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 Metropolitan.

THE HYPOCHONDRIAC.

'Here is a day!—an English day in February!—rain, snow, wind—sleet, snow rain—snow rain, sleet—reciprocated ad nauseam, and all in the course of three little hours of sixty minutes each! Horrible climate! Wretched beings who are heirs to it! Lapland is a perpetual Paradise to it—Siberia an eternal summer! * * Why should I stay here and die? for die I must. Who can live in such a country? and how can people, respectable people, be guilty of such a lie as to say that they do live in such a country! They don't; and they know they don't, It is not life, nor is it death—It is some intermediate state which they cannot understand, and have no terms to express But I'see the horrid distinction too palpably, and sink, sink hourly under the knowledge!

'I'll go out:—I cannot catch more than fifty entirely English complaints, which no man attached to the institutions of his country can wish to be without. Yes, I'll go out; for I shall have that simpering Simpson calling again, who pretends to cheerfulness—the imposter! Cheerfulness in the city! Preposterous lie!—& comes here grinning, chuckling, & crowing out his good humor, as he thinks it—his melancholy, the unhappy man!—That Johnson, too, threatened he would call. Heaven avert such an infliction! I hate that fellow; and I hate his fat French poodie, waddling and wheezing about the place, like a hearth rug with an asthma! And that Mr. Mountmidden, the poet—Poet, pah! That's a puppy—one of the sore throat catching school—fellows who thing a sonnet and a neck cloth incomparable! He'll be coming here, with his collar down on his shoulders like a grey hound's ears and his eyes turned up to the attic windows, as if he was apostrophizing the nursery maid over the way. Thank Heaven, I hate every affectation most heartily!—

I must go out; for, only listen a moment to those Miss Thompsons, next door beating Rossini to death with wires!—and he deserves the martyrdom; that in olerable Italian has done more to break the of this country than all the radicals peace & riotists in the last quarter of a century And there's that Betty, below buzzing about like a bee, with that eternal Barcarole! I begin to be of opinion with Mr. Rundell. (Domestic Cookery, p. 18.) that maids should be hung up for one day at least. If I stay at home, I shall be bored again with that rhubarb headed Doctor counting my pulse and the fractional parts of his fee at the same time—one, two, three, four, five pulsations—shillings he means, in fewer seconds, and looking at my tongue—What's my tongue to him, the quack!—as Figaro sings,—'Let him look to his own.'

'Yes, I'll go out; for it is as safe out o' doors as in. More wind! There's a gust! A Trinidad tornado is a trumpet solo to it! More sleet—now snow—and that's rain! What a country! what a clime!—Good Heavens! there's a gust!—Ha! ha! ha! the chimney pots at No. 10 are off on a visit to those at No. 11!—and the fox which surmounted the chimney at No. 9. is at his old tricks with the pigeons at No. 8. Whew!—well flown pigeon—well run fox! Down they go over the parapet with a running accompaniment of tiles and coping stones! That slow gentleman with the umbrella!—the whole is about his head!—down he goes!—he is killed!—murder, no, up he gets again!—away goes his umbrella!—and now his hat!—a steeple chase is sedentary to his pursuit! —they have turned the corner, hat, umbrella and gentleman—two to one on the hat—no takers. O lachrymose laughter melancholy mirth! * * * * * * *

Mrs. Foudleman, if anything should happen to me in my absence—why do you smile, madam? My affairs are arranged—you will find my will in the writing desk; and the cash in the drawer will disburse your account for the last quarter.'

'La, sir, are you out of your senses?'

'Suppose I am, madam, have not I, as an Englishman, the birth right to be so, if I choose? Not a word more, but give me my parabouse, cloak, and umbrella, and let me go, for go I will. * * It is a sullen and savage satisfaction, in a a day like this, when nature plays the churl, & makes one dark & damp at the heart as herself, to look abroad at her in her own wretched woods; & swampy fields & to see that she is as melancholy & miserable as she has rendered us. * * Pish! pah! poh! rain, sleet and snow. Merry England!—but no matter—out I will go. No, I will not have a coach—a hearse would be more german to the weather. It is of no use your dissuading me madam I am determined.'

* * * * * * * *

'Well, here I am, I care not how many miles from town, that charnel house of cheerfulness. What a walk I have had. Walk? wade, I should have said. And what a frightful series of faces I have met with all along the road—and all, I am happy to say, to all appearance as miserable and unhappy as myself—all climate struck, winterwretched, English happy. * * But I am wet, weary and hungry—where shall I dry myself!; where dine myself? Psha! what is the use of drying or dining either! *Tædet me vitæ* * *

'What have we here? 'The Marlborough Head.' Another glorious cut throat's fighting face, making five in ten miles; two land and three amphibious! I wonder when the men of peace may hope to have their heads hung out for signs! Well, the men of war are welcome to the preference, and may divide their out of door honors with the Blue Boars and Red lions of less naval and military publicans. 'Horses taken in to bait'—aye, and asses too—I'll enter. * * * Curse the bell rope!—woven of cobweb, I suppose, that it may be added as another item to the bill. Waiter!

[*Enter Boots*] 'Zur,'

'What a brute! in a smock frock tucked up—one hand in his pocket fumbling half pence—a head like a hedge hog—a mere mandrake in top boots and corduroys—with a Salisbury plain of cheek; the whole being a personification of that elegant compound word chaw-bacon.—What is man, if this Cyclops, is one!—Have you anything to eat?'

'Zur?'

'Why do you stand there rubbing your hair down? It's flat enough you sleek roughness. Send your master.'

'Ize noa measter, zur.'

'What have you then? who is your keeper?'

'Missuz.'

'Well, send in the Sycorax What a horrible dungeon of a room they have put me in to!—fit only for treasons, stratagems and spoils.—dark, dismal, black wainscotted, and ringing to the tread like a vaulted tomb! But what matter?—can it be more dreary than my mind? No. Then here will I take mine ease in mine inn.' * * Curses on that peg in the wall! It was put up to hang a hat upon but it seems by its look to hint that it could sustain the wearer. And that imp there, perched on the point of it; how busy it is adjusting an unsubstantial rope with a supernatural Jack Ketch-like sort of solemnity! Shadows seem to flicker along the wall, and hideous faces mop & mow at me! That knot in the oaken wainscot glares at me like the eye of an Ogre! The worm eaten floor cracks and squeaks under my tread and the cricket shrills under the hearth stone!—and that hideous half length of a publican of Queen Anne's Augustan age!—how the plush coated monster stares at me, like an owl from an ivy bush metamorphosed into a wig! I cannot bear this!—Waitet!—waitet!—[Enter the Landlady.]—What, in the name of all that is monumental, have we here? The Whole Duty of Man, in one volume, tall copy—neat. I never beheld such a woman till now—six feet two I should think in her slippers! Respected be the memory of the late landlord of the Marlborough *Head*? If he subdued such an Eve as this he was a greater conqueror than him whose sign he once lived under.

What is your pleasure, sir?' courtesying 'respectfully.

(I stand up and my eyes are on a line with the keys at her waist.) 'Mrs.—, Mrs—,'

'Furlong, sir, at your command'

'Furlong!—mile exactly—not a foot less. Be good enough, Mrs. Furlong, to let me have a couple of chops, cooked in your most capable manner; and pray, do show me into a more cheerful room!

'Certainly, Sir.' (I follow like a min now in the wake of a leviathan!)

'Aye, this will do better. Here I can see what is going on in this world, tho' it is not worth looking at. (Exit Landlady.] I have an antipathy to tall women, but really there is something sublime in this Mrs. Furlong; and as a lover of the picturesque, I shall patronize her

Now, if I was not sick of this working day world, and all the parts and parcels of it, I should be tempted to propose for about one half of Mrs. Furlong, twenty poles or so. She has blue eyes—fair hair—a complexion like a May morning, and really looks handsome and somewhat of the lady in her widow's weeds. 'Fore heaven! I've seen worse woman! Then her voice is soft and low—'an excellent thing in woman' And this is a snug inn too; a comfortable room this—carpeted clean, and cosy—a view of watery Venice, in oil, over the fire place, and Before Marriage, and After Marriage, in Bowles and Carver's best manner, on opposite sides, as they should be. * * Ha! the chops already! and very nice they look!—a shot too!—Really, Mrs. Furlong, the out works of my heart—no very impregnable fortress—are taken already. Now let me have just a pint of your particular sherry. *

* Ha! this looks well—pale and sparkling too, like a sickly wit. I insist upon your taking a glass with me, madam.'

'Sir you are very good.'

'Quite the contrary. A good sized husband to you!' (Mrs. Furlong smiles shows a very good set of teeth, and courtesies.)

'Ah, Sir, you gentlemen will have your joke. Your better health; Sir—for you do not look very well.'

'She has spoken with such a pitying tenderness of tone, that it has gone through my heart, & would, had it been Iron. What makes my lips quiver, my tongue falter, my voice thicken and an unsual moisture come into my eyes? One touching word of sympathy. Am I then again accessible to those blessed influences upon the heart and affections—pity and human kindness? Yes—then I live again? Oh? honey in the mouth, music to the ear, a cordial to the heart, is the voice of woman in the melancholy hours of man? Mrs. Furlong is called away & I am spared from making a fool of myself in her presence. Ah, Mary, I will not accuse thee with all the changes which time and disappointment have made in my heart and feelings, but for some of these thou must answer! Thou wert my first hope and earliest disappointment? What I am thy little faith has made me; what I should have been—but no matter—I feel how desolate a wretch I am how changed from all I was & ought to be—it is thy work, it is thy deed, and I forgive thee? Behold me here, a broken spirited man with furrowing cheeks and whitening hair, tears in my eyes and agony at my heart? Behold me an unsocial man, suspected by the world & suspecting the world—I, who trusted in it, loved it and would have benfitted it! But I have done with it now; I loat he it and avoid it! And why? Why am I now harsh of nature; uncharitable in though, if not in speech unforgetful of slight offences; revengeful of deep ones; jealous of looks; watchful of words? I that wass gentle tender of others, to myself severe, forgiving, incapable of anger open minded, suspicionless? But why should I anatomize myself? I give my heart to the vultures among men; let them gut on it; and good digestion wait upon their appetite?'

'Did you call, Sir?'

'No Madam: but I am glad you are here, for your coming in has interrupted a melancholy thought.'

'A melancholy thought! Lud sir, do you surrender yourself to such a weakness as melancholy! Life, to be sure, is a serious thing to the most cheerful of us; but to the over anxious, and those who groan over its cares, death were happier than such life! The really heavy obligations of existence are worthy of our gravest thoughts; but the lighter evils, the cares and anxieties of the day, sir, I never allow them to make a deeper impression on my mind than my pencil does on my slate: when I have satisfied myself as to the amount, I rub the lines off, and begin again.'

'And am I to be taught philosophy by a Plato in petticoats, and the economy of life by a Dolshy in dimity? Nunc dimittis, then be my duty! Pardon my expressions, madam; the insolence of humbled pride. I sit rebuked. You are a sensible woman Mrs. Furlong; have, apparently right views of life; now tell me, what is the end of it?'

'Death; I should think, sir.'

'A pertinent answer madam; but you are on the wrong premises.'

'I am on my own.'

'Indeed, I am happy to hear it; and if I was a widow catcher I should make a note of that fact. I ment, Madam, what is the design, the intention, the moving motive of life?'

'Happiness here and in another and a better world.'

'Yes, madam; but our happiness here—what an uncertain good it is—a hope never in our own hands, but always in those of others! And what do they merit who, intrusted with so precious a trust for our benefit, deny it to us, and withhold it from us?'

The same unhappiness at the hands of others.'

'What if you would not, if you might, whiten one hair of their heads with sorrow who have silvered the whole of yours—what do they merit?'

'They do not merit so much mercy'—(She leaves the room)

'A negro has a soul, your honer!' said Corporal Trim, putting the right foot of his postulate forward, but in an undecided attitude, as if he doubted whether his position were tenable. 'My uncle Toby ran through in his memory all the regimental orders from the siege of Troy to that of Namur, and remembering nothing therein to the contrary, came to the Christian conclusion—that a negro had a soul. And why not an Innkeeper—especially if a woman? My prejudice is to let against that abused class of hosts and hostesses; to be sure, it was formed on an acquaintance with those only of the Bath road; they may not require souls as their guests are chiefly fashionable people. Here is a woman 'with a tall man's height,' humbly stationed beside one of the highways of life—and stunned and distracted with the stir and bustle of the goers to and comers from the shrine of the great Baal, who has yet contrived to keep her heart from hardening, and her soul in whiter simplicity in a common inn, than the shrinking and secluded nun shut up from the world in a convent! There is indeed, a soul of goodness in things evil!—an inborn grace which the world cannot give, and cannot take, away! Else how should this poor woman have that which so many minds, so much safer placed to preserve their freshness and native worth have altogether lost and live without?—One half the vices of the world are only acts of conformity with the prejudices of the world. Give a man an ill name, and he wears it as if it were a virtue and proper to him, and keeps up the tone of his depravity with a due sense of its decorum—its keeping, and color, and costume.—When will the world learn better? Oh thou worst and vilest weed in the beautiful fields of human thought—Prejudice—grow not in any path of mine, for I will trample the down to thee earth which thou disgracest and must defile! But thinking is an idle waste of thought.' Waiter.'

'Zur.'

'What, Cyclops again! But that's prejudice too. Have you an entertaining book in the house!'

'Missuz have, I dare to zay Zur.'

'Bring it then my good fellow. A change of thought to the mind, like a change of air to the body, refreshes, invigorates, and cheers.'

'Here be one, Zur.'

'Aye! this will do—nothing so well.—Joseph Andrews! Good! good! Blessings be on thee, inimitable Fielding!—for many a lingering hour hast thou shortened, & many a heavy heart hast thou lightened. See the book opens of itself at a page which a man must be fathoms five in the Slough of Despond if he read it with a grave face and a lack-lustre eye! World, I bid you good den!—for hear will I forget you as you are, and re-peruse you as you were * * Ah! I remember well my first acquaintance with Joseph Andrews. I was then a very serious yet very happy boy—any book was a treasure but a stolen perusal of one like this was a pleasure beyond all price and worth all risks; for works like this were among the profanities from which I was carefully debarred:—mistaken zeal! It discovered in my hands it was snatched away; and if it escaped the fiery ordeal it was well—But who controls the strong desires of youth! I remember, too, the candle secretly purchased out of my limited Penny of pocket-money; the early stealing to bed; the stealthy lighting the 'flaming minister' to my midnight vigil; the unseen and undisturbed reading of this very book deep into the hours of night; and the late waking and pallid look, the effects of my untimely watching. I remember, too, how nearly my secret was discovered; for laughing too loudly over the merry miseries of poor Parson Adams, the thin wainscot betrayed me: I remember, ere I had breathed thrice, the sound of a stealing foot heard approaching my bed room door—the light out in an instant—the book thirst deep down under the bed clothes, and how I was heard snoring so somnolently, that should have deceived Somnus himself

'Egod, you did'um capital!'

Eh? what;—what, have you been eavesdropping at my elbow all this time, you Titus Cates of a traitor?'

'Yeez, Zur you didnt tell I to go'

'Go, bring in candle & a pint of sherry—let down the blinds—heap the fire—and dont disturb me till I disturb you.'

'Yeez Zur * * * .'

'Vanish then good bottle imp!—And now for Joseph Andrews.'

'Capital? excellent, inimitable and immortal Fielding and thy bones lie unhonored in an alien's grave & no a stone in thy native land records the name of the instructor and delighter of mankind. Well there is no accounting for the negligence of nations; * * Who knocks? Come in'

'Do you mean to sleep here to-night, Sir?'

'Sleep here, Mrs. Furlong! No—quite the reverse.

'I thought you did, as it is so late.'

'So late! how late?'

'Eleven, Sir.'

'Impossible! Have I been reading so long?'

'It is very true, Sir.'

'And what kind of a night is it?'

'Starry and frosty, and the moon is rising.'

'What in England? Then let me have my bill for I shall be glad to witness such a phenomenon.'

'La, sir: it is ten miles to town and a gentleman was stopped on this road only last week!'

'How long did they stop him Mrs. Furlong?'

'Long enough to rob him of his watch and ten pounds, I assure you.'

Well, as I have no watch and only five pounds, they need not detain me half the time. And if I should come back, bare and barbarously beaten, like poor Joseph Andrews, you are no Mrs. Towwouse, madam, I could not be in better hands.'

'I am glad to see you so merry' sir.'

'Merry Madam! I never mean to be serious again, except at my own funeral, and then it will be expected of me that I should look grave. I have learnt since that I have been here, that melancholy is to be medicined by mile stones; that a slight attack of it is to be subdued by four of those communicative monuments taken in the morning before breakfast, and four at night following supper; a severe one, by twenty ditto, in two, potion, or potions, washed down by three pints of sherry, and kept down by two mutton chops and shalots, and two volumes of Joseph Andrews—a prescription of more virtue than all which have been written from old Paracelsus's days to Dr. Paris's.'

Well, Sir, you certainly are not the gentleman you came in, and I am glad to see it. Here is your bill, and if you will run the risk of the road at this late hour, I can only wish you safe home, and a long continuance of your present good spirits.'

'Thank you, Mrs. Furlong, thank 'you! And if I come this way again, I shall certainly, as the poet says,

'Stop at the widow's to drink.'

So good night, Madam. Once more good night. * * * * Blessings be on every foot of Mrs. Furlong, that best of physicians; for she has cured me of myself!"

TO THE PEOPLE OF MARYLAND.

No. V.

PROBABLE AMOUNT OF REVENUES OF THE WORK WHEN COMPLETED.

I have been giving myself a great deal of trouble to very little purpose, if after all, the canal when finished, is not likely to pay back the cost of its completion, and an amount which, going into the treasury of the State, will sensibly diminish the burthen of taxation besides. The enquiry, therefore, as to the amount of tolls, which the work may be fairly and reasonably expected to yield, is an important one, and merits a careful examination. I shall therefore take my time to it.

Taking things in their proper order, I have first to explain the plan in contemplation for raising the money to finish the work; because it is objected that according to this plan, so large a sum must be annually set apart for interest, sinking fund and expenses, that the State can never upon any reasonable estimate of the tolls, expect to receive any thing

Now the plan proposed is simply this. The State to withdraw her mortgage, or in other words take her hands off the work. The capitalist who shall loan the money, to take the place of the State as the preferred creditor, holding the net revenues of the entire work when finished, for the payment of his annual interest, and for providing a sinking fund adequate to the gradual extinction of his principal. The State is therefore required to advance no money—to give up nothing which is now of any value to her. She is merely asked to step aside and allow the canal to finish itself. This is the simple proposition in regard to which, it has been proclaimed in many a pamphlet, harrangue and newspaper paragraph, that the State is required to advance more money and to increase her vast expenditure in this work. How advance more money? How increase her expenditure? If to give up that which is now wholly unproductive, and which never can yield a dollar, until the work is finished, be an advance of money, or in any sense an actual outlay, then these allegations may be true. If not, they are not true.—And I leave it to candid men in every section of the State, to say, whether they are true or the contrary.

Assuming therefore that the work is to be completed upon this plan, let us enquire what annual sum is to be first taken out of the revenues, before the State is to receive any thing.

The sum required to finish the work to Cumberland, is estimated at $1,515,000, which is more than it will cost. Proposals have been received by the company to complete it for $1,375 000 In document CC, of the last session of the Legislature, and statement No 3 of that document, the sum of $1,420,000 is assumed as the cost of completion, and at present prices that allowance must be deemed amply sufficient.

To make the statement complete, we must set down first, the sum at which contractors are to be found willing to do the work. Next, the interest on this amount while the work is in hand; for as the whole sum will not be required at once, but by instalments as the work progresses the interest will accrue on the instalments as they are separately advanced. We then suppose, that it may be one year after the work is finished, before its tolls will be sufficient to meet the interest and sinking fund, besides defraying the expenses. The statement then, thus explained, will be as follows:

The sum required to finish the work.	$1,420,000
Interest to the time of completion,	94,800
	$1,514,800
Add one year's interest after the work is completed, to assure the payment of interest if the revenues should fail to prove adequate,	90 888
	$1,605,688

This statement brings us to the end of one year after the canal is completed. From that point of time we start with the work in full operation, and then the following charges will be upon it to be paid annually, before any thing can go into the treasury of the State viz:

Interest on $1,605 688 as above,	$96,341
Sinking fund for the extinction of the same,	130,000
Interest on the present debt of the company,	60,000
Sinking fund for the extinction of the same,	10,000
Annual expenses, repairs, &c.	70,000
	$266,341

The tolls therefore, must exceed the sum of $270 000 in round numbers, or the State can receive nothing.

I have said nothing of the extension of the work to the mouth of Savage, because in my view of the subject, whether this part of the work is included or omitted from the statement, makes no difference in the result. It is proposed, it is true, to grant to the extension, a portion, say one half, of the tolls arising from the trade which it may introduce upon the main canal, it being understood that without this surrender, the extension cannot be undertaken. The question then is this, whether the trade which the extension will bring into existence, over and above that which would exist without it, may not be set down as a fair equivalent for the half tolls to be given up If this be, as I cannot but deem it, a fair calculation then we have to consider, whether the development of the mineral & other resources of the Savage region; & the addition thereby to be made to the wealth & population of Maryland, does not of itself furnish an adequate inducement for making the proposed arrangement.

It seems to be supposed by some persons, that the State has a lien on the extension, which she is required to give up without consideration; but there is nothing in this idea. From Cumberland to the mouth of Savage the Potomac is in the State in which nature left it The State has expended no money upon it, and unul she does so, she has the mere naked eminent domain, & this she holds in trust for the benefit of her citizens.

To the question, what would be the probable revenues of the work when finished? one might say half a million of of dollars, another more and another less than that sum Opinions however, without facts are very idle things, and before I venture to say what I think about the amount of the tolls, I beg leave to state all the facts which go to the information of a correct judgment on the subject and if these are all noted and remembered by the reader, when I come in the proper time and place 'to put this and that together,' if the conclusions to which my own mind conducts me shall be wrong the means will be at hand to set me right.

I remark then, in regard to the capacity of the canal, and without going into the calculation, that it is competent to carry about thirty five hundred thousand tons of freight per annum; and that the addition of another set of locks, would double this capacity.

I remark, moreover, that every ton of freight at a half cent per mile, will pay, from Cumberland to tide water, including boat, duty, just one dollar to the company. That the coal boats, when the canal shall be completely organized will be constructed to carry 100 hundred tons So that each boat passing from Cumberland to tide water, with coal, will pay to the company $100.

It must not be overlooked as we pass along, that at present the tolls amount to about $60 000 per annum. This year they will probably exceed that sum. It is proper to say however, that the trade which produces this revenue, would all have found its way to the canal, if the work had stopped at Williamsport in Washington county Above Williamsport work has been done amounting to four millions of dollars, but without increasing the revenues of the canal. If it be asked why expend so vast a sum, where it must be unproductive? The answer is, that it was done with the view of carrying the work to a point where it would connect itself with the business of a new and distinct community, the trade of which would have sought other channels to market, but for such connexion.

Now after leaving Williamsport, there is no point on the whole line of the work until we reach Cumberland, at which any valuable addition is made to the trade of the canal. Arrest the work five miles short of Cumberland, and the tolls remain at their present average—that is to say, but slightly varying from what they would have been if the work had stopped at Williamsport.

Tolls are paid on freight in proportion to the distance it is carried. It is so much per ton per mile. Now Williamsport is in distance, a little more than half way from tide water to Cumberland. So that freight from Williamsport to tide pays just about half the tolls, of freight from Cumberland to tide. If therefore it requires 120,000 from Williamsport to tide water, to yield the present revenue of $60,000, then one half of that tonnage from Cumberland, could yield a like amount of revenue. WM. PRICE.

Cumberland June 28, 1844.

Col. William L. Stone, of the New York Commercial Advertiser, has recovered damages to the amount of $1,200 for a libellous article written by Mr. Levi D. Slamm, editor of the New York Plebian. The damages were laid at $10,000. The libellous article was in these words:

'Col. Stone, Editor of the Commercial Advertiser is Superintendent of the Public Schools. Every school book is placed under his surveillance, and whatever work of merit may be presented to him, let it be written by a Democrat or recommended by one—let it contain but one fact or sentiment calculated to awaken in the minds of the children a love of their country, and the despotic imprimatuer would reject it.'

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