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 overthrow 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. XVII. EASTON, MD. SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 18, 1834. NO 3.

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.

MAJOR DOWNING'S OFFICIAL PAPER.

Read to the Cabinet, and majors, auditors, and under secretaries, and subpostmasters, and the rest of the Government, on the 26th day of December, A. D. 1833, and printed for the use of all the citizens from Downingville to New Orleans, along the sea coast, and up the Mississippi and Missouri and so down the Lakes, and across by the Erie Canal to Albany; and along by the middle route over New Jersey, Pennslyvania, and Maryland to Washington, and away agin to all parts of creation, and to every body.

GINERAL—and gentlemen of the cabinet, and the rest of you here present, composin the Government, I speak to you as a man standing right between you and the people—what I am goin to say, aint calculated to make any on you change your opinion, so much as to make you know mine. You have pretty much all on you had your turn, and now comes my turn; if any thing I say has sharp corners and scrapes the skin a little, it is because I hant had time to file the edges smooth. I'll give you my notions pretty much as you get bread from the bakers, and leave you to slice it or chunk it, as best suits you; and every man can butter his own slice just to please his fancy—that aint my business so much as it is hisen.

We are met here not only to fix on some plan to get the country out of trouble, but to see how it got into trouble, and I am goin to say a little on both points. When a chimbly smokes at the rong end, with the wind at north east, some folks may content themselves with openin windows and doors, to let the smoke out, but my notion is that the safest plan is to see into the cause o'nt, and correct it so that the chimbly will only smoke at the right end, let the wind blow any way.

Now there is a few things we must look into a little, and then we will know more about em, and *I* am going to examine—

What kind of a crittur the Bank of the United States realy is.

Whether its nature is to do good or evil to the country, and then wind up with

Matters and things in general.

Twenty years ago the country was in trouble, and fill'd up with all kinds of bank paper—nigh upon as bad as old Continental, and a good deal was a little worse. If a any body aint old enough to remember that time, and wants to see what kind of money I mean, let him go to the Treasury, and Mr. Taney can show him nigh a million and a half of dollars, not worth the cost of the paper and ink used every year in making a report on't—but this is ony a drop compared to what would be now there of the same kind of stuff, if it hadn't been for the Bank of the United States. All our wise folks of the day said we must have a Bank of the United States, and a good big one. One strong enuf to do the work well, and to clear out all this trash—and so this Bank was made, and the first thing was, as there was a very little rale money in the country, the Bank went and bo't a good jag on't in Europe and went to work here clearin away jest as we do our fields in the Spring.

It was a pretty dirty job to do so, I tell you, and the Bank did'nt get through it without scratchin and smuttin its fingers pretty considerable: and that warn't the worst on't for the Bank. The government made the Bank agree to pay fifteen hundred thousand dollars for the privilege of doing this work, and made it agree to take care of the people's money in all parts of the country, and to pay it here and there wherever the Government told 'em to, and to pay all the pensions, and to do every thing in the money way without chargin any thing for it to the government. This was a pretty tuff bargain for the Bank—for all it got in return was to have the keepin of the money and when the Government did'nt want it the Bank might lend it out. *It* took a good many years afore the Bank got things to work smooth. It was like a whappin big waggon that wanted a good many horses to drag it, and as it had a valuable freight in it, it wanted none but the best kind of horses—real Conestogas—and it warnt every one who knew how to drive such a team. The owners of this waggon found that out—for some of the first that they got, came plagy nigh oversetting it. So to rights they got Squire Biddle. I suppose they thought that seeing that the folks in Pennsylvania had the best and strongest horses, and the biggest waggons, they ought to know best how to guide 'em. Well, they made a pretty good guess that time—for ever since they told the Squire to take the lines, they haint lost a linchpin, or broke a strap; and there warnt no complaints made agin him by the folks on the road, or the country. All other waggoners liked the Squire amazingly: he was always ready to give 'em a lift when he found them in the mud, & whenever they got short of provender, the Squire never refus'd to turn out some of his to keep the horses from suffering. Every thing was going on better and better and every body said at home and abroad that there warnt such a team in all creation. Well, about four years ago we began to pick a quarrel with the Squire and its been going on every year pretty much after this fashion. The first go off, some of our folks wanted the Squire to change some of his leadin horses; they said the breed warnt right; he ought to put on the lead some Albany trotters; that they were the best horses on the lead he could have. The Squire didn't like the change, he said the horses he had, knew the road as well as he did, and they would'nt bolt nor kick up and when they came to up hill work, he could depend on 'em.

Then again our folks wanted the Squire to change harness—they said they had new *patent collars*, and a horse could pull as much agin with 'em as with the old fashion'd collars. Well, the Squire didn't like that notion nother.—So to rights they told the Squire he must give up the lines—well, that he wouldn't do, he said, without orders from the owners of the team—they had appointed him and so long as they kept him there he would go along and do his duty, jest as he had done—and it warnt right to keep stoppin him every day on the road, and trying to make him try new plans.

And with that all our folks made a regular battle on the Squire—some took away out of his wagon a part of the bags and boxes, and divided it round among the drivers of other wagons, who was mixin in the scuffle too, and away they crack'd off with it Some undertook to cut the Squire's traces; they thought they was only leather and rope traces; but the Squire was too deep for 'em for his traces was all chains kivered with leather, and so they split their jack-nives. Some went on a-head and rolled stones in the road, and dug deep holes, and tried all they could to make the Squire upset, and threw stones and mud at him and his horses; but the squire kept on, his horses did'nt flinch, and as they had drag'd the big wagon over worse roads in their day, they went along without accident. Well, now it turns out that all the wagons that drove off so with a part of the squire's load, are in trouble, for the first piece of muddy road, they all stuck fast, and there they are now. One wants the other to give him a pull and a lift; but they say they all want lifting—the squire has jest come up with 'em, and now they want him to hitch on to 'em, and drag 'em all out together: but he says that's impossible, the most he can do is to take back the load they took from his wagon, and then perhaps they can get out of the mud; but it is more than his team can do, and he wont run the risk of breakin his harness or injure his horses to drag 'em out together. Well now that's just about the condition of things, and the longer they remain so, the worse it will be—the longer horses and wagons stand knee and hub deep in mud, the less able they'll be to get out on't.

And now I'll leave 'em there a spell, and we'll take a look into the natur of the Bank and what it really is; for to hear some folks talk about it, one would think it was a most shocking monster, and that it was pretty much nothin else but Squire Biddle, when it is no more the squire then this long list of names—well these are the owners of the Bank—here we see, in first place the nation owns one fifth, and the rest is scattered round as you see here among an everlasting batch of folks all about this country, and some in forin countries; and I am glad to see on this list here old widows and old men, and trustees of children, who hant got no parents living and all our people, they put their money in the stock of this bank for safe keeping—not to speculate; and jist so with the innocent foreigners, and the best on't is, they have paid our folks a pretty high premium for every dollar on't—well these are the folks then that compose the Bank. Now, what way do they want this Bank managed?—the business of the bank is to loan money, and is jest for all the world like any rich man whose business is to loan out his money is it his interest to dabble in politics or to let politicians dabble with him? not an atom on't. I never knew one of your rale politicians who even could pay his debts, and they aint the kind of folks people like to deal with any way, who have got money to lean, they know that talkin politics, and gittin things into snarls jest to answer party purposes, aint the way to pay interest nor principal nother; and politicians in a bank are the worst folks in the world for the owners of the bank, for the most on 'em haint got money of their own to lend, but they are plagy ready to loan other folks' money to brother politicians of the same party.

No, no, a man who has got his money loaned out, (and its jest so with the bank,) wants to see every body busy and industrious, and mind their business and increase their property, for then they will be able to pay interest and principle too; they don't like to see things all mixed up with politics and people quarrellin and disputin, and when they do, they git their money back in their pockets agin as soon as they can, for they know that politics aint profitable business.

Then it comes to this that if the Bank is what *I* have said it is (it aint nothin else,) it aint such a monster as some folks try to make us think it is, and instead of a dangerous monster, I see and *I* know every body else must see, who dont squint at it but looks it straight in in the face—that its natur is jest like the the natur of any man who has got property in the country, and that is to have every thing go on in harmony and with industry & with honesty & accordin to law—no jingles & tangles, & talkin politics in porter houses and bar rooms hurrain for this man, and pullin down that man—that kind of work dont clear up new lands nor plough up old ones, it dont keep the hammer goin, and wheels turnin, and dont pay interest nor principal nother.

But some on you say the Bank has too much power, and that Squire Biddle might do a good deal of mischief if he would. Well, there is my old friend, Capt Ethu S. Bunker of the Steam Boat President, runnin twixt New York and Providence—he's got about sich another monster—there is no tellin what a "dangerous monopoly" of power that critur's got in that are boat, I was lookin into it when I came on with him a spell ago, and he was showin me how he managed it. If he was to fasten down the kivers of them two mortal big copper kittles he has got in his boat, and blow his bellesses a spell, he would smash every thing for more than fifty acres round. Does any body want to know why he don't do it—he has been in a steamboat as long now as the Bank's been goin and haint scalded no body—but he can do it in a minit if he chuses; well I'll tell you why he don't—*it aint his interest* and he don't own no more of the boat than Squire Biddle does of the Bank—the owners of the boat employ him to manage it because they know he understands his business. He knows if he didn't watch over their interest they'd turn him out; and jist so the owners of the Bank would serve Squire Biddle. And that aint all, Captain Bunker nows if he hurt any body with his boat he'd run a chance of hurtin himself too, he knows that it is the interest of his owners not to have any accidents aboard any boat; for if people git scalded in one steam boat they'll keep clear of all on 'em; and tho' some folks think Banks 'aint like steam boats I can tell 'em that in the main thing they are exactly alike; for unless folks have got confidence in 'em and feel safe in 'em they aint worthownin, but when they all go and meet no accidents, they are pritty good property; and the largest, and strongest, and cleanest, and quietest, and best managed git the most business. Now *I* think that's enuf about dangerous monpolies for a spell.

Let us now see what the Bank is about and what wee've been about.

Deacon Goodenou—Has been in that Bank as one of its directors off and on ever since it was a Bank, and I have heard him say 50 times, (and he's a man to be depended on) he never heard a word about politics in it till about 4 years ago; and it all came from our sendin every year since that time some rale politicians to help the other 20 directors to manage the Bank; the first go off the Deacon says, they thought best to keep quiet, and make no stir about it; for it was pretty much like findin skunks in the cellar; the best way was to let 'em alone if they'd keep there and run the chance of their goin out when they found there warnt no eggs to suck; and when they undertook to come up chamber and smell about in all the cubbords, it was time to snub 'em; & then came trouble; and that's jist about the way now; and the deacon says and he is about right, that politicians in a Bank are just as bad as skunks in the cellar; there aint one grain of difference.

Some on you say we dont want a Bank *now*, well, that may be so; but when I got up this mornin it was plagy chilly till I got my coat on; now *I* am warm, and it may be I dont want a coat; but *I* think if I ever take my coat off I'll feel chilly agin; and I am so certing of this I wont make a trial ont.

Some on you say the owners of this Bank haint got no right to a re-charter; they have had it long enuf; and its time now to have a new shuffle and cut; well, that aint my notion, and I'll tell you why; tho this Bank was chartered for 20 years it had a good right to believe we would renew its charter if it behaved well and did its duty; jist as a Congressman has a right to expect his constituents will send him to Congress agin if he behaves well; and its a good way to keep folks strait and make 'em do their duty; but if we are to nock this Bank down, and have a new shuffle & a new cut, then I say that them folks who make money out of a rise of stock in the new Bank, ought to pay the loss that all these old folks & young children will suffer by nocking down the old Bank; to say nothin about the innocent foreigners who put their mony in this Bank, thinkin it was safe. And let me tell you another thing—the longer a Bank stands and the older it gits, the better folks abroad and at home like it—people who have got money to lend dont like changes and particularly government changes.—Would any on you like to lend folks money in South America? and do you think any of them Governments cou'd make a bank that folks would have any confidence in? I dont think they could, jist because they keep choppin and changin every year.

Will any on you say that it aint a good thing for a country to make folks all about think it is a safe one to lend money to? aint good credit worth nothin?

Well, how does any man in trade git credit, and make folks think him safe to trust? Will he break up his stand every year, change his business, and try new plans? I say that aint the way; and no man ever prospered after that fashion; but when he finds things go well with him, he hangs on—or else he haint got no wit in him.

Now, my notion is, that none on us alone can make folks all about creation think we are safe folks to trust; but all on us together can do so; and that is the reason a good big Bank can manage this for us. Folks abroad know the Bank; and the Bank know us; and so we can manage things through the Bank better than we can alone.

Some on you say it aint right to pay interest to foreigners—that when we got money from foreigners they, keep drain in us of interest Well, that is all chalk and water. Now I know we have got an everlastin new country to clear up yet; and if an honest industrious man can git a few hundred dollars lent to him he can do and buy a good many acres, and clear it up, and sell it to these very foreigners, who are all the while coming out here to settle among us, & they pay fifty times more for it than the land first cost, and so our folks go on borrowin, and can well afford to pay interest, and find themselves in a few years with money to lend too. And as long as this business goes on, I for one am willing to say to foreigners, as the Cape Cod fisherman says to the fish, when he gits on the hook, and is pullin him in—"So long as you hold on one end, I will t'other." But folks abroad, who have money to lend, don't know our folks who go on new land—and a good many on old land nother. But they know our bank, and our canals, and rail-roads, and we sell 'em the stock, and make 'em pay good premiums too: and our folks can lend their money to our farmers. But if we go on, and nock down this bank when its charter is out, and bring trouble on the country, foreigners say, "Aha! there's trouble there!"—back they come with their stock, and git their money, and keep it; and all our prosperity is nock'd in the head! We chartered this bank for 20 years; and so we do Canal Companies, and Rail-road Companies; but did we mean when the time was up, to nock 'em all up too, and say we don't want no bank, nor a Canal; nor a Rail-road? It aint common honesty to say so; and I won't shuffle and cut with you after that fashion: for make what I might by a new shuffle, I would be ashamed to look one of these innocent foreigners in the face—to say nothin of this long list of Widows and Orfans, and Trustees of Estates, and old folks many on 'em when they bought the Stock at a high premium, I suppose never thought about the charter, or how long it had to run, but trusted to the Government. And now if you can chizzle them out of their property, as you will by puttin down this bank, just to git a new shuffle and cut at a new one—without turnin as red as a beet when you meet em, I for one say I can't, and I won't.

And now I'm most done—if I have trod on any one's toes, it aint so much my fault as hisen; for I tread the strait line, and tread ony on toes that stick out beyond the line, and that's too often the case with folks now-a-days in office.

I've telled you now pretty much my notions; and I tell you now for the last time you have made a mistake, and that's no disgrace to any man unless he tries to stick to it after he knows he has made it. If you don't know how to git the country out of the scrape you've got it in, the people will tell you pretty quick, or I aint no hand at guessin. I have now done my duty—if the people don't do theirn it ant my fault. If they say my notions are right they'll act on 'em; if they say they are wrong, then things will go on as they now go, and *I* hope they won't git worse—but that I won't promise. If things come to the worst, I shall suffer as little as any on em, for I haint got no wife and children to support, (and *I* am sorry for those who have, if things are to go as they now go.) I can cut my fodder pretty much any where.

But I love my country, ev'ry acre on't, and it goes agin my grain to see any part on't suffer. And I know all this sufferin comes from party politics—this same party politics that has drive all our wisest and best men out of office; and now to keep together wants to git hold of the big waggon and all the money in it.

My dander is up, and *I* best stop now—for the more *I* think on't and the more I write about it, the more wrathy I git. So no more at present.

From your fellow-citizen,
J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia 2d Brigade.

From the National Gazette.

We purposed to take a cursory retrospect, in our last, of the year just finished, but found that other subjects entitled to precedence would occupy our columns. Let us now employ our memory in noting the principal events of the last twelvemonth, by which the recollection of our readers may be agreeably or usefully freshened. We cannot pursue an exact chronological order; nor is this material for our object.

The Proclamation of Governor Hayne of South Carolina, in answer to that of President Jackson, dates, we believe, about the beginning of the year. It has left scarcely any trace; the Governor has the merit of more consistency than the President. We have not heard of a palinode from him. The Washington Globe chanted a requiem to Mr. Livingston's work. War of France against Holland by the Siege of Antwerp;—no other result than the reduction of the fortress; Belgic question still unsettled. The manifestoes and speeches of the King of Holland evince a bold firmness, or what is called Dutch obstinacy, that is, a resolution to incur all hazards, rather than sacrifice honor and right. Triumph of the Doctrinaire party in the French Chamber of Deputies. That party remain predominant, happily as we believe for the weal of France and Europe. We regard the present King of the French, as the most patriotic and accomplished sovereign in the world.

Mr. Clay's Tariff Bill in Congress, last winter. Debate on the bill "further to provide for the collection of duties on imports." Very able speech of Mr. Webster, and vehement efforts of Mr. Calhoun. Compromise, achieved by Mr. Clay, by which the march of South Carolina Nullification was arrested to the ineffable joy of the Nullifiers themselves. Their heresy has been overshadowed, superseded as it were, by the pretensions and acts of the Executive power at Washington. Mr. Adams's Report on Manufactures—admirable, like all his productions as a statesman. Nullifying ordinance passed by the Legislature of South Carolina in reference to the Enforcing Act. Congress will, it is thought repeal the act as now unnecessary. President's Message with regard to the ordinance of the South Carolina Convention respecting the Tariff; the next best of the public documents bearing the signature Andrew Jackson;—most of the others equivocal, contradictory, or absolutely bad. Mr. Clay's Land Bill *vetoed* by the President—now revived by its able author.

British *Reformed* Parliament. Irish coercion bill; violently denounced by O'Connell, who continues his war upon it. It seems to have answered its purpose in Ireland. Occupation of the Falkland Islands by the British; matter still in dispute between the government of Buenos Ayres and that of Great Britain. The bills drawn by the government of the U States, in pursuance of the treaty of indemnity for the claims of American merchants, dishonored by the French government. Lieutenant Randolph's personal assault upon President Jackson. Recent illegal and vindictive arrest of said Randolph, and his discharge by an independent and able court after full argument. Death of John Randolph, of Roanoke, one of the chief orators of his time; the most eccentric of public men; always an object of attention throughout the Union. Treaty of navigation and commerce concluded between Russia and the United States. Northern tour of President Jackson. Concomitant exhibition of Black Hawk and other Indian hostages. Letters of Major Jack Downing, securing immortality to the tour. President Jackson made an L. L. D. by the University of Cambridge.

Accouchment and release of the Duchess of Berri. Female heroism passing from the sublime to the ridiculous. Death of William Wilberforce and mourning of philanthropy. Victory of Don Pedro's fleet, commanded by Admiral Napier, over that of Don Miguel. Consequent occupation of Lisbon by Don Pedro's troops. Arrival of the young Queen at Lisbon. Withdrawal of Don Miguel's army from the neighborhood of Oporto, and its approach to Lisbon. Unsuccessful attacks on Don Pedro's lines. Successful sorties of Don Pedro. Separation of Marshal Bourmont and other French officers from Don Miguel. Death of Ferdinand King of Spain. Dispute for the succession between Don Carlos, the king's brother, and the widow of Ferdinand in right of her daughter to whom her husband assigned the crown. Civil war in Spain. Uncertainty of the real condition of affairs and popular opinion in Spain and Portugal. Successes of Ibrahim Pacha over the forces of the Turkish Sultan. March of Ibrahim on Constantinople. The Ottoman Porte saved by the intervention of Russia, military and diplomatic. Alliance, offensive and defensive, between Russia and the Porte. Dissatisfaction of the European powers. Mexico,—civil war; double triumph of Santa Anna; overthrow and expulsion of his enemies. Conspiracy in the Republic of New Granada.—Able and just administration of President Santander. Venezuela comparatively tranquil. Disorders and bloodshed in the new state of Equador. Revolutions in Peru and Chili. Indian wars in the provinces of La Plata. No stability in the affairs of any part of South America.

Dismissal of Mr. Duane from the office of Secretary of the Treasury, and substitution of Mr. Taney. "*I* take the responsibility." Removal of the Deposits from the Bank of the United States—opening of Pandora's box. Mr. Duane's Exposition—more due and expected. President's Annual Message, and Mr. Taney's Report concerning the removal of the deposits. Report of the committee of the Directors of the Bank fully vindicating the management of that Institution. Memorial from the government directors—to be abundantly refuted. Important debate in Congress on the treatment of the Bank.

Meteoric phenomenon; yet unexplained. Return of Captain Ross from the Arctic Expedition. Contest between the Executive of Alabama and the Executive of our Union in relation to the settlers on the Indian lands in Alabama; likely to be adjusted amicably. Dreadful Steam explosions. This subject introduced into Congress by Mr. Webster. Important measures of the British Parliament. Abolition of Negro-Slavery in the British West Indies; opening of the China trade; renewal of the charter of the Bank of England. Vast enterprises, either suggested or begun, in Great Britain and the United States, of rail roads. Spirit of Internal Improvement particularly rife in some of our Southern and Western States. Extension of Bible, Temperance and Missionary Societies. Attempts to organize societies, in the Northern and Middle States, for the immediate abolition of negro slavery; very little accomplished Severe laws passed in the South in reference to the religious and literary instruction of the slaves. Progress recently made by the State-Rights party in the South. Healthfulness of the Atlantic Coast during the last summer; devastations of the Cholera in the interior. Cholera pervading Spain. Abolition of lotteries in some of the States Multiplication of suicides in our country. Wonderful growth of our great cities and towns, now checked by the dangers which threaten the currency and public credit.

Anecdote of Marshal Ney.—When Napoleon marched in the summer of 1800, to bring back victory to the eagles of France a division of his army, as it hastened to the scene of action halted within sight of the little town of Sarre-Louis' on the border of Germain Lorrain and the general who led it pointing with his sword said with emotion, "Gentlemen & fellow soldiers, this is my birthplace: I am the son of a cooper, and thirteen years ago, on the spot where *I* now stand I parted in tears with my father & mother to become a soldier: I bid you welcome to my native town."—This leader was the celebrated Marshall Ney.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2940_scm11030-0598.jpg