EASTON GAZETTE.

WHERE THE PRESS IS FREE—"Literature well or ill-conducted, is the Great Engine by which all Popular States must ultimately be supported or overthrown—
RELIGION purifies the Heart and teaches us our Duty—Morality refines the Manners—Agriculture makes us Rich, and Politics provides for the enjoyment of all.

VOL. XXII. EASTON, (MD.) SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 8, 1839. NO. 24.

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.

From the Cultivator.

A LOOKING-GLASS.

J. BUEL, Esq.—

Dear Sir—When I was a boy, I can well remember how I used to be induced to wash my smutty face, by having a looking glass held before my eyes. For the same purpose, I have extracted the following picture of 'a farmer,' from the writings of that most eccentric and excellent writer, 'Samuel Slick,' in the hopes that if any of your readers should happen to see any part of himself therein, that he will improve by the view. Here it is.

"* * * That critter, when he built that wreck of a house, (they call 'em a half house here,) intended to add as much more to it some of these days, and accordingly put his chimbley outside to save the new part as well as the old. He has been too 'busy' ever since, you see, to remove the banking put there the first fall, to keep the frost out of the cellar, and consequently it has rotted the sills off, and the house has fell away from the chimbley, and he has had to prop it up with great sticks of timber, to keep it from coming down on his knees altogether. All the winders are boarded up but one, and that might as well be, for little light can penetrate them old hats and red flannel petticoats. Look at the barn; its broken back roof has let the gable eends fall in, where they stand staring at each other, as if they would like to come closer together (and no doubt they soon will,) to consult what best to be done to gain their *standing* in the world. Now look at the stock; there's your 'improved short horns.' Them dirty looking, half starved geese, and them draggle-tailed fowls that are so poor the foxes would be ashamed to 'steel' them—that little lantern jaw'd long legged rat eared gaunt of a pig, that's so weak it can't curl its tail up—that old cow standing there with her eyes shut, and looking for all the world as tho' she's contemplating her latter eend—(and with good reason too,) and that other reddish yellow long woolled varmint, with his hooks higher than his belly, that looks as if he had come to her funeral, and which by way of distinction, his owner calls a horse—is all 'the stock.' I guess that this *farmer* supports upon a hundred acres of as good natural soil as ever laid out door. Now there's a specimen of 'Native Stock.' I reckon he'll emigrate to a warmer climate soon, for you see while he was waiting to finish that thing you see the hen's roosting on, that he calls a sled, he's had to burn up all the fence round the house, but there's no danger of cattle breaking into his fields, and his old muley has larnt how to sneak around among the neighbors fields o' nights looking for an open gate or bars to snatch a mouthful now and then. For if you was to mow that meadow with a razor and rake it with a fine tooth comb, you could'nt get enough to winter a grasshopper. 'Spose we drive up to the door and have a word of chat with Nick Bradshaw, and see if he is as promising as outside appearances indicate.

'Observing us from the only light of glass remaining in the window, Nick *lifted the door* and laying it aside, emerged from the kitchen parlor and smoke house, to reconnoitre. He was a tall, well built, athletic man, of great personal strength and surprising activity, who looked like a careless good natured fellow, fond of talking, and from the appearance of the little black pipe which stuck in one corner of his mouth, equally so of smoking; and as he appeared to fancy us to be candidates, no doubt he was already enjoying in prospective the neighboring tap room. Just look at em—Happy critter—his hat crown has lost the top out, and the rim hangs like the bail of a bucket. His trowsers and jacket show clearly that he has had clothes of other colors in other days. The untan'd mocasin on one foot, which contrasts with the old shoe on the other, shows him a friend to domestic manufactures; and his beard is no bad match for the wooly horse yonder. See the waggish independent sort of a look the critter has, with his hat on one side and hands in his breeches pockets, contemplating the beauties of his farm. You may talk about patience and fortitude, philosophy and christain resignation, and all that sort of thing till your tired, but—ah, here he comes 'Morning, Mr. Bradshaw—how's all home to day?' 'Right comfortable,' (mark that—comfort in such a place,) 'I give thanks—come, light an come in. I'm sorry can't feed your hoss—but the fact is, tan't bin no use to try to raise no crops, late years, for body don't git half paid for their labor, these hard times. I raised a nice bunch of potatoes last year, and as I couldn't get nothing worth while for 'em in the fall, I tho't I'de keep 'em till spring. But as frost set in, while I was down town 'lection time, the boys did'nt fix up the old cellar door, and this infernal cold winter freeze 'em all. It's them what you smell now, and I've just been telling the old woman that we must turn too and carry them out of the cellar, 'fore long they'll make some of us sick like enough—for there's no telling what may happen to a body late years. And if the next legislator don't do something for us, the Lord knows but the whole country will starve, for it seems as tho' the land now a days won't raise nothing. It's actually *run out*.' Why, I should think by the look of things around your neighbor Horton's that his land produced pretty well.' 'Why, yes—and it's a miracle too, how he gets it—for every body round here said, when he took up that track, it was the poorest in the town. There are some folks that think he has dealings with the 'black art,' for 't does seem as tho' the more he work'd his land, the better it got.'

'Now, here was a mystery—but an easy explanation. Mr. Slick soon solved the matter, at least to my mind. The fact is, says Mr. Slick, a great deal of this country is *run out*. And if it warnt for the lime, marsh mud, sea weed, salt sand and what not, they've got here in such quantities, and a few Horton's to apply it, the whole country would *run out* and dwindle away to just such great, good natured good-for-nothing, do nothing fellows as this Nick Bradshaw, and his wooly horse and woolless sheep, and cropless farm, and comfortless house, if indeed such a great wind rack of loose lumber, is worthy the name of a house.

'Now, by way of contrast to all this, do you see that neat little cottage looking house on yonder hammock, away to the right there, where you see those beautiful shade trees. The house is small, but it is a *whole* house. That's what I call about right—flanked on both sides by an orchard of best grafted fruit—a tidy flower garden in front, that the galls see to, and a most grand sauce garden just over there, where it takes the wash of the buildings, nicely sheltered by that bunch of shrubbery. Then see them everlasting big barns—and by gosh, there goes fourteen dairy cows as sleek as moles. Them flowers, honeysuckles and rose bushes, shows what sort of a family lives there, just as plain as straws show which way the wind blows.'

'Them galls, ain't 'ternally racing round to quilting and husking frolicks, their feet exposed in thin slips to the mud, and their honor to a flimmer protection. No—take my word for't—when you see galls busy about such things to home, they are what our old minister used to call right minded.' Such things keep them busy and when folks are busy about their own business, they've no time to get into mischief. It keeps them healthy, too and as cheerful as larks. I've a mind we'll 'light here, and view this citizen's improvements, and we shall be welcomed to a neat substantial breakfast, that would be worthy to be taken as a pattern by any farmer's wife in America.

'We were met at the door by Mr. Horton, who greeted my friend Slick with the warm salutation of an old acquaintance and expressed the satisfaction natural to one habitually hospitable, for the honor of my visit. He was a plain, healthy, intelligent looking man about fifty, dressed as a farmer should be, with the stamp of 'HOME SPUN,' legible upon every garment, not forgetting a very handsome silk handkerchief, the work throughout of his oldest daughter. The room into which we were ushered, bore the same stamp of neatness and comfort that the outside appearance indicated. A substantial homemade carpet covered the floor, and a well filled book-case and writing desk, were in the right place, among the contents of which, I observed several Agricultural periodicals. I was particularly struck with the scrupulously neat and appropriate attire of the wife and two intelligent interesting daughters, that were busily engaged in the morning operations of the dairy. After partaking of an excellent breakfast Mr Horton invited us to walk over his farm, which tho' small, was every part in such a fine state of cultivation, that he did not even express a fear of 'starving, unless the legislature did something, to keep the land from running out.'

'We bade adieu to this happy family, and proceeded on our journey fully impressed with the contrast between a good and bad farmer, and for my own part, perfectly satisfied with the manner that Mr. Slick had taken to impress it indelibly upon my own mind.

'Mr. Slick seemed wrapped in contemplation of the scenes of the morning for a long time. At length he broke forth in one of his happy strains. 'The bane of this country, 'Squire, and indeed of all America, is having TOO MUCH LAND—they *run over* more ground than they can cultivate, & crop the land year after year, without manure, till it is no wonder that '*it's run out*.' A very large portion of land in America has been 'run out,' by repeated grain crops, and bad husbandry, until a great portion of this great country is in a fair way to be ruined. The two Carolinas and Virginny are covered with places that are 'run out,' and are given up as ruined, and there are plenty site too many such places all over New England, and a great many other states. We hav'nt the surplus of wheat that we used to have, in the United States, and it'll never be so plenty while there are so many Nick Bradshaw,s in the country.

'The fact is this,' Squire, education is deucedly neglected. True, we have a site of schools and colleges, but they an't the right kind. The same Nick Bradshaw has been clean through one on 'em, and twas there that he larnt that infarnal lazy habit of drinking and smoking, that has been the ruin of him ever since. I would'nt give an old fashioned swing tail clock, to have my son go to college where he could'nt work enough to arn his own living and larn how to work it right to.

'It actilly frightens me, when I think how the land is worked an skinned til they take the gizard out on't, when it might be growing better every day. Thousands of acres every year are turned into barrens, while an everlasting stream of our folks are streaking it off to the new country,' where about half on 'em after wading about among the tadpoles to catch catfish enough to live on a year or two, actilly shake themselves to death with that everlasting cuss of all new countries, the fever and agur. It's a melancholy fact, 'Squire, tho' our people don't seem to be sensible of it, and you nor I may not live to see it, but if this awful robbin' of posterity goes on for another hundred years, as it has for the last among the farmers, we'll be a nation of paupers. Talk about the legislature doing something, I'll tell you what I'd have them do. Paint a great parcel o guide boards, and nail 'em up over every legislature, church, and school house too in America, with these words on 'em in great letters, 'THE BEST OF LAND IN AMERICA BY CONSTANT CROPPING WITHOUT MANURE, WILL RUN OUT.' And I'd have 'em also provide means to larn every child how to read it, cause it's no use to try to larn the old ones they're so sot in their ways. They are in the constant strain with the land they have, and at the time trying to git more, without improving my own. Yes, yes, yes, *too much land* is the ruin of us all.

'Although you will find a thousand more good things among the writings of 'The Clockmaker,' I hope you will not look for *literal* copy of the foregoing.—And if ever this meets the eye of the writer of the Saying and doings of Samuel Slick,' I beg him to excuse me for the liberty I have taken with his own language. I remain your agricultural friend.

SOLON ROBINSON.

Lake C. H. Ia. October 12, 1838.

LAKE COURT HOUSE, IA.
March 20 1839.

To the Editor of the Franklin Farmer:

VALUABLE RECEIPTS. Dear Sir: In your paper of the 2d inst., is a 'cure for the poll evil' in its incipient state. Here is a cure for it in its worst state:

When the swelling breaks, or if it has been sometime a running sore, it will have a pipe or tube from which the matter discharges: into this crowd a lump of pearlash or potash, as big as you can with your finger. Three such applications will cure the worst case of poll evil or fistula that ever I saw. So much for horses.

In the human family, the worst cases of cholera morbus, dysentery, bloody flux, &c. that ever I saw, I have repeatedly cured in a few minutes, or hours by a strong tea made of the bark of the sweet gum: taken green from the tree is best: steep a handful in a pint of water until the liquor is like good coffee: drink it clear or sweetened with loaf sugar, or add a glass of good brandy if the attack is very severe.

If not infallible, it is remarkable in its effects, and well worth being known and tried in every family.

Your friend
SOLON ROBINSON.

We can add our own testimony to the value of the sweet gum tea: having experienced amazing and speedy relief from its use in a violent case of dysentery which refused to yield to the usual remedies. We have also seen, in the last five years, its wonderful [illegible] in more [illegible] cases. We have used the decoction made from the bark both green and dried, and have discovered no material difference in the effect: both being efficacious.

[Franklin Farmer.

HOW TO RELIEVE CHOKED CATTLE.—It will be recollected by the constant readers of the Telegraph, that some months since, John Conant, of this village, published an article in the Telegraph addressed to farmers, making known a method for relieving cattle choked with potatoes, or other substances. The object of this paragraph is to call attention to the subject again, and to add my own testimony in favor of the remedy. A few mornings since, one of my cows was choked with a potatoe. Living but a short distance from my friend Conant, the author of the article alluded to, I sent for his assistance, as I had never witnessed the operation. He came with a quantity of gunpowder, took about as much as would be necessary to charge a common fowling-piece two or three times, inclosed it in paper, somewhat after the manner of preparing a cartridge, and while I held the cow's head up, he with his hand, thurst the preparation down her throat, as far as convenient. I held her head up a moment, until she had broken and swallowed the charge, which soon produced heaving, but the first trial did not succeed. After waiting a few minutes, we repeated the process, which succeeded admirably, and the poor, distressed animal was relieved at once. She raised the potatoe, chewed and swallowed it. Let whoever has occasion, try the experiment.

Vermont Telegraph.

RAMROD'S ESSENTIAL TINCTURE OF GRIDIRON OR, NATURE'S GRAND RESTORATIVE.

Dr. Simeon Ramrod, by scrutinous and chemical annalization of vegetable substances, has recently discovered that Gridirons contain a subtle, invigorating fluid, sympathetically allied to the nervous or *magnetic* fluid of the human body, which being skilfully extracted and properly prepared becomes a specific and infallible remedy, for almost every complaint of mind and body to which human nature has been subject since the flood—It is found also to have a powerful effect upon the brute creation, and on various inanimate substances, to be a relief against accidents, to be a wonderful quickener of the circulation, and to give tone and strength to all muscular exertions: from which it is found useful to persons travelling by sea or land, and to those exposed to extraordinary dangers. To announce the instances in which *Ramrod's Tincture of Gridiron* has proved beneficial, would be but to give a detail of all the diseases to which men women and children, are subject. The following are but a few out of a thousand and *upward* of certificates which have been or may be presented as a testimony of the efficacy, viz:

The subscriber has long been afflicted with the toothache, to such a degree that nearly all his teeth had been drawn out, and by an unjust sentence, he also unfortunately, had both his ears cut off. On applying a little of the *Tincture of Gridiron* to his head his teeth were restored and his head was instantly supplied with as fine a pair of ears as he could boast of the day he was born.

JOHN EARWIG.

Not long since, riding on the highway my horse stumbled and fell, and so lamed himself as to be unable to proceed. I *heard* of a phial of the *Tincture of Gridiron* in the neighborhood, and suddenly found myself at the end of my journey, without further trouble.

J. STEADWELL.

Riding out the the other day, I accidentally fell into a ditch, and broke my legs, my arms, and my neck. On taking a little of the *Tincture of Gridiron*, I instantly recovered, and have never been near a ditch since, nor felt a desire to approach one.

TOM TUMBLE.

Walking, not long since, near the machinery of a mill, I was caught and carried between two cogwheels, and every bone in my body broken to pieces.—A phial of *Ramrod's Tincture of Gridiron* being thrown into the pond, I found myself restored, and as whole and sound as a roach.

DICK WHIRLIGIG.

NOTE.—Gridirons taken in their natural state, and, particularly, taken whole, are by skilful chemists deemed extremely dangerous. But the recent discovery of a mode of preparing the Tincture from them places them in the first rank of valuable plants.

Beware of Counterfeits. Each bottle is stopped with a gimblet, and sealed with juniper berries, labelled *Ramrod's Tincture of Gridiron*. To be sold (*only*) by the subscriber, in *Frying Pan Alley*, at the sign of the Tea kettle, who always subscribes his own name.

S. RAMROD.

RAIL RIDING.

The following sketch, the scene of which is laid near Tallahassee, Florida, explains how to outwit Judge Lynch—it is from the Augusta Mirror.

Now of all other men perhaps John Rodgers had the greatest aversion to [illegible]. He would rather have [illegible] such an indignity: [illegible] receiving this intelligence, he resolved that he would not be catched 'sleepin berry sound.' He then took another large drink, and after clearing his throat, uttered his fears in a whining tone of voice.

'Well, you'd better put out, then,' said the gentleman of the bar, as he set back the bottle and popped the 'pic,' in the drawer. 'Judge Lynch has said it.'

'Well, now I'm not a gwain to be sarved no such trick,' said John. 'Judge Lynch be hanged.'

John sauntered out crying, muttering to himself, 'I'll blow em all to —, if they come to projection' about this child.'

He stepped into a store and purchased three pounds of powder, which he tied up in a silk pocket handkerchief under his arm, walked into a confectionary, kept by a good old Frenchman, and purchased a few cigars, lighted one of them, and commenced smoking. Already the officers of the high court of Judge Lynch were in pursuit of him, and as he saw them gather round the door, he began to puff away at his cigar and utter curses against 'the whole infernal pack of 'em.'

'Yes,' said he, 'you come tryin' that are, and you'll get walked up worse than ever you was afore—blast nation seize your picters. You jest fool with this child—that's all, and if I don't blow you to kingdom come—you see if I don't.'

The crowd which had assembled around the door, now gradually entered the room, and as they did so, John began to flourish his cigar and cry:

'Jest you tetch, now. If you lay your hands on me, I'll send you whirlin, if this here powder's good for any thin.—I don't care for myself—I'd rather be blowed through the roof of this here store than be rid on a rail—a confounded sight.'

This last speech attracted the attention of the old Frenchman, who began to look very uneasy.

'Ha what dat you shall say—blow off de roof from my house!'

'Lay hold of him!' said the judge, who generally attended the execution of his sentence in person, 'lay hold of him fellows!'

'Stand off!' exclaimed John, at the top of his voice, as he held the powder in one hand and the cigar in other. 'Do you see this 'ere cigar, and this 'ere powder? jest you lay hands on me, and I'll tetch 'em together. If I don't now dad burn me.'

'Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!' exclaimed the old Frenchman. 'Go out my house, sair—begone with your poodre and your cigar—what le debble!—will you blow up my property?'

'Well let 'em let me alone then. I'll blow all hands up, and myself too, before I'll be *rid on a rail*.'

'Gather him up, gentlemen,' said the judge, 'the sentence of the law must be executed.'

The crowd, which had now increased in number, gradually drew around the besieged Rodgers, and the end of the rail was seen entering the door.

'Here goes, then!' exclaimed Rodgers, drawing the cigar from his mouth, and applying it close to the handkerchief—There was a sudden rush to the door, and a confusion of voices crying out, 'stop! stop!'—'don't! don't!'—above all of which might be heard the old Frenchman, crying out, 'Murdare! murdare!'

'Well,' said Rodgers, as the crowd dispersed, 'I'd just as leif be killed, as *rid on a rail*.'

I tell you one, two, several times to begone vid your poodre magazine, and your cigar. Will you leave my house, sare?'

But Rodgers could neither be persuaded nor driven from his position against the wall, until the old man had prevailed upon the Lynch party to withdraw to some distance from his door.—He then left the house, much to the relief of the old Frenchman, but ever as the crowd approached, he would prepare to apply the match. At one time, they approached with more than usual determination and when they had got quite near, one was heard to say—'Bring the rail!'

'You try it,' said John, 'and if you don't get into a hornet's nest, it 'ill be because fire won't burn powder, now mind.'

The circle began cautiously to close round him, but as John knocked the ashes from his cigar, at the same time producing a few sparks preparatory to touching it to the powder, he was again left alone! The individual who had worried himself considerably by carrying the rail, in his sudden retreat dashed it to the ground and exclaimed, '*Non commattible in stat'a combustib'l!*' abandoned the attempt. The rest of the *posse* soon imitated his example leaving Rodgers triumphant.

Thus Judge Lynch, for the first time, witnessed the most utter contempt of his authority, and the most determined defiance of his power.

The following morning found John Rodgers a better man, and from that time forth he was never seen within the jurisdiction of Judge Lynch of T—, Florida.

ARRIVAL OF THE GREAT WESTERN—TEN DAYS LATER—TORY MINISTRY FORMED AND DISBANDED—OLD MINISTRY RESTORED—RIOT IN PARIS.

The steam ship Great Western arrived at the New York quarantine ground on Friday night at 11 o'clock, having made her passage from Bristol in the very short space of thirteen days and eight hours! The London and Liverpool papers are to the 17th May, and Bristol to the 18th all inclusive. It will be seen, from the extracts published below, that the British Ministry, the news of whose resignation is mentioned above, have been reinstated in their former offices, and that the reins of Government are again in the hands of Lord Melbourne. Sir Robert Peel had been delegated by the Queen to form a Tory Ministry, and the names of the members of the new cabinet had been already announced unofficially in the London papers, when difficulties arose in reference to the ladies of the Queen's Household, and put an end to any further arrangement.—Lord Melbourne was again sent for by the Queen, and the former whig Ministry resumed office.

The following history of the Ministerial difficulties and changes is given in the Commercial Advertiser.

On Tuesday the 7th of May the Whigs resigned as our readers know, and both houses adjourned to Friday. The Queen according to the London Herald, was deeply affected when Lords Cottenham and Melbourne definitively announced to her that the Whig ministry was extinct—affected even to tears. Her Majesty wished to send for Lord Normanby, and entrust to him the formation of a new cabinet; but Lord Melbourne honestly advised her to call in the Duke of Wellington, and place the country unreservedly in his hands.

The Duke waited upon the Queen, and advised her to place the formation of the new cabinet in the hands of Sir Robert Peel—thinking it most proper that the prime minister should be a member of the House of Commons. On Wednesday, therefore, Sir Robert was appointed First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer receiving, of course, *carte blanche* for the ministerial arrangements.

Thursday the cabinet was constructed as follows.

Lord Chancellor, Lord Lyndhurst.

President of the Council, Duke of Wellington.

First Lord of the Treasury, and Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Robert Peel.

Foreign Secretary, Earl of Aberdeen.

Colonial Secretary, Lord Stanley.

Home Secretary, Sir James Graham.

These arrangements were announced in the Morning Post of Friday.

But on Thursday night the Peel ministry was already at an end. The actual causes of this event are differently related by the Whig and Tory papers—the former alleging that Sir Robert, with an extent of exaction that was scarcely courteous and certainly not prudent demanded the immediate dismissal of all the ladies composing her Majesty's household; and that the Queen indignantly refused compliance with this demand, saying, "I would rather be reduced to the level of a subject, than be deprived of the society of those to whom I am personally attached, and who have been the friends of my childhood."

The Tory Journals, on the other hand, say that the demand of Sir Robert Peel was only for such a proportionate change in the household appointments as should give evidence to the country that the ministers enjoyed her Majesty's confidence, and that parties who had ceased to be responsible could no longer exercise an influence upon the royal mind. The Times gives the names of the ladies whose removal was considered by Sir Robert indispensable; namely, the Duchess of Sutherland and the Countess of Burlington, both sisters to Lord Morpeth, Lady Charlemont, and the Marchioness of Normanby.

Be this as it may: however, both parties insisted, and Sir Robert accordingly tendered his resignation, which was at once accepted and the Queen recalled Lords Melbourne and John Russell to their posts.

The papers, as may be supposed, abound with rumors of approaching cabinet changes.

That Lord Durham will come in we think not very improbable, as his quarrel with the Court seems to be made up, for we observe that he was present at the Queen's first state ball for the season, on the evening of the 10th.

The Bank of England, on the 16th passed a resolution that the rate of interest from that day should be FIVE per cent.

Among the passengers in the Great Western we notice John Van Buren, Esq. son of the President of the United States, George Parish, Esq and Major Denny, of the British Army, bearer of despatches.

Fourteen or fifteen vessels were lost in the ice near Domessness on the 25th of April. The crews of ten of them were saved—the others perished.

THE CHARISTS.

We regret to say that the ministerial changes were followed in various parts of the kingdom by tumults and riots, in some instances attended with bloodshed. In Birmingham and Manchester things assumed a very threatening appearance, and it was reported that serious riots had broken out there, as well as in the Staffordshire potteries. These reports happily proved incorrect as to the two great towns, but at the potteries there were violent commotions, lasting three or four days, and compelling a resort to the most decided measures. The Cavalry and yeomanry were called out and finally succeeded in repressing the rioters but not until they had been obliged to fire upon them several times, wounding a number of persons.

Eighteen of the rioters were taken and conveyed to a place of safety. One letter says that the troops were firing at intervals, nearly the whole night.

Considerable numbers of the agitators had been arrested in London and other places—mostly leaders. Among the arrests we notice that of one Vincent, who has taken a very active part in fomenting the disturbances at various places.

In London on the night of the 10th, thirteen of the chartists were arrested, after some resistance. They were in conclave—six of them armed with formidable pikes.