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. XXVI. EASTON. (MD.) SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 27, 1843. No. 21.

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.

Stainburn's

VEGETABLE EXTRACT

PILLS.

COMPOSED ENTIRELY FROM EXTRACTS,

Derived from the most valued, safe, and efficient Purgative and Alterative Roots and Plants to be found in the

VEGETABLE KINGDOM.

This valuable medicine is placed before a discerning public as a vegetable compound of such a mild and gentle nature, as to allow it to be given with the most perfect safety to the little sufferer of the tenderest years, still sufficiently powerful (by repeated doses) to eradicate the most fixed disease from the stardiest frame. And yet it does this without impairing the constitution, or producing any of those injurious effects which must always follow the use of badly prepared Medicine.

STAINBURN'S

VEGETABLE EXTRACT PILLS,

Being made of pure Vegetable Extracts, will therefore cure at once, by purging from the system all acrimonious humors, thereby completely eradicating every disease, [no matter what its name] from the Body.

Thousands of persons now come forward and testify to the virtues of this excellent medicine, as being a sure and speedy cure for Apoplexy, Asthma, Headache, Ague, Colic, colds consumptions, coughs, decay of nature, dropsy, dyspepsia, fever, gout, gravel, indigestion, influenza, jaundice, lowness of spirits pain in the bowels, back, etc; palpitation of the heart, phthisic, pleurisy, pressure of the stomach, rheumatism, rising in the throat, shortness of breath, stiches in the side, etc ulcers, vomiting and spitting of blood, whooping cough, quinsy fever and ague, bilious scarlet, typhus, yellow, and common fevers of all kinds; nervous diseases, liver complaint inward weakness, inflammation, sore eyes, fits, palsy, small pox, measles, croup, cholera morbus, worms dysentery, deafness, ringing noise in the head, king's evil, scrofula, Saint Anthony's fire, salt rheum, white swellings, sores of twenty years' standing, cancer, tumors, swelled feet and legs, piles, costiveness, all eruptions of the skin, frightful dreams, female complaints of every kind, especially obstructions, relaxations, &c & many a hopeless sufferer after lingering for years in misery & wretchedness have in numberless instances, subscribed their written testimonials of gratitude to the proprietors for the benefits experienced, are now restored to their families, blessed with health, vigor and happiness.

Stainburn's

VEGETABLE EXTRACT PILLS.

Are sold at 25 cents per Box—Containing 30 Pills by the proprietors.

338 Broadway, New York.

And No. 6, North Street, Baltimore

Agents for Talbot County—Maryland.

Easton—E. M. DAWSON & BROTHER.

Trappe—Stevens & Mullikin; Hole in the Wall; S. T. Banning, Royal Oak; Charles Benson & Son, St Michaels, Thomas Auld, McDaniels Store—J. W. S McDaniel—Kemp's Store, Wm. P. Kemp—Poppy, E. Jackson—Bayside, Atkinson; Broad Creek Neck, Z. Farland,

Easton, may 20

MARYLAND:

Talbot County Orphans' Court,

18th day of May, A. D 1843.

On application of General Tench Tilghman, Adm'r with the will annexed of Mrs. Anna Maria Tilghman, late of Talbot county, deceased, it is

ORDERED, That he give the notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate, and that he cause the same to be published once in each week for the space of three successive weeks in one of the newspapers printed in the town of Easton.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of proceedings of Talbot county Orphans' Court, I have hereunto set my hand, and the seal of my office affixed, this 18th day of May, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty three.

Test, JAS. PRICE, Register of Wills for Talbot county.

In compliance to the above order,

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,

That the Subscriber of Talbot county hath obtained from the Orphans' court of Talbot county in Maryland letters of administration on the personal estate of Mrs Anna Maria Tilghman, late of Talbot county dec'd. all persons having claims against the said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the proper vouchers thereof to the subscriber, on or before the 15th day of May, 1844 or they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand this 18th day of May 1843.

TENCH TILGHMAN, Adm'r. of Mrs. Anna Maria Tilghman, decd.

may 20-3t

AGRICULTURAL

We can afford to an acre of land, all the labour and capital which are requisite to make it produce as much as possible. Our labor, when concentrated, is likely to be most effectual. Most men say cultivate a little land, and cultivate it well.—If you farm for profit, I say cultivate a good deal of land, and cultivate it well; but do not attempt to cultivate any more than you can cultivate in the best manner. In this way your land will be in a course of gradual improvement; whereas by the other system of cultivation, the condition of your farm is likely to be growing worse instead of better. In the latter case, you may get larger returns for less money—that is more for the less money, or more in proportion to the money expended; but in the former case, by a thorough cultivation, you get more for more! In superficial cultivation your returns are necessarily limited and comparatively small.—In the thorough cultivation, your crops are large and abundant; and, as I have before stated, the extra product is commonly clear profit. I do not know that I am understood in a case where it is rather difficult to explain myself.—But I will more fully illustrate it. A farmer cultivates his 20 acres of wheat at 7 dollars per acre, and gets for his 10 dollars, 400 bushels of wheat—that is, at the rate of 35 cents per bushel; or he expends 12 dollars upon the cultivation, and gets a return of 800 bushels—which is at the rate of cost of 30 cents per bushel, besides leaving his land in a high condition of improvement for the succeeding crop. Or he cultivates 20 acres of Indian corn at 15 dollars per acre, which produces 25 bushels to the acre, and cost 90 cents per bushel; or he expends $30 per acre in the cultivation, and gets a return of 75 bushels per acre, at a cost of 60 cents per bushel. This seems to me a fair statement of the comparative expediency of a cheap and superficial, or a thorough and liberal cultivation. This statement may not meet all cases; for there are peculiarities of local and domestic condition, which must affect every farmer's management. But I believe there can be no mistake in the general principles.—*Colman.*

THE CROPS IN PENNSYLVANIA.

The Miltonian, of Northumberland county says:—"The grain crops and clover fields seldom looked better at this season of the year, than they do at present in this section of the country. The spring is yet wet, & very little oats sown until within a day or two. Corn planting time has arrived, and our farmers are not yet prepared for it."

The West Chester Examiner of Tuesday week says that in Chester county the winter grain, generally, looks well, and from present appearances gives reasonable expectation of a full average crop.

The Lancaster Intelligencer, speaking for that county, states that the prospects for a fine crop of wheat and rye are quite flattering as much so now as at any time during the most favorable season.

The Reading Gazette says: As far as we have been able to learn, the fields in Berks county give every indication of a plenteous harvest to the farmer."

The Muncy, Lycoming county, Luminary says:—"Vegetation continues to look fine and flattering."

The Harrisburg Telegraph of the 7th instant says—Crops and Grain are growing in this vicinity with as much luxuriance as we have ever witnessed—Clover in the fields is now knee high, and "going ahead" with a rapidity resembling "Jonah's gourd," and the grain fields wave beautifully in the wind.—These prospects of good crops seem to have raised the spirits of our Farmers, who begin again to carry their heads like sovereigns of the soil. We like to see their honest independent faces look cheerful.

[Extract from a dialogue in progress between Mr. William and Mr. Thomas.]

William—You call me a farmer of the antiquated practice. I know not what you mean, Sir, by this bugo. I have been a farmer these forty years, & learned the practice from my father, and I think I have a good right to know something about farming; yet I do not pretend to know more than my father, for why should we 'undertake to be wiser than our parents.' I am satisfied with 30 bushels of Indian corn to the acre, and think it barely possible to produce more from the best land. And with regard to all your humbugery of book farming about root crops, draining, &c. &c. it is of a piece with your 100 bushels of corn to the acre.

Thomas—Why should you be satisfied with 30 bushels of corn to the acre, when the highest authenticated facts will go to prove beyond all cavil, that in many instances, and in various parts of the country, 80, 90, and 100 bushels have been produced on one acre, and in some instances, 130; and Earl Stimson of Saratoga has raised his 150 bushels from one acre, by what you sneeringly term book farming. I must remark, that a little attention to that subject would be of great value to you, not only by enabling you to double your crops, but to learn the vast importance of roots, draining, &c.

From the New Orleans Republican.

WHAT BECOMES OF THE OLD EDITORS?

There fell under my observation, one rainy afternoon, an obituary notice in some old newspaper, which went to say: 'Departed this life, on the ——, Mr. Timothy So-and-so, for several years editor of the —— Gazette.' Up to this period I had maintained an opinion something similar to that held by Mr. Weller, junior, relative to post boys, when he expressed his firm conviction that they never died at all, but rode out of the world in some surreptitious manner on the back of an old donkey, similarly constituted: I had, in fact, arrived at the conclusion that the old editors and the old newspapers evaporated in puffs, in some such manner nobody knew where. But here was the faith of many long years, staggered in an instant, here was the fact staring me in the face, that an old editor had shuffled off this mortal coil just as every day people do, had written his last paragraph, and had gone to have his proof revised in another world.

Well it was a long time ere I could get into my old train of thought. True I had heard of editors dying, but they were not editors at the period of their decease; they were not summoned directly from the paste scissors, and the quill.—Some had by some means or other, got into the Legislature, either State or National—others again had taken to pouring over Chitty & other authorities of octavo size, bound in law calf, some had laid down the pen and taken up physic—some the pulpit, & not a few the poor house.—They could not be said to have gone out of the world *editorially*, having gone back into obscurity among the great mass of the public—a body to which editors are constantly appealing, but from which, in my mind, they are totally distinct. Neither can book makers, either of prose or poetry, review writers or pamphleteers, be comprised in the category, they come under the designation of *authors* that class of men who are prone to living in garrets, & are given to wearing paper dickies; poor devils!

But your Editor; the man who writes the leader, compiles the on dits, and says cutting things of 'our contemporary' in the daily newspaper, is a different sort of being altogether. He occupies, as it were, an isolated position, and like Alexander Selkirk, is "monarch of all he surveys.' Does the President of the United States, Queen of England, or the Ottoman Porte commit any 'overt act,' and who but the editor handles them without gloves?' Who is it but the man who edits the newspaper that takes in hand some half a million people at a time, and tells them to their face that they are a dogged, wrong-headed, and ill-conditioned set of beings, who are going to the ruin as fast as their blind delusion can carry them? Who has the daring to say so to those very people every morning as they read his paper over their toast & coffee? Who but he has the temerity to say that public opinion may sometimes be wrong, and moreover, who acts as a godfather, sponsor, and guardian, to any unfledged 'opinion' that obtains in the community? Who but the newspaper man taketh it upon himself to cut up huge quartos; criticise the critics, and express his opinion in plain English, of scribbling divines, doctors, poets, and pun makers? Who shall say that, as the editor lives a literary potentate, he may nevertheless make his exit from the great earthly stage like the pegasus he bestrides, 'the public?" I, for one, can't bring myself to believe it.

It is a very common thing to see in a paper some such notice as—Owing to the illness of the editor, our readers must excuse the lack of editorial matter in todays paper.' Some may argue from this, that as an editor is subject to the 'ills that flesh is heir to,' he also experiences the ultimate mortal inconveniences resulting therefrom; but fortunately for my theory it invariably happens that some brother editor, a few days afterward, announces in a three line paragraph that the said editor, he is 'happy to say, has entirely recovered from his late illness and has resumed his editorial chair.' It is always the case—one notice is as sure to follow the other as day is to succeed night. They never 'make die of it.'

Now what in the world has become of the old editors—the newspaper men of yesterday—the ancient regime! No Old Mortality living has seen any thing relative to their whereabouts on the tomb stones—the parish records are silent on the subject, and the vestry books say nothing about it. Ask any of the oldest inhabitants what became of the editor of such and such a paper, and they shake their heads and tell you that they don't know—he moved away, and that was the last they heard of him. One of two things must be the fact, either that these editorial monarchs become wearied of power after a time, write a pathetic farewell address to their readers, then quietly abdicate, go to hoeing cabbages and writing 'letters from under a bridge"—move into the woods and go crazy like Lear, or dry up and blow away some day when the mail fails, without giving any previous notice to anybody. I sagen suspect the latter, as that they are boys off on the wings of some brilliant idea sojourn for a time in the land of defunc non-paying subscribers, whom they attack and write down, and then go off where truth is stereotyped, and the result of their labors in the cause of virtue and good morals is collected in files, bound up, and laid away on the shelves of eternity? Others may think as they please but that is my opinion.

WILD PIGEONS.—The Miner's Express, of Dubuque, Iowa Territory says: "A Mr. McDowell came to our office yesterday, and told us that there is an immense pigeon roost in the forks of the Maquoketa, in Jackson county, such as had never been seen in this country before. It is three miles long and a half a mile in width. There can be no estimate made of their numbers. Their roosting places are about a mile distant from their nests and feeding places, being three in number, and each one covering a section of land; and in, passing to and fro, they darken the air with their number; break down young trees with their weight; and hundreds are killed by getting entangled in the falling limbs and branches. The people kill them with clubs; and their noise is so loud that, when a gun is fired among them, the report cannot be heard; and a person can stand in one place and shoot all day, the birds returning as soon as you can load. They are building their nests, and the people are alarmed, lest they may destroy their crops."

RUNAWAY SLAVES.—We learn from the Howard (Md.) District Press, that on Sunday night last, four negro slaves belonging to Mr. Charles Hammond, three to Mr. Hannah Dorsey, two to Mr. Seth Warfield, one to Mr. William Baker Dorsey, one to Mr. John Warfield, of Joshua, and one to Mr. Christian Dorsey, attempted to make their way, in a body, into Pennsylvania, but were pursued, and about 12 o'clock on Tuesday night, 24 miles distant, in Carroll county, were overtaken, together with three or four runaway negroes. The night being dark, all but two made a safe retreat to the woods. On Wednesday, however five of them, exhausted with cold and hunger, returned to their owners, and four others have subsequently been lodged in Westminster jail.

COOPER vs. WEBB.

The New York Courier and Enquirer, of yesterday, contains the report of the trial of Col. Webb for a libel on J. Fennimore Cooper, contained in a criticism on one of Mr C's books. Judging from the report, we should say that the gross partiality of the Court would tend to bring into contempt the judiciary of this State. We have rarely read a report of a trial that struck us more worthy of reprehension. The Judge decided in this trial exactly opposite to his decision in a former trial of the same case. The jury did not agree—seven for acquittal, and five against.

As the case was going to the jury, Mr. R. T. Cooper, counsel for the novelist, desired that a special constable should be sent with them, to prevent the crier from informing the defendant of their decision, as "he did on a former occasion." To this Colonel Webb replied, denying the charge, and adding:

"This sir, is the sole foundation for a slander which was first circulated in a publication bearing the signature of James Fennimore Cooper; and I rejoice in the opportunity now afforded, to say in the presence of that notorious individual—in the presence of this Court, and the assembled audience—that it is a base, wilful, and deliberate *falsehood*, and known by him to be so at the time of its propagation.

"Mr. J. Fennimore Cooper—I have too much respect for the ladies present to make any other reply to the language of the defendant than to say, that my publication is a full *denial* of his statement."

Wm. Mason, Samuel O'Berry, and John and David McDaniel, the villains who with others, murdered Mr. Charris, a Santa Fee Trader, a short time since near Independence, have been arrested, and were brought up to St. Louis on the 2d inst. The plunder obtained by the two McDaniels, was found secreted in a private drawer, belonging to the Clerk of the County Court of Clay County, Mo. and there was strong reason for the belief, that he was an accomplice, and in fact, had furnished the two McDaniels with their outfit.

THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CONVENTION.

☞The Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, re assembled yesterday morning in pursuance of adjournment, and was duly called to order.—St. Andrew's Church was filled on the occasion, and the full morning service was performed, being read by the Rev. Mr. Colton, assisted by the Rev Mr Norris. The Collect used was that of the Fourth Sunday after Easter, and appropriate psalms and hymns were sung.

The Ante-communion having been read by the Right Rev. Bishop Onderdonk, that Prelate ascended the pulpit and delivered his Charge to the Clergy. The subject of the Charge, which was remarkably clear, argumentative & sound, was—Public Worship, and the Use of the Liturgy. The Bishop traced back to the earliest ages of Christanity, the use of forms of prayer & worship, as well as to the service of the Temple at Jerusalem, upon which service of the one True God the forms of worship in the early Christian Church had been in some measure engrafted, and this view of the ancient and scriptural foundation for a written form of prayer was ably sustained by texts from the sacred volume. The Bishop censured all customs leading to, or ident fied with, saint worship, angel worship or hero worship, & indeed divine appeals to any created beings under any circumstances, instead of offering our devotions at once & directly to the Triune God—of all beings and of all things the Creator! Such worship was often influenced too much by the passions, instead of the convictions of reason, and was therefore productive of excitements at variance with the calm and single holiness of the Christian worship of God, through faith in Christ, the only Advocate with the Father, and through whom all mankind are saved—besides which, it tended to superstion and idolatry.

Passing from his brother Christians who indulged in the errors he had described, and against which the Liturgy and forms of the Episcopal Church so effectually guarded, the Bishop noticed the love of extemporaneous prayer and service, as well as of preaching, that was, as an adoption, he thought, from other Christian communities which formed the majority in this county, finding its way into the Church. The Liturgy was sufficiently comprehensive to embrace all the requirements of public prayer and thank-giving, and had been carefully and wisely compiled with that view by the Fathers and Founders of the Church, adopting in many instances unobjection able parts of the Roman Catholic prayers and service. It was indeed a guide with unerring landmarks to the Christian, confining him within the bounds of reason, faith and piety, while the sublimity of its language and sentiment tended to exalt and purify his religious aspirations If the using of it was sometimes abused by the "formality" of worshippers, their mere formality—surely the same charge might be made in relation to extempore prayer—some one or other perhaps of the congregation, regarding it as mere formality, which they listened to for form's sake, while their thoughts were far away. The undue excitement produced in congregations by a very fervid and singular style of preaching, and also of prayer which almost assumed the form of preaching, was an excitement, he thought, sometimes animal & sometimes intellectual—or perhaps partaking of both—but too often evanescent, and at variance with the calm and fervent sublimity of humble, sincere, and heartfelt piety, that arises from fruith conviction and a thorough and devout dependance on God.

Near the close of the charge, the Bishop emphatically pointed out as an error, the decline of many in going to church to hear some eloquent preacher or sermon, as a MAIN or FIRST object. The great object in the first place was to worship God in spirit and in truth, to pray to Him for His Holy Spirit, guidance and support and to praise Him for the blessings we enjoy and for all his mercies. The sermon should be considered a matter of instruction—well worthy of our utmost attention, but still not the chief object—which was the worship of the Most High.

At a subsequent period of the Convention, the Charge was ordered to be printed by unanimous vote.

The whole Communion was then administered by the Bishop, assisted by the Rev'd. Messrs. Colton, Morgan and Norris, and the hymn:

"My God! and is thy table spread
And does thy cup with love o'erflow,"

was sung at intervals.

The Convention, after the solemnization of the Holy Sacrament, was again called to order, when the Bishop delivered his Annual Address, detailing a large amount of Episcopal labours during the ecclesiastical year.

The Rev. H. J. Morton officiated as Secretary, having been elected, in place of G. M. Wharton, Esq. resigned.

Adjourned at 2 P. M. to 5.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The Church of the 'Messiah,' Southwark, had its charter approved, and was received into the Convention.

The thanks of the Convention were voted unanimously to the Bishop for his able charge.

It was resolved that the next annual Convention should be held in St. Andrew's Church, Philadelphia, on the third Tuesday of May, 1844, at 6, P. M.

A committee was appointed to consider the expediency of procuring and distributing Bibles under the authority of the Convention of the Diocese of Pennsylvania.

Several matters of minor importance were disposed of.

There were two tickets for the annual committees, deputies and officers, but at a late hour, the tellers had only reported the clerical votes, and the Convention adjourned until 9 o'clock this morning.

From the Delaware Republican.

WM. HEMPHILL JONES, THE FORGER.

Messrs. Editors—Nothing is more certain than that the Whig party throughout the length and breadth of the land, is cursed with a most supine and cowardly press, to which our party owes most, if not all its misfortunes; (on this subject, I shall speak a word to you anon:) and that the Locofoco party, on the contrary, may refer their frequent success to the vigor and courage of their papers. When Mitchell, the Whig member of Congress in New York, committed a forgery, the Locofoco papers rung with his crime; the whole country was thrown into uproar; every mouth opened with indignation; every nook and corner was ransacked for the fugitive criminal,—who is now expiating his felony in a penitentiary.—All this was perfectly right; such indignation ought to pursue such punishment await every criminal, and the more certainly, the more lofty is his position before the public. But mark the difference in the case of William Hemphill Jones, the last locofoco *candidate* for Congress, in this State,—a man against whom even a Locofoco Grand Jury has found *seven* bills of indictment for Forgery—and against whom, if all rumours be true, seven times seven additional bills may be found hereafter. Did the Whig papers perform their part? did they do their duty? did they ring peals of indignation at this astounding villainy, as the Locofoco prints did, in the case of Mitchell, as they would have done again, had the culprit been a Whig? have they aroused honest men to pursue and arrest the offender? The first notice of the indictments was published in your neighbor, the State Journal, and there the matter was managed with such amiable reluctance, such admirable delicacy, such wonderful tact and propriety, that (as no name was mentioned, no hint given as to who the offender was, nor even of what party,) the public was left to guess at the criminal, and to guess at Whigs, as well as Locofocos. To prevent the foul constructions, which, it was evident, might, and most probably would, be put on this mysterious announcement of the State Journal, I have reason to know that a true statement of the affair was sent to a leading Whig paper in Philadelphia, and was refused, because *that* paper also was afraid to commit the enormous fault of telling the world that the leading Locofoco partizan of Delaware had committed seven forgeries!

You, Messrs. Editors dared to do your duty: you did not fear to record the indictments of a Grand Jury against a *respectable* offender; yet I must complain that so much of the Whig leaven of moderation was infused into your article as to give it the quality rather of exciting compassion than indignation. And this is doubly unfortunate, because the Locofocos are thereby the more emboldened in a purpose, which, we are told, they meditate, of stirring the good people to unite with them in a petition to the Governor to make an honest man of their ex-candidate by directing a *nolle prosequi*, or even pardoning him before trial; while, assuredly, the proper thing for him to do is to issue his proclamation, offering a high reward for the apprehension of the absconding felon.

Lest the people of Delaware should be seduced into sanctioning this conspiracy to defraud justice of its due, let me remind them of some of the circumstances which render the guilt of Jones peculiarly unpardonable. The seven forgeries for which he was indicted, was on a bank, of which he—bank denouncer as he was—was a director; and the name forged was that of one of his own near connexions: these forgeries he has been systematically practising for a period of more than three years; and one of the last forgeries was committed on the very day of the election in which the people of Delaware came within eight votes of sending him to Congress, as their Representative. He had wealth enough to raise him above temptation: his fellow citizens had dignified him with high office—the ex president of the City Council of Wilmington, the ex member of the Delaware Legislature, might have been expected to preserve his reputation pure and stainless; and the Locofocos of the State selected him as their Congressional Candidate, in which function he assumed in the slang whang of his party, that character of a political and social reformer, which professes an ultra degree of public principle and private virtue.

And yet, this ends the career of this famous reformer, this pure and immaculate Democrat, who has done more to delude and deceive the ignorant classes in this State on the subject of banks, currency, and politics in general, than any other demagogue of the day. Our City Hall has, within a few months, rung with the echoes of his *patriotism* against our banks; while, at the same time, *in the bank* of which he was a director, lay seven proofs of the purity of his *principles*, seven illustrations of the sincerity of his professions. No man was so loud and so abusive against a Bank of the United States, to regulate our currency and exchanges, as this forger and felon, William Hemphill Jones. Bank swindling, bank robbing, bank aristocrats, rag barons, Nick Biddle, monopolies and monster corporations, were eternally upon his tongue

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2940_scm11032-0253.jpg