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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Twenty-Seventh Congress.

Washington, April, 1842.

J. R. Chandler, Esq.—Mr. Adams continued his speech in the House yesterday, which he commenced the day before. In his commencement, he bore down with unrelenting severity upon Mr. C. J. Ingersoll, took a brief review of the wayward, eccentric, & serpentine course of that gentleman in political affairs; of his having declared that, had he been living during the revolutionary war, he would not have been one of those who stood up for liberty and the rights of freemen; of his having belonged to the Federal party, and his being now one of that "democracy" which Clement C. Clay said were 'the natural allies of the South;" of his having written the most ultra tariff memorial ever presented to that House, and of his being now opposed to the tariff policy: of his having been turned neck and heels out of the District Attorney's office by General Jackson, and then immediately becoming a Jackson man; and various other somersets, "too numerous to mention." All parties seemed to enjoy this keel hauling with great zest, but one—the party particularly interested. Well might he have repeated what 'the frog said to the boys, 'this may be fun for you, but it is death to me."

Mr. A. went on now chiefly in reply to the war speech of Mr. Wise, who was for a war with Mexico. He took up, and commented on, every cause alleged by Mr. Wise, and showed that not one of them constituted the least ground for war. He handled Mr. Wise with great severity, and turned the tables of ridicule upon him most successfully.

Mr. Wise had spoken in a grandiloquent tones of planting "the star of liberty," (the Texan flag) upon the heights of Mexico and said that if Sam Houston did not do it, he would, at the head of 20,000 men, from the valley of the Mississippi, march there and plant the flag of freedom upon the walls of that city himself.

Mr. A. said that the gentleman from Virginia, (Mr. Wise) might possibly become a Tamerlane or a Genghis Khan; he might perhaps, by holding out the temptation of robbing churches and priests induce twenty thousand men to follow him from the Valley of the Mississippi; twenty thousand men might be tempted by so glorious a prospect of *plunder* to enter into his service; and when the flag was planted, it was hardly to be supposed that the ambition of the renowned and successful warrior would be content even with that conquest;—the Isthmus of Darien would scarcely bound his ambition; he might possibly even aspire to reach Cape Horn: But what would became of LIBERTY in the mean time? Conquerers were not often worshippers at her shrine. But, said Mr. A., instead of having his name placed beside those of Genghis Khan, or Tamerlane, I think it more likely that the gentleman will stand on the page of history with a hero far more renowned than either of these celebrated warriors and conquerors; I mean that Illustrious hero, whose exploits are so familiar to us all, *Mr Thos. Thumb!* This irony was too much for the risibles of the House and galleries, and the most grave gave way, and joined in a burst of laughter which followed; even Wise himself could not resist, and seemed to enjoy it as much as any one.

Mr. A. dwelt much upon the idea that the United States were to involve themselves in a war with Mexico for the benefit of Texas, or for the support of slavery in that country. Such a war would of course involve us in one with Great Britain, and then we might see the South overrun, as she was during the revolution, and the North called upon as she was then, to protect her against invasion, and against a more dangerous and unrelenting enemy within her own bosom, her own black population. All this might be, and a civil war at the same time. He feared such would be the fate of this country, at some day; it was well to look ahead.

He disclaimed all right of the free States to interfere or meddle with the institution of slavery, so long as the States in which it existed were competent to manage it themselves, and did not call on the free States to help them to put down insurrection.

But when it came to this—when the civil power was no longer able to keep the slaves in subjection and the north should be called upon for aid, that moment they had full jurisdiction of the subject and a legal right to take cognizance of it in any way they might choose. This part of Mr. A.'s speech was listened to with profound attention, but with evident displeasure by the Southern members. In thus treating the question of slavery, Mr. Adams roused a spirit which, had there been an opportunity on this Bill, would have raised an angry debate of at least a fortnight's duration.

As soon as Mr. Adams had closed, Mr. Andrews, of Kentucky, moved that the committee rise, for the purpose of enabling him to move, in the House, a reconsideration of the resolution adopted a few days ago, to take this Bill out of the Committee of the Whole on Saturday. He said that after what he had heard from the gentleman who had just sat down, he was not disposed to cut the debate short—he wished it to go on. But the Committee refused to rise, and Mr. Campbell, of South Carolina, having obtained the floor, commenced a speech, which was a signal for a general movement out of the House of those who had brought chairs and gathered into a dense group in front of and near Mr. Adams.

Among so large a body of men as compose the House of Representatives, it is natural to suppose that talents of a very opposite character will be found in different members; some have a talent for speaking, others, perhaps, for writing, some for finance, and others for fine arts; some for *drawing*, others for *driving*.

Now it so happens that Mr Adams has the power of *drawing*; while Mr. Campbell is one of those men who are extremely useful in case a *dispersive* power is needed. He would be an excellent police man in case of a mob, for no crowd could stand before him for five minutes. In less time than I have been telling it, the House presented a beggarly scene of empty seats.

By the way, I omitted Mr Adam's interesting relation of the circumstances of the negociation between himself as the organ of this Government, and the Spanish Minister, relative to the boundary between the United States and Mexico. Rich in history, and especially that history of which, "pars magna fuit," he himself has been the prominent actor, he never opens the fount of reminiscence without pouring therefrom a copious stream of intellectual instruction, which is sought with avidity by all who have the good fortune to be within its reach.

You are aware that he has been charged with having, as an enemy of the South, surrendered Texas to the Spanish Government, and accepted the Sabine, instead of the Rio del Norte, as the boundary between the two countries. What a strange man! Attack him as you will, he never comes off second best.—He may bide his time, and though it come not for many years come it will, and he stands higher and firmer than ever. Yesterday he stated what, however, he asserted on some former occasion, that he and he *alone*, of all Mr. Monroe's Cabinet, had contended to the last for the Rio del Norte, as the boundary between this country and Mexico; that he had adhered to that river as the boundary till over ruled by Mr. Monroe, and *every member of his Cabinet*; thus showing that if the yielding this claim was an act of hostility to the South, Southern men, and not himself, had been guilty of the act charged against him as an evidence of his unfriendliness to the South.

Told as they are with all the attending circumstances, and as personal history, these historical reminiscenses possess a charm that rivets every ear, and a value, few are so stupid as not to appreciate.—When in the communicative mood, Mr. Adams fairly enchains the House, and the members listen with the deep interest and unwearied attention of children to a tale of romance.

On the meeting of the house this morning the motion was made to re-consider the vote to stop all debate on the bill in Committee of the Whole, at 12 o'clock to-day, but it did not succeed; and Mr. Botts, who had obtained the floor yesterday, went on with his speech till 2 o'clock. An unsuccessful attempt was then again made to rescind the order to stop debate. The Committee went on with amendments, perfecting the bill, without debate, till 2 o'clock, when it was reported to the House. Here an important amendment was offered and carried by a large majority, which requires that the job printing, binding, stationary, &c. of the Executive Departments, shall be furnished by contract, to the lowest bidder proposals for which shall be advertised for in the public papers, &c. The work to be done in the city of Washington. Of late, all this patronage, every stiver of it, has, by special order from Mr. Tyler, to the Heads of Departments, been taken from those who were enjoying it since the 4th of March '41, and given to the Madisonian. Mr. Wise offered an amendment to the amendment, going to destroy it, on which the yeas and nays were demanded, and stood, ayes 96, nays 98; so his amendment did not prevail.

It is said that the Madisonian cannot live without this patronage, except by a too heavy drain upon the purses of the office holders. This must be a great slander; for a paper conducted with the ability which that paper is, can hardly want Executive pap to nourish into existence or sustain its vitality. It certainly exhibits mental vigor, of late, whatever physical energy it may lack. It is asserted that some of 'the master minds' of the country are employed in its editorials; how that may be I do not know; but its editorial ability within a few days past, certainly indicates a very great and sudden acquisition to that department.

I think the Whigs have done the late administration great injustice in some things; they have accused them of squandering MILLIONS for no good purpose; well, this is true. They have accused them of spending all the surplus money in the Treasury, and running the country in debt; this is true, too. They have accused them of spending this money without completing the fortifications of our harbours, increasing the navy, or doing any thing for the country; this is true, also. But they have done one thing for which they have had no credit, and I think we should 'give the D—l his due,' small as it is. But what have they done that we have not given them credit for? I'll tell you: they have been provident enough to have a very large supply of Post Office Blanks printed—in some places a supply sufficient to last FORTY OR FIFTY YEARS! You doubt—it is a FACT—as I am informed by good authority, and I think this remarkable instance of foresight should not go unnoticed.—Suppose all the printing offices in this country should suddenly be burned down, and all the type destroyed, what on earth would be done? Now I venture to say that those in power at this time, never dreamed of such a contingency happening, and have not thought of providing against it. But you know, and *I* know, and EVERY BODY knows, that such a catastrophe MIGHT happen; and if it should, why you see—'all right—go ahead'—we've got Blanks enough—need nt stop the mails, if all the printing offices do burn down at once. To be sure, these Blanks may not suit the times some forty years hence, and perhaps our children's children can get them printed quite as cheap as we can, to say nothing of buying and paying so many years in advance; but all this is mere moonshine when we think what an awful condition the Department would be in if all the printing offices should be destroyed, and no supply of Blanks on hand? I am so shocked at this distressing thought that I can proceed no further. We cannot speak too LOUDLY of this EXTRAORDINARY foresight of our Loco foco predecessors; trumpet it forth, with clarion-tongue—publish it before YOUR office shall share the fate anticipated and provided against.

OLIVER OLDSCHOOL.

TEMPERANCE STORY.

We must laugh as well as cry in this world. As last week was a sad one, let this be more cheerful. The following quizzical story was told at a temperance meeting in Hartford last week by a reformed toper. It opens rich and as the man has become sober, one may now laugh over his absurdities with a double relish. He said—

"I used to drink, and my wife used to jaw me about it. What do you get drunk for? said she; what do you jaw me for? said I. So we agreed, and made a firm bargain that I would not drink and she would not scold. For three long days we held on firm—no drinking nor scolding; but on the third evening, being in company with some good fellows, I took a horn, and when that was down, I right off wanted another, and in a very short time I found myself about 'how fare you;' with twenty horns safely and snugly in my bread basket; (tremendous laughter.) By and by it got to be time to go home; but, as you may well suppose, I dreaded to meet my wife like the tooth ache, (laughter.) However, go I must; and so, I staggered along, hoping to find my wife abed. (laughter.) When I reached the house, I found it still lighted, and through the window I saw my wife up and awaiting for me. (Laughter.) Thinks I, I can't go in yet, but I must wait till she goes to bed; so there I stood half freezing in the cold rain for two hours, (tremendous laughter.) At last she went to bed, and I crept in at the back door, stumbling over pails and chairs, but finally succeeded in getting to bed without disturbing her, (laughter;) but after dozing awhile, I awoke and found myself as dry as a fish, (laughter.) You know, brethren, how dry we all used to be in the night, after we'd had a spree, (tremendous laughter.) My wife always knew what was the matter with me, when I got up in the night to drink cold water, (laughter.) I hardly dared to get up, for fear of my wife; but my thirst was greater than I could bear, (laughter; so out I crawled, and groped very softly after the water pail, (laughter;) but no water was there, (laughter;) I then felt round in the dark, on the table and shelves, for something to cool my burning thirst, (remendous laughter;) soon I found a tin pan full of liquid something; I seized and put it to my mouth, and I took a long and hearty draught—the liquor at the same time running out at each side of my mouth, down my cheeks, (tremendous laughter;) and so I thought the liquor tasted odd, and at that instant it flashed on my recollection that I had fixed some poison a few days before to kill rats with, (tremendous laughter for five minutes.) Horror-struck, I stood—my hair standing on an end—it was death to scream out, for my wife would jaw me if she waked, (laughing and stamping;) and surely it would be death to hold still; but scream I must, and scream I did,) riotous laughter. "What was in that pan?" "You are dry, are you?" said she. "What was in this pan?" shouted I, still louder." "What makes you dry?" screamed she. "What was in this pan?" yelled I, in perfect agony of fear. "What pan?" "Why the pan on the shelf." "Oh, you brute, you have drank up all my starch." (Tremendous laughter for five minutes, and cries of order from the chairman.) The next morning my shirt collar was pasted fast to my neck and cheeks, and it took half an hour to clear it off. Here Mr. Brown sat down amid the cheers of the whole society.

DO GOOD FOR EVIL.

A TALE FOR YOUTH.

Dear Children—If you would have friends you must show yourselves friendly. I know an old soldier of the Revolution, who told me the following story:

'I once had a neighbor, who, though a clever man, came to me one bright hay day, and said, "Esq. White, I want you to come and get your geese away."—"Why," said I, "what are my geese doing?" "They pick my pigs when they are eating, and drive them away; and I will not have it." 'What can I do?" said I. "You must yoke them." "That I have not time to do, now," said I; "I do not see but they must run." 'If you do not take care of them, I shall!" said the clever shoemaker, in anger; "What do you say, Esq. White?" "I cannot take care of them now, but I will pay you for all damages." "Well," said he, "you will find that a hard thing, I guess." So off he went, and I heard a terrible squalling among the geese. The next news from the geese, was that three of them were missing. My children went and found them terribly mangled and dead, and thrown into the bushes. Now, said I, all keep still and let me punish him. In a few days the shoemaker's hogs broke into my corn; I saw them, but let them remain a long time. At last I drove them all out, and picked up the corn which they had torn down, and fed them with it in the road. By this time the shoemaker came in great haste after them. "Have you seen any thing of my hogs?" said he. "Yes, sir, you will find them yonder, eating some corn which they tore down in my field."—"In your field?" "Yes sir." said I, 'hogs love corn, you know—they were made to eat." "How much mischief have they done? "O, not much," said I. Well, off he went to look, and estimated the damage to me, to be equal to a bushel and a half of corn. "O no," said I, "it can't be." "Yes," said the shoemaker, "and I will pay you every cent of damage." "No," I replied, "you shall pay nothing. My geese have been a great deal of trouble to you." The shoemaker blushed, and went home.—The next winter, when we came to settle, the shoemaker determined to pay me for my corn. "No," said I, "I shall take nothing." After some talk, we parted; but in a day or two, I met him on the road, and fell into a conversation in the most friendly manner. But when I started on, he seemed loth to move and I paused. For a moment both of us were silent. At last he said, "I have something laboring on my mind." "Well, what is it?" "Those geese. I killed three of your geese: and I never shall rest till you know how I feel. I am sorry.'—And the tears came in his eyes. "O well," said I, 'never mind; I suppose my geese were provoking." I never took any of him for it; but whenever my cattle broke into his field, after this, he seemed glad—because he could show how patient *he* could be. "Now," said the old soldier, "conquer yourself, and you can conquer anything." You can conquer with kindness, where you can conquer in no other way.—*Vermont Chronicle.*

☞An Eastern Shoreman stepped into a barber shop, to take off twelve cents worth of his hair. The barber trimmed his locks very neatly, and then combed and brushed them in the most particular style.

"Are you done?" asked the Eastern Shoreman, as the barber removed the napkin from his neck.

"Yes, sir," returned the man of the razor, with a bow.

"Are you certain that you took off elevenpence worth?"

"Yes, sir," returned the barber, "there's a glass—you can see for yourself."

"Well," said the Eastern Shoreman, "if you think you have got 'leven pence worth off, I don't know as I have any use for it, and I hav'nt got any change; so you may just keep the hair for your trouble."

A Wretched Scene.—The Rev. Mr. Phelps preached a sermon in one of the churches of Boston on Sunday forenoon last, in behalf of the Boston City Missionary Society, from the text, 'There yet remaineth much land to be possessed.' Among other cases which had come under the notice of the agents of the Society, he related the following incident as having occured within a few days and been witnessed by one of the City Missionaries. In a miserable hovel of a house which he entered he found a man lying dead with some of the family *drunk* about him. In the same room with the corpse a couple were being *married*—the bridegroom wearing the clothes which the dead man just cast off, and every thing was going on very merrily, as though it was a jovial time.—[Salem Gazette.

ENGLISH GRAIN MARKETS.—The London correspondent of the Courier and Enquirer, writing under date of the 1st instant, says—

The corn markets have been depressed by the extremely inferior quality of all the British grain, the greater part of the wheat exhibited at Mark lane required to be kiln dried, and there is Scotch wheat which is offered without purchasers, at 40s per quarter; whilst free foreign, of first rate quality commands 80s, and is in demand at that very high rate. The absence of those dry and searching east winds which usually prevail in the month of March, has contributed to the inferior quality of the English grain, which damp, originally from the wetness of the autumn, has never yet been dried in the stack.

The markets are beginning, notwithstanding, to advance; for the deficiency of the harvest of 1841 was two extensive, and even with the most favorable weather during the present summer, the exhaustion of the home stocks must be so long before the time of the ensuing harvest, that high prices are almost inevitable, and probably at an early time and independent of the Corn Laws of Sir Robert Peel. The duty on foreign wheat advanced yesterday 1s, per quarter, and is now 27s 8d, and on the corresponing duty is 16s 8d. per barrel of 196 lbs.

The whole stock of foreign wheat and flour in bond is about 50,000 quarters, and of English grown wheat it is estimated that the stocks were never smaller in the memory of man. The weather throughout March has been mild and favorable to sowing and to vegetation; but so extreme is the exhaustion of breadstuffs, that everything may be said to be dependent on the result of the harvest of the present year.

A Liverpoor letter of the 1st instant says—

Until about a week past the corn market had continued extremely dull, and flour in bond declined to 25s per brl., but in the last few days it has advanced to 26s 6d a 27s per brl and at these rates there is a fair demand. Though the new corn bill of the Government will not become a law as early as had been expected, little or no doubt exist that it will be adopted without material modification. At present the duty on Flour is 16s 2d per brl. but under the new bill it now a law would be about 7s 6d per brl—and this will probably be the case in the course of six weeks.

The value of Flour duty paid is 35d a 36d per bbl.—The Winter and Spring thus far have been favorable for the next crops of Grain.

A Mother Selling her Child as a Slave.

A strange and revolting case came before one of the courts of Baltimore on Saturday last. A colored girl named Sally Jefferies, the daughter of a white woman named Ann Conner, filed a petition for freedom against her mother, who had taken the girl to the house of a slave dealer in that city and offered to dispose of her as a slave for life. It was shown that for some time the girl had been confined by desire of the respondent Ann Conner, in the custody of the dealer alluded to, until she was brought into court on Saturday. The mercenary mother pertinaciously claimed her *daughter* as her SLAVE, and said that the child was given her by its own father, not denying that she was herself the girls mother. The court desired her to acknowledge the freedom of her child by filing a response to the petition to that effect, or give bail for her appearance to answer the charge of her being the mother of the petitioner. To this decision she attempted to respond by saying she would acquiesce, if the court would make the girl go home with her and be her servant;' she was not permitted to insult the court by adding more, and ordered to be removed. Shortly afterwards she stated her willingness to file the acknowledgment, and the girl was released. She refused her mother's proposals to go home with her and well she might.

[Balt. Sun.

The Amistad negroes have reached the coast of Africa, and met their Mendian friends. The murderer *Cinque*, who was so petted by the people of this country, and nearly all the rest of the negroes, acted very much as was to have been expected of them. When they "got home" they went into their old antics—that is, say the accounts, "their conduct has not been so good as the Missionaries had hoped, particularly in abstaining from their old licentious habits." All very right—at least all very much as was to be expected. This scoundrel who had been a slave trader all his life, and became a murderer after he had himself been made a slave, was carried through this country as a hero, exhibited as a speaker and flip-flapper by his Abolition agents—money collected for his use, a monstrous amount of sympathy expended in his behalf, a purse made up to carry him home, and now, we venture to say, what we have already said, he will go into his old traffic.

[Courier & Enquirer.

NOT BAD.—A man being asked if he would like to live forever, replied, 'that considering the state of the times, and the weakness of the government he would not care about living more than *half of it.*'

DISGRACEFUL RIOT AT BOWDOIN COLLEGE—DESTRUCTION OF COLLEGE PROPERTY—BRUTAL ASSAULT UPON PROFESSOR GOODWIN—HORRID MUTILATION OF HIS PERSON—ARREST OF THE RINGLEADERS—AND POPULAR INDIGNATION AT BRUNSWICK.

From a gentleman officially connected with Bowdoin College, we are informed, that on Thursday evening last, one of the most atrocious riots broke out among the students belonging to this reverend and time honored institution, that has ever darkened and disgraced the annals of New England. Our informant states, that for a series of years the students of this College had conducted themselves in a disorderly and riotous manner on the evening of our annual Fast Day?—and notwithstanding the persuasive and judicious means adopted by the officers of the institution, to nip these disgraceful proceedings in the bud, matters have yearly grown worse and worse, until the evening above named, when riot, destruction and *crime* broke loose and reigned triumphant! The College windows were smashed—the chapel bell dislodged and thrown from the belfry upon the ground—besides other considerable injury done the College property in general.

In attempting to quell the riot, Prof. Goodwin, was most brutally assaulted by a medical student, and, melancholy to relate, will wear the marks of his injuries received, to the day of his death. For the purpose of identifying this student, he proceeded towards him, and when in a few paces of him, the Professor was commanded to retire, or "the contents of an apothecary's pistol, (syringe) would be discharged at his person." Nothing intimidated by the threat, Professor Goodwin persevered in his object, and according to the threat, received the contents of a large syringe loaded with a strong solution of *Nitric Acid* immediately upon his face, and upon which, his adversary fled unpursued. Prof. G.'s face is horribly mutilated and disfigured from the excoriating ingredient thrown upon it. He had partly identified the rascal, however, and thus the object had in view, and the punishment of the laws is certain to follow.

What a *striking similarity exists* between this occurrence and that of the late lamented Prof. Davis of the University of Virginia, who lost his life in a College row by the hands of young Semmes! Doubtless the Bowdoin Medical student, had he possessed courage, would have premeditatingly armed himself with a pistol loaded with powder and ball, instead of an 'apothecary's pistol' charged with nitric acid, for the purpose of protecting himself from detection.—The motives are the same, though fortunately the results are not equally lamentable. Our informant further states that four of the ringleaders engaged in this disgraceful outrage were arrested and a preliminary examination had in relation to the subject, on Monday of this week; but the names of the persons arrested, or the results of the examination he had not learned. Great excitement prevails at Brunswick, and all classes of citizens express the strongest indignation against the accused. We trust the judiciary will do its duty promptly, fully and faithfully; and without respect to persons and families of the prisoners.—Bath Telegraph.

A correspondent of ours writes us in addition, from Brunswick, that a legal examination was commenced in the matter on Monday as above stated, but so great was the crowd and the excitement, many hundreds having collected round the Court house, that further inquiries were postponed. The perpetrator of this brutal outrage is known by some of his fellow students, but they, with false feelings of honor, have refused to make known his name. It is feared that Professor Goodwin may be deprived forever of his sight. The eyelids, which are partially consumed by the acid, are motionless, except with the aid of his fingers.—Boston Atlas.

Doctor Franklin had some queer notions. For example, he thought the judges ought to be appointed by the lawyers; for, added the shrewd old man, in Scotland, where this practice prevails, they always select the ablest member of the profession, in order to get rid of him, and to share his practice among themselves.

A CAPITAL FELLOW.—An editor at the East says: 'Our stock in trade consists of Industry, Economy, and untiring Perseverance. Our industry we consider worth to us at least $15,000, economy $15 000, perseverance $15,000, making in all an active capital of $45,000."

The Baltimore Clipper says, that "the number of emigrants who have gone to Texas in bodies from the United States, since the commencement of the late hostilities in that country, as taken from statements we have seen, are Mobile, 70; New York, 300; New Orleans, 400; Memphis, Tennessee, 80—Total 850."

The sentence of Capt. Clack.—The Madisonian announces officially that the sentence of the Court Martial now sitting in Baltimore, dismissing Capt. John H. Clack from the Naval service, has been approved by the President of the United States.

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