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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THE YANKEE IN ITALY—HOW TO CURE DYSPEPSIA.—One day as I was walking along a crowded street of Leghorn, my attention was arrested by a singular figure ensconced in the doorway of a fashionable inn. It was a lank, sharp featured man, clad in linsey-woolsey, with a white felt hat on his head and an enormous twisted stick in his hand. He was looking about him with a shrewd gaze in which inquisitiveness and contempt were strangely mingled. The moment I came opposite to him, he drew a very large silver watch from his fob, and after inspecting it for a moment with an impatient air, exclaimed,

'I say, stranger, what time do they dine in these parts?'

'At this house the dinner hour is about five.'

'Five! why I'm half starved and its only twelve. I cant stand it later than two. I say, I guess you're from the States?'

'Yes.'

'Maybe you came here to be cured of dyspepsy?'

'Not exactly.'

'Well, I'm glad of it, for it's a plaguy waste of money. I just arrived from New Orleans, and there was a man on board who made the trip all on account of dyspepsy. I as good as told him he was a fool for his pains. I know a thing or two, I guess. You see that stick?—Well, with that stick I've killed six alligators. There's only one thing that's a certain cure for dyspepsy.

'And what's that?

For a moment the stranger made no reply, but twisted his stick and gave a wily glance from his keen, gray eyes, with the air of a man who can keep his own counsel.

'You want to know what will cure the dyspepsy?'

'Yes.'

'Well then—*Speculation!*'

After this announcement the huge stick was planted very sturdily, and the spectral figure drawn up to its utmost tension as if challenging contradiction. Apparently satisfied with my tacit acceptance of the proposition, the man of alligators grew more complacent.

'I'll tell you how I found out the secret. I was a schoolmaster in the State of Maine, and it was as much as I could do to make both ends meet. What with flogging the boys, leading the choir Sundays, living in a leaky schoolhouse and drinking hard cider, I grew as thin as a rail, and had to call in a travelling doctor. After he had looked into me and my case. 'Mister,' says he, 'there's only one thing for you to do, you must speculate' I had a kind of notion what he meant, for all winter the folks had been talking about the eastern land speculation; so, says I 'Doctor I haven't got a cent to begin with' 'So much the better,' says he, 'a man who has money is a fool to speculate; you've got nothing to lose, so begin right away.' I sold my things all but one suit of clothes, and a neighbor gave me a lift in his wagon as far as Bangor. I took lodgings at the crack hotel, and by keeping my ears open at the table and in the bar-room, soon had all the slang of speculation by heart, and having the gift of the gab, by the third day out talked all the boarders about lots, water privileges, sites and deeds. One morning I found an old gentleman sitting in the parlor looking very glum. 'Ah,' says I, 'great bargain that of Jones, two hundred acres, including the main street as far as the railroad depot—that is, where they're to be when Jonesville's built.' Some people have all the luck,' says the old gentleman. 'There isn't a better tract than mine in all Maine, but I can't get an offer.' 'It's because you don't talk it up,' says I. 'Well,' says he, 'you seem to understand the business—Here's my bond, all you can get over three thousand dollars you may have.'—I set right to work, got the editors to mention the thing as a rare chance, whispered about in all corners that the land had been surveyed for a manufacturing town, and had a splendid map drawn, with a colored border, six meeting houses a lyceum, blocks of stores, hay-scales, a state prison and a rural cemetery—with Gerrytown in large letters at the bottom and then hung it up in the hall. Before the week was out, I sold the land for cash to a company for twenty thousand dollars, gave the old gentleman his three thousand, and have been speculating ever since. I own twothirds of a granite quarry in New Hampshire, half of a coal mine in Pennsylvania, and a prairie in Illinois, besides lots of bank stock, half of a canal and a whole India rubber factory, I've been in New Orleans, buying cotton, and came here to see about the silk business, and mean to dip into the marble line a little. I've never had the dyspepsy since I began to speculate. It Exercises all the organs and keeps a man going like a steamboat,"

Just then a bell was heard from within, and the stranger, thinking it the signal for dinner, precipitately withdrew.

A SAD BUT TRUE STORY. We take the following touching story from the Philadelphia Evening Courier:

In the year 184—, a number of individuals were arrested for keeping a Gambling house on Chesnut street, near the Independence Hall. The Counsel for the prosecution was sitting in his office one day, when a young man of genteel exterior and good address entered, and the following dialogue ensued.

"I have been summoned, to appear tomorrow as a witness against —— ——, for keeping a Gambling house. Unless it is absolutely neeessary," said he, as his agitation increased, "I wish sir you would not urge my attendance."

'I don't know," said the counsel, "that the conviction will depend upon your testimony, but as you are an important witness, it may be necessary to bring you upon the stand."

"My reasons for asking this favor are urgent," said he, "and the consequence of a refusal may be fatal to my prosperity, and the happiness of others." He became more agitated, and at the request of the gentleman, he continued. "In a few days I am to be married to Mr. ——'s daughter, residing on Chesnut street.—The preparations are made, and the day is fixed. If I am called upon as a witness in this case, I shall criminate myself, and be exposed to the eyes of my friends, and the public gaze as a *Gambler*. My character will be lost, my prospects in life blighted, and of course, my domestic happiness destroyed."

"You shall not be called, young man," said the Counsel, "unless it is absolutely necessary," and with this assurance, they separated. Not without some painful misgivings on the part of the legal gentleman, that he was about to be accessary to a wrong, which *might* result in the utter ruin of a confiding yet unsuspecting girl. The trial came on, but conviction was obtained without summoning the young man, and he went on in his course of duplicity and crime unexposed. In a few days he was married!

Two years passed, and a youg but heartbroken wife appears before the legal tribunal, seeking a divorce! Her Counsel was startled, when the husband came forward, at discovering, confronting the wife, the indentical young man, who plead not to be exposed as a Gambler! The interview with the witness instantly occurred to the Counsel's mind. The painful incidents of a deserted house, neglected wife, and the cruelties which had followed his gambling habits, then came up in fearful array before the individual who saved him from his merited exposure.

The trial proceeded, and a gradual succession of acts of injustice, neglect, coldness, alienation, domestic discord and cruelties, on the part of the husband against a confiding and affectionate young wife, were disclosed, which melted the heart of the coldest spectator. His defence was feeble and her cause triumphed. Happily she was liberated from the monster, who had wounded her heart destroyed her peace, and deprived her of that happiness which beamed upon her so joyously during the morning of her bridal day.

His fate hardly need even briefly be told. He soon lost the esteem of his friends, if the Gambler has *friends*, and his credit followed with his reputation. His fashionable and elegant establishment on Chesnut st. was closed by the Sheriff a few weeks since, and more recently he has been arrested for *Forgery*! What a brief, but melancholy detail of the fruits reaped from the pursuits of the *Gamester*!

BOZ AT LOWELL

Mr. DICKENS visited the great manufacturing town of Lowell (Massachusetts) where some eight or more thousand females are employed in the cotton mills. His account of the factory girls is full of interest. He says:

"I happened to arrive at the first factory just as the dinner hour was over, and the girls were returning to their work; indeed, the stairs of the mill were thronged with them as I ascended. They were all well dressed, but not, to my thinking, above their condition; for I like to see the humbler classes of society careful of their dress and appearance, and even, if they please, decorated with such little trinkets as come within the compass of their means. Supposing it confined within reasonable limits, I would always encourage this kind of pride, as a worthy element of self respect, in any person I employed, and should no more be deterred from doing so because some wretched female referred her fall to a love of dress, than I would allow my construction of the real intent and meaning of the Sabbath to be influenced by any warning to the well disposed, founded on his backslidings on that particular day, which might emanate from the rather doubtful authority of a murderer in Newgate.

"These girls, as I have said, were all well dressed, and that phrase necessarily includes extreme cleanliness. They had serviceable bonnets, good warm cloaks and shawls; and were not above clogs and pattens. Moreover, there were places in the mill in which they could deposite these things without injury, and there were conveniences for washing.—They were healthy in appearance, many of them remarkably so, and had the manners and deportment of young women; not of degraded brutes of burden. If I had seen one of those girls, (but I did not, though I looked for something of this kind with a sharp eye,) the most lisping, mincing, affected, and ridiculous young creature that my imagination could suggest, I should have thought of the careless, moping, slatternly degraded dull reverse, (I *have* seen that,) and should have been still well pleased to look upon her.

"The rooms in which they worked were as well ordered as themselves.—In the windows of some there were green plants, which were turned to shade the glass; in all there was as much fresh air, cleanliness, and comfort as the nature of the occupation would possibly admit of. Out of so large a number of females, many of whom were just only then verging upon womanhood, it may be reasonably supposed that some were delicate and fragile in appearance; no doubt there were. But I solemnly declare, that from all the crowd I saw in the different factories that day, I cannot recall a separate one young face that gave me a painful impression; not one young girl whom, assuming it to be matter of necessity that she should gain a daily bread by the labor of her hands, I would have removed from those works if I had had the power.

"They reside in various boarding houses near at hand. The owners of the mills are particularly careful to allow no persons to enter upon the possession of these houses whose characters have not undergone the most searching and thorough inquiry. Any complaint that is made against them by the boarders, or by any one else, is fully investigated; and if good ground of complaint be shown to exist against them, they are removed, and their occupation is handed over to some more deserving person."

After stating the astounding fact that in July, 1841, nine hundred and seventy eight of these girls were depositors in the Lowell Savings Bank, to the amount jointly of one hundred thousand dollars, or twenty thousand pounds, (is it possible?) Mr. Dickens goes on to say:

"I am now going to state three facts, which will startle a large class of readers on this side of the Atlantic very much. Firstly, there is a joint stock piano in a great many of the boarding houses—Secondly, nearly all these young ladies subscribe to circulating libraries. Thirdly, they have got up among themselves a periodical called "THE LOWELL OFFERING, a repository of original articles, written exclusively by females actively employed in the mills," which is duly printed, published, and sold; and where of I brought away from Lowell four hundred good solid pages, which I have read from beginning to end.

"The large class of readers, startled by these facts, will exclaim with one voice, 'How very preposterous!' On my deferentially inquiring why, they will answer, 'these things are above their station.' In reply to that observation, I would beg to ask what their station is? Is it their station to work, and they do work. They labor in these mills, upon an average, twelve hours a day, which is unquestionably work, and pretty tight work too. Perhaps it is above their station to indulge in such amusements on any terms. Are we quite sure that we in England have not formed our ideas of the 'station' of working people from accustoming ourselves to the contemplation of that class as they are, and not as they might be? I think that if we examine our own feelings, we shall think that the pianos and the circulating libraries, and even the Lowell Offering, startle us by their novelty, and not by their bearing upon any abstract question of right or wrong.

"For myself, I know no station in which the occupation of to-day cheerfully done, and the occupation of to-morrow cheerfully looked to, any one of these pursuits is not most humanizing and laudable. I know no station which is rendered more endurable to the person in it, or more safe to the person out of it, by having ignorance for its associate. I know no station which has a right to monopolize the means of mutual instruction, improvement, and rational entertainment, or which has ever continued to be a station very long after seeking to do so."

The description presents an unfavorable contrast with the state of things in England; but Mr. Dickens truly says that many of the circumstances whose strong influence has been at work in the English manufacturing towns, have not arisen at Lowell, where there is, in fact no manufacturing population strictly so called; for the girls come from other States, remain a few years in the mills, and then go home for life.

DESPERATE AFFAIR.

On the 18th ultimo, as Messrs. Rodney and Alexander Ferguson were engaged in getting out some timber, in Monticello township, Illinois, near the Jersey county line, they were arrested by a man named Thomas Ingham, who, with a cocked musket in hand, ordered them to desist immediately, or he would instantly shoot them dead. It appeared they had purchased the timber from Mr. Ingham's son, authorized by his brother, the owner, to sell, of which fact the father had not been made acquainted. The threatened party were obedient to Ingham's commands, but one of them on leaving, said he should be prosecuted for damages. At this announcement, the old man quickly drew from his side a bayonet, placed it on the gun, and made a most furious assault, upon him, forcing the bayonet several inches into his bowels, producing a serious and dangerous wound. On the Friday following, the constable proceeded to Ingham's house with a warrant for his arrest, but found him desperately armed. The officer seeing this, left some young men to watch him while he could also procure weapons, and more assistance. Prior to his return, Ingham sallied forth with gun cocked and advanced towards those who had been left on watch. One of them, a young man named William Chapman, levelled his rifle to shoot, but it missed fire. At the same instant, Ingham discharged his piece at him and felled him to the earth, the charge taking effect in the ribs and hip bone. The desperado again charged his piece and proceeded to the house of Mr. Wm. Gilman, not far distant, against whose life he had sworn vengeance. On perceiving his arrival, Mr. G. so secreted himself, that when Ingham in a furious rage, entered the door, he quickly threw his arms around his neck, and, after a most desperate struggle, as it between life and death, succeeded in holding him until a rope was procured by his wife, with which they bound him hand and foot, and sent him to Jersey county jail. In addition to his musket, Ingham was armed with a broad sword, a Bowie knife two dirks, a butcher knife, a pocket knife, a bayonet, and a tomahawk.

The above facts we condense from the Alton Miscellany and Herald of the 24 instant.

A TALE OF HORROR.

In the Runisas (Iowa) Gazette, we find the most extraordinary and cruel relation of circumstances that we believe ever went forth in type. An old man lived alone, and had forbidden a daughter, who lived near, and her husband, or even their children, ever to approach his place, on account merely of some whimsical pique that the old wretch had taken against his child. One morning the inhuman being found his grand child, under 3 years of age, climbing upon his garden rail, and he deliberately went for his rifle, and shot the boy dead. The victim fell inside of the fence. The old man re-loaded, and sat watching. Not long after, the mother came seeking her child, and the minute she touched her father's garden rail—as she did with a shriek, the instant she perceived her dead child—the old brute shot her in the temple, and killed her stone dead on the spot. The hoary maniac (as he is now accounted) shot the father also, when he came, and he is now in prison to answer for the three murders.

At the recent meeting of the Agricultural Society of Prince George's county, an address was delivered by W. W. Bowie, Esq. The speaker's remarks, pertinent and eminently practical in themselves, indicate much experience and observation in agricultural matters. The subjoined paragraph, which forms the conclusion of the address, may contain some good advice for others in the community besides farmers:

Fellow Farmers, let us then, in these times of "pressure and pecuniary embarrassment," get rid of every species of property which is not profitable;—get rid of our luxurious habits;—abandon the fashionable follies of the day;—lop off all unnecessary expenses, and return to the plain, unsophisticated customs of our forefathers. Let Industry and Economy be your watchword, and let it be practically seen and felt in your household. Work less land, and take better care of what you make. Make an annual investment in the improvement of your Farms. Let us give up the fashion of selling nothing that we can consume, but rather let us waste, or prodigally consume nothing we can sell. By such radical changes in our course of life, and in our system of farming, that peace and plenty;—that contentment and comfort; that ease and happiness, which is our birth right as tillers of the soil, will again revisit our homes, and the bright Sun of Prosperity will again shine over old Maryland in all its wonted effulgence, and light up with happy smiles the countenances of her independent sons and beauteous daughters.

From the New Hampshire State Journal of Nov. 11.

NO REASON TO DOUBT SUCCESS!—We are frequently asked what is the prospect? can the Whigs do any thing? is there any chance for Clay to be elected President? and many other questions of the like import. To all these questions we answer that we see no cause to despond. The prospects of the Whig party at this time are far more flattering than they were in 1839, only one year preceding the election of General Harrison by such a decisive and overwhelming majority; and we have only to take a retrospect of the situation of the Whig party at that time to satisfy the most doubting that whatever may be the result of the present State elections, (which are always greatly influenced by local causes,) there is no cause for alarm, nor raason to apprehend a full and triumphant restoration of their power in 1844, in the election of a Whig President and a Whig Congress. It is a fact that, in 1839, there were but six States in the whole Union where the Whigs had a majority, viz: Vermont, Rhode Island, New York, Delaware Kentucky, and Louisiana. In every other State the vigilance of the Locofocos triumphed over the supineness of the Whigs: even in old Massachusetts, where Whig principles had stood erect for years, amid the general crush and wreck which they experienced in nineteen other States, the Locofocos succeeded and thus were twenty of the twenty-six States composing the Union arrayed against the election of a Whig President, and apparently in favor of supporting the then existing National Administration. If the Whigs ever had cause to despond, or suffer their eagle to fold her wings, it was then. Before them was a dynasty which for twelve years had been steadily consolidating its powers, and bringing "the patronage of the Government in conflict with the liberty of the press," supported by a party thoroughly organized and united upon a candidate whose measures and policy had been tried, and to all appearances, approved by a large majority in four-fifths of the States. There was but one year to effect the vast change in public sentiment which was essential to the overthrow of that Administration and the success of the Whigs. Under circumstances like these in view, and with a hope of restoring to the country the policy and principles inculcated by the fathers of our freedom and the framers of our Government, the Whigs raised their standard and threw their banner to the breeze, confiding in the justness of their cause, and in the virtue and intelligence of the People. The spirit of concession and patriotism manifested at Harrisburg was responded by acclamation from Lake Superior to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the shores of the Atlantic to the remotest bounds of civilization in the West. The nation was at once aroused to a sense of their situation; the scales which had so long shrouded the vision of the people fell from their eyes, and the clear light of reason burst in upon them, bright as the sun in its meridian splendor. The consequence was, that in a few brief months the party which had so lately stood forth with the strength of Hercules entrenched behind adamantine walls and laughing at the first efforts of the Whigs like the old Persian monarch when he first heard of the young Macedonian, was found as vulnerable to the Whigs as the kingdom of Darius was to Alexander, and its conquest as easy and expeditious.—Of the twenty States which had at the last elections (in 1839) given the Locofocos majorities of more than 40 000 votes, in the fall of 1840 gave the Whigs an aggregate majority of 110 000, and the Whig party, which went into the contest with but six States in their favor, came out of it with but seven opposed to them. With these facts before us, which are stubborn and incontrovertible, we ask what cause is there for alarm under existing circumstances? * * * * If the election of Mr. Clay be defeated at all, it will be by the Whigs themselves. It is not in the power of the Locotocos to do it: "United we stand, divided we fall."

JOHN C. COLT.—The Sheriff has given directions that the irons placed on Colt shall be removed, and in place thereof has appointed two deputy sheriffs to guard his cell until the hour of execution. His friends and relatives are to be allowed to see him, but to prevent any thing being given him for self destruction, one of the deputies is to be present, or within sight, during the interview. Thousands of applications have been made to the Sheriff to witness the execution, but he has resolved on the only proper course, that is, to allow none to be present except those authorized by law, and a reasonable number of deputies to keep proper order, giving the city press one representative each, and those the regular acknowledged reporters.

Several gentlemen who visited Colt yesterday state that his appearance and manner is much changed since the reception of the letter of Governor Seward, as he had placed great reliance upon a pardon or commutation of his santence.—He looked the very picture of wretchedness yesterday, and talked relative to his fast approaching fate, in manner not such as would emanate from one disposed to commit suicide. On being questioned as to such an intention, when his penknife and razors were taken from him, he said that depriving him of them would not prevent the accomplishment of such a deed, as he could open a vein with his teeth if he desired, and thus bleed himself to death.—N. Y. Herald.

JOHN C. COLT.

The New York Commercial Advertiser of Saturday afternoon has the following notice of the events connected with the scene which attended the close of this individual's career on Friday afternoon last:

The prisoner now desired to be left to himself until his last minute—his door was locked at half past two. A few minutes before three, one of the deputy sheriffs opened the door to see that all was right, when Colt was walking his cell. He was not seen again alive.

The excitement among the spectators within the prison walls, and the crowd without, had nearly reached its height. The spectators began to gather round the gallows. The officers, with their staves, arranged themselves in two lines, forming an opening through the crowd for the passage of the prisoner. Some began now to look frequently at their watches, & those who had not watches as frequently to inquire the time.

It wants now but fifteen minutes of the fatal hour. Every spectator has obtained his place and stands with eyes fixed upon the corner round which the culprit is expected to turn and pass up to the gallows, with the halter on his neck, and his attendants, the clergyman, the sheriff and deputy, through the long narrow way formed by the mass of eager spectators on each side.

There were present some of the judges and the aldermen of the city, police magistrates, legislators, members of the bar, and several other civil functionaries. There were also several members of the theatrical profession, anxious to catch a glimpse of the real death scene, which they have so often mimicked on the stage. There were members of the press shuddering at the painful duty they were required to perform, and others there were who seemed buoyant with extacy in anticipation of a scene of real tragedy, who might have often wept with pity over the unreal death struggles of the dramatic scene. The rumor which, an hour previous, had been in circulation, that Colt was going to commit suicide and "cheat us out of the exhibition," now seemed to have no credence among the spectators.

"How much time is there left?" was the common inquiry; and the answer was, "Only ten minutes."

Within the prison yard all is still.—The officers on duty are silent; not a man moves. The stillness of death prevails round the gallows. But without the prison walls the crowd, which had now increased to a great number, and which had throughout the day been horribly boisterous, sent up a continuous and dissonant shout as of ten thousand voices.

It seemed like the hungry cry of an army of wild beasts, eager for their prey.

At length, within five minutes of the appointed time, three or four men are seen running round the corner to which all eyes are instantly turned, and the stillness which is broken by the eager cry of "There comes Colt!" "Colt!" "Colt!"

Mr. Campbell of the Police Court, the foremost of the men who came round the corner, runs up to Justice Matsell and says, "Colt is dead." He runs up the line where the prisoner expected to pass, exclaiming "Colt is dead; Colt has made away with himself." This announcement seemed to be received as though it were the echo of a presentiment in every breast; and every one seemed to say with the keeper of the prison, "As I thought."

While the crowd was rushing to the prison door and while vague rumors were afloat that Colt had cut his throat, that he had taken Prussic acid or some other poison, and while every mind seemed wrought up to its utmost pitch with the excitement of disappointment and horror, as if to add to the terror of the scene, that moment rang through the walls the cry—"The prison is on fire! The prison is on fire!"

At the same instant a broad stream of flame and smoke flared up from the wooden cupola, erected on top of the prison, while the crowd rushed in from the gate, in Franklin street, filling the prison yard. Little attention seemed to be paid to the fire; the general inquiry was, "How did Colt kill himself?" In the mean-time the engines arrived.—and the public mind having been satisfied that Colt had stabbed himself to the heart with a knife, the horror and terror that had before prevailed seemed to be changed into confusion and alarm.

The New York American of Saturday afternoon adds—

Long after the verdict of the Coroner's Jury was pronounced, however, the crowd remained around the Tombs, and it was impossible to satisfy the mass of spectators that Colt was really dead.—The long delay, the repeated though fruitless trials for pardon or reprieve, the announcement of the suicide, the extraordinary coincidence, certainly, of the

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