimed,

"Yes, once. It was at Monmouth,

and on a day that would have made

any man swear. Yes, sir, he swore

on that day, till the leaves shook on

the trees; charming, delightful

never have I enjoyed such swearing

before, or since. Sir, on that ever

memorable day he swore like an

Angel from Heaven." The reformer

abandoned the General in despair.

In the First Presidency, the door

of the Presidolead gathered but little

rust on its hinges, while often was

its latch lifted by the "broken sol-

dier." Scarce a day passed that

some veteran of the heroic time did

not present himself at Head Quar-

ters. The most tarted of these

types of the days of privation and

trial was "kindly bid to stay," was

offered refreshment, and a glass of

something to their old General's

health, and then dismissed with light-

er hearts and heavier pouches. So

passed the many, but not so with

one of Erin's sons. It was about

the hour of the Tuesday levee, when

German John, the porter, opened

to an hearty rap; expecting to admit

at least a dignitary of the land or

foreign ambassador, when who should

March into the hall but an old fol-

low, whose weather beaten counte-

nance, and well worn apparel shew-

ed him to be "no carpet knight."—

His introduction was short but to

the purpose. He had come to Head

Quarters, to see his honor's excel-

lence, God bless him. He was an

old soldier.

In vain the porter assured him

that it would be impossible to see

the President at that time; a great

company was momentarily expect-

ed—the hall was not a fitting place—

would he go to the steward's apart-

ment and get something to drink?

To all which Pat replied that he was

in no hurry; that he would wait his

honour's leisure; and, taking a chair

composed and made himself comfort-

able. And now passed Ministers of

State and foreign Ministers, Sena-

tors, Judges: the great and the gay;

meanwhile, poor Pat stoutly main-

tained his post going on the crowd,

till the levee having ended, and the

President about to retire to his li-

brary, he was informed that an ob-

stinate Irishman had taken posses-

sion of the hall, and would be satisfied

with nothing short of an interview

with the President himself. The

Chief good-naturedly turned into the

hall. So soon as the veteran saw

his old commander, he roared out:

"Long life to your honour's excel-

lence; at the same time hurling his

hat to the ground and erecting him-

self with military precision. "Your

honour will not remember me; though

many is the day that I have march-

ed under your orders, and many's

the hard knocks I've had, too. I be-

longed to Wayne's brigade—Mad