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.

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ADVERTISEMENTS

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From the Boston Transcript.

THE VETERAN ARTIST.

The venerable Trumbull was in the city not long since on a short visit. We dare say the old gentleman came all the way from New Haven on purpose to see the Ailston's and the Athenæum Exhibition; but, be that as it may, he became professionally engaged while here, and, as we hear, actually finished one portrait, if no more. This must be the "ruling passion," indeed. We doubt if there are many instances of an equal perseverance on the records of the craft. The Father of the Painters in this country, at any rate, the Colonel must be considered. Born in 1756, he is now 83 years of age, and he has been painting ever since he left Harvard: a graduate of the Class of 1773! Then he was 17. At 18 he produced his first historical painting. After leaving the army, he painted during the war, in London, where he got himself arrested for a rebel, was confined eight months, and would have been hanged but for the mediation of West, personally, with old George III. Still he painted on, as poor John Bunyan wrote on, in his prison; and when he got out of it, he went to painting harder than ever, and so he has been at it ever since. Even granting his professional career to have begun not until 1789, when he at length went steadily to work in his own country, this gives him a *a fifty year's good service in the cause*. Gilbert Stuart was a portrait painter, and a good one, near sixty years, but there are few other such cases in existence. That Trumbull's genius, or his genius, are equal to Stuart's or like them we need not say: we speak of his enthusiasm and industry now. If one comes to criticism, perhaps the Colonel might as well have left off painting, as he left off fighting—when he had enough of it, say twenty years ago. Of what he has done within that time it must generally be thought that it would not diminish his previous fame if nothing were said about it. Unfortunately the whole collection of "remains" and "fragments" and "experiments" is now the property of Yale College, and bound there in a sort of moral *mortmain*, to ensure its preservation in spite of all mankind. This we say without disparagement to the *gems*, the Bunker Hill, the Montgomery, the full-length Washington, and the little original heads taken from life for the "*Declaration*" invaluable sketches, and quite worth, alone, the $1500 a year which it is said the artist receives during life from the College. We bear in mind too, other good things of Trumbull's.—There is merit, as well as *verti*, in his first original Historical piece, Hector, with the body of Priam, the figures eight inches by ten. This is now, we think, in the Harvard collection. It was painted FIFTY FOUR YEARS AGO. Fifty years ago was painted his third "SORTIE OF GIBRALTAR," now at our Athenæum, and so far as we know, the only considerable work of the Colonel's in the city. This is 6 feet by 9. What was paid for it we know not, but his second Sortie went to Sir Francis Baring for 500 guineas, though but 20 inches by 30. The first study, 12 inches by 16, was a present to Mr. West.

And this talking of prices reminds us that the Colonel has little cause of complaint on this score. He must have made his *debut* with the spoon in his mouth. How else can we account for the astonishing fact that *Congress* gave him $12,000 for four pictures, besides allowing him to show them, which gave him no doubt $10 000 more. Such living in clover for an artist is unique among us. Congress itself seems to have been paralyzed by its own liberality, for now-a-days shuts its eyes fast upon all temptation: it buys nothing; it takes no hints; it hears no proposals. Even the other, four of the *eight* pannels hav'nt been filled up. A considerable collection of real and rich *originals*—we know what we say—was at Washington five years ago, out of which *three* only have since been purchased by Lord Francis Egerton, for more money than the owner, who cared more for fame than cash, offered the whole collection for to Congress!—The Senate came within ONE of taking them; to be sure, 20 000 was the consideration, we think; but an inch is as BAD as an ell, and the pictures went back to England. The Colonel then must be a lucky man, we say, and we are glad of it. By the brush as much as the sword a man may deserve well of the public. It is a noble thing to die for one's country, Sallust says; and a very decent thing moreover, to put rightly on record the good deeds of others. This, Trumbull has done much of. His historical paintings, "Shin-piece" and all, with all their faults, will immortalize his name; and besides, he has expended, as well as laboured, a good deal. He has spent as liberally on his paintings as on his engravings, we presume, and three of mere letter which he had done at Stutgard, cost him £3000 or some $12 000. He gave Durand $3000 for a print of the the "Declaration."

We have been betrayed into a warm weather gossipping tenor, but we must give our readers, one story of the Colonel's travels in Germany, furnished by himself to Mr. Herring, of the Portrait Gallery, New York, and which may be found in that amusing farrago, Dunlap's History of American Art. It runs thus:

"Germany being then the seat of war, our artist one evening arrived in his carriage at the only Inn belonging to a village on the Rhine, which was in the possession of a division of the French army. The inn was fully occupied by officers, and there was no bed for the traveller. Boniface however recollected that an aid of the general, who had his quarters in the house, had been secretly sent off, and perhaps might be absent for the night. He was willing to accommodate the traveller but must first have permission from the general. Accordingly he was sent to require of, and receive commands from, his excellency. He returned with an orderly sergeant, and a message from the general, who wished to see the applicant for his aid's bed.—On being introduced, he was questioned as to his country. 'America' 'From what part?' 'Connecticut.' 'And the town?' 'Lebanon.' 'Ha! you must know then my old friend, Governor Trumbull?'—'I am his son.'"

Force of Habit.—We had a friend once, a generous open hearted fellow. He loved every thing that gave a zest to life, and its little pleasures and pastimes were to him all as diamonds scattered over a barren and rugged soil. When any thing worthy of a laugh transpired he was sure to roar out and exclaim "Well, there's some fun in this life yet!" He became so habituated to this mode of expressing his gratification, that he frequently used it in the wrong place. He once saw an Alderman thrown nearly in a pool of mud by a frisant sow, with her litter of eleven pigs, when his first exclamation was, "well, there's some fun in this life yet." In the course of time, his failings increased, and he became enamoured of a very pretty girl, with a handsome property—he was married to her, and as he placed the ring upon her fair finger, he exclaimed, "well, there's some fun in this life yet." About a year after her marriage, she took it into her head to die—our friend received the news as he was writing a sonnet to the Moon. "Well," said he "there's some fun in this life yet." The story can soon be brought to a tragical end—his love of fun, frolic and poetry, clapped an extinguisher up on the blaze of his fortune—his money passed away, how, he knew not yet, without a shilling in his pocket, he exclaimed, "there's some fun in this life yet." With all his philosophy, he could not beat down the thorns that cluster in the path of life: sickness but not sorrow, overtook him, and he breathed his last, as poor as a churchmose, muttering, "Well, there's some fun in this life yet."

And so here is—people may rail and rant, and groan over the miseries of human life as much as they please, yet, amid all the dross there are some little particles which shine cheeringly. For instance when we were in the very depth of despondency this week, a subscriber "dropped into" our office, and generously paid us a year's subscription to our paper in advance, and we could only give vent to our feelings by exclaiming "well,—there's some fun in this life yet."—[Clipper.

WAKING UP THE WRONG PASSENGER.—A knight errant a few night's since, was cruizing in Old Town in search of adventures, and knocked at the door of a house in Exeter street, occupied by a respectable family. The lady of the house popped her head out of the window to see the cause of such a dreadful bother, and the gallant cocked his head and endeavored to squint sheep's eyes at her. She obeyed his invitation to come down and admit him; but on her way she seized a cowskin, and unlocking the door, admitted the youth. The door was safely closed, and the gentleman thought his plan successful, but the lady caught him by the collar, and laying on stripes in good earnest with the cowskin, made the gay Lothario cry murder most lustily. A watchman was attracted by his cries, and the door being opened, the night cruiser popped out and cut away. The lady declared herself much pleased with his visit, and gave him an invitation to call again, but he did not stop to make an answer, and it is supposed he has had a sufficient taste of a warm reception.—[Bal. Sun.

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER—CURIOUS PROOF OF IT.

At a meeting which took place the other evening, for the purpose of forming a North London Mechanic's Institution, Mr. B. Montagu, as an illustration related the following anecdote: He was walking a few months ago in Portland Place, when he observed a large crowd of people assembled, and found that it was in consequence of a large mastiff dog having a lesser one in his gripe. Several persons tried, by splitting the mastiff's ears, and by biting and pinching its tail; to make it let go its hold, but in vain. At last a delicate and dandified young gentleman came up, and making his way through the crowd into the circle, requested to be allowed to separate the dogs; assent was given amid jeers and laughter when the dandy slowly drew from his pocket a large snuff box, and having taken a pinch himself, inserted his fingers again into the box, and withdrawing a larger pinch, deliberately applied it to the mastiff's nose. The snuff operated so powerfully on the animal's olfactory nerves, that it not only immediately let go its hold, but made its escape as fast as it could. The dandy was loudly cheered, upon which he stopped for a moment, and said "Gentlemen, I have merely given you a proof that 'Knowledge is Power.'"

BANK ROBBERY.

In the Nashville Whig of the 25th ult. we have the following account of the robbery of the Branch Bank of the State of Tennessee, at Columbia.

With pain we announce the fact that the Branch Bank of Tennessee in this place was robbed last night of between $25.000 and $30 000. The robber entered the outer door with a false key, and finding the key of the safe, which had been deposited in a private place in the banking room, succeeded in opening and taking from it the money. The cashier left every thing safe at the Bank at 8 o'clock. Many circumstances conspire to confirm the opinion that the miscreants had a familiar knowledge of the Bank, but suspicion we believe has yet attached itself to no particular quarter. At what time of the night the robbery took place, is not known. The money stolen consists we believe of bills on all the Tennessee banks, the bank of the United States, and some of the Alabama and Mississippi Banks.

This is, we blush to add, the second robbery which has taken place in Columbia within the last few years. We trust that every possible effort will be made to ferret out the villain or villains.

☞Since the above was in type the Cashier of the Bank has offered $5000 reward—one half for the apprehension of the thief or thieves, and the other half for the recovery of the money.

A NEST OF VILLAINS.

We have already published some particulars of the kidnapping of a coloured boy at Worcester, Massachusetts. Another boy was carried away by the same rogue at nearly the same time. The Massachusetts Spy, in noticing these facts, says:

'The principal in these vile transactions, who called his name Peelin Shearer (the name of a respectable trader in Palmer,) was Dickenson Shearer, and his companion, who passed by the name of John Dickenson, was Elias M. Turner, a young man 19 or 20 years of age.—Shearer is in custody at Fredericksburg Va.; awaiting an order from the proper authorities for his removal to this place for trial.—A man named Francis L. Wilkinson, from whose possession the boy Francis was taken by the civil authorities in Virginia, is also in custody as an accomplice of Dickenson. Turner has been arrested at Palmer, and brought before a magistrate in this place and held to bail for further examination, which is to take place on the 10th inst. Another person whose name we have heard, but do not recollect, has been arrested at Lunenburg and held to bail for further examination.

The boy, Hassard, from Lunenburg, was recovered in the vicinity of Richmond, Va., and the person in whose hands he was found, was arrested as an accomplice in the crime.

Shearer has been in Virginia most of the time for four years past, occasionally taking contracts on the James River Canal, and making Cartersville his home. Since his arrest he has confessed, as we learn by a letter from Richmond that he has followed the business of kidnapping for six years past, and that he is connected with a gang of kidnappers whose organization extends from New England to Virginia.

EXPLORING (SOUTH SEA) EXPEDITION.

By a letter dated U. S. ship Relief, Callao Bay July 16. 1839, received at the Philadelphia Exchange, we learn that U. S. ship 'Relief' was to sail the next day for Whahoo, Sandwich Islands, to land stores and from thence proceed to Sidney N. S. South Wales, where we shall leave the remainder of the squadron and then return home by the way of St. Hellena, and the Cape of Good Hope, (and fully expect to touch at St Helena and the Cape) and be home about the month of March or April next. The U. S. ship Peacock, Vencennes, brig Consort, and schr. Flying Fish, all of the Expedition, sailed from this place July 14, for the Islands and N. W. coast, &c. I am sore afraid that the U. S. schr. Sea Gull, Passed Midshipmen Reid and Bacon, commanders, is no more. She has not been heard of these three months past.

[Claremont (N. H.) Eagle.]

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

An old fellow, whose name we veil under that of Hunks, died in the adjacent town of Charleston last week, would have been a capital subject for Dickens and might have sat to Scott for his inimitable character of Trapbois, in the Fortunes of Nigel. He was a miserly, close fisted old hunks a real skinflint, who, it is supposed, by his neighbors, had scraped together, as such characters will in one way and another, a considerable amount of money. This was not known however. Some said that he had money concreated in the earth—others, judging from the slovenly manner in which he lived and dressed that he had nothing but the few acres which he cultivated. He lived like the poorest, shutting his door upon every intruder—till at last death knocked, and he was obliged to open. During his sickness, he was wont to spread daily for a small purse of silver and gold, hid in the wall of his room which he would count over with much feeling of painful delight, which imparted the bosom of the miser alone. Disease, however, wore down his frame rapidly, and at last he was unequal to the task of going through his daily custom of counting the pieces in his purse, & could only as they were displayed before him pat them sorrowfully with his hands, as a last pass her favorite dog on the back. One day, during the last stages of his disease, he sent for a neighbor and expressed a wish to impart a secret to him. 'Go to the cellar, (said he) and in the further corner you will find a tub.—Raise it, and you will see a shingle, beneath which is a box. The individual followed the directions, and found a box of specie. Now go to another corner'—(said the miser) deserting the place.—Another box was found embedded in the earth.

A day or two after, when he found he must soon leave all his earthly treasures he desired to be raised up in his bed. His request was granted, when he immediately reached out his skinny hand beneath his pillow, and lo—another box was found containing about five hundred dollars in French gold pieces, which it is understood he took from one of the banks about the time of the late suspension of specie payments. All these buried treasures were given in the keeping of his neighbor for the benefit of others. He said there was one other box, but that he did not like to tell where it was; as he might want it himself. He however consented to write the place of interment on a piece of paper so that the secret might not perish with him. He died soon after, and his hidden treasures—not inconsiderable sum—were counted over at the close of the funeral ceremonies.

Thus died, at an advanced age, one whose only aspiration, through a long life seems to have been the hoarding of specie and burying it, where it could be of no earthly benefit to any one—a perfect miser—a lover of money, not for the blessings which it might impart and diffuse around him, but for its own sake—not for the name of possessing it—for he feigned and was thought to be poor but because the mere habit of acquisition had become a passion and the bare consciousness of possession was a pleasure—a phantom of delight, which he could hug with rapture to his bosom. Well will it be for such if they have laid up treasures in Heaven as well as on earth. But we will not sermonize the lesson conveyed by the sketch is left with the reader.

THE STEAM FRIGATE.—The keel and floor timbers of the steam frigate at our Navy Yard are laid, and the stem and stern timbers set up. She is 19 feet longer than the ship Pennsylvania: her other dimensions are as follows:

	Feet	Inches.
Length of keel	206	
between perpendiculars	229	
extreme, including cut-water	249	
Breadth of beam (moulded)	39	
outside of planking	40	
outside of guards	68	
Depth of hold	23	6
Draught of water (load line)	13	3
Height above (load line)	13	9
Measurement of tons	1,983	

The one building in New York is of similar dimensions, and the moulds for her construction were sent from our Navy Yard. There are only about twenty hands at work upon her, while we understand that upwards of one hundred are engaged on the one at New York. From present appearances, however the hulls of both will be finished long before their engines are ready for them.

[Phlad. N. Amer.

A real Patron.—Mr. Thomas Thaxter, of Hingham, Mass., recently died at the age of 78. Mr. T. was one of the original subscribers to the Boston Centinel, which commenced its publication 55 years since, and he continued his subscription, and paid it promptly, up to the day of his death. His punctuality in paying the printer is supposed to have had a material influence in giving him "length of days." "A word to the wise, &c."

Correspondence of the U. S. Gazette.

NEW YORK, Thursday, P. M.

The steam ship Liverpool arrived at 9 o'clock this morning, bringing us dates from that city to the day of her sailing the 21st ult. and from London of the day previous. The news by this vessel, you will, I regret to say, learn from the papers I enclose you, of the most gloomy character, and has added in no small degree to the excitement and alarm already prevalent.

I hand you the fullest accounts by the Liverpool, contained in the letters of the Courier & Enquirer's valuble correspondent, and Messrs. Brown Shipley & Co's Circular, to which and the papers, I have only to refer. The affairs of the U. S. Bank are fully entered into.

In Wall street to-day there has been much confusion. U. S. Bank and Philadelphia notes, 10 per ct. discount. Exchange on Philadelphia, 93 asked at 90 offered. Our own country bank notes even, with the exception of the Safety Fund, are taken with extreme caution at 3 a 4 per cent discount. Stocks have not varied materially, except U. S Bank, which sold at 93; Vicksburg Bank, 34; Stonington, 22 1-2 and Kentucky, 72.

The holders of flour have run up their prices about 50c per bbl. but without any buyers at the advance, nor do I learn that any orders for purchase have been received from England.

There was no surprise expressed today at your suspensions; they were, as you may presume from my letter of yesterday, fully anticipated.

Among the passengers in the Liverpool are Major Hall, secretary to the Governor General of Canada, General Hamilton, of South Carolina, Mr Vincent Nolte, and Mrs. Fitzwilliam.

From the N. Y. Courier and Enquirer, second edition.

At about eight o'clock this morning arrived the steam ship Liverpool, bringing us papers from London to the 20th, and Liverpool to the 21st ult.

The Letter of our London correspondent presents a complete summary of the important commercial and financial intelligence brought by this arrival. We have no room for present comment.

The amount of bills drawn by the ank of the United States, protested for non acceptance by Hottinguer & Co. was 7,000,000 frs. Mr Jaudon immediately repaired to Paris, and arranged with the Messrs. Rothschild to accept the protested bills, and all others drawn on the Messrs. Hottinguer.

The harvest of Great Britain has unquestionably been a failure, and the crop is estimated to be at least 5,000,000 quarters short.

The bullion in the Bank of England is estimated at £3,500,000, and a suspension of specie payments by that institution was confidently predicted.

Correspondence of the Cour. & Enquirer.

London, Sept. 20th. 1839.

The Liverpool steam ship being about to depart from Liverpool at an early hour to morrow morning, and as no other steam ship will be in train for New York for an unusual time after the sailing of the Liverpool, I purpose to send you the fullest, latest and the best, ascertained account of the present state of affairs in this quarter of the world.

Preceding all other matters at the present moment is the unexpected and extraordinary occurrence respecting the French agency of the Bank of the United States.

On the night of Friday last arrived in London and express to Mr. Jaudon, informing him that on that day the house of Hottinguer, the Paris agents of the bank, had refused to accept the usual bills which had been drawn from Philadphia against consignments of cotton to Havre de Grace and various other ports of France. This intelligence was entirely unexpected by Mr. Jaudon who through the most prominent European agent of the Bank of the United States, has not professed any direct connexion with the Parisian agents of the bank and consequently then learned for the first time that the house of Hottingeur had come to so extraordinary a determination as to refuse the bills of an establishment from which they have derived so very beneficial an interest during an agency of twenty years.

Setting off instantly for Paris, Mr. Jaudon arrived in that capital on Monday, and at once removed all the difficulties of the Messrs Hottingeur, by negotiating with the house of Rothschild, the Jewish capitalists of so much celebrity, and who now accept the bills of the Bank of the United States.

This event has been the subject of extraordinary excitement, both in England and in France. But the numerous enemies of the Bank of the United States, who, both in London and Lancashire and Yorkshire were exulting in the supposed downfall of the institution have now found that, on the contrary, the result of the affair has eminently strengthened the credit of the institution: all parties now agreeing that Mr. Jaudon, when suddenly called upon, could provide security for 7,000,000 of francs: extraneous entirely to his own arrangements of every description, and could substitute the greatest capitalists in the whole world for the comparatively unknown house of Hottinguer—that all this must redound most signally to the credit and solid power of the Bank of the United States.

So far indeed from the Bank of the United States having received assistance from the Bank of England, the Bank of England, on the contrary, may be said to have received assistance from the Bank of the United States, so far as to have imported 250,000 sovereigns, and to have sold them to the Bank of England, at a time when the bullion was reduced almost to nothing, is certainly 'assistance' in the true meaning of the word, and this is the only transaction which has passed between Mr. Jaudon and the Bank.

On the subject of the weather and harvest in England, the accounts by the Liverpool steam ship are unfortunately to be of the gloomiest kind. Since the date of my letter by the Cambridge packet ship of the 7th inst., which informed you of the melancholy appearance of every thing on the ground, the weather has been even worse during the whole of the succeeding time. Daily, for the last ten days, we have experienced rain in considerable quantity during the whole of the twenty-four hours; but on Saturday, Sunday and Monday last, the torrents were greater than in any month of September within the memory of man.—Real summer or autumn, there has been indeed none in England; and the consequence is, that the prospects of the harvest are of the most alarming description at the present time. In Ireland, Scotland, the higher districts of Wales, and the counties of England north of the Humber, there is now no doubt that the crops will be deficient at least one third, and probably one half, as already mentioned.

However these prospects of exportation of high priced flour to England, may cause some parties in the United States to exult, there is no doubt of the greater enlargement of the views recently appearing in the Courier and Enquirer, and throwing that a high price for a limited surplus of flour is no real satisfaction for the far more extensive national disadvantages arising from a diminished consumption and lower prices of cotton and other commodities, and from the continued derangement of all commercial and monetary affairs, which seems now inevitable in England for the whole of another year of misery of every kind.

The money market of London remains in a very unsatisfactory situation, and though there was some improvement on the occurrence of one or two not unfavorable days for the harvest, yet the subsequent relapse to rain has again caused every better symptom to pass away. Indeed, it is impossible to perceive how the Bank of England is to continue payments in gold—for already it is certain that a deficiency of 5 000 000 of quarters of wheat must be the result of the harvest, and as this quantity must be obtained and paid for to foreign nations—and the price abroad will not be less than 40s. per quarter; and there is no prospect of foreigners taking manufactured goods in payment more during this winter than in the last, and as this will, therefore, require the exportation of £10 000 000 in gold, whilst the whole amount in the vaults of the Bank of England, is more than about £3 500,000; it must follow that the entire exhaustation of gold is almost immediately at hand.

There is no important home intelligence of a miscellaneous kind; but the civil war in Spain is at length brought to a close, Don Carlos having fled into France, and his army totally routed and dispersed.

The Montreal Herald makes mention of a scheme now in contemplation in Great Britain to establish a British colony in one of the Western States of the United States between the 37th and 43 degrees of North latitude. Each member is to purchase a section of land at least; and to take possession of his property within one year after the purchase has been concluded with the United States, otherwise it will be confiscated and applied to the general purposes of education for the benefit of the colonists. It is intended that this British colony shall occupy at least one entire county, consisting of 750 sections of one square mile each; but the association shall be considered as formed provided 200 members agree to purchase that quantity.

MULTICAULIS TREES.

With regard to the comparative value of the trees growing North and South, the following parsgraph from a late number of the 'Silk Farmer,' is worthy the attention of buyers and sellers:

'Growers at the South should steadily keep in view one most important fact—their trees are far superior in quality to ours and hence should command a proportionately better price. The prices obtained with us for the small sized and poorly branched trees of the North, ought not to regulate the prices of the large Southern trees. Being better in quality they ought to be better price, and cannot fail to do so, unless prematurely forced into market.'

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