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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JONESBOROUGH.

'Parson Brownslow,' of the Jonesborough Tennessee Whig, gives the following amusing description of the Town of his abode. Mr. B. was at the Baltimore Convention, and was one of the most popular speakers in the crowd.

"Jonesborough is not Baltimore, nor is it the seat of Federal Government, yet it is all sorts of a place, take it by and large; having some things to boast of, some to regret, and others to be ashamed of. The Jonesborough Institutions of Learning, consisting of a Male and Female Academy, at which, collectively, there are now about two students, tend in no small degree to promote the prosperity of the town. Then as a church going place Jonesboro' aspires to pre-eminence, there being the factories of three sects in 'full blast'—New School Presbyterian, Methodists & Baptiste—among all of whom, it is fair to presume, there are some noble hearted fellows, and pious souls, and some dirty dogs, cloaking their villainy with hypocritical pretensions to much godliness.

Our town is located in a SINK HOLE surrounded by hills, making our location admirably adapted to the collection of all *filth* pouring in from the surrounding hills, and nothing is wanting for our complete association with *nastiness*, but the closing up of the gap before town, where the spring branch breaks through the hills! —Until recently, we have exhibited more mud & filth in our streets, than any little town could boast of in this end of the State—wintering our cows under our porches, and emptying our *slop buckets* into our front streets! At one time in December, there were but about three FORDS OR CROSSING PLACES, on Main street, but our citizens have nobly commenced the work of cleaning our streets, upon a scale worthy of their just importance. They have much of the filth in piles on Main street, which seemed destined to stand as a lasting ornament to the place,—a blessing to the community, and a monument of the liberality and enlightened views of the town authorities.

Jonesborough contains no less than six blacksmith shops. There are, two three tanyards in operation, with the promise of one or two more soon to be started; which shows that these branches of business are carried on with energy. There is one DOGGERY, besides a great deal of the *corn burnt* is drunk in private families, and kept concealed from the church & world. There is also a respectable business doing in other ordinary *crimes* of towns and villages!

There are now two large Sunday Schools, each having the rise of one hundred scholars, and which meet regularly every Sabbath—one at the Methodist, the other at the Presbyterian Church—where they are taught Methodism and New Schoolism —There is also a large Temperance Society, one third of the members of which most of the Locofoco stripe, have gone back to their vomiting again, and their wallowing in the mire!

And it is not to be disguised, that there is likewise a Masonic Lodge in Jonesborough which is composed of a mixture of the best citizens of the town and county, and of the most depraved rascals in the place.

In the mercantile line there is an extensive business doing in Jonesborough, and goods are commanding cash readily, at from 50 to 150 per cent. Further particulars relative to our mercantile relative operations, the closeness of the merchants will not permit us to give through our advertising columns. It is perhaps, however, just for us to state that of the seven stores now in blast, five and a half of them are owned and conducted by Whigs; the Anti Bank and Anti-Credit party having suspended operations, rather than call on gentlemen in Eastern cities for further indulgence, till they have paid up the *'old score.'*

Then, again; there is what is termed the Professional line of business—Law Medicine and Divinity—in all these 'departments' our town goes it! Some how, or some how else, in the mysterious ways of Providence; it turns out that no Lawyer capable of business, in all this county, is to be found in the Locofoco ranks—but here, we have T. A. R. Nelson and J. A. Aiken, both strong Whigs, who will promptly and efficiently attend to all business entrusted to their care. In the Medical line, we have Doctors Vance, *Cossen*, Cunningham, Outlaw and Embree, and next week we may expect to have Hunt among us—in all six, five Whigs, and the one in *italics* a Democrat. Upon the whole, our Medical Faculty will compare with any town in this end of the State. In the way of Preachers we have a resident Presbyterian, Methodist and Baptist—each seeking to build up his own sect, and managing like politicians, while all pretend to be perfectly disinterested! Besides these, there are two Ex-Parsons who regularly visit the town, but for the want of them *papers*, they are rendered powerless!

It must not be forgotten that we have two Taverns—the one kept by a very accommodating Whig—the other by a very *surly* Locofoco. The Long Bell Tavern, with a basement story, somewhat after the fashion and taste of a Pennsylvania Dutch Barn, is kept by Dr. Chester, and is Locofoco head quarters. The Hotel, in the large brick building, covered with tin, is kept by Thomas B. Emerson, and is Whig head quarters—a good house, with accommodating inmates.

As to the GIRLS, there are a caution of them, and we honestly believe they are all candidates for matrimony. Some of them are pretty—others are 'just middling,' and others of them are as ugly as the butt-cut of original sin! And further this deponent sayeth not.

SHORT PATENT SERMON.

BY DOW, JR.

I shall discourse this day on the following interrogatory text:

Oh! what am I?—and what are ye?

My hearers—when I ask myself the question, 'What am I?' it puzzles me how to answer it. Materially speaking, I am a sort of increased nonentity—a small barrel of the unstrained oil of nothing, thickened into substance by accidentally coming in contact with the cold, congelating world. Chemically speaking I am a compound of phosphorus gas and atmospheric wind—as most of you have doubtless, long ago discovered. Mechanically speaking, I am an old clock, made, wound up, & set in motion some several years ago, by the Great Clockmaker of the Universe. I was made to run seventy years, at least; and if Fate & Fortune will only keep my inner works in order, I shall expect to keep going till my weights have run the full length of their cords. Morally speaking, I am an equal mixture of vice and virtue—a kind of vinegar and molasses mess. So nicely are they mixed together, that the vinegar of vice is not so sour as to be unpalitable nor the molasses of virtue so sweet as to be sickening. My feelings are as tender as young toadstools- my passions are as strong as a decoction of tobacco juice—my sympathies are as soft as the down under an angel's wing—and my desires for the promotion of human happiness are just as I happen to feel about the head, heart and stomach.

My friends—metaporically speaking, I am a toy thing of Time, played with for a short period, & then cast among rubbish a football of fate, kicked about till I burst, and am no longer worthy even of a kick; a windmill of excitement, that moves with the popular breeze, but is still in a calm a correct thermometer, my mercury rising to summer heat by the warm rays of hope, and sinking to below zero in the cold atmosphere of doubt; a mean tallow candle, already burnt one-third of its way to the socket, and every moment in danger of being extinguished by the snuffers of Death; an old boot, worn by a poor pilgrim with a wooden leg, over the rough road of existence, till it neither worth heeling, soling patching or preserving. In fact, my friends, I don't see that I am of any more use to the universe (considering as a whole) than a shovel full of poudrette to a ten acre cornfield.—When I am dead & gone, I shall be as a thing that never had been; & the children of posterity will probably shoot marbles across my grave, as unconscious of their sacrilegious doings as a parcel of mice gnawing at the greasy leaves of an old and favorite family bible.

My worthy hearers—now let me ask for the sake of answering the question myself, 'What are you?' You are no better than I am made of no better stuff, and the devil will bid no higher for you than for me. You came from the same place that I did—and with me you have all got to creep through a dark and narrow hole, which is the outline of time and the inlet to eternity. You are all anxious for an equal supply of the rich milk of mammon; but, like a double litter of sucking pigs to one sow, you haven't but half a teat apiece; so you are continually rooting one another aside, and while you are thus rooting and contending, some more cunning brother pig, perchance, is 'laying off' and taking his belly full at ease. You are a tribe of voracious fishes, swimming in the turbulent waters of the world's wide ocean, constantly devouring each other—those with leaden fins falling easy prey to those that flourish with fins of gold You are a lot of half starved barn fowls, that have to keep scratching the dirt to pick up a living, and ever ready to run for the crumbs whenever luxury happens to shake her table cloth. You are a multitude of stray sheep, of all sorts and colors, scattered over every portion of the habitable globe—some feeding on wind shorn mountains, some in rich and fertile valleys, some on almost barren plains, and not, a few are caught in thickets of trouble to be sacrificed on the altar of despair.—Poor miserable wretches! you may have folds to shelter you from beating winds and pouring rains, but no canopy can be spread to protect you from the beating storms of time! Now you fancy yourselves beautiful flowers of hope and happiness and that you are to bloom perenially; but, oh! my friends, a short season or two, and you will begin to fade. Soon will old Time breath upon your petals an autumnal breath—bring a blight upon your beauty, and scatter them abroad upon an unknown atmosphere.

To-morrow, as it were, the bright blossoms of being that now adorn the gay garden of human kind, will be withered, and mingled with their ancestral mould and a new generation of vegetable carnosities will spring up in their places to fall, as they have fallen, before the fatal scythe of Time

My beloved friends, and frail fellow, mortals!—You know you cannot last but a little while at the longest! You know that you are manufactured of materials as brittle as glass; and that the day must come, sooner or later, when you will lie, like broken jugs of whiskey, by the wayside with the spirit all evaporated, and the clay left to conglomerate with its original clay. Therefore; exercise every prudence and precaution to prolong life to its tartherest limits and lay in a good store of salt for the soul's salvation, when it shall have been compelled to forsake its earthly tenement. So mote it be!—*N. Y. Mer.*

ACCURACY OF THE BIBLE.

From the German of Gassen.

An astonishing feature of the word of God, is notwithstanding the time at which it alludes, there is not one physical error—not one assertion of illustration disproved by the progress of modern science.—None of those mistakes which the science of each succeeding age discovered in the books of the preceding; above all, none of those absurdities which modern astronomy indicates in such great numbers in the writings of the anciente—in their sacred codes—in their philosophy, and even in the finest pages of the fathers of the church—not one of these errors is to be found in any of our sacred books. Nothing there will ever contradict that when, after so many ages, the investigation of the learned world have been able to reveal to us on the state of our globe, or that of the heavens. Peruse with care our Scriptures from one end to the other, to find there such spot, and while yourselves in this examination, remember that it is a book which speaks of everything, which describes nature, which recites its creation, which tells us of the water, of the mountains, of the animals, of the plants It is a book which teaches us the first revolutions of the world, and which also foretells its last. It recounts them in the substantial language of history it extols them in the sublimest strains of poetry and it chants them in the charms of glowing song. It is a book which speaks of the heavenly and invisible worlds, while it also speaks of the earth and things visible. It is a book which fifty writers of every degree of cultivation, of every condition, and living through the course of fifteen hundred years, have concurred to make. It is a book which was written in the centre of Asia, in the sands of Arabia, and in the deserts of Judea; in the court of the temple of the Jews; in the music schools of the prophets of Bethel and Jericho; in the sumptuous palaces of Babylon, and on the idolatrous land of Chebar; and finally, in the course of the Western civilization, in the midst of Jews, & of their ignorance, in the midst of the Polytheism and its sad philosophy. It is a book whose first writer had been forty years a pupil of the magicians of Egypt, in whose opinion the sun, the stars, and the elements were endowed with intelligence, re-acted on the elements, and governed the world by a perpetual alluvium. It is a book which carries its narations even to the hierarchies of angels—even to the most distant epochs of the future, & the glorious scene of the last day. Well; search among its 50 anthors; search among its 66 books, its 1,186 chapters, and its 31,712 verses;—search for only one of those thousand errors which the ancients and moderns committed when they speak of the heavens or of the earth—of their elements; search but you will find none.

IT WON'T DO.—It is curious how many thousands things there are, which it won't do to do upon this cozy planet of ours, whereon we eat, sleep and get our dinners. For instance—

It won't do to plunge into a law suit relying wholly on the justice of your cause, and not equipped before hand with a brimming purse.

It won't do to tweak a man's nose or tell him he lies unless you are perfectly satisfied he has not spunk enough to resist it by blowing your brains out, or, (if you have no brains) cracking your skull

It won't do, when riding in a stage coach, to talk of another man whom you have not personally seen, as being an 'all fired scoundrel' until you are absolutely sure he is not sitting before you.

It won't do, when snow drifts are plied up mountain high, and sleighs are eternally upsetting as this winter, to ride out with a beautiful, lively fascinating girl, and not expect to get smashed with her.

It won't do for a man, when a horse kicks him to kick in return,

It won't do to crack jokes on old maids in the presence of unmarried ladies who have passed the age of forty.

It won't do to imagine a legislature fed at the public crib will sit but six weeks when two thirds of the members have not the capacity to earn a decent living at home.

It won't do far a man to bump his head against a stone post unless he conscientiously believes that his head is the hardest.

It won't do when musquito bites your face in the night, to beat your own cranium to atoms with your fist under an impression that you are killing the musquito.

It won't do for a chap to imagine a girl is indifferent to him because she studiously avoids him in company.

It won't do for a man to fancy a lady is in love with him because she treats him civilly, or that she has virtually engaged herself to him because she has always admired his company,

It won't do when in a hurry, to eat soup with a two pronged fork, or try to catch fish with a fish net.

It won't do to be desperately enamored of a pretty face till you have seen it at the breakfast table.

It won't do to be so devoted to a tender hearted belle as to comply implicitly with her request when she asks you, 'now tumble out of the cradle and break your neck my dear won't you?'

It won't do for a politician to imagine himself elected to the gubernatorial chair while the back counties remain to be heard from.

It won't do to pop the question more than a dozen times after a lady has said 'No!'

It won't do extol the beauty of a lady's hair before you know whether it did not once belong to another lady's head.

Yankee Blade.

POLITICAL.

THE RESPONSES TO THE NOMINATION OF MR. POLK.

The Baltimore Patriot says:

The Whigs can scarcely speak of Mr. Polk's nomination without laughing.—That a man who had so recently been ousted from the Chief Magistracy of his own State, so unworthy—should be taken up by any party and seriously proposed as a candidate for the Chief Magistracy of the Union, is in itself so absurd,—is such a palpable acknowledgement of the forlorn condition of those who put him up—and is so manifestly, on its face, a last resort, a catching at a straw, by a sinking party,—that whilst the rank and file of the Locofocos hear of it with perfect amazement and dismay, the Whigs cannot but look upon it as the grounding of the arms of those opposed to Mr CLAY.

Of all men in the country, Mr Polk will be the most amazed, when he hears what has been done for him in Baltimore. His highest ambition never rose above the Vice Presidency, and his feeble wing gave little hope either to himself or his friends that he could ever reach a nomination for that place. Like the obscure man who retired at night, and awoke in the morning and found himself famous, Mr. Polk will be aroused from the humble desires that now fill his mind, and may begin to think himself really a great man. He will not be less astonished at his success in reaching the highest point, when he only aimed at the lowest, than was 'the crooked back tyrant' in his successful courtship of the widow of the man he murdered. Like him he will believe himself to be 'a marvellous proper man;' and perhaps, take airs upon himself, as those who neither being 'born great' nor 'achieving greatness,' have yet 'greatness thrust upon them,' are so apt to do. As Malvolio,—who seems to be the very prototype of Mr. Polk,—says of the wonderful enchantment of his yellow stockings' and 'crossed garters' upon his mistress:—*'I have limed her. But it is Joves' doings, and Jove make me thankful;'*—so may Mr. Polk say of this National Convention—'I have put salt upon the tail of the bird and caught it. It is all Fortune's work and Fortune be praised for it.' Never before did such success follow upon so little effort—and never did so meagre a capital bring such rich returns. After this, any man may set up for the nomination of President by the Locofocos, and the more humble his abilities and the more obscure his position, the more certain may he rely upon success.

The same incredulity with which people of all parties in this city heard of the nomination, as if the announcement of it were a hoax, was felt in Washington.—The National Intelligencer says that 'when the wonder working telegraph proclaimed the final nomination, it was heard by all the faithful with speechless amazement. That all the chiefs—the old leaders of the party who had been so long coquetting for the honor, and who had been talked of and voted for—Cass, Johnson, Buchanan, Calhoun—that even Mr. Van Buren himself, whom the general 'Democratic' voice had emphatically named as the candidate of the party, and who had actually received a large majority of the votes of the Convention—that all these should be thrown aside, overslaughed, for one of the subalterns of the party—one not before spoken of or thought of—was a result hardly credible.

The Washington Standard says:

This announcement took every body' by surprise, though, after the withdrawal of Mr. Van Buren, they were prepared for almost anything.

We have not time for many remarks, this morning; but we cannot refrain from expressing our gratification at this result. We would as soon have had a man of some strength in the field, just to rouse up the Whigs, and bring forth their energies, but since our opponents have thought proper to put a nag upon the course which has neither speed nor bottom —and put on as we suppose, just for appearance's sake, why, the western charger may take it easy, and gallop or walk over the course at his leisure. A weaker man could not have been selected twice beaten in his own State in a quarter race, by 'the Young Farmer Boy,' how could he expect to run against Eclipse over the great Union course of twenty six miles! Surely the Locos must be Polking fun at us!

The Washington Spectator (Calhoun paper) affects gratification at it & deeming its escape from Van Buren a sufficient cause for congratulation, though 'altogether unexpected by them,' hails it with cordial approbation.'

The Globe does not conceal its chagrin and admits that it will 'be received as a disappointment by all who have embarked ardently in the support of the candidates heretofore prominent.'

But as the nomination of Mr. Polk was in effect a Van Buren Triumph, though not so in words, the Globe alleges certain reasons which *'reconcile'* it to the 'loss of its greatest favorite.'

The Madisonian, representing that branch of the Locofoco party which is known by the name of 'Tylerites,' is horrified at the nomination. In a postscript to yesterday evening's paper it says:

We just learn by Telegraph, that Mr. Polk, of Tennessee, has been nominated as *their* candidate for the Presidency by the Van Buren Convention. We will venture to say that this nomination will take the country with much surprise.—The nomination of the Convention is the first announciation of Mr. Polk as a candidate for the Presidency. We have heard his name occasionally mentioned for the second office but never for the first. But it may be that the Delegates have acted under full knowledge of the wishes of the People in this respect. The 276 men assembled in Baltimore surely would not have arrogated to themselves the task of making a man President, without consultation with the People, if not in perfect ignorance of their wishes. If so, then has there been committed upon the rights of the People greater violence than has ever before taken place. We wait for developments.

The National Intelligencer has these remarks upon this extraordinary nomination:

This nomination may be considered as the dying gasp the last breath of life, of the 'Democratic' party. Disabled, by a cunning and successful stratagem, from the support of Mr. Van Buren, whom they really preferred to whom they owed the honor of a nomination, and to whom a decided majority actually gave their votes; unable to rally even a majority in favor of any one of the other citizens whose claims have been before the People, the Convention appears, by a preconcerted movement, rather than break up in utter confusion, to have unanimously thrown away its vote, and *let itself down* on Mr. Polk' The abandonment, in succession, of Mr Van Buren, Mr. Cass, Col. Johnson and Mr. Buchanan, men whose political characters and services (however valued) are at least known to the whole country, and have been considered by different State Conventions such as to entitle them to the confidence of their fellow citizens, can be regarded in no other light than as the breaking up of a party, which though destined to defeat at the ensuing National Election under *any* leader, would yet have been a formidable antagonist under Mr. Van Buren its actual head.

Of Mr. Polk as a private gentleman, and as known to us in his social and domestic relations, we have no disposition to speak otherwise than with entire respect. But of Mr. Polk as a public man, having any pretensions to the character of a Statesman, what is known but that he was an industrious follower of General Jackson, sustaining him unscrupulously in all his arbitrary and unconstitutional measures, throughout his long train of experiments upon the public prosperity?—What principles has Mr. Polk ever developed or upheld to entitle him to a Nation's confidence as the Chief Administrator of its affairs? Recently weighed in the balance as Chief Magistrate of his own State, having been found wanting & discarded from its service, what probability is there that, with this known judgment against him at home, he can find favor with the People in other States who have no other knowledge of him than such as this? Certainly for a respectable gentlemen, such as we have admitted Mr. Polk to be, the Whigs could not have desired a candidate for the Presidency, on the part of 'the Democracy,' who would present less imposing claims to that high station, or whom the great Statesman of the West would leave further behind in any comparison of abilities, of services, or of all the high qualities which are fit to illustrate and adorn the Station of Chief Magistrate of this Republic.

The Washington Spectator in its affected gratification at the nomination of Mr. Polk, cannot forbear a little fun on the occasion. It says:

'Our Whig friends are dumb-founded at the nomination of Mr. Polk. They have not been able, so far as we have heard, to start a single objection to him, except 'that we can't elect him.'

This is true. The Whigs *are* 'dumbfounded,' and the Locos are *confounded*. All are astonished. The Whigs at the utter weakness and imbecility of their opponents—the Locofocos that they should have proven to be so entirely without a man in their ranks who could make a respectable contest. The 'single objection' which the Spectator says is all that can be started against Mr. Polk, 'that he can't be elected,' is one which friend and foe will alike admit, is as fatal to him as was the wound received by Mercutio: 'It is not as deep as a well nor as wide as a church door, but it will do.'

From the N. Y. Courier, May 28.

CHANCELLOR KENT ON THE IMPEACHMENT OF JOHN TYLER.—The following letter from the venerable Chancellor Kent was kindly written in reply to a note of inquiry from one of the Editors of this paper. It was not intended for publication though the author's consent has since been obtained. Though brief, it is very emphatic, and speaks volumes in behalf of Popular Rights against Executive usurpation. Coming as it does from the very highest authority, it must carry with it great weight and strengthen the conviction almost universally entertained, of the propriety and duty of proceeding by impeachment against the acting President:—

'N. Y. 26 Union Square, May 21, 1844.

'Dear Sir:—I acknowledge your favor of yesterday, and I take the liberty to refer you to Story's Commentaries on the Constitution of the United States, vol. 2d, from page 252 to p. 272, or §783 to §804, for all the authentic information and authority that may be wanting. You will perceive that the Impeachment Power over 'high crimes and misdemeanors' is very broad, as defined and practiced under the sanction of the Common Law, by which it is to be construed and governed. I think there can be no doubt that the enormous abuses and stretch of power by President Tyler, afford ample materials for the exercise of the power of Impeachment, & an imperative duty in the House of Representatives to put it in practice. Yours respectfully,

JAMES KENT.'

Mr. H. J. RAYMOND.

In this connection it may not be improper to refer to a private letter from a valued friend and an able and influential member of the House of Representatives, in which he says that, though there is no general understanding among the members on the subject, 'the opinion that Mr. Tyler is impeachable both for abuse of official patronage, and for his misconduct in the matter of annexation, is very nearly universal in both parties.' He adds, 'a large proportion of the Whigs believe the attempt to impeach a duty, but I think the majority of the party at present inclined against the measure, upon the ground that the Texan party in both Houses and the Country at large, would confound the merits of the question of impeachment and annexation.'

ANOTHER PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE.—We have received, says the Baltimore Clipper; the second number of a paper published in New York, entitled 'The Prophet,' which announces 'For President General *Joseph Smith*, of Nauvoo, Illinois—a Western man with American principles.' And the Mormonite Prophet and General has not only followed the example of other illustrious gentlemen in giving his opinions on the vexed question of the annexation of Texas but has published a pamphlet containing his 'Views of the Powers and Policy of the Government of the United States;' in which if he does not use convincing arguments to prove his claims to the confidence of the people, and his title to the presidential chair, he at least endeavors to produce the impression that he is a great linguist, as he introduces Hebrew, Chaldaic, Greek, Latin, French, Italian and Dutch. As we like to be ruled by a learned man, we must consider whether we shall not go in favor of the Mormon Prophet against the field, especially as he recommends that all the lawyers shall be converted into preachers. This would be a reformation far exceeding any that can be expected from the whig, democratic or Tyler candidates. He goes 'the whole hog' in favor of annexation, including Texas, Mexico, Canada, and all other people who may desire to unite themselves with us. He also advocates a national bank, with branches in all the states—the abolition of slavery—reduction in the number and pay of members of congress—and the pardon of all the convicts in the penitentiaries, 'saying to them in the name of the Lord, go thy way and sin no more.' His 'views' are truly comprehensive, however doubtful portions of his policy may be deemed. The production is altogether worthy of its source—and we only marvel that the General has omitted to require that all the people shall become Mormons, and that Nauvoo shall become the seat of the general government.

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