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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ALMOST AN ELOPEMENT.

We met an old friend the other day whom we had not seen for several months. "John," said we, in the course of a conversation with him, "why don't you get married and settle down somewhere?"

"Get married and settle down, you said," John repeated with emphasis.

"Yes."

"I came very near *settling down* without getting married, a while ago."

"How's that!"

"No matter—I dont like to tell secrets to an editor."

"But in confidence, you know, John Come out with it."

"Wont you tell?"

"No."

"Now I know you will; but pledge me that my name shall not go with it, and you shall have the story, & may tell it as much as you please."

We pledge our "sacred honor," & John threw away his cigar and commenced.

"Here some two or three months ago, I happened into one of the prettiest little villages you ever set your eyes upon——"

"What was its name?"

"That's my concern, and I'll manage it without your assistance. It was indeed a beautiful village, with pretty streets, pretty houses, pretty gardens, pretty fences, pretty every thing—and among other things *pretty women.* The latter, you know, I naturally take a liking to; and of course I was not displeased when a kind of fifteenth cousin, whom I called on during a short stay there—on business, strictly— invited me to make his house my home for a fortnight or so, while I went over the sporting grounds in the neighborhood, and killed all the beasts, birds and witches that ran wild there. Hang me if I didn't thank the fellow with a full heart; and I moved my little bundle of clothes and other rubbish to his house in double quick time. Well, I had been there three or four days, and had been gunning every day, without so much as killing a wood-pecker or tree-toad when one day, in crossing a piece of open ground surrounded entirely with woods, I discovered, not a little to my surprise, the prettiest girl I had ever seen in my whole life. From her appearance, I judged at once she had lost her way, and prepared myself immediately to perform a piece of true gallantry. So walking straight up to her, I communicated my suspicions, very politely, and inquired if I could render any assistance.

She replied that she had lost her way in attempting to get through the wood by an obscure path, and would be very much obliged if I led her into the main road, or point out to her the direction in which it lay. Away we started together. On the way we chatted about every thing we could think of, (except her pretty self, which I was thinking of continually,) for she was sociable as an old school mate, and even told me her name, the name of her father, and the names of half a dozen brothers and sisters whom I had never seen, and did not care to see. When we got into the road, she pointed out her father's house, which was in sight, and was going to thank me for my services; but I stopped her by saying that it would be very little out of my way to see her home, and I preferred to do so. All the way there, we chatted and laughed; and told stories, and even jokes; and by the time we parted at the gate of old Deacon B——'s farm house, I could have sworn that we were old acquaintances. I left her, "hoping to see her again, sometime," and she left me, "hoping to learn of my safe arrival at home."

The next Sabbath I met her at church—the next Monday evening at a village party, and escorted her home—the next Friday I called on her "accidentally"—the next Sunday evening by permission; in two weeks I was in love—in three I had "told my love"—and in four I was the next move to the biggest fool that ever grew out of natural philosophy. Three times I popped the question; but she wouldn't say yes or no, or even hint that she would or would not seal my happiness. The fourth time she looked very grave, hung down her head, sighed, & even, I *mistrusted*, shed tears. "Shall I ask the consent of your father?" said I, after waiting half an hour for an answer to the question on which hung my hopes. "That would never do," she answered with a sigh; "he would not consent to my marriage with you; I *know* he would not."

I mistrusted from this that she herself had broached the subject to the Deacon, and had got a flat refusal of his consent to the match. I walked home that evening in much distress, passed a restless night at my cousin's house, and rose the next morning with my head full of pains and dark forebodings. My cousin rallied me on my dull appearance, and I determined at once to tell him the secret of my troubles and ask his advice. I accordingly accompanied him to his little grocery, and when there, unravelled the whole matter as to a brother. "That Ellen B——," said he, when I had concluded, "is the greatest coquette in the country, or the world, and I advise you to keep your love matters to yourself, when you are in her company.—If I had mistrusted you were at all *tender* I should have told you of this before, but as it turns out, I advise you now to let her alone." I did not make any reply, but really thought my cousin the biggest fool in Chistendom. Had she not kept my company—and said soft things to me—and blushed, and grieved and sighed, when I popped the question for the fourth time?

The next evening I called on Ellen again—she was alone, and seemed twice as beautiful as ever. For the fifth time I offered her my hand. She came very near fainting away, but would not answer me yes or no. What could the matter be?—Of course I attributed the whole to the obstinacy of the deacon her father,—and being more than half crazy between love for her and hate for him, it will scarcely be wondered at, that before leaving, I suggested to her that if we could'nt be happy with his consent, we had a perfect right to proceed without it. "We could take a ride; some evening," said I; "go to the depot—take the mail train of cars and in two hours be man and wife."

"When would you call for me?" she asked.

"To-morrow night," I replied, almost wild with delight—"eight o'clock."

"Well," said she after a pause, "I will be here."

The next evening, at half-past seven, the village stable-keeper drove a carriage to my door, as he had agreed to, at half an hour before.—Just as I was stepping into the carriage, a little boy handed me a note. I turned into the house a moment to read it. The contents run after this sort:

"My Dear Mr. S.——:—I have consulted with my father about running away with you to night and he thinks the air is so damp I should certainly take cold. He suggests that it would answer all reasonable purposes for you to run away alone.—But I hope you will not do this till you have accomplished the intention you expressed on your arrival in our village, which was, I believe, before you left it, to make a conquest of the heart of the prettiest girl within ten miles.

Yours as truly as ever,
ELLEN B——."

I immediately recollected having foolishly expressed this foolish intention a day or two before my arrival in the village to an old friend who accompanied me there on business with some other merchants. I recollected, too, that the request was made while we were on a walk through the village, that a lady was close behind us all the time, and my friend who saw her face, thought she must be an angel. She turned out to be one!

My horse was sent back to the stable, and the next morning I was leaving the beautiful village and the beautiful Ellen, and my fifteenth cousin and his happy family as fast as steam would carry me."

[From Noah's Weekly Messenger.]

MORE HONEST THAN WISE.

BY THADDEUS W. MEIGHAN

We once learned a lesson while sailing up the Hudson river on board a steamboat bound for Albany. We were silently contemplating the majestic scenery that forms the banks of the river, and indulging in various comparative speculations, such as whether the Rhine, the Seine, or the Zuyder Zee presented more attractions to the eye of the lover of nature than the Hudson, when a juvenile companion diverted the current of thought into another channel and begged our company to the after cabin, which he stated was a number of convicts on their way to the State Prison at Sing Sing. I was actuated by no mean motive in complying with the request of the little fellow at my side. I certainly did not wish to feast my eyes upon the degradation of the unfortunates, nor did the contemplation of human suffering convey to me any feeling of pleasure. I went without any settled idea of what I was going for. The pleading look of the little boy with me was perhaps the main-spring of action.

In the cabin, upon a large settee, sat eight wretched beings, linked together, as well by crime, as by the iron bracelets that bound their wrists and made them fast to a long chain which was secure against breakage or the attempts of the convicts or their friends. Around these eight unfortunates were clustered males and females of all ages. Beautiful young girls with the blush of virgin innocence mantling on their cheeks, and the radiance of truth and simplicity beaming in their eyes stood there contemplating the perversion of the attributes they possessed, and wondering to what depth of horror, misery; and woe could reach. Aged, hard featured men, with no charity in their hearts, and sympathy banished from their natures, were sneering aloud and talking of the *vengeance* of the offended laws, forgetting that the object of prisons should be reformation instead of vengeance, and also wanting to be reminded that they were violating the finest and most beautiful principle upon which God himself reared the guiding creed of the world.

Women—the mothers of young girls—made up part of the congregation, and indulged in curious remarks as to how the prisoners felt, and whether they had parents living, wives, or children. And then these matrons would gaze as though they beheld the inermost thoughts of those degraded convicts.

Among the classes we have enumerated were several very rough bad looking men, who were probably candidates for the hard lot of the poor creatures they were torturing.

We have often thought that baiting criminals with curious looks, converting prisons to the purposes of menageries and leveling prisoners to the grade of rare animals in cages, should be abolished by those whose power can remedy the great evils. The moment the doors of a prison are closed upon the wretch doomed to stay within for a certain term, the moment all eyes belonging to the world without should lose sight of him. Many a felon is prevented from returning to the pursuit of honest employments by hundreds who have seen him in the grab of a convict.—The fear of exposure deters him from essaying an useful walk in life upon the restoration of its liberty. But we are digressing.

Two of the unfortunates in the cabin were negroes, and one other was a woman. Between a negro and the woman was an old man whose commanding, Roman profile, and singularly athletic form was calculated to attract attention. The expression of the face was peculiar. It carried an indefinable something which seemed to insist upon having respect and sympathy. It was not the face of a low villain, nor that of a bad man. It betrayed firmness—great firmness. The unvarying glance of the gray eye, the sharp-cut lines of face, the stern, bold forehead, and the thin, compressed lips, betokened we thought, a cruel disposition. The dress worn by this old man was such as would be worn by a tradesman in easy circumstances. Convinced that he was convicted of no common crime, and sympathising with the old man, we sought permission of the officers in charge of the gang to speak with him.—This was granted.

We approached the old man with some diffidence, and addressed him simply with "good day, sir."

The reply was courteous and gentlemanly; but brief and not inviting further converse. We persevered, however, and engaged him in conversation. His style was unaffected and exhibited a well cultivated mind. He conversed upon the current topics of the day; showed himself perfectly familiar with politics, delivered many judicious opinions of the likely results of measures them before Congress, and altogether seemed so much like a merchant chatting in his counting house, that we entirely lost sight of his position, although to communicate with him we were obliged to stand in a most unpleasant cheek-by-jowl proximity to the negro. The landing of the passengers at one of the intermediate stopping places diverted our attention, and made us fully aware of the poor man's destiny. Without reflection and with an abruptness that startled ourselves, we asked—

"What has brought you in contact with these creatures, and entitled you to a place among the motley group of Sate prisoners at Sing Sing?"

Not a muscle of the man's face moved in the same tone of voice in which he had spoken of the sub-treasury bill, he quietly said—

"Draw near with your little companion, and let him hear. My little story will do him some good, and if you are wise you will also profit by it. I am here in consequence of having adhered, throughout life to the very spirit and letter of an old sentence in general use. My prospects were not very brilliant in early life. At twelve years of age I was obliged to go into a wholesale warehouse as errand boy and porter. The wares delt in were crockery and glass, and much care was required to prevent breakages and accidents. I had a friend (as I thought) in an old clerk whose heart seemed a bubble. Nothing could move him. He lived only for money, and what he called quiet. He rarely spoke; when he did it was to deliver some dry, harsh business maxim, or administer some withering, brief rebuke. I was a very wild boy and frequently made sad havoc among the rich cut glass entrusted to my charge. I remember the first time I broke something. I had heedlessly trundled a hoop in a large upper loft containing costly lamp shades, and my sport resulted in the destruction of thirty dollars worth of property. Affrighted, I ran to the old clerk and made him acquainted with my misfortunes.

"What shall I do?" was the query I submitted.

"What do you mean to do?" inquired he.

"Tell our employers."

"That would be *more honest than wise*," said he in a sneering tone. "Take my advice. Go conceal the pieces and say nothing about your accident. Nobody knows of it but me, and I shall not turn informer."

I followed his advice. I remained in that establishment fifteen years, and during that time was always more *wise* than honest. So vividly was this principle impressed upon my mind, that I followed it in every event. What was the result? I became selfish, calculating, & theoretically dishonest. It became a golden rule with me to be a knave, when there was no method by which my defection could be discovered. I do not mean to say that I became a thief in the common acceptation of the term. My dishonesty was of the species termed *worldly wisdom.* I thought it more honest than wise to bestow a trifle in charity. I thought it more honest than wise to aid a friend at my own expense.—I thought it more honest than wise to tell the truth that would wound my interests, if by telling a falsehood my interests would be shielded from harm. I thought it more honest than wise to marry a poor girl whom I loved, when I could link my destinies with those of an heiress, and so I married the latter, and lived in wretchedness with her during a term of twenty-five years. I thought it more honest than wise to let her manage and dispose of a large amount of property which by right belonged to her, but over which I had discretionary power, and so I took it from her, and she—Heaven knows such fiends do not often exist—in revenge, sold our daughter to dishonor."

Here his lip quivered and his eyes moistened, but his emotions were quickly subdued, and he went on with his recital.

"The destroyer of my child was wealthy. I closeted him, by a snare, in my study, and demanded satisfaction. He plead hard for mercy; but to let him escape would be, I argued, *more honest than wise*—the world would shun me—and so I maimed him for life. And for that I am on my way to take up my abode in the cell of a felon."

The old man paused, and fixing his eyes upon the little boy with us, said, in a tone that we can never forget—

"Always be honest. To be honest is to be wise. Honesty is wisdom, and there is no possibility of a man's being *more* honest than wise. I confess that this truth never struck me until to-day, when the officer there chained me with this negro."

From the Frederick Herald.

The following article from the New York Tribune may appear extraordinary to some persons and we have but little doubt will be received with incredulity by all who have not had personal proof of the facts there narrated;—but, to us they do not seem to be so extraordinary from the fact of their similarity, not to say identity, with those of the subject operated upon by Dr. Shields, of this place, and whose powers were quite as astonishing as those of the person spoken of in this article. In truth, the facts developed by this subject were of so extraordinary and unconnected a nature that it seemed to be taxing the credulity of the public to too great an extent to ask their credence to them upon any thing short of the most conclusive testimony. Many there are among us, who refused their assent for a long time to the lowest phenomena of mesmerism and denied the evidence of their own senses sooner than believe facts so contrary to their early teaching. But the higher phenomena and to the *clairvoyance* of the subject, few of us can bring our minds to agree, until the nature of the evidence forces us to assent, in spite of ourselves.—And yet, what can we do, when, without collision, the thing is proved beyond a *reasonable* doubt? The truth is, our philosophy will have to be remodelled and the *new facts* will *have to be admitted.* We do not see any way of getting out of it. The evidence is becoming too strong to resist it.—

CLAIRVOYANCE.

To the Editor of the Tribune:

DEAR SIR—There is in this place a Clairvoyant, Jackson Davis, whose wonderful powers have for a long time astonished many of our citizens. This young man is eighteen years of age, is uneducated, and has resided here for the last six years, and is very generally known.

What is perfectly astonishing is, when in the Clairvoyant state, he is complete master of the general sciences, such as physiology, pathology, anatomy, geology, hydrology, phrenology, astronomy, medicine, &c. He is conversant with all of these sciences—distinctly points out their fundamental truths and exposes their incidental errors. He has spoken also in as many different languages, and whilst in that state is able and willing to give instruction on any subject which will be of benefit to mankind. He has already explained many phenomena in nature which the learned have been unable to fathom, such as for instance the cause of the *Variation of the Magnetic Needle.*

Of late, he has given us four Lectures on Animal Magnetism, which as given in these lectures, is entirely new, and beautiful beyond description. He shows in a clear and lucid manner that Mesmerism is a science, and that all its phenomena are accounted for on natural principles, thus removing all the mystery in which the subject has been shrouded, and completely reversing all former theories which have been put forth—and he has given Mesmerism a new name; expressive of this fact, that of "*Clairmativeness.*"

Within the last twelve months, this young man has examined and prescribed for upwards of one hundred persons, and has restored them to health.

The names of these persons can be given if called for. Amongst the number, I will mention Dr. Charles Thacher, an eminent physician of this town This gentleman, for four years past, was afflicted with ulceration of the bowels, in consequence of which he was obliged to give up the practice of medicine. He is now restored to health.

This young man has often astonished and confounded me by revealing to me my own thoughts when I have been sitting beside him, in the trance state. And he has frequently done the same with others in the presence of many witnesses.

He is still engaged in giving us lectures on various subjects, and these lectures in due time will be given to the public.

By giving the above a place in your paper you will much oblige myself and many of your readers in this vicinity.

Very respectfully yours,
GIBSON SMITH.
Pastor of the First Universalist Society.
Poughkeepsie, Feb. 16, 1845.

GUANO ISLAND.—Among the many arrivals from Ichaboe, we have been favored with some most interesting particulars of that island by Captain Colledge, of the Cowslip, of New Castle, at present discharging a cargo of guano here for Mr. Muir, the first Scotch importer of that manure; which cargo, according to chemical analysis, is about the finest yet brought home. When Captain Colledge arrived at Ichaboe in July last, there were about sixty vessels waiting for cargoes; but when he sailed, in the beginning of October, there were no less than three hundred ships crowding round the devoted island, which by this time, Captain Colledge thinks, will be nearly levelled, from its elevation of one hundred feet, to the ocean's verge; in other words, the whole bed of guano, measuring upwards of seventy-five feet, will be cleared away. Captain Colledge has brought home some curious specimens of coral, marble, branches of the gum tree, and the eggs of the penguin, the latter found in depths of forty to sixty feet, and which must have, lain thousands of years since first deposited. Captain Colledge was at Ichaboe during the outrages committed upon the natives of the main land in July last—outrages entirely unprovoked, and which attach a blot to the name of British sailors. Upon a Sunday in that month, a party of English masters of vessels left for the main land followed by mates and a lawless band of seamen, armed with muskets, &c.—They rushed into the village, shooting at the natives who fled in all directions. The maranders then took possession of the humble dwellings of the unoffending Hottentots, robbed them of their bows and arrows, and the ostrich eggs which contain their scanty and irregular supply of water. Not content with this, they shot their dogs and other domestic animals, and to crown all, these civilized barbarians burned their huts to the ground. The well-disposed of the captains there at the time opposed after this outrage, to hold communication with their unworthy countrymen; but immediately after subscribed a sum of £200 for the purpose of sending to the Cape for a war ship, as well for their own protection as for humanity to the natives. The Thunderbolt steamer shortly arrived; and before Captain Colledge came away she was relieved by the Thunderer, 84 guns. The natives Captain Colledge describes as simple, kind, and unsuspicious, till the late outrages were committed. They are fond of brandy and tobacco; their language is a wild gibberish from several tongues, chiefly the Dutch. Their hair is woolly, and they are scantily clothed in the skins of the buffalo.—*Scotsman.*

The following description of a southern planter appeared in a late number of the "Planter's Banner," and, as its correctness is vouched for by the New Orleans Tropic we presume that it may be copied without apology.

Now for the picture of the *Planter.*—He wouldn't sell a chicken, nor a dozen of eggs, no, a bushel of peaches, nor a calf for any consideration. He is above that! He raises cotton—he does! He rides in a six hundred dollar carriage, for which he is in debt. His daughters thrum a piano that never will be paid for. He buys corn which he could raise at ten cents a bushel, and pays sixty cents for it, after 2½ per cent advance to his commission merchant. He could raise his own tobacco, yet he pays $3 a pound for "Richmond scented." He could raise his own hogs—yet he patronizes *Cincinnati.* The consequences are disastrous. Being the possessor of one staple, he fluctuates with the market of that article. He takes the "Price Current"—he pays postage—he gobbles down the English news like a cormorant. If he sells to day he'll lose—therefore he'll wait for better advices. He is "mixed up" in cotton, and is a *gambler* therein. Meantime he wants money; drafts on his factor! He wants cotton goods and clothes for his plantation, that he could make at home. He orders them, and feels "large." The manufacturer, the insurer, the shipper, the freighter, the drayman, the warehouse man, the seller, and finally the commission merchant, all have a finger in the *pie* of profits, and the proud foolish planter, pays them all. The year closes, and he is "up to his eye brows" in debt! This is the result of his not "calculating" nor even guessing the difference between *farming and planting.* One supports a *family*; the other supports *pride* until pride gets a fall.

WORMS AND GRUBS.—A mixture of salt and saltpetre (nitre,) in the proportion of eight parts of the former to one of the latter, applied about the roots, will, it is said, destroy the worms and greatly promote the health and thrift of the tree.

The pay of West Point Cadet after the 30th of June next is to be $24 per month in place of the present pay & emoluments.

SOUTHERN VIEWS OF THE CABINET—A RICH DOCUMENT.—The Washington correspondent of the Charleston Mercury, the Calhoun organ of the South, thus portrays the character and standing of Mr. Polk's Cabinet. What would have been said if a Whig had thus spoken of these dignitaries? We copy the letter as it shows the views of the Southern wing of the Democracy—such as Calhoun, McDuffie, Rhett & Co.:

Correspondence of the Charleston Mercury.

WASHINGTON, March 4, 1845.

The Cabinet is known. Buchanan, for the State Department; Walker, for the Treasury; Marcy of New York, for the War Department; Bancroft of Massachusetts, for the Navy; Cave Johnson, for the Post Office; John W. Jones, Attorney General. You will see at a glance that it consists of two things—Old Hunkerism and anti-Calhounism. These are the essential elements of its composition. If any of your people down South have been for the last ten years yearning for reform, you will see how triumphant it has become, in the organization of the Cabinet, & in order that this may be made clear to their entire satisfaction, I will give you a sketch of each of the high dignitaries composing it.

1. James Buchanan. Slightly suspected during the last war of beginning life not as ought to have done but now a Tariff Democrat. He it was that boasted that he had proved before the People of Pennsylvania, by Mr. Polk's Letter to Kane of Philadelphia, that he was a better Tariff man, than Mr. Clay. If he believed this in spite of the Kane Letter, he was a fool; and if he did not believe it, and yet tried to convince the people of it,—you know what he is. He is known to be an able moderate Old Hunker—very timid, and hates trouble. He is hardly the man to face Great Britain in any difficult emergency; much less to negotiate a commercial treaty with her, for which by the late advices at Washington she is prepared—reducing reciprocally the duties in each country to the Revenue standard. He declared in the Senate that the Act of 1833 gave sufficient protection to the manufacturers, yet voted for its overthrow; and then with his men in the House of Representatives refused both at the last Session and at this, to modify the Act, of 1842.

2. Mr. Robert Walker, of Mississippi but rather of Pennsylvania; for he was a leading politician in Pennsylvania before he left it, and has lately, by two Judges in Mississippi, been adjuged not to be a resident of that State. Mr. Walker is a clever man, of a good deal of astuteness of intellect and laborious habits, but without much grasp of mind, or originality. The greatest financial measure he has originated, is to tax worn jewelry and family plate. He goes for blue beads and pater spoons. It is supposed he will make himself immortal by some such striking and original measure which will at once prove his genius, and save the country.—Old Hunker No. 2.

3. William L. Marcy, as notorious as Nell Gwin in the time of Charles the first. He it was who first enunciated on the floor of the Senate that infamous principle in politics—"to the victors belong the spoils." He has been brought up in all the impurities of New York Politics, and does distinguished honor, it is said, to his education. His name is the synonym of all that is corrupt and proscriptive in politics. Old Hunker No. 3.

4. George Bancroft, a writer of history, and a good pamphleteer, run for Governor last year in Massachusetts, merely to show him off—for success of course was known to be hopeless. Mr. Bancroft was a staunch adherent of Mr. Van Buren, speaks well, but has never been in active politics and knows but little therefore of his practical duties. Beside, he was a rank Federalist some seven years ago, and therefore makes the better Hunker, No. 4.

5. Cave Johnson, one of the most malignant, narrow-minded, vindictive political partizans alive, and therefore just suited to the Post Office Department, with thirty thousand subjects for the knife of party proscription, and the strengthening of the Administration thereby. He has always exhibited the grasp of his understanding, by assailing on the floor of Congress little private claims. On this account he was called by a member of Congress, "the watch-dog of the Treasury." "Oh yes!" says another—"a cur!" He has never been able to deliver a single speech during some fifteen years service in Congress, on a single general subject of any magnitude. He has written doggerel against Calhoun a long time ago, but hates him too much for that now. He was a rabid Van Buren man last year, and on the Texas question, the other day, declared that he would take Texas with slavery abolished in it rather than embarrass Mr. Polk with the question. He is par excellence a southern New Yorker, recognized by all the faithful as an Old Hunker, No. 5.

6. John W. Jones,* late Speaker of the House of Representatives, and a regular party hack. He has a good voice, equal to the business of a Virginia County Court but will hardly adorn an office that a Wirt and a Legare has filled. At the last Session of Congress he organized the Committee of Ways and Means so as to report against the modification of the Tariff. A Whig, Mr. Chappell, from Georgia, altered its character. So also, he organized the Committee on Rules to report the repeal of the 21st Rule; and the Committee of

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