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. XXV. EASTON, (MD.) SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 19, 1842. No. 46.

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.

PROPOSALS

FOR PUBLISHING A CHEAP WEEKLY PAPER TO BE CALLED

THE BALTIMORE WHIG.

To be principally composed of the choicest and most valuable reading matter of the Baltimore Daily Whig.

The Subscribers, proprietors of the Baltimore Daily Whig, grateful for the extensive and liberal patronage which has been bestowed upon that paper—desirous to further, by every means in their power, the cause in which they are engaged—and willing to contribute as much as possible to the support of the great and devoted Statesman of the West as the candidate for the suffrages of the American People at the next presidential election—propose to publish, in connection with their daily, a weekly papet for the country.

In endeavoring to advance the interests of the Whig party, by the publication of a *cheap and efficient* paper, so centrally located as to communicate promptly with all parts of the Union; devoted to the correction of existing abuses, and advocating the most proper measures for conducting the Government, that the purposes for which it was established—the promotion of the prosperity and happiness of the nation—may be accomplished; the Subscribers believe that their design will be generally approved of, and accorded by the public a liberal support.

The Subscribers do not belong to the class of non-committal politicians That equivocal position, denominated "on the fence," which gives to a man's professions of patriotism so dubious a character, they trust they may never be found so far astray from the path of honesty as to occupy. They are *thoroughly Whig*, and that there may be no misunderstanding with regard to their principles they deem it proper to state them here, briefly and distinctly:

They are for HENRY CLAY, as the candidate of the Whig party for President in 1844; for the PROTECTION OF DOMESTIC MANUFACTURES, and for a SOUND and UNIFORM CURRENCY.

The advantages which the Subscribers possess as publishers of a daily paper, will enable them to furnish the patrons of the weekly WHIG with as valuable and efficient a journal, at a very moderate price, as the country can produce. It will contain, in addition to the editorial and other original essays, a carefully compiled summary of all the important and interesting news of the day, the earliest foreign intelligence, a correct report of Congressional proceedings, interesting correspondences from various sections of the country, diligent note of the progress of the Whig cause, a true and catefiil statement of the markets, and a record of commercial intelligence—so that persons desiring a comprehensive business and political paper will find the weekly Baltimore Whig a useful and cheap one.

TERMS.

The weekly Baltimore Whig will be printed on good paper, imperial size, and sent by mail to any part of the country, at One Dollar per annum, invariably in advance. One object in making the paper so extremely cheap is the convenience of the subscription price for remittance by mail. Another object is, to place it within the reach of every Whig in the country.

Address, post paid,

SPERRY, GALLUP & ROGERS,
Proprietors of the Daily Whig,
No. 27 Second street, Baltimore.
July 23

Notice.

Having sold the Schooner "Lucretia," and purchased the new Schooner



Ellen S. Brown

a vessel carrying about 3,000 bushels of grain Built in frames of the best cedar and locust—copper fastened and coppered, and in every respect a first rate vessel. And having rented the granary lately occupied by Capt. Jacob Wright, intends running her as a grain, freight and Passenger Boat, to and from Baltimore. *Her* cabin is neatly fitted up and will accommodate 10 passengers comfortably.

The granary will be attended to by Wm. Jenkinson—with him or Cheezum & Emory, at Easton, all orders for me may be left

I have employed Capt. John Marshall, in whom confidence can be placed.

When requisite the vessel will be run at least once a week and oftener if necessary.

I intend to attend to the business personally and shall use my best endeavors to render satisfaction to all those who may entrust me with their business.

JOHN BARTLETT.

7th mo. 2d—6m—(8)

NEW STORE
(AT THE OLD STAND.)

The subscriber having purchased the stock of Goods of his father (James Willson) and having added to the same a handsome selection of

NEW GOODS

from the Philadelphia and Baltimore markets, intends conducting the business, at the old stand, and solicits a share of the patronage of the public generally. His goods will be sold cheap, for cash, or country produce, such as Wool, Feathers, Kerseys, Linseys, &c.

R. M. WILLSON.

Sept 25

From Frazier's Magazine.

A SUNSET THOUGHT FOR SATURDAY EVENING.

Walking once along a shady lane, while the harvest-moon glittered through the trees upon the corn fields, darkened here and there by the piled up sheaves, I met a party of gleaners returning to their cottages, with their little bundles of wheat upon their heads. The Saturday evening of the Christian may be compared to the homeward path of the gleaner. He, too, has been wandering over many a field of hope, of learning or of business. Saturday evening is the gate of Sunday,—before him lies

'The Sabbath ground to vernal sunshine left.'

At this gate we ought to sit down and think over all the temptations, the struggles, the hopes, the blessings, the consolations of the week that is gone!—

"Themes of graver tone
Exciting oft our gratitude and love,
While we retrace with Memory's pointing wand,
That calls the past to our exact review,
The dangers we have 'scaped, the broken snare,
The disappointed foe, deliverance found,
Unlook'd for, life preserved, and peace restored."

Herbert regarded the Sabbath of our life as the pearls of the Christian year, how diligently and how reverently we have treasured them, will only be known in the day when God shall make up his jewels. Every sixth day throughout the year, the path of life conducts us to the vestibule of Sunday. These regular returns of sacred repose from toil, are admirably adapted to revive in our hearts the flame of the decaying devotion.—Upon each Sabbath morning we rise, as it were, from the grave of our week day sorrow and corruption. We touch with the finger of humble faith the hem of Christ's garments in the teaching of his hallowed word. We cannot, indeed, go up to meet our Lord with the crowds that welcomed him from Bethany to Jerusalem, but we meet him spiritually when we cherish any pure thought of holy ordination, we bear olive branches when we diffuse peace through our own and our neighbor's homes! We have palms in our hands, when we vanish the temptations and allurements of sin! we are crowned with flowers if we cultivate the Christian virtues, and put on the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, we strew our garments in his way, if we cast aside for his sake the trappings of pride and the rich apparel of human praise; our hosannas are repeated in every honor shown to his name; we praise him in the eternal melody of the heart; we proclaim him by the rhetoric of an innocent life.

The consecrated precincts of the Sabbath are not to be approached without solemn preparation. The traveller who reaches his home through the perils and hardships of the Eastern desert, washes his feet, and annoints his head before he reclines at the supper of welcome. The wilderness of human life is not less wearisome, not less painful with dust and glare. Saturday evening brings the pilgrim to the tent of peace, refreshment and repose; while already from the dawning of day, of holiness, the lights shine into his eyes,

"Mild as an opening gleam of promised heaven."

Such blessings are not to be used carelessly, received indifferently or thrown aside. Every Saturday evening should find us looking over our accounts with time. 'He is happy, indeed, who can secure every hour to a sober or pious employment.' We may be sober, if the world will not always give us time to be pious; above all, it becomes us to ponder upon the saying of Bishop Butler, that resolutions are lesser *acts*.

Let us then, at the close of every Saturday evening, remember and endeavor to apply to our own benefit, the advice of the learned and good Henry Moore,—to pray continually, & to watch continually, that we may pass from transaction to transaction with a circumspect eye; converting our common conversation and common business into instruments, or aids of moral improvement.—To accomplish this object we must take a diligent account of all our

"Errors past,
And make each day a critic on the last."

BEAUTIFUL FRAGMENT.

To enter this world without a welcome—to leave it without an adieu—to suffer, and be unequal to your sufferings—to stand a sad and silent monument amid the joys of others, which you cannot understand and conceive—to carry within your bosom the buried seeds of happiness which are never to grow—of intelligence which is never to germinate—to find even your presence afflictive whether you excite compassion or horror—a whole existence without one cheering sound—without one welcome accent—without one exhilerating thought—without one recollection of the past—without one hope for the future—Oh! what a cloud of wretchedness covers, surrounds and overwhelms such a deplorable victim of sorrow!

Now to throw over such a benighted being the sweet rays of intelligence—to open the intellect, and let it gush forth in streams of light & joy—to arouse the affections, that they may know and love God, the giver of all things who is merciful in all his chastisements—to enlighten the soul, that it may see its origin and destiny—to cause the lips to smile, though they cannot speak—the eye to glisten with other emotions than those of sorrow—and the mind to understand, although it cannot hear—Oh! what a beautiful supplement to the benevolence of Heaven! However sweet and soul cheering is the truth of Heaven!

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

However dark and disconsolate the path of life may seem to any man; there is an hour of deep and undisturbed repose at hand when the body may sink into a dreamless slumber. Let not the imagination be startled if this resting place instead of being a bed of down, shall be a bed of gravel, or the rocky bed of the tomb. No matter where the poor remains of a man may be, the repose is deep and undisturbed, the sorrowful bosom heaves no more, the tears are dried up in their fountains, the aching heart is at rest, and the stormy waves of earthly tribulation roll unheeded over the place of graves. Let armies engage in fearful conflict over the very bosom of the dead, not one of the sleepers heeds the spirit stirring triumph, or responds to the thundering shouts of victory. How quiet those countless millions sleep in the arms of their mother earth! The voice of thunder shall not awaken them—the loud cry of the elements, the winds, the waves, not even the giant tread of the earthquake, shall be able to cause an inquietude in the chamber of death.—They shall rest and pass away—the last great battle shall be fought; and then a small voice, at first not heard, shall rise to a tempest, and penetrate the voiceless grave. For a trumpet shall sound and the dead shall hear His voice.

From the Newburg Gazette.

ADDRESS,

Delivered before the Agricultural Society at Goshen, Oct 12th 1842 by J. P. CALDWELL

I have again the pleasure of addressing the Agricultural Society, and in a building with does honor to the County of Orange, and reflects credit on the building committee and architect, and pray that this the first civic assembly congregated within its walls be a happy omen of its usefulness to ourselves, while we live, and to posterity for ages.

If any of you, my good friends, have come here with the expectation of hearing a lengthy and elaborate speech, I fear you will be disappointed. Volumes have been written on the various subjects of Agriculture, Mechanics and Domestic Industry, and these subjects are far from being exhausted, and it requires no great exertion of talent or ingenuity to dilate largely on such themes of universal interest to society—though, were it otherwise, so many bright eyes and charming countenances would give fluency to the dullest intellect, almost cause the dumb to speak, and soften the heart of an anchorite—for, as Wm. Legget said on a similar occasion,

"Though old I am—for Ladies love unfit,
The power of beauty I remember yet."

But I have made up my mind that your time will be more agreeably, perhaps more profitably, spent in viewing the various specimens of skill and industry, collected from all parts of the County, than in listening to any thing I would offer. I will therefore detain you but a short time from the appropriate duties and business of the day.

And now my respected friends—when I look around me on this great assembly, I cannot but reciprocate the pleasurable feelings which, I doubt not animate the heart of every one who hears me—feelings of pride and exultation for the scene we now witness, prove that our beloved County is not second to any in the march of Agricultural improvement so happily developing itself all over the State and gratitude to the Lord of the Harvest for crowning our labors with abundance.

It is true, the market prices of the day do not recompense the Farmer, but compared with the lot of our fellow-citizens of other callings or pursuits, our situation is enviable. When our wants are few, our aspirings moderate, our, shield temperance, and our motto frugality, we may boat of that blessing of all earthly blessings. INDEPENDENCE, and in pecuniary means and resources, we may reasonably look forward to better times and brighter results, and indeed notwithstanding the low prices for what the farmer has to sell, in comparison with the prices for what he has to buy, will shew the exchangeable value of produce, at least equal to that of periods of acknowledged prosperity, and although the surplus will not go so far in paying debts, it is still a consolation that the laboring classes at least are gainers by the depreciated prices of provisions. It has been remarked in times gone by, that poor markets often make rich farms, that instead of producing, men go to improving and withdraw for a season their ill paid industry from tillage, to apply it to permanent and substantial improvement, and such I trust will be the action of many Farmers in our County. The exhibition of this day has been truly gratifying—the shew of Cattle tells of evident improvement; the Horses, Sheep and Swine are deserving of high encomium. Corn has exceeded one hundred bushels to the acre, and other grains have been generally abundant. The articles of Domestic Manufacture, (particularly silk) are beyond all praise, both the useful and ornamental, claim admiration from all beholders.—Mechanic skill in various branches, has never been surpassed, and vegetable and horticultural productions have reflected honor and credit upon the producers. Of Butter I need not say to an Orange County audience, that the samples offered require no panegyric from your President. On the whole, I cannot forbear remarking, that so much as our last meeting exceeded our then expectations, does the present transcend our most sanguine hopes.

The tariff law having passed, we may hope for a re-action in the labor of the shuttle and the loom, and a general impetus favorable to the Domestic Manufacturing industry of the County, and I would suggest to those who wish the furtherance of that branch of industry, the raising of Flax, an article congenial to our climate, the manufacture of which is more durable and lasting than any article the raw material of which is produced in other Countries. You are all aware that the cultivation of Flax has latterly been, much neglected in this County. It may be considered out of place, in one so little experienced, to call your attention to the subject of manures, but I cannot refrain from remarking that other Countries are far in advance of our own in that material point. In England, the whole surface of which does not exceed that of our own State, they are enabled, by the application of scientific research and practical exertion, to raise, unless in cases of casual failure, means of sustenance for an immense population and for the support of their Army and Navy.—As a matter of curiosity, perhaps of seasonable advice, I will read you an extract from one Times, a paper printed in that Country not irrelative to the object of our meeting—"A letter addressed to 'the President of the Board of Trade, 'praying for leave to import foreign sugar 'for Agricultural purposes and for fattening Cattle, has been presented to the 'House of Commons It is stated that 'the depressed condition of the foreign 'sugar market, affords a most favorable 'opportunity for the importation of that 'article for Agricultural purposes, as it is 'known that it could be advantageously 'used for fattening Pork, while it could 'also be turned to profitable account as a 'useful and productive manure. It is a 'matter of dispute whether it could be 'employed at a more reasonable cost for 'manuring purposes than nitrate of soda, 'or the guano; and the calculation which 'is afforded on the subject goes to prove 'that the cost would be considerably less 'than either one of these articles."

I would beg leave to invite the attention of my hearers to the able and energetic address of our talented Governor at the Albany meeting, particularly to that section where he advocates the organization of "Agricultural Societies in every school district, and thus secure the operation of all our citizens" by exciting an early interest in the young mind to what will best contribute to its future welfare.

It may seem egotistical in me to refer to my own poor services in the cause of this Society. You elevated me to the honorable place I have held for the last year, when so many of higher attainments were overlooked. I am now happy to think that one more worthy of being your President will be selected. On his shoulders I cheerfully throw *my* mantle of zeal, and his *zeal* for your interests will be commensurate with that practical knowledge, in which I was so deficient, but which is so essential to the well being and prosperity of our institution. My mantle is superfine republican blue, manufactured in America and unadulterated by foreign material. It is true a Leeds manufacturer offered to supply me at somewhat cheaper rate, but on examining and comparing the texture I discovered that the American fabric was much the best, and the experience of its wear has satisfied me that I was correct, for it yet remains perfect and will protect the new President, as it has protected me, from the severity of the winter's blast, and from the scoffs and jeers of the enemies of our Domestic Manufactures, besides my Leeds friend required pay for the cloth in hard cash, whilst the Manufacturer here gladly took in payment, the produce of my industry at a fair marketable value, and saved me from the trouble, risk, and I may add, certain loss of hawking it to market.

I am unwilling to impose on your time, but cannot refrain from expressing the delight I felt in being associated as your representative at the Albany meeting of January, with men representing the various Counties of the State, who reflected honor on the judgment of their constituents, and who, in any situation, would shine resplendent as nobles of nature. Nor can I omit relating an anecdote of one of those gentlemen on that occasion. After our temperate supper, where was more enjoyment—more of the feast of reason and flow of soul, than I ever witnessed over the circulation of the inspiring juice of the grape, or the dangerous fascination of the distillation of the Barley; this gentleman proposed a sentiment, but first prefaced it with a few remarks, which though I cannot do justice to his manner, I shall endeavor to give you nearly in his own words, and I am the more inclined to make this narrative, seeing we are honored by the presence of so many Ladies:

"I wish, Mr. Chairman," says the gentleman, "I wish to offer you a sentiment, but I must intrude on your patience by a preface. There are two words in our language that are generally supposed to be synonymous, but are really very different—one is called Taste, the other Fashion. Taste, Mr. Chairman, may be compared to the Bee (some of our Dictionaries call it an insect, I call it the personification of industry) that provides plentiously for his family, lays in store for future sustenance and comfort, and promotes, by precept and example, the happiness of the circle in which she moves. Fashion, sir may aptly be compared to the Wasp, (a real insect) resembling in outward form and said to be allied to the Bee, but the relation is doubtful, at all events, illegitimate—it buzzes around you in gay and flaunty airness, and ere she quits you, leaves stinging mementos of her treacherous visit. The woman of taste, like the Bee, makes every thing around her comfortable and happy. She spreads the snow white napkin covered with the meats and fruits of her own preparation or calling, and receives with open arms of sisterly love, her brothers, or with unaffected affection the husband of her heart after the labors of the day, and if she be blessed with pledges of their love, she causes them to make their home doubly endearing, and all retire in grateful homage to the giver of all, for his mercies and his goodness. The woman of fashion like the Wasp decks herself in the gewgaws and flimsy trappings of the day—the pursuits of her brothers or her husband are loathsome to her tender sensibilities, and when they return from the toils of the field, their reception is cold and repulsive. She, instead of the cordial greeting, the cheering welcome, is fearful of her ruffles being soiled, herself contaminated by the honest greetings of proffered love; and shrinks from the approach of rough hands and honest hearts.—Alas—alas—what a contrast is here between the industrious Bee, and the useless Wasp—between the woman of fashion, and the woman of taste.

"Now, Mr Chairman I will give you my sentiment—'May our wives emulate the virtues of the Bee—shew themselves women of taste, and despise the frivolties of fashion.' "

I would further add—what a glorious sight this meeting exhibits—of men of all parties, laying aside their political asperities and cordially joining heart and hand in furtherance of the common good of our common Country. That such feelings may continue to operate on the men of Orange County, is the sincere prayer of him whom you have so patiently and so indulgently listened to.

Read by the President after delivering his Address.

You good people all—tho' my talents are small
And my voice is not that of a charmer;
In one chorus let's join to this fond wish of mine,
Long life and success to the Farmer.

Were it not for his breeding you'd have poor feeding,
You would surely be starving without him,
He is always content when his time is well spent,
And is happy when friends are about him

He eats his own lamb, his chickens and ham,
He angles the fish or he spears it;
His examples refin'd for the good of mankind,
He shears his own sheep and he wears it.

He has all things in season, abundent and pleasing;
Dame Nature supplies him with plenty;
His larder's well stor'd and tho' frugal his board,
It boasts now and then of some dainty,

He has fruits, he has flowers, he has grottos and bowers,
He honors all men in their station;
In his cabin's far end has a bed for a friend,
Whom he greets with a kind salutation.

With his conscience at ease he sleeps sound as you please,
Whilst the rooster's his morning charmer;
So my worthy friends now, good speed to the plow,
And long life and success to the Farmer.

EXTRACTS
FROM 'BOZ'S' 'NOTES ON AMERICA.'

In his trip from Philadelphia to Washington, Mr. Dickens thus speaks of what came under his observation during the short time he tarried in Baltimore:

We stopped to dine at Baltimore, and being now in Maryland, were waited on, for the first time by slaves. The sensation of exacting any service from human creatures who are bought and sold, and being, for the time, a party as it were to their own condition, is not an enviable one. The institution exists, perhaps, in its least repulsive and most mitigated form in such a town as this; but it is slavery; and though I was, with respect to it, an innocent man, its presence filled me with a sense of shame and self reproach.

After dinner, we went to the rail road again, and took our seats in the cars for Washington. Being rather early, those men and boys, who happened to have nothing particular to do, and were curious in foreigners, came [according to custom] round the carriage in which I sat; let down all the windows; thurst in their head and shoulders; hooked themselves on conveniently, by the elbows; and fell to comparing notes on the subject of my personal appearance with as much indifference as if I were a stuffed figure.

I never gained so much uncompromising information in reference to my own nose and eyes, the various impressions wrought by my mouth and chin on different minds, and how my head looks when viewed from behind, as on these occasions. Some gentlemen were only satisfied by exercising their sense of touch; and the boys (who are surprisingly precocious in America) were seldom satisfied, even with that, but would return to the charge over and over again. Many a budding President has walked into my room with his cap on his head and his hands in his pockets, and stared at me for two whole hours, occasionally refreshing himself with a tweak at his nose, or a draught from the water jug; or by walking to the windows and inviting other boys in the street below, to come up and do likewise; crying, "Here he is!" "Come on!" "Bring all your brothers!" with many other hospitable entreaties of that nature.

On his return from Washington to Baltimore, his stay was rather longer. He thus describes our city:

It had been my intention to proceed by James River and Chesapeake Bay to Baltimore; but one of the steamboats being absent from her station through some accident, and the means of conveyance being consequently rendered uncertain, we returned to Washington by the way we had come (there were two constables on board the steamboat, in pursuit of runaway slaves) and halting there again for one night, went on to Baltimore next afternoon.

The most comfortable of all the hotels of which I had any experience in the United States, and they were not a few is Barnum's in that city; where the English traveller will find curtains to his bed, for the first, and probably the last time in America; and where he will be likely to have enough water for washing himself, which is not at all a common case.

This capital of the state of Maryland is a bustling busy town, with a great deal of traffic of various kinds; and in particular of water commerce. That portion of the town which it most favors is none of the cleanest, it is true; but the upper part is of a very different character, and has many agreeable streets and public buildings. The Washington Monument, which is a handsome pillar with a statue on its summit; the Medical College, and the Battle Monument in memory of an engagement with the British at North Point; are the most conspicuous among them.

There is a very good prison in this city, and the state Penitentiary is also among its institutions. In this latter establishment there were two curious cases: One was that of a young man, who had been tried for the murder of his father.—The evidence was entirely circumstantial and was very conflicting and doubtful; nor was it possible to assign any motive which could have tempted him to the commission of so tremendous a crime.—He had been tried twice; and on the second occasion the jury found so much hesitation in convicting him, that they found a verdict of manslaughter, or murder in the second degree, which it could not possibly be, as there had, beyond all doubt, been no quarrel or provocation; and if he were guilty at all, he was unquestionably guilty of murder in its broadest and worst signification. The remarkable feature in the case was, that if the unfortunate deceased were not really murdered by this own son of his, he must have been murdered by his own brother. The evidence lay, in a most remarkable manner, between those two: On all the suspicious points, the dead man's brother was the witness; all the explanations for the prisoner (some of them extremely plausable) went by construction and inference, to inculpate him of plotting to fix the guilt on his nephew. It must have been one of them: and the jury had to decide between the two sets of suspicions, almost equally unnatural, unaccountable, and strange.

The other case was that of a man who once went to a distiller's and stole a copper measure containing a quantity of liquor. He was pursued and taken with the property in his possession, and was sentenced to two years' imprisonment.—On coming out of the jail, at the expiration of that term, he went back to the same distiller's, and stole the same copper measure containing the same quantity of liquor. There was not the slightest reason to suppose that the man wished to return to prison: indeed everything, but the commission of the offence, made di-

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2940_scm11032-0145.jpg