THE EASTON GAZETTE.

WHERE THE PRESS IS FREE—"Literature well or ill-conducted is the Great Engine by which a 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, AUGUST 26, 1848. NO. 35.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY
Saturday Morning,
BY
GRAHAM & JOHNSON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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.

FEMALE FAITH.

She loved you when the sunny light
Of bliss was on your brow;
That bliss has sunk in sorrow's night,
And yet she loves you now.
She loved you when your joyous tone
Taught every heart to thrill;
The sweetness of that tongue is gone,
And yet—she loves you still.

She loved you when you proudly stept,
The gayest of the gay;
The pride the blight of time has swept,
Unlike her love, away.
She loved you when your home and heart
Of fortune's smile could boast;
She saw that smile decay—depart—
And then she loved most.

Oh, such the generous faith that grows
In woman's gentle breast;
'Tis like that star that stays and glows
Alone in night's dark vest;
That stays because each other ray
Has left the lonely shore,
And that the wanderer on his way
Then wants her light the more.

From the Yankee Blade.

THE LEFT-HANDED FIDDLER.

Every body out here in the west has either seen or heard of Gov. L.—"Black Bob," as he is familiarly called by his constituents. He is the most famous "electioneerer" in all Kentucky. His popularity is unbounded, and I believe he has never sustained a defeat before the people.—He is a noble, generous fellow, possessing fine talents and an inexhaustible fund of humor. It would "do you good" to hear one of his popular harangues. The blues fly before the light of his wit, as the mist before the rays of the sun. His career has not, however, been always without difficulty, and at times he has been so pushed as to save himself only by the "skin of his teeth."

I well remember the celebrated Congressional canvass between Gov. L. and Mr G. In this instance the Governor had a competitor "worthy of his steel" Mr G. was a man of talent and tact, and it required all the ingenuity of Gov. L. to manage him. It was evident, from the commencement of the contest, that the race would be an unusually close one. All depended upon the vote of one of the mountain counties of the district, whither both candidates directed their steps a few days before the election. They met at a great barbecue, where nearly every citizen of the county had congregated. I suppose, Mr. Blade, you have never been present at a western barbecue. Well, I shall not now attempt to describe one — Suffice it to say, that it is unlike any gathering you ever witnessed in Yankee land. Eating, drinking, "speechifying," and dancing are the order of the day. The dance is carried on out of doors, under the shade of the thick-growing forest—not in heated close rooms, but where the delightful breezes of Heaven fan the brow, and give elasticity and vigor to the limbs of the young and gay, as they "trip it on the light fantastic toe."

"Well, as before stated, it was at one of these "free and easy" gatherings that the two rivals met. On the stump Mr. G. couldn't "hold a candle" to Black Bob.—He was litterally immolated by the ready wit and brilliant repartee of his "sooty" competitor. But he possessed an accomplishment to which Gov. L. was almost a stranger. He was a fine musician; and after the speaking was concluded, Mr. G. took a violin in his hand, and gently and sweetly drawing the bow across the strings, in a moment the woods were vocal with the merry laugh, and the ground trembling beneath the dancing feet of the gay and happy throng. It was plainly to be seen before the first dance was over, that cat-gut was in the ascendency, and that the friends of Gov. L. were rapidly deserting him. Scarcely half an hour had elapsed, ere the hitherto unconquerable Black Bob stood alone, gazing in melancholy mood upon the triumph of his antagonist. The ladies' eyes sparkled brightly as Mr. G. busily plied the bow, while the men expressed their admiration in loud and repeated hurras. This was a trying momont for old Bob; but his fruitful genious was not long in inventing a plan by which to extricate himself from an unpleasant dilemma. Calling Tom. Buster—Tom was a leader in that region and decidedly *some* was Buster—he told him that he had a confidential communication to make, but which he did not wish to be mentioned to any one. Of course Tom promised to keep dark, and the Governor began:

"Do you observe," said he, "that G. plays the fiddle with his left hand?"

"Yes I do, but then he is left handed."

"Not a bit of it," replied the wily politician—"not a bit of it. I know him well, have heard him play a thousand times—and down in the valleys, and among the rich aristocrats of the towns, he always plays with his right hand—and most splendid music he makes, too; but he thinks *left handed* music good enough for mountain boys. If you speak to him about it, of course he'll deny it, but I tell you it is true."

"Well, cuss him, we'll have no more of his left-handed music—he shall give us some of his best licks, or I'll be — if he shall stay in these diggins," roared the infuriated Tom.

Walking directly in front of Mr. G., he seized his arm, and told him, in loud and commanding tones, to stop his left handed work, and give them a touch of the right sort. In vain Mr. G. declared that the could not play with the right hand—in vain he protested and implored. The indignanant crowd, sympathising with Tom and wounded in their pride by the trick of the *aristocratic fiddler*, gathered around poor G., and cried aloud for right-handed music. The storm waxed louder, the excitement swelled higher, until finally the discomfitted fiddler, concluding that prudence was the better part of vallor, beat a hasty retreat, leaving Black Bob sole possessor of the field. Thus was the battle fought, and the victory won. At the election, a week later, nearly every vote in that county was cast for Gov. L.

How uncertain are all human calculations! The very plans, that promise the brightest success often, as was the case with the left handed fiddler, become the means of our destruction.

MR. CRITTENDEN—GENERAL TAYLOR.

In an editorial notice of a speech delivered at a public gathering at Russelville, (Ky) on the 22d ultimo, by that eminent and true-hearted Whig, John J. Crittenden, we have met with a notice of the Whig candidate for the Presidency which cannot fail to be acceptable to a large portion of our readers:

"As to General Taylor, Mr. Crittenden said he thought he would give us the right kind of an Administration The old soldier had passed through every difficulty safely. He had never said that he would do any thing but what, when the time came for him to act, he was ready to act up to the emergency. He had to fight against the disadvantage of two or three to one, and he had done it successfully. No one had ever charged him in his long career with dishonesty. Honor and fame could not intoxicate him; power could not seduce him. He was as plain, as unpretending and 'rough,' after all his brilliant acnievements as any citizen present. He was not bedizened with lace. He was the people's man, and the man of the people. All could recognize him in his old brown coat as old Rough and Ready—as a real republican. If he wanted to paint Kentucky he would set up old Zach and have him painted as the embodiment.

"Here was a man who could heal the wounds of the country. He looked to him with these hopes, and with all confidence. He knew that the other party was striving to draw the people from him, but it was in vain, for their hearts were with him. When the day of election came many a Kentuckian would find every other feeling overcome but the one determination to do his duty by Old Zack and his country. He believed Gen. Taylor would be elected. He considered that matter well summed-up by the young Kentuckian who went to Philadelphia; who said, on his return, that the people were much split up in regard to candidates; that old *Rough and Ready* had a great many friends, but he believed *General Taylor* would beat him; but he thought one they called 'Old Zack' would beat both! Mr. C. had talked with Gen. Twiggs before he left Washington, and the General told him, in his decided way, with an oath, that no man could look five minutes in Gen. Taylor's face and make a proposition to him to do a mean action. No act of oppression was ever charged upon him! No man had ever paid the penalty of death by martial law from the time he fought at Palo Alto to the time he left Buena Vista. He had controlled and guided the army without bloodshed, maintained its honor and discipline, and retired without having done aught to sully the glorious character he had ever maintained as an able as well as a humane man. When some deserters were brought to him after the battle of Buena Vista, before the blood they had shed had yet sunk into the earth, he looked scornfully at them and said:—

'*My* soldiers do not desert—*these* are not my soldiers! 'Take them back to the camp, drum them out, and let 'them go.' When the Government chided him for not storming Monterey with its twelve thousand men, with his five thousand, what was his reply? 'Yes,' he said, 'he could have taken it in that way, but he did 'not want to sacrifice the women and children.' When he was feted in New Orleans, a friend, alluding to the splendid pageant which wound through the streets of the city, said to him that 'it must have been very gratifying 'to him.' 'No,' said he, 'it was not. I was afraid some 'of the women and children might be hurt!' Who but he, when thus receiving a triumph like those of Cæsar, would have thought of that? But to his mind that was the most beautiful trait in Gen. Taylor's character. It was more characteristic of him than any of the many anecdotes told of him The people wanted such a man, and they wanted an honest man. That was more necessary than fine talent merely, such as was displayed in public speaking. Elect him, and the people would have a man upon whom they could rely."

THE LAND SPECULATIONS OF GEN. CASS.

That Mr. Wise was correct in the charges which he made against General Cass, of being engaged in speculating in public lands, while Secretary of War, is confirmed by the following statement. Remember, reader, that what is here presented is upon good Locofoco testimony—the Hon. Henry Hubbard—one of the parties engaged in the speculation, since United States Senator from that Locofoco State New Hamshire, and the man that nominated Mr. Polk four years ago—and is now we believe in full communion with the party, if he has not gone off with the Barnburners. Let every honest man in the country read and ponder upon this matter:

From the New York Tribune.

GEN. CASS A LAND SPECULATOR.

Lewis Cass has now been nearly half a century out of paternal guardianship, and in that time has probably done less than fifty days' work at any *bona fide* productive labor. He has been nearly all the time in office, having changed his politics at an early age to get in. He has become very wealthy in two ways—first by official salaries, holding for a long time two well-paid offices at once; yet, not content with this, he trumped up a claim, in 1836, when his friends were in power, and the Treasury flush and open, for *extra services* to an enormous amount—services alleged to have been performed while he was in the receipt of these two salaries—which claim was lobbied through Congress, and the amount paid over to him.

At this time, Gen. Cass was a very rich man, having made one fortune by office, and another by Land Speculation, facilitated by office. "The Cass farm," just below Detriot, and now mainly included within the limits of the city, was sold by him for more hundreds of thousands than it cost him hundreds of dollars. And it now appears that he was at that time dipping into farther and gigantic Land Speculations. The *Louisville Journal* of the 20th brings us the following:

A FINANCIAL OPERATION OF GENERAL CASS—EXTRAORDINARY DEVELOPMENT—LOOK AT THIS!—In 1836, Lewis Cass, Henry Hubbard, Francis O. J. Smith, Francis Markoe, Jr., and R. McHenry, all then at Washington City, formed themselves into an association under the title of the "Western Land Association," for the purpose of speculating in Western Lands One of the association certificates of stock has been sent to us. It is as follows:

"*Western Land Association.*

"Be it known that Lewis Cass, Henry Hubbard, Francis O. J. Smith, Francis Markoe, Jr., and R. McHenry, on the 28th day of April, 1836, entered into an association, with the combined capital of $220,000 for the purchase and sale of Public Lands, in certain Western States and Territories of the Union, according to certain articles of agreement bearing said date, and signed by said parties; and that —— —— is proprietor of —— thousand dollars of said capital, whereof the aggregate sum specified in the underwritten certificate has been paid, the said —— thousand dollars being a portion of the capital assigned to said —— —— in said articles of agreement, and subject to a deduction of one third of the profits accruing thereon, and to the payment of a proportional fraction of the necessary expenses of the continued Agent of said Association, and to no other deduction.

"Be it known, also, that said stock is transferable in whole, or in parts not less than one thousand dollars, by an assignment of this certificate by said —— or his attorney, and record thereof being made by the Secretary in the transfer book of the Association.

"Washington City, ——, 1836.
"——, President.
"——, Secretary."

This Association, for purposes of land speculation, was formed when Lewis Cass was *Secretary of War* under Gen. Jackson. Cass himself, the chief of the speculators, paid in $20,000, and others paid in $100,000, making a total of $120,000.—The contemplated capital of $220,000 was not obtained. The plan of the Association was to enter lands in the West & hold them up for a vast increase of value. Cass being Secretary of War, and in virtue of his official station having important advantages over private individuals, the Association gave him the control of the whole business. He appointed the agent to make the entries of land, selecting his own agent and agreeing to be responsible for his acts. The agent went to the West and made purchases, all under Cass' direction, and the latter, directly, and through his agent, continued to have the management of the lands.

After several years' delay, the members of the Association began to have strong suspicions that there was little or no probability of their ever getting anything for their money. All their applications to Cass for information were of no avail.—Nothing satisfactory could be learned from him. After a consultation with each other; they appointed Hon. Henry Hubbard, one of their own number, and then or since United States Senator from New Hampshire to look after their interest and ascertain if Cass and his agent had dealt by them fairly and honestly. Mr. Hubbard opened a correspondence with Cass, but, failing in every effort to get any satisfaction from him, he wrote a final letter informing the Hon. Secretary of War that he was a rascal, and the honorable Secretary was quiet and silent under the charge. Mr. Hubbard charged him with swindling his associates, and the Hon. Secretary, instead of exhibiting resentment, or attempting to prove his innocence, admitted by his silence the justice of the accusation, and even to this day the Association has not been able to get anything out of him.

We are authorised to make this statement by a member of the Association—a gentleman who paid $10,000 into the hands of Cass or his agent, and has never received anything whatever in consideration of his money. Our informant requests us, if the villainy is denied, to call on Hon. Henry Hubbard for a statement of the truth—to demand of him a publication of the letter that passed between him and Cass, particularly the letter to the Hon. Secretary of War, charging him with villainy in all its forms. We shall enclose a copy of this paper to Gen. Cass, and, if he has anything to say, let him speak out or authorize some of his organs to speak out for him. Mr. Hubbard, the public are aware, is a prominent Locofoco, and was the man that nominated Mr. Polk in the Baltimore Convention four years ago.

It was bad enough in all conscience for the head of the War Department to become a member of an association for speculating lands—to use the advantages of his high office, one of the very highest in the Government for monopolizing lands, through the use of an immense capital, to the great disadvantage and detriment of the poor emigrant. Such an operation on the part of a Secretary of War would have been in the extremest degree censurable, even if there had been nothing dishonest or unfair in his treatment of his associates; but if it is a fact, as charged, that the monstrous impropriety and shamelessness of entering into such a speculation, the Secretary added the crime of cheating or over-reaching his associates; he deserves an immortality of infamy.

The man who, as Secretary of War, speculated so extensively in Western lands and who, by that and other means, has accumulated property to the amount of a million of dollars, is now a candidate for the Presidency. If, with a high office and a salary of $8000, he could operate thus largely as a land speculator, what might he not be expectd to do with a still higher office and a salary of $25,000? If no sense of propriety could restrain him from connecting himself with a secret association for the monopoiy of public lands when he was a member of the Cabinet; what could be relied on to restrain him from a similar proceeding if he were President?

Look at this thing, fellow-cittzens, Whigs and Democrats, and decide for yourselves in your own honest minds if this land speculating Secretary of War, whether guilty of the crime, laid to his charge by Hon. Henry Hubbard and his other associates, of defrauding and swindling them, is the man you will elevate to the Presidency.

—

Now we cannot believe that General Cass has been guilty of any robbery of his associates in this business. The money may have been lost in the speculation, or wasted by unfaithful agents, but it is not credible that a Secretary of War would degrade himself to the level of a common swindler. We shall await an explanation with interest. But just look at the notorious and palpable features of this business. Gen. Cass comes down upon the Treasury with a claim of some $30,000 for extra services rendered in making Indian treaties, &c., years before when he was in the receipt of two good salaries as Governor of Michigan and Indian Agent respectively. Of the money so obtained, he invests $20,000 in the company to buy up public lands on speculation—not to improve lands, nor cultivate them, and thus give employment to Labor, but to snatch them away from Labor—to hold them out of the reach of the hardy settler unless he could be induced to pay an exhanced price for them. *Why* should he pay this? What had Cass & Co. done to earn it? It is quite common to reprobate all the business investments indiscriminately, as speculative, and pernicious, since many of them are beneficial to the community.—But what public benefit could accrue from this investment of $220,000 in the purchase of Public Lands, by men who never meant to till the first acre, but only to hold them until they could be sold at from two to two hundred dollars per acre? Is this a business that the laws should favor? Is it one that a member of the Cabinet should be engaged in?

The Hon. DANIEL DUNCAN, the able, faithful and influential member of Congress, from the Columbus District, Ohio, has issued an excellent address "to the Whigs of the Tenth Congressional District of the State of Ohio," from which we make the following extracts:

We will soon be called upon to vote for a Presidential candidate. There is no trust more sacred than that conferred on an American citizen, in the elective franchise. The interests of millions may depend upon a single vote. The conduct of this administration has impressed on us, in characters of blood, the importance of a Presidential election. The question of peace and war—the lives of ten thousands of our fellow citizens—the wasteful expenditure of one hundred and fifty millions of money, wrung from the labor of the country, depended on a few votes, in the single State of New York, in 1844.

There are four, and probably will be five candidates for the Presidential office. No one supposes that the contest is between any but Gen. Taylor and Gen. Cass. One of these, if living, will be our next President. To which of these shall I give my vote? I would have prefered a citizen of one of the free States as the candidate of our party; but the Convention, composed of a large majority of men from the free States, under no restraint, thought proper to nominate, as the representative of the Whig party, a distinguished citizen from a slaveholding State. It is not pretended that any unfairness was practised, to secure the nomination of Gen. Taylor. I know well that his particular friends in Congress opposed, with much warmth and zeal, the proposition to call a Convention, while the friends of the other candidates declared, they would acquiesce only in the decision of a Convention of the Whig party. It was finally settled that a Convention should be called. Having participated in its action, under such circumstances, the reasons inducing us to refuse our support to the nominees should be of the strongest character.

I have devoted some time, since the nomination, to an investigation of the character and opinions of General Taylor, and I have come to the conclusion that he is every way worthy of the support of the Whig party.

I have traced him from the earliest records of his history. I find a strong love of justice, and a deep regard for liberty always characterizing his conduct. I find him temperate, laborious, frugal, simple and plain in all his tastes, and ready at all times to sacrifice self to secure the comfort of his fellow-soldiers. Though his life has been devoted to arms, I find him drawing his sword only at the bidding of his government, and always tempering the stern necessities of war with the more glorious attributes of benevolence and mercy.—When the heat of the battle was over, no wife was made a widow, no children fatherless, by any act of his. No Court Martial followed in the train of his brilliant achievments; *his hand never signed a death warrant.*

When he surveyed the fields of his glory, the sternness of the warrior yielded to the noble impulses of the man, and you find him with a heart tender as that of a child, overflowing at the sight of human misery. If there is one feature in his character more strongly marked than another, it is a high and stern regard for law and justice. In all the leading traits of his character there is a striking resemblance to that of Washington. The one has evidently served as model for the other.—Their characters were formed under very similar circumstances. Both entered the army while young men, and the first services of both were on the frontiers, warring against savages. There is probably no situation better calculated to develope the mind of man, and strengthen his character, than this. His energies are kept constantly awake by the sleepless activity of the foe with which he is contending.—Even in style of writing they are alike.

THE TARIFF, CURRENCY AND MANUFACTURES.

—It is not forgotten by the public that when the prices of grain and flour last year rose unusually high, the rise was ascribed by the Administration journals to the Tariff of 1846. The real cause of the increased price was apparent enough—being neither more or less than the scarcity which prevailed on the other side of the Atlantic.

We do not find that the same journals ascribe the fall of prices since last year to the operation of the Tariff of 1846, although that measure is as fully in operation now as it was a year ago.

There is another matter, however, in relation to which the influence of the Tariff system is really potential and direct. The manufacturing interest of the United States is at this moment in a very depressed condition. The journals of the Administration might find it useful to consider how far this depression is connected with the Tariff of 1846.

The Washington Union alludes to the distress of our manufacturers, particularly those who are engaged in the manufacture of iron. It comforts them, however, with the assurance that the business has been over done, and that an unnatural stimulation was given to manufacturing enterprises generally by the excess of currency put forth by the Banks. This theory is made to look statistical by an array of tabular statements, with figures in different columns. The present stringency is imputed to a violent contraction on the part of the Banks.

This may be very satisfactory to those who are willing to make the Banks responsible for all the evils of an injudicious policy. But the suggestion may arise, coupled with a doubt, as to the efficiency of the Sub-Treasury system which was lauded as the corrector of over-issues. Is it possible that excessive paper credits have prevailed under the operation of this rigid rule of hard money payments? How does it happen that the currency suffer all those fluctuations of contraction and expansion which were formerly denounced as the fruits of the National Bank? How does it happen that these fluctuations occur, now that there is no National Bank—now that the Government is blessed with its Sub Treasury system and its strict enforcements of the specie standard?

We are very well aware that it is not a fair mode of argument to connect all the vicissitudes of trade with any particular measure of finance or commercial policy, and thus to exalt its merits when things go well, and to deprecate it when there are adverse circumstances and events. But such has been the course of the "Union." It claimed as the direct results of the democratic policy of the Tariff and the Sub-Treasury the prosperity and high prices of 1847, when a foreign famine drew our produce across the water and gave us in return abundant supplies of specie. Now that full crops in Europe prevent such demands for our breadstuffs; now that large importations of foreign goods are crowded into our ports to be sold at any sacrifice, in order to recover the specie we had drawn from Europe; now that our manufacturing establishments are suffering, and some of them falling, under this pressure from abroad, and, to the extent of their own distress, are impairing the home market for our farmers and planters—in this state of things the organ of the Administration is anxious to find some incidental and subordinate causes for the present and prospective decline of last year's prosperity. In its search after explanations it can find nothing better, it would seem, than the old cant concerning over-issues and paper inflations, which was so much in vogue before the Sub-Treasury system came into operation as the panacea for all such maladies.—*Balt. American.*

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

We have heard of sales in the *streets*—as the broker phrase has it—of good commercial paper—real bona fide transactions—not flyers—at 1 1-2 per cent. a month, and, in one instance, of a merchant buying up his own paper at 3 per cent. per month. Such *tightness* in the money market cannot long exist without bringing with it universal distress. These sacrifices are the result of Sir Robert Walker's *British Tariff* of 1846, and the drainage of the precious metals out of the country to sustain our gallant army while in Mexico—for both of which measures we are indebted to Mr. Polk and his hopeful administration, who, in playing the part of *partizans*, not only forgot, but are in a fair way to beggar the country.

Those who desire to see the affairs of the nation brought back to a state of healthfulness—who desire to see industry prosperous—must come to the rescue, and vote for Gen. ZACHARY TAYLOR, who will take *Washington* for his guide. *and act for the Country*—THE WHOLE COUNTRY—AND NOTHING BUT THE COUNTRY.—*Rough and Ready.*

A CONGRESS ON HORSEBACK.—"Irenæus" of the New York Observer, writing from White Plains, mentions that the Provincial Congress of the State of New York, adjourned in the city to meet there two days before the Declaration of Independence — The members performed the journey from New York to White Plains on horseback, the President, Pierre Van Cortlandt, riding in front the procession. On the journey an express from Gen. Washington overtook the body, with business that required immediate action; wereupon the President called the Convention to order, and held a session on horseback, several resolutions being duly passed, and the business done in an orderly manner. Perhaps our Congress might be mounted with advantage to the country.

INCIDENTS OF A DISASTER.—The St. Louis New Era, in noticing the loss of the steamer Belle of Hatchee, mentions two somewhat remarkable incidents—"A lady belonging to Memphis, when the boat struck and commenced sinking, seeing the perilous condition of those on board, gave her infant to a deck hand, with the injunction, "*If I perish, save my child.*"—The man took the babe in his arms, sprang into the water and bore his precious charge in safety to the shore. When the passengers reached Helena, almost the first person the lady met in the street was Nat Harman, the gallant deck hand, who returned the babe uninjured to its mother. The second incident is of a contrary nature. Another deck hand (name not mentioned) as soon as the boat struck, jumped into the yawl and rowed *himself* ashore, leaving many of his fellow beings in a perilous condition.

"Ma," said a little girl to her mother, "do the men want to get married as much as the women do?" "Pshaw! what are you talking about?" "Why, ma, the women who come here are always talking about getting married, and the men don't do so."

A FREE SOIL ADVOCATE.—'Get up—get up!' said a watchman the other night to a chap who had fallen a *grade* below the door-step sleepers, and who had taken a lodgement in the gutter, 'You must not lie here.' 'Lie! your'e another! y-you lie yourself! n-n-not lie here! I tell y-you wh-what old fellow, that may do to t-t-tell in them Slave States, but I'll let you know,' said the agrarian, sputtering a mouthful of mud into Charley's face, 'that th-th this is a *free soil.*

☞ The whole number of paupers in England is said to be 940,295.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2940_scm11032-1349.jpg