EASTON GAZETTE.

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

VOL. XXXI. EASTON, (MD.) SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 5, 1848. NO. 6[illegible]

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY *Saturday Morning*, BY GEORGE C. GRAHAM.

TERMS.

TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS per Annum, payable half yearly in advance

Advertisements

Not exceeding a square inserted Three times for ONE DOLLAR, and TWENTY-FIVE CENTS for every subsequent insertion.

TO S. S. OSGOOD.

SUGGESTED BY AN UNFINISHED PICTURE.

Forgive my weaker spirit, if it sigh,
To see thee—careless of what others c l!
Renown—toil on with rapt, thrilled heart and eye,
Thy very *life* to thy loved task in thrall!—
I sigh, while calmly silent, thou dost smile,
Kindling the canvass with thy *soul* the while!
Yet, oh! believe the sigh is worthy thee:
It is not breathed because thou bend'st no knee
For praise or gold; because thy pride would shame
To bribe the hireling critic's supple pen
That moves obedient to its master's chains;
Because thy soul serene in power, disdains
The common meed that genius earns of men.
No—the lone eagle sunward soars for glory,
Above the rainbow's evanescent story;
And *thou* my gifted one!—I know thy name,
The great and true shall keep. Thou wilt not stoop to *Fame!*

F. S. O.

A TALE WITH A MORAL.

BY CATHARINE SEDGWICK.

I dreamed I was sitting on an eminence where the whole scene of life was before me; seas, plains, cities, and country—the world and its actors. An old man, with the noble head and serene countenance that befits wisdom, stood beside me, and I turned from a perplexed gaze on this multitudinous human family, to ask of him. "Who it is that so many seem confidently expecting, and so many others to be blindly pursuing?"

"She is an immortal," he replied, "whose home is not in this world. In truth, she rarely visits it. Her companionship is reserved for those, who, in the language of Scripture. 'shall see God as he is, for they shall be like him.'—her name is Happiness. She is never found of those who seek her for her own sake."

"Why then are so many pursuing her?" I asked, "why do they not learn from the experience and disappointment of others?"

"The desire of her presence," he replied, "is born with them; the child cries for her, some are ignorant of the means of attaining her; some delude themselves, and others are deluded as to the mode of winning her; few are willing to pay the price of her friendship, and fewer still will receive the truth that she does not abide on earth, even with those most worthy her presence.—To them her visits are rare and brief, but they are content to dwell among her kindred, Submission, Tranquility, Contentment, and Patience. Take this, he said, giving me a curious eye-glass, "it will enable you to see the distant, to penetrate every secret path, and to discern untold thoughts."

I took the glass—it fulfilled its promise. I now beheld the whole world in pursuit of this enchanting being. Some were crossing the wide sea, some treading the wilderness, masses were crowding into cities, and others flying to the country, in quest of her. They looked for her where she was never heard of, and what at first was inexplicable to me, those that most eagerly sought her, and sought nothing else, never, by any chance, found her.

Tired of my general observation, I finally confined my attention to two young persons who began the course of life together. One was a beautiful girl called Brillanta, whom I first saw in a French boarding-school, with teachers in all the arts and various branches of learning.

"Why do they confine me here?" she exclaimed, pettishly, "they tell me I was born for happiness, and I have not so much as heard the rustling of her wings in this tiresome place. Well, I must worry it through, but when school-days are over, and I am out, and surrounded by friends, and followed by lovers, and go at will to operas and balls, then Happiness will be my constant companion!"

This golden future became Brillan a's present. I saw her wreathed with flowers and sparkling with jewels, admired and flattered, and hurrying from one scene of gaiety to another; but instead of the companion she presumptuously expected, there were only Pleasure and Excitement, and at their heels Satiety and Weariness.

"Alas! exclaimed Brillanta, "Happiness is not yet with me, but she will come to my wedding—with the bridal gifts and festivities—she will take up her abode in my luxurious home! But True Love was not required at the marriage, so Happiness refused to be there. Vanity and Pride were among the guests, and were soon followed by the fiend Disappointment. Happiness could not breathe the air they infected.

A few years past. "Happiness never has been, never will be here!" exclaimed Brillanta. My husband is so tiresome! my children teasing! my servants tormenting! I will go to foreign lands, I will explore other countries—surely where so many rush to seek Happiness, she must be found." And away went Brillanta, but the chase was vain; she never got so much as a glimpse of Happiness, though she went on pursuing till death ovetook her. A mist that had been gathering round her settled into darkness, and I saw her no more.

She whom I had seen start in the career of life with Brillanta was named Serena.—She came forth daily from a home where all sweet contentments were, from God-loving and God fearing parents, to her school-tasks. She had an earnest and sweet countenance, but what chiefly struck me about her was unlikeness to the rest of the world. She was not pursuing Happiness. She was too modest to claim her presence, too humble to expect it. She was so occupied with her tasks and duties that she had no time to think of herself, but she was eager enough to obtain the acquaintance of Happiness for others. What disinterestedness, what self-forgetfulness she practised to achieve this! and, strange to say, when she asked and sought this eluding being of others, she came unsought, unasked, to herself, and when clouds gathered heavily around Serena, so that Happiness could not come, (for her nature requires bright skies,) she sent her helpful handmaid Patience, and Serena was content and grateful. How many unexpected, undeserved meetings I have with my heavenly friend!" Serena would exclaim. And, as I saw, Happiness daily saluted her in the lovely aspects of nature, in household loves, in the prayer of faith, and the peace of acquitting conscience.—To Serena, in due time also, came the wedding-day, and with the illimitable hope and right confidence that belongs to that period of a woman's life, she said. "Happiness, you will of course preside at this festival?" "Of course," replied Happiness, "for where my best friends gather on the wedding-day—Love, Fidelity, and Moderation,—am I ever absent? But remember, dear, Serena, my stay cannot be long; Care, Trial, Sorrow must come to you; I cannot consort with them, but they will prepare you for my constant society hereafter, and make you relish it more keenly. Care, Trial, Sorrow, stern sisters, who come to all, did come to Serena, but they were not always presents, their terrors were converted to a precious ministry by the unfailing presence of Serena's best friend, Religion.

My eye followed the whole course of this "traveller between life and death," and I saw that she met Happiness on many an elevation in her life, at many a bright spot or sudden turn; and finally when the gates of death opened to her, I saw her celestial friend, with open arms, awaiting her, to abide with her forever and ever.—*Union Magazine.*

THE SPANISH WIDOW.

BY DE BALZAC.

There lived in the province of Galicia, a lady so perfectly beautiful, that she was called by all travellers, and indeed by all who beheld her, the "Flower of Spain." With these excellent charms, she possessed all the virtues which so rarely are to be found united to such extreme personal loveliness. She had, therefore, many wooers, but especially a certain old knight of Castile, as coarse in mind, as he was ungainly in person. Being very wealthy, he fully expected this beautiful creature would gladly become his wife, the more particularly as she was of poor, though well-born parentage. But she preferred to allow her affections to rest on a young gentleman of small estate, but amiable character, and, being married to him, they retired to the provinces, and spent three years of as perfect happiness as is permitted frail mortals to enjoy. At the end of this period, he was obliged to go to Madrid, on the business of a lawsuit, and was unfortunately murdered on the way, leaving his unhappy widow with one little boy, and in rather straitened circumstances. Shortly after, the old knight again proffered his hand, which she decidedly rejected; he neither respected the sacredness of her grief, nor her forlorn state, but molested her so continually, with letters and presents, that, but for her fatherless child, she would have been content to die. At length she determined to withdraw to some remote village, to free herself from this odious persecution. A few days before the time she had fixed on to remove to her country lodging, her servant, Maria, happened to open the door of a closet in her mistress's bed room, when out fell the dead body of a man; and the police being summoned by her shrieks, they soon recognized it to be that of the old knight of Castile, though his countenance was so blackened and distorted, as to appear scarcely human. It was evident that he had perished by poison; and as the unhappy lady could give no account of the matter, in spite of her hitherto fair and unblemished reputation, she was thrown into prison as his murderess. The persecution she had suffered from the deceased knight was generally known, but was now attributed to a dishonorable cause, and the murder of her husband never having been cleared up, she was considered by many persons as guilty of both crimes, and the whole province was shocked that so beautiful a creature should have thus brought disgrace upon her sex, and upon human nature. At her trial, the court was crowded to excess, and the lady had nothing to offer but assertion of her innocence, the servant, Maria, having suddenly disappeared, the public advocate proceeded to pass sentence of death. It was the custom in those days, for a woman who had committed murder, to be first strangled and then burnt in the market-place, but before this sentence could be pronounced, a witness was moved by remorse to come forward in her behalf. This was the servant, Maria, who had hitherto been disguised in the body of the court. She stood on one of the benches, and earnestly entreated to be heard. She then confessed that she had been prevailed on by the bribes and promises of the old knight of Castile, who declared he intended to marry her mistress, to secrete him in the closet in her lady's chamber, but solemnly declared she knew no other cause of his death, except, that on one of the shelves she had placed some sweet cakes mixed with arsenic to poison the rats, and that the knight, being rather gluttonous, might have eaten of them in the dark, and so died. At this probable explanation, the court was instantly moved to declare the lady's innocence with one voice. She, reviving a little at the noise, and being told of this providential discovery, only clasped her hands, and then in a few words, commending her son to the guardianship of good men, exclaimed—"I can never survive the shame of this unworthy reproach," and, with a deep sigh, expired on the spot.

RAISING THE DEAD.

A few nights ago a medical friend of ours was quietly sitting down in his office after the cares and fatigues of the day, enveloped in a capacious dressing-gown and puffing away a highly perfumed cigar, and meditating upon the immutability of human affairs, when he heard voices in the street, and soon a knocking at the door. Leisurely getting up and opening it, he discovered three men, two of them in very thick coats with round glazed caps upon their heads, and clubs in their hands, and the third, who was supported between them, was in apparently a dying condition, groaning out "Oh, I'm killed! I'm killed!"

"Docthor," exclaimed one of the watchmen, "this man says he's killed and we want you to examine him and see if his story is correct or no."

"Oh, I'm sure I'm killed," said the man.

"If you're sure of it what would you be seeing the docthor, a-axing him questions for?" said the watchman. "If you're dead be quiet while I tell the docthor! You see, docthor, he's been in a little bit of a scrimmage up here and got a bad cut on his pate, an it 'ned be better for you to fix it."

The doctor assented and the patient was brought in and deposited in a chair by the watchman, who went outside while he examined the man. He found that he had an ugly cut on his forehead which bled profusely, and after taking a stich or two, washing off the blood and putting on a piece of adhesive plaster, the doctor told him he was more frightened than hurt and worth a thousand dead men at that moment.

"Well, doctor," said the relieved patient, "it was a mighty ugly blow and knocked me over as flat as a shingle, and I thought I was a goner. What is you fee, sir, for fixing me up?"

"Five dollars, sir!" said the doctor.

"That's your regular fee is it?"

"Yes, sir, for a case of the kind."

"Well, doctor here's a V, and I'm much obliged to you to boot. Now, sir, will you be kind enough to tell me where that little door at the side of your office leads to?"

"Certainly," replied the doctor, pocketing his fee, "that leads into an alley."

"And where does that alley lead to?"

"It leads into the street."

"Ah! will you permit me to go out that way?"

"Certainly sir," replied the doctor, "any way you choose, sir."

"I'm very much obliged to you, sir," said the patient, "and if I ever have need of medical service, I shall always call on you. Good night, doctor.

"Good night, sir," said the doctor, and the patient walked out of the side door.—A moment after the doctor heard a voice at the alley gate saying—

"Hallo, watchman, what are you doing there?"

"Waiting for a man that got kilt, sir, and his head split open, the docthor's fixing him up, and we're waitin to take him off to the watchhouse for fighting and disturbing the pace."

"Oh, ho!" said the voice, "that's it, is it? Well the doctor's not got near through yet is it a pretty bad job. Won't you go and take a drink and come back again?"

"Thank ye, no, we'll not dare to leave for fear he'd go 'way from us."

"Ah, ha," exclaimed the voice, and the owner of it walked off.

The doctor began to feel as if he had acted a little hastily and perhaps got himself into a scrape, and in a few minutes a watchman poked his head into the door and commenced, "Well docthor, is he—" but seeing the doctor alone in the room, exclaimed, "Where's the man?"

"What, the man you brought in here?"

"Yis."

"Oh, he's gone—went some time ago."

"Gone! and where is he gone?"

"He may have gone to old Nick for all I know;" replied the doctor, coolly.

"Oh, bad luck to it. Which way did he go?"

"He went out of the door, there, which leads into the alley."

"And where does the alley lead to?"

"Into the street."

"Oh thunder and turf! and sure that was the blackguard that axed us to go drink with him," said the watchman, turning to his companion, "and we did'nt know him. D othor he's the last dead subject we'll ever bring for you to work over. Come, Jim, may be we'll overtake him," saying which the door was closed, and the pair of carrier pigeons retired in great discomfiture.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

LOVE, REVENGE AND SUICIDE.—In the year 1780, a young London merchant, having won the affections of a lovely girl, also obtained the consent of her father, to whom she was an only child. The old gentleman had a singular fancy that they should be married at the same village church where his own happy union took place; and being a sufferer from the gout, he placed the young lady under the charge of her aunt; and the happy lover taking his own valet, set out on his journey to Westmoreland. Soon after their arrival at that place, a letter, full of transport, was dispatched to the father; the wedding had first taken place, the bride had been pronounced by the old vicar to be nearly as handsome as her mother; and although the bridegroom wore no "shoulder nots, open sleeves, or pantaloons!" he might still compete with the bridegroom of earlier times in appearance. After the ceremony, the happy couple took a walk in the vicar's garden; and the valet, aware that they would soon leave the place for their further destination, went in the refreshment room at the inn; and knowing that his master had drawn the charge from his pistols the night before, and that the state of the roads required every precaution, took this opportunity of re-loading them. Upon their return from the stroll, the young couple went into this room, and the gentleman, seeing his pistols laid where he had left them, the night before, and being sure that he had unloaded them, took up one of them and presented it at his fair bride, saying, with the most winning flattery, "Now, maiden repent of all those cruelties you have been guilty of towards me,—my sleepless nights, my days of anxious hope. I will revenge myself! Fair tryant you shall die with all your instruments of torture about you, and that enchanting smile, those killing ringlets."

"Pray, do not suffer me to linger," said the confiding girl, laughing merrily, at his agreeable nonsense. "Fire!"

He did so, and shot her dead! Who can paint his horror? After a pause he rung the bell—his servant entered, and his master locking the door, said in a singular marked voice "William did you load those pistols?" The unfortunate wretch, horrified at what he saw, mechanically answered, "Yes." His master instantly shot him dead with the undischarged pistol. After this, in a state of insanity, we must hope, he wrote an exact account of the occurrence to the bereaved father, and concluded by telling him, that two hours ago he was made the happiest man alive, but that now, as the object of his love lay dead at his feet, he should finish his wedding day and his life by falling on his sword, if his heart did not break before he could complete his intention. This sad epistle being finished, he put an end to his life.—The body of poor William, whose fatal carefulness had led to so sad a catastrophe was interred in the village churchyard, and the corses of the lovers, attended by the half-bewildered aunt, were brought to London, and privately laid in one grave, in the parish where the now wretched farther had once lived a happy and prosperous man.

PRINCE OF WALES AND THE BARBER!—A great many years ago, or somewheres thereabouts, when the people of this country were "at loggerheads" with England, and warlike feeling was tuned up to the highest notch against the British, by some means or other, it so fell out that the Prince of Wales, (afterwards William the Fourth, it is probable,) being in the English fleet off New York, thought he would step ashore, take a tramp around, *incog.* of course, and see what was going on.—The Prince was a "high lark," fond of fun and fashions, and finally found himself in Boston, where he would have made a glorious "spec" for some one, had they known and nabbed his royal highness.—The Prince stepped into a barber shop—a building yet extant upon Hanover street, although the *dramatis personæ* have all made their exit—to get shaved, just like other metropolitans. The barber was out, but his buxom and prepossessing wife was on hand, and took off his royal highness' beard in as ready a manner as could any barber or valet in town. The operation over, the jocular Prince gave the woman a guinea, and as she was about to hand over the change, he laughingly said—

"O! keep it woman, keep it all; by-the-laws! it's worth twenty guineas to be shaved by a lass, and such a pretty one too!" and throwing his arms about the neck of the barber-*ess*, his royal highness vouchsafed her a most natural and comely kiss! The woman of course blushed and resisted, and was looking very awkward and wrathy.

"O! never mind that, my pretty shaver,' said the royal customer, "and when your husband returns, tell him you've been kissed *by the Prince of Wales!*"

But the embryo king, upon facing the doorway to make his exit, was met by the barber himself, who, hearing what the Prince said, raised his plebeian foot, and gave his retreating highness a most formidable kick, exclaiming:

"Yes, sir, and now, when *you* get home again, please to say you were decently kicked *by a Boston barber!*"

A BEREAVED SISTER.

The following touching incident is recorded in the N. Y. Express:

On passing through the Park, opposite the centre porch of the old Alms House building, a day or two ago, we observed a young woman, or girl, about 17 years of age, weeping bitterly, and another young woman trying to console her. A gentleman inquired the cause of her affliction, and was informed that the girl (who was a round faced, hearty-looking person) came from Ireland with an only sister about a year ago. They got places at service, and though having to toil hard, were getting comfortably along. Not long since they unitedly sent some money to their poor father in Ireland. The young woman now spoken of received a letter in return, sending a father's thanks and blessings to them both. She joyfully hastened to the house where her sister was at service, with a view of communicating to her the intelligence, when she was informed that her sister *was dead and buried*—that she had been taken suddenly ill, died in a few hours, and had been buried, on application to the Alms House, at Potter's Field. The young woman had but recently received the intelligence when we met her, and truly she was weeping "as if her heart would break." It proved as had been stated. The deceased had been attended by Dr. ——, of 14 Cherry street, who gave a certificate as to the cause of her death, and she was taken off in the Alms House hearse to Potter's Field. The language and tears of the young woman shewed that there was indeed a void in life—the only friend she had in a strange land, and that friend her only sister. In thinking of the past well might she realize the idea—

"And that sweet smile, so free from guile,
To me would softly whisper,
That I might compass many a mile,
And meet with none like sister.

* * * * *

How dull and drear would life appear,
Were it not for thee, thrice dear to me,
My sister, oh my sister."

This young woman seemed to feel that all this had come upon her. Alas for the poor!

[From the London Times, Dec. 2.]

MR. CLAY IN ENGLAND.

If nations do not avail themselves of the lessons now read to them by the people of the U. S., they will be neglecting one of the most salutary examples ever afforded by one country for the benefit of all. Unjust war and dishonest intrigues have already produced their fruits of popular embarrassments and ministerial perplexities, and they are now rapidly tending to national confession and exposure. By the resolutions which we published yesterday unanimously adopted at a numerous meeting of American citizens, upon the address of one of their most respected countrymen it will be seen with what spirit the measures of the Washington Cabinet are likely to be canvassed; and the correspondence given in another of this day's columns, may supply some means of judging how far Mr. Polk's policy will promote that personal success with a view to which it was apparently calculated.

Matters are perplexing enough as they stand, for Americans have played out their last card, and are still as far as ever from the game. Mexico is conquered, as far as a country can be conquered by arms; but it still bears no kind of semblance to the conquest the Americans would make of it. Now, however, Mr. Polk has to justify his war, a task considerably more difficult than even that of directing it; and it will be seen by the report we refer to how very little disposition there is on the part of his judges to blink the question or curtail the trial. In a few days Congress will assemble, and the President will then be called upon to explain upon what grounds, and for what objects, the war has been carried from Matamoras to Mexico, what is sought by its further prosecution, and what reasonable hope their is that the end thus sought can be obtained. Hitherto it has been a private speculation of his own. By orders despatched on his own authority he commenced active hostilities on the Texan border, and though Congress was induced for the safety of the national troops, to lend a conditional ratification to his act, yet it did not surrender in perpetuity the powers of irresponsible peace and war. Now, accordingly, Mr. Polk must render an account of his deeds; and failing his justification of the late campaigns, he will be compelled to terminate, not without dishonor, the war he has so recklessly prosecuted.

The trial occurs at an unfortunate season. Success might have covered a multitude of faults, and though it would probably have sown seed of discord in the Union more radically calamitous than the cost of a war, yet it would have enveloped the authors of the mischief in a proective cloud and would have diverted public scrutiny from the policy of the administration till a time when it would have been too late to revive it. But Mr. Polk will have to explain, in the session which commences next Monday, not only his measures, but his misfortunes. He has to account not only for a crime, but a blunder. We can commiserate his fate perhaps to some extent, for he could hardly have been expected to calculate on those peculiar elements of resistance which have destroyed his project. He, doubtless, never conceived that it would be requisite to fight for eighteen months, and still less that the exertion would be attended with so few results. He had formed his own ideas of certain acquisitions at the expense of an imbecile neighbor, to signalize and glorify his reign, nor did he imagine that the cost would ever rise to an amount comparable with the returns. Could he have presented himself to Congress with the prize in his hands, he might perhaps have sagaciously counted on swamping all considerations of policy in calculations of produce, though the resolutions of Mr. Clay and his friends show that there would still have remained in some quarters integrity proof against the dazzling delusion. But, unhappily, his first throw was an unfortunate one, and like many a speculator he proceeded to another and another, still confident that each successive investment would enable him to recover his losses and realize his gains. The result has been that his total expenditure has at length reached such a height as irremediably to exceed the value of the recoverable stake, and now when his predicament is such that he cannot possibly be a winner, he is summarily called upon to account for the funds entrusted to his care.

It will be an edifying thing to see, subjected to the ordeal of a parliamentary debate, a case which would not bear the discussion of an extempore convention.—The arguments to which, in the mouth of a Mexican Commissioner, General Scott with all the might of conquest on his side, found it impossible to reply, must now be met by the ingenuity of a cabinet in the fair field of a Congress. Mr. Polk will have to defend the policy of an expensive war, commenced on principles essentially unjust and prosecuted for an object, the intrinsic desirability of which is denied by many, and the value of which is admitted by all to be below that of the cost incurred. He will have to frame a reply, in plain words, to a question which he has hitherto blinked, and which he hoped ultimately to have escaped. He will have to confess publicly to motives, which are very easy to understand, but very hard to acknowledge; and all this he must do in the face of his opponents who have very clearly shown both their information and resolution, and with the aid only of the supporters disheartened and diminished by his ill success.

What does he in Mexico? Is he there to assert the legitimate boundary of Texas? Why then claim the whole expanse of California? Is he there to demand California and New Mexico? How then does he demand them—by purchase or surrender? If by surrender, why does he employ the mockery of negotiation?—If by purchase, why open the bargain by massacreing the vendors? A trial which is now pending at Washington, amongst various instructive disclosures, has developed the fact that an officer of the States was informed in an official dispatch only two months after the commencement of the war, that it was "the object of the United States, under its rights as a belligerent nation, to possess itself entirely of Upper California." We have very little inclination to doubt the assertion herein contained; but will Mr. Polk actually confess it? Or, if he does so, what will he do with the alleged *casus belli* on the Texas border?

No explanations are so perplexing as those which are asked for to convict the speaker, rather than to inform the querist; which are demanded as confessions rather than communications, and on subjects where every single hearer is prepared for every possible evasion. There is hardly a decently informed person in Europe or America, who is not as precisely acquainted with Mr. Polk's policy as if he had been a party to its construction; and there are few perhaps, without some malicious satisfaction at the predicament to which it has brought him. If he could prove, against the law of nature, that his schemes were justifiable, he would yet have to prove that they were feasible, and again, that they were expedient, two propositions which are contradicted by his more sagacious countrymen as flatly as they are refuted by the suggestion of common honesty. One half of America still remains unoccupied and unsettled, at a time when all this cost is incurred for an increase of territory and it has now been shown by experience that no Mexican territory can be ever retained but by such a force as would altogether demolish the profit of the tenure. To all this long indictment of injustice, incapacity, and ill success, Mr. Polk has now to plead, and, in so far as the condemnation of his policy may redeem that of the States at large, it will be impossible to repine at his conviction.

It has been rightly observed, that in one point the Atheist is the most credulous man in the world, who believes the universe to be the production of chance.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2940_scm11032-1245.jpg