EASTON GAZETTE.

WHERE THE PRESS IS FREE—"Literature well or ill-conducted is the Great Engine by which all Popular States must ultimately be supported or overthrown—RELIGION purifies the Heart and teaches us our Duty—Morality refines the Manners—Agriculture makes us Rich, and Politics provides for the enjoyment of all."

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ADVERTISEMENTS

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From the Sandersville Telescope.

GOING ACCORDING TO LAW.

Not one hundred miles from this present sitting, there is a nice little village, just a day's ride from anywhere, though good fishing is much nearer at hand.—These are its chief geographical advantages. It has a Court House—some stores, not many; a Blacksmith shop—a Grocery, and a 'smart sprinkling' of May weeds besides.

Now, if you were rambling about in the wood, and chanced to stumble upon such a place, you might say in your heart that you had found nothing particular, and ramble on farther perhaps. But if you were not over hasty, and drop in about sun down, you would find the snuggest, comfortablest kind of a tavern, with China trees before the piazza, and a glorious good jolly fellow who rejoices in his heart a joke, for its keeper.

From him, we heard a few days since, while there, the following anecdote, which is given with every thing, but his humorous manner. But if we could give that, reader, your waistcoat strings would have a fair trial before you got through.

There boarded with our honest Boniface, besides other single gentlemen of the village the County Clerk, who is the bachelor of the town, and what town is without one? The qualifications for filling these two important posts, as far as we know, are a good hand writing, a turn for staying at home, and a genius for draughts. These fellows are generally grave men—sometimes otherwise, but for the most part grave, staid men—and Thomas was one of these. We might dwell, but we forbear.

Well, one bright day, about like this perhaps, Bop, our host, was sitting at the end of his shaded piazza, keeping an eye out on things in general, and wondering in particular, whether, the next one that came along would be a cow or a man in a round jacket, and perfectly raw for a joke.

At the furthest end of the stretch, looking down the street, he saw one of those bald faced, sorrel colts, with long tail & thinish hips, for which these colts are remarkable bestrid by a long legged rider, in copperas pants and coat of the same—the colt shying and going sideways at every thing, and the rider staring away right and left most intensely. After hitching sorrel to a swinging limb, away off he came stalking up to the tavern, with an expression of face somewhere between a sneeze and a laugh.

'Mornin sir,' said Copperas, cheerfully.

The salutation was returned.

'The Clerk ain't no wheres about here, as you knows at, is he?'

Here was a customer for our Friend Bop.

'What did you say,' said Bop, to make him repeat.

'The Clerk ain't no wheres about here?'

'Hear! he hear!—no poor fellow—not he. Couldn't hear you if you were to shoot a pistol in his ear. But he aint at home just now. Come in and set down Got business, I 'spose?'

'No! nothing much in particular,' said Copperas, with a very mysterious air.

'Well,' said Bop, by way of finding out his errand, 'he won't be in for sometime—may be I could do your business?'

And thereupon Copperas fell to wriggling and screwing about, looking very uneasy. At last he started up suddenly, and putting his face close to the tavern keeper's said in a half whisper—

'I've come on this marrying business,' and then laughed a good deal at it, for he was a very cheerful fellow.

'Who is to be married?' enquired Bop, in a whisper.

'Uncle Ben and Tildy Strong!'

'License, eh? Oh! ah! well—that's different. The Clerk will have to grant that. I'll step over and see if he's come,' and away he ran.

'Thomas,' said he, as he spied that worthy at his writing table, 'there's a chap at my house who wants a license, but I can't make him understand anything I say to him.'

'Why, what's the matter?' asked the Clerk.

'So deaf—a mile stone is only a circumstance to him. But I'll bring him over—it isn't worth while for ME to tell him any thing,' and he hurried off.

On their way to the office, Bop, in a spirit of friendly confidence, informed Mr. Copperas, that the Clerk was a crank, cross grained old fellow, but he musn't mind his talking loud—it's just his way.

Copperas had hardly entered the door before he bawled out—

'I come after a license for uncle Ben Stone and Tildy Strong!'

'Well,' said Thomas in the same tone, 'you needn't hollow out so.' Then turning to Bop in his usual tone, 'that's just the way with deaf people—think every body as deaf as themselves.'

Bop nodded to Copperas, to intimate that he didn't hear, and he screamed still louder—

'I say, mister, I want to get a license!'

'Do you think I'm deaf as a post?—You'd better make a public outcry of it at the Court house door, young man,' said Thomas, somewhat irritated.

Here Bop interposed, and taking Copperas outside the door, explained to him that he must make public *out cry* before he could get the license. This was dreadful. Here was Copperas with the strictest injunction of secrecy from his uncle Ben, and now to have to let it out before all the people in town. 'Twas too bad. In all this Bop sympathised deeply. But trying as it was, he thought it best to go, as he said, according to law!

'But,' said Copperas deploring, 'I can't cry about it, and uncle Ben don't want me to—

'Can't cry!' said the host, put upon a new track, 'why, God bless you, its a matter of nothing, when nobody is there to object. But when there is objection, I grant it *ain't* altogether so pleasant—There was Joe Stokes—you know'd Joe—used to live on Beaverdam. Fine young man too. When he was married the kin objected, and when he went to make his out cry, it was about this time of day, & he had to cry spang till breakfast before he could worry them out.'

'And did he worry 'em out at last?' said Coppeass, in some anxiety.

'Worry them out!—I reckon he did, and told them to bring in any friends they had, and he could out cry the whole ki' and bilin' of 'em, and if that didn't satisfy 'em he could make them feel the point of his five knuckles besides. But in your case, you have to hollow out a good deal, what you after, and afterwards cry come—a little will do.'

Copperas' mettle was now fairly up, and he sprang with the utmost alacrity upon the Court house steps, and bellowed out at the top of his voice:—

'I'm come after a license!!!'

Every body rushed out, and there he stood, roaring away—

'I'M COME AFTER A LICENSE!!!'

'There,' said Bop, 'the hollowing part will do,' and Copperas turned down his nether lip and began an inaudible boo hoo!

'Louder,' said Bop, and he raised it higher. 'Louder yet. The law says you must cry out, or make out cry, which is the same thing.' He bellowed like an alligator.

In the meantime, the crowd collected. 'What's the matter, Bop, what's he after. Bop?' came from all sides, while he stood gravely giving directions to Copperas, and singing out, 'don't crowd him gent'emen, he is going according to law.'

At length after every body was convulsed at the doleful countenance of Copperas, he suddenly turned upon him, and said, 'there—that'll do—nobody objects. You can get your license.' A new altercation between the good Clerk and Copperas, however, arose upon the fee, which Bop intimated was too much. This was soon settled by Bop's paying it himself, and treating him to two ginger cakes, which so won the confidence and affections of his country friend, that he declared that he would vote for him for any thing, but under the most solemn assurances, and under the penalty of being everlastingly darned, he would never vote for a deal man again, if he knew it.

THEODORE HOOK.—We find an interesting article relating to this distinguished wit and writer, in a late number of the London Quarterly. It is evidently from the pen of an intimate friend, but discriminating admirer. We have taken occasion to make the following extracts:—

Signing the Articles.—He carried the spirit of rebellious frolic with him. When the Vice-Chancellor, noticing his boyish appearance, said 'You seem very young, sir. Are you prepared to sign the thirty-nine Articles?'—'O yes, sir,' answered Theodore, briskly—'quite ready—forty, if you please.' The dignitary shut the book, but the brother apologized—the boy looked contrite, and in the end the ceremony of matriculation was completed.

Love of the Hoax.—But the real farce at this time was Theodore's own life.—It was one uninterrupted succession of boisterous buffooneries, especially of what the future lexicographer might almost be pardoned for supposing to have been called after him—*Hoaxes.* Of these his true 'Sayings and Doings,' his own talk *inter pocula* was the only adequate memorial. We may catch some outlines in his Gurney and Daly—but even his pen was too slow and cumbrous a machine for the vital reproductions of such scenes. They are nothing without the commentary of that bright eye—the deep gurgling glee of his voice—the electrical felicity of his pantomime—for in truth he was as great an actor as could have been produced by rolling up Liston and Terry and Matthews into one. So told, no mirth in this world ever surpassed the fascination of these mountebankeries. We have seen austere judges, venerable prelates, grand lords, and superfine ladies, all alike overwhelemned and convulsed as he went over the minutest details of such an episode as that, for example of his and Matthews, as they were rowing to Richmond; being suddenly bitten by the sight of a placard at the foot of a Barnes garden—'Nobody permitted to land here—offenders prosecuted with the utmost rigor of the law'—their instant disembarkation on the forbidden paradise—the fishing-line converted into a surveyor's measuring tape—their solemn pacing to and fro on the beautiful lawn—Hook the surveyor, with his book and pencil in hand—Matthews the clerk, with the cord and walking-stick, both soon pinned into the exquisite turf—the opening of the parlor window, and fiery approach of the napkined alderman—the comedians' cool, indifferent reception of him, and his indignant inquiries—the gradual announcement of their being the agents of the Canal Company, settling where the new cut is to cross the old gentleman's pleasaunce—his alarm and horror, which call forth the unaffected regrets and commiserations of the unfortunate officials,—'who are never more pained than with such a duty—the alderman's suggestion that they had better walk in and talk the matter over—their anxious examination of watches, and reluctant admission that they might spare a quarter of an hour—'but alas! no use, they fear, none whatever'—the entry of the dining room—the turkey just served—the pressing invitation to taste a morsel—the excellent dinner—the fine old Madeira—the boutle of pink champagne, 'a present from my lord mayor'—the discussion of half a dozen of claret, and of the projected branch of the canal—the city knight's argument's getting more and more weighty—'Really this business must be considered'—One bottle more, dear gentlemen'—till at last it is getting dark—they are eight miles from Westminster Bridge—Hook burst out into song, and narrates, in extempore verse, the whole transaction, winding up with—

"And we greatly approve of your fare,
Your cellar's as prime as your cook;
And this clerk here is Matthews the player,
And I'm—Mr Theodore Hook"—(Exeunt.)

WHIG PROSPECTS.

If there be any Whig who desponds at the reverses which have befallen our party, within the last eighteen months, let him recur to our prostrate condition in 1839, and from that take confidence for the future. Then we were every where overrun. State after State which, in 1840 had unfurled the Whig flag, ingloriously deserted the standard; and some, which had never faltered in the Whig faith, proved recreant in that year of Whig disasters. With Congress carried against us,—the whole Democracy thoroughly united on their candidate, who was in office and wielded the whole patronage of the Government to sustain himself, the Locofoco party seemed fully established in power, beyond the reach of attack. The prospect for the Whigs was then truly gloomy, and the stoutest hearts might have been excused for indulging misgivings. The weak and faint were in absolute despair, and did not venture to hope that a brighter day would ever dawn upon the land. But 1840 came, and the bitter defeats of 1839 were succeeded by a series of the most brilliant political triumphs ever achieved in any country.

Our condition now cannot, even by the most timid or despondent, be regarded as half so hopeless as it was in 1839. Now we are united, both as to men and principles: Our adversaries are rent with intestine feuds. They are distracted about principles and, still more about men.—They have the patronage of the Federal Government, it is true;—but it is wielded with so much folly, and such gross contempt of public decency, that it can avail but little; and when it is considered that our opponent have to shoulder Tyler for the use of it, it is a positive drawback upon them.

But there is a fact in the very constitution of the two parties, which serves fully to explain the cause of these periodical discomfitures of the Whigs. The Whigs, taken in the aggregate, are those who do not make politics a trade. They have other & regular pursuits, on which they rely for the support of themselves and their families. They, therefore, do not abandon their usual vocations at every election: It is only on great and stirring occasions, that they all quit their private duties, to attend to the affairs of the Government. It is our firm belief, that for the last ten years—the Whig Party has embraced a large majority of the American people: and but for this trait, they would have demonstrated the truth of the assertion long since. The Locos on the other hand, or a large majority of them, are politicians by trade—They look to politics for a living. Many of them loafers & spongers—with nothing to lose and every thing to gain—are never so profitably employed as when actively engaged in politics—carving out a snug birth for themselves in the public crib—They are therefore, always at work politically because they make their meat & bread by it. On this account it was, that they were justly denominated the 'Spoils Party'—and were truly said, by one of their most distinguished leaders, to be held together by the cohesive power of the public plunder.'

The election of '40 was one of those great occasions, which drew forth the Whig people from their daily labors, to preserve the public liberty. That of 1844 will prove another, when the worth, intelligence and property of that great nation will once more be rallied to rescue the morals, the prosperity and the liberties of the country from destruction.—From the highlands and the lowlands—from mountains and plains will raise the mighty shout—before which the mercenary Demagogue—mousing over his petty schemes of selfishness and ambition—will shrink into nothing.—Richmond Whig.

The U. S. Gazette compares the present condition of the Whig party with its condition in 1839.

FACTS WORTHY OF NOTE.—With reference to the election of 1844, the Whigs occupy the same relation, in regard to time, which they did in 1838 with reference to the Presidential election in 1840. And with the exception of the distracted state of the Locofoco party, in reference to their Presidential candidate, the circumstances to almost every thing else, are nearly the same.

In 1838 the state of Pennsylvania elected Gov. Porter by a majority of 5196.

And yet in 1840 Pennsylvania cast her electoral vote against the Locofoco candidate for the Presidency.

In 1838 Delaware elected Mr. Robinson (Locofoco) her delegate in Congress by a majority of 59.

And yet in 1840 Delaware elected anti-Locofoco electors by a majority of more than a thousand.

Georgia in 1838 elected McDonald [Locofoco] for Gov'r by a majority of 375.

But in 1840 Georgia gave a good round majority for the anti-Locofoco candidate for President.

Ohio in the year 1838 gave Shannon (Locofoco) for Governor a majority of 5 729.

Yet in 1840 Ohio gave the anti-Locofoco electoral ticket a neat little majority of 23,000.

Maryland in 1838 gave to Grason, the Locofoco candidate for Governor, a majority of 259.

Yet in 1840 this same Maryland gave a majority for the anti-Locofoco electoral ticket of 4 776.

In 1839 the State of Massachusetts elected Marcus Morton, the Locofoco candidate for Governor, by a majority of ONE.

Yet in 1840 good old Massachusetts gave to the anti-Locofoco electoral ticket a majority of 29 930.

In 1838 New Jersey returned to Congress a Locofoco delegation, claiming a majority of 66. This claim was not allowed, but the Whig REAL majority was less than that.

And in 1840 New Jersey gave the Whig electoral ticket a majority of 2,317.

Maine in the year 1838 gave to Fairfield, the Locofoco candidate for Governor, majority of 3,228.

But in 1840 Maine gave a majority for the Whig electoral ticket of 111.

Michigan in 1838 elected S. T. Mason, the Locofoco candidate for Governor, and the rest of the Locofoco State ticket.

Yet Michigan in 1840 gave for the Whig electoral ticket a majority of 1,802.

There was no election in Tennessee in 1838. But in 1837 the locos carried their ticket by 18,000: and in 1839 they carried Polk [Locofoco] by a majority 3,000.

Yet in 1840 the Whigs elected their electoral ticket by a majority of 12 102.

We take no notice of those States which went for the Whigs in 1838 and also at the Presidential election in 1840 such as N. Carolina, Indiana, Kentucky, Louisiana, Rhode Island, Connecticut, and N. York, though every one of these States gave a majority for the Whig electoral ticket in 1840 vastly superior to that which they gave for the State officers in 1838: and that increase of majority goes to strengthen the confidence of the Whigs, that in 1844 the same result will be found!!

THE MORMONS.

A correspondent of the Baltimore Patriot gives the following account of a short visit at Nauvoo.

We spent a Sunday with the Mormons at their city of Nauvoo, and attended their service in a grove both morning and evening. The Great Prophet of these 'Latter Day Saints,' Joe Smith, addressed the meeting in the morning for about two hours, much of which related to his late arrest and release under a habeas corpus, as an accessary, we believe, in the attempt on the life of ex Governor Boggs' He then, for the first time in his life, as he said, and as for our especial information, ran his parallel of the Mormon faith with other denominations of Christians; and, to near the conclusion, you could not say but they were good orthodox Baptists, but in some of their forms they run close into Catholicism. He is a bad speaker, and appears to be very imperfectly educated. In the afternoon service, his 'Vice gerent,' Mr. Rigdon, addressed the numerous multitude. He took no text, but proceeded at once, in a historical discourse, commencing with the early Prophets, and brought us eloquently down to the reign of Charlemagne, and to the Latter Day Saints, (as they call themselves.) He described the different kingdoms that have passed from the earth, corresponding to the image of gold and silver, brass, iron and clay, revealed to the King of Babylon by the Prophet Daniel, which was broken to pieces by 'a stone cut out without hands, and became a great mountain that filled the whole earth.' We could not follow him in all his conclusions, as he spoke so rapid, but inferred that the fulfillment of this prophecy was intended to apply to the Mormons, who are to fill the whole earth. After the discourse was concluded the Choir sang a hymn with much sweetness, accompanied by instrumental music—the ceremonies were then concluded by a solemn prayer from one of the Saints; at the end of which, he notified the congregation that he had lost a valuable sorrel horse, about sixteen hands high, and requested to be informed, if any person present should discover him!

The evening was then closed by a Public Baptism in the Mississippi, of one or two hundred, and some of the Disciples were immersed perhaps twenty times, first for themselves, and then for some deceased relative or friend. After leaving the water, they take seats on the shore & are confirmed by another set of Priests in waiting; this is repeated as often as they are immersed. In all this ceremony there appeared but little solemnity, and indeed in some cases quite a levity of behaviour.

The city of Nauvoo contains 12 to 15 000 inhabitants, all Mormons we believe, and new converts are fast flocking to their standard. They have many Missionaries travelling throughout the country and in Europe, and they are now fitting out one for Russia. We believe they have no community of interest, as some suppose, but each man works for his own living, they are compelled to work one day out of ten, however, on the TEMPLE, which will be a magnificent building when finished. The dwellings are generally small frames, thrown up in a few days. The people are industrious and sober—no spirituous liquors are allowed in the city or persons to be out after 9 o'clock at night. We received much kindness from Smith and others, and the day was very agreeably spent.

INTERESTING DIALOGUE.

DON'T FAIL TO READ IT.

The following dialogue is copied from the Mills' Point Herald. It is suited to every meridian, and by the sustitution of Mechanic, Merchant, Lawyer, Doctor &c. is adapted to all the various classes in the community:—

Farmer.—Good morning, Mr. Editor, I wish you'd give me a paper, I want to see the news.

Editor.—With pleasure; here is one just from the press. What have you in that basket?

Farmer.—I have some fresh butter, eggs, and about a gallon of raspberries, which I have brought to market.

Editor.—Well, neighbor Snobs, I am glad that I am out of butter; please give me a pound or two, if you can spare it.

Farmer.—You can have it all at a bit a pound.

Editor.—Very true, but I gave you a newspaper at your request; turn about is fair play you know; now I want you to give me some butter.

Farmer.—But I have brought that butter to sell.

Editor.—We too publish our paper to sell; by our labors we live and if you Farmers will not support us, we cannot buy your marketing. We cannot afford to give papers away.

Farmer.—But I asked for only a paper, and that is not much you know; you will not miss that.

Editor.—I asked you only for a pound or two of butter, and that is not much, you know.

Farmer.—Yes, that's all very true; but if I should give you my butter, every body else would want to get it on the same terms, and I couldn't sell any more to any person.

Editor.—Exactly Farmer Snobs, now I have brought you to the very point, I wish you to understand: it is true, one newspaper is of but trifling value, but let an editor get in the habit of giving his papers away to Tom Dick and Harry, whenever called on, who will be fool enough to pay for what others get gratis? besides, it is morally wrong to make paying subscribers pay for the papers thus wasted upon persons who refuse to contribute one cent to the sustainment of the public press. We therefore feel it our duty to inform you, neighbor Snobs, that we do not give papers away—if our paper is not worth buying, it is not worth reading.

SWINE'S WOOL.—The N. York Journal of Commerce says:—

"In announcing the arrival of a lot of soap the other day from Indiana, we expressed a hope that the western folks would not get to manufacturing newspapers out of their hogs—but 'pon our honor, we begin to think they will. Already they are making cloth out of 'swine's wool;' and cloth, or rags, as every one knows, is the material out of which paper is made.

The following is from the Northampton (Mass.) Democrat:—

'They have commenced, at Cincinnati, the manufacture of a very neat and useful article of floor and hearth cloth, from hog's hair. The hair is softened by immersion in lard oil, and afterwards spun and wove into cloth, and colored as fancy dictates.'

We transfer the following article to our columns under an impression, confirmed by the opinion of intelligent military men, that there is wholesome and timely truth in it:

From the Army and Navy Chronicle, Aug. 3.

A 'PERPETUAL FURLOUGH.'—It was announced under the navy head of our last number that an officer had been placed on perpetual furlough, and removed out of the line of promotion. Such a case is unprecedented in the navy, and is in open violation of the law. As friends of the navy, as advocates of reform, as lovers of law and order, we, for one, raise our voice in opposition to this high handed act of public wrong and private injustice. Congress has been asked time and again to give the Executive authority to put officers on half pay, and to lay them on the shelf; a power which, if granted & judiciously exercised, would be attended with the most beneficial results to the public service, we do not doubt. But Congress has invariably refused to delegate such power. And it is because it is against the law, because the law is trampled under foot, that we are opposed to this act. The history of the case is briefly this: The officer in question returned from the command of a vessel on a foreign station under circumstances that proved that he was not worthy of the public confidence reposed in him—He therefore had forfeited his commission; and had he been tried, the general impression is that the *court* would have sentenced him to have been cashiered. But, instead of being dealt with according to law, the law was thrust aside, and the offender virtually told: 'You are unworthy of trust; you have forfeited the contract between you and the Government, and are no more worthy of the honors of its confidence; but instead of allowing the law to take its course, this we will do: you are never more to do a hand's turn of duty in the navy, but your name shall be borne upon the Register, and you are to receive from the naval appropriations an annuity of $600 for life!' By what law was the naval appropriation created into a fund for charity, or who made the Navy Department a perfect almoney, or its head the grand almoner of the Government?

A perpetual exemption from all military duty with an annuity of $600! And for what? Because the officer proved himself unequal to the trust reposed in him. Is not this a reward to crime, an incentive to vice, a temptation to betray? It is a good bargain on the part of the officer, for we do not find that he protested against it. We see in this procedure a precedent fraught with the direst evils to the navy. We had hoped for reform to this branch of the service, but so far we see no promise of it. On the contrary, we see the laws set at defiance, the righteous decisions of the courts martial brought to naught, and the majesty of the martial ermine spurned, we had almost said spit upon, from high places.

PREACHING POLITICS.

Mr. Gerrit Smith—a man of eminent ability, of great piety and great moral purity—who is well known throughout this State and the Union, as one of the chief promoters of Abolition, and who, we must think, carries his views on this point to fanaticism, has given public notice that he means to employ the *Sundays* between this time and the election 'in preaching politics.'

Mr. Smith is a layman, and of course it is as a lay preacher that he thus proposes to devote the holy day—the day of rest from secular pursuits—the day of thanksgiving prayer and praise—to topics so exciting and so much controverted, as the cause and aims of Abolition.

Mr. Smith assigns as the reason for this course, that his own private business requires his undivided attention during week days—and yet that looking upon preaching politics as 'a Heaven commanded duty,' he cannot forego it, & therefore, takes Sunday for it at all the hazards—great as they seem to us—of thus seeking to divert men's minds and hearts on that day from its more clearly 'Heaven commanded' duties, to the exciting topics of earth.—New York American.

A MODEST MAN:—The Hartford Courant, a good authority, says that there lives a man in the state of New York, who has been in office nineteen years and a half, and received during that time $176 000 of the people's money, or a little over $9,000 a year, and yet he was never known to make any sacrifices for the public good, or to devise any measure of acknowledged benefit to the country.—Not satisfied with the honors and emoluments he has received, he wants the people to give him four more years of office, and $100,000 from the public Treasury! Before they conclude to do so, they would like to know on what grounds he asks for their confidence or favor. Unless satisfied on this point, they will probably prefer some one who has claims to their support. The man who got all this money is called MARTIN VAN BUREN.

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