THE EASTON GAZETTE.

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MY MOTHER.—By ALICE CAREY.

'Twas in the autumn's dreary close,
A long, long time ago;
The berries of the brier-rose
Hung bright above the snow,
And night had spread a shadow wild
About the earth and sky,
When calling me her orphan child,
She said that she must die.

She rests within the quiet tomb,
The narrow and the chill—
The window of our cabin-home
Looks out upon the hill.
O, when the world seems wild and wide,
And friends to love me few,
I think of how she lived and died,
And gather strength anew.

MAN AND WOMAN.

MAN is the proud and lofty pine,
That frowns on many a wave-beat shore;
Woman, the young and tender vine,
Whose curling tendrils round it twine,
And deck its rough bark sweetly o'er.

Man is the rock whose towering crest
Nods o'er the mountain's barren side;
Woman the soft and mossy vest,
That loves to clasp its sterile breast,
And wreath its brow with verdant pride.

Man is the cloud of coming storm,
Dark as the raven's murky plume,
Save where the sun-beam, light and warm,
Of woman's soul—of woman's form,
Gleams brightly through the gathering gloom.

Yes, 'tis to lovely woman given,
To soothe our griefs, our woes allay—
To heal the heart by misery riven—
Change earth into an embryo heaven—
And drive life's fiercest cares away.

The Heir of the Glanvilles.

IT was the late hour of night—late, that is, for the days of Charles the First—and yet the tavern of the Golden Hawk was well nigh deserted, and had been so for the last three hours, although one of the most favorite resorts of the gallants in the neighborhood of Powles, as St. Paul's was then familiarly called. Three visitors a lone were to be seen there. One occupied a corner by himself; the other two were lazily discussing a quart of sherry amid clouds of smoke of their own raising, while they half reclined upon the benches. As regards these last, there was a considerable difference in their ages, and even more so in their manners. The younger had all the appearance of a man, who had been bred up amid the luxuries of fortune; and although his face was haggard, and his cloak was soiled, it was plain enough to see that he was, in the language of the times, a cavalier. The elder was in the prime of life, or even something beyond it, and had an air of good-humored swagger, which, with the farther evidence of his buff belt, sunburnt cheeks, and enormous black mustaches, gave ample grounds for seting him down as a soldado—as one, that is, who had seen service.

For some time the worthy compotators persevered in this sleepy silence, when the soldier, who had just brought his pipe to an end, suddenly burst out with: "Sir Francis—as I hope thou wilt be one day, when thy old father, the excellent Sir John, exchanges the furred robe of a judge for a wooden shroud—I pray of thee to expound me one small matter."

"And what is it?" asked the other

"Why, is it not strange now, that Frank Glanville should sort and converse with a fellow like me, wasting his time in taverns, drinking, dicing, and brawling, when he might be a man of worship, and, for aught I know, sitting on the same bench with his father? I should like to know the reason of it."

"The same reason, I suppose, that makes a tavern-hunter, drinker, dicer, and brawler of Master Dick Tavestock."

"The cases are not alike," replied the soldier, filling up his pipe again. "My money went long ago—so did my character and good fortune; but you have prospects—at least you would have, if you played your cards better."

"I defy any one to play his cards better, or troll the doctors better than I do," replied Francis, wilfully mistaking him, tho' in a manner that showed he felt the rebuke

"In that sense, I grant you; but I spoke of playing your cards with the grave judge, your father—humoring the old man in his whims—foiling the plans of the fox, your brother."

"What plans?" demanded Frank.

"Folks say he's a good young man, a nice young man, a steady young man—one that wears a well-starched ruff, wipes his mouth cleanly after a single glass of sherris, and sticks to his law books—in short a chip of the old block!"

"And what then? What is it to me whether he drinks one glass or a dozen? I'm not to pay for them, am I?"

"No, you are only to pay for what he does *not* drink."

"The devil I am."

"Why now, only tell me one thing: isn't it as easy to write John as Frank?—and though you be an elder brother, the judge can do as he pleases with his own.

Frank was now fully roused from his apathy. Starting up, he exclaimed—"You don't mean to say that the judge has really any thought of disinheriting me?"

"More unlikely things have come to pass," replied the soldier.

"And who the devil has put this into your head? It never came there of itself, I'll be sworn."

"Perhaps not," replied the soldier; "but there it is, however."

"Come, come, Dick, this is no joking matter. Tell me where you got your information, and I shall the better know what to think of it."

"I'll tell you what to think of it: think that it's true, and see how it may be best mended. It will be cursedly unpleasant when the old one dies to find you have more cause to mourn for yourself than for him."

"Well, Dick, I know you love me——"

"To be sure I do," interrupted the other. "The next best friend to him who has fought at one's side, is the honest fellow who drinks with one from night till morning, and never flinches."

"Then, I think, you might say how you came by the knowledge of this."

"O, a little bird whistled it in my ear—but whether it was a goldfinch or a blackbird, I can't recollect just now, and it does not much signify. Were it my case, I should certainly render brother John incapable of inheriting by knocking him on the head."

"Why, you don't mean this seriously?"

"Don't I though!"

"Nonsense; you don't mean it, and if you did it would little matter. I hold John incapable of playing me false. Even were it not so, he shall come to no harm from me. I have wronged many—myself perhaps most of all—but I will not wrong him."

"Bravely mouthed—Diavolo!"

"What's the matter now?"

"It's my belief old square-toes in the corner yonder has been overhearing us all this while. Did you see the look he cast our way just now?"

"What signifies? I have said nothing that I would not just as lief say in Powles or from the standard in Cheape."

Whether he had heard them or not, the old man, who had all the appearance of a wealthy merchant, took no notice of this remark, but summoned the drawer, and having discharged his moderate reckoning quietly left the room. In passing them, however, he gave them a brief but searching glance, which made the soldier's wrath blaze up in an instant. He dashed down his cup, and swore lustily that he would crop the merchant's ears for him—a threat he was likely enough to have executed, if Francis had not interfered. It was not that the latter had in general the slightest objection to these tavern brawls; but there was something in the mild, sympathizing glance of the stranger, that for a moment called into action the better feelings, which, though they had long lain dormant in him, had never been totally extinct. Neither was the soldier's wrath of a very enduring kind. Laughing at himself, he returned the half-drawn sword to its sheath, and applied himself once more to the wine-cup. But even this occupation, it seemed, had lost its relish, for he set it down again with a grimace as if it had been physic.

"It's a queer thing," he said, "but drink as I will I can't comfortably get drunk like other people. And yet I have been soaking till sack and sherries have no longer any taste in my mouth, more than so much water."

"Why, then, since no one appears likely to visit the Golden Hawk to night, suppose we hunt abroad for something to amuse us. If we can find no jolly fellows like ourselves who are willing to exchange a few blows with us in the way of love and good fellowship, we must e'en content ourselves with drubbing the watchmen, or being drubbed by them—it does not much matter which."

"Not a fico, lad—not a whit—not a jot, so as we have a row of some kind."

And forthwith the boon companions sallied far into the streets.

At the time of our narrative—our true narrative, be it remembered—the streets of London were lighted in a way that was only calculated to show the darkness, and to dispel so much of it as might better enable the thieves and the disorderly of all sorts to carry on their seperate vocations. The watchmen were for the most part selected, not for their fitness to the office, but because they were fit for nothing else; and with their brown bills, and cresseis instead of lanterns, they were anything but remarkable for maintaining order. The spirit of the age, too, was favorable to coarse indulgence. Robbery itself, though a crime in the eye of the law, was far from being so severely condemned by public opinion; and he who felt disposed to play the midnight robber, either in the city or on the highway, might do so in exceedingly good company. In general, therefore, it was unnecessary to go far or wait long in search of adventures suited to the tastes of a roystering blade, as they then called the wild debauchee and Mohock of a later period. Accordingly they had not gone far beyond St. Paul's church-yard, when, from one of the many small streets opening into the greater thoroughfare, like so many lesser blood-vessels opening into a larger artery, they heard the clash of swords, mingled with brutal oaths and cries for help. Such sounds were music to the ears of our two wild-bloods, who instantly started off for the spot as if by mutual consent, when, upon turning the corner, they saw a man with his back to the wall defending himself as best he might against three ruffians. The moon being bright and shining full upon the scene, they had no difficulty in discovering that the weaker party was the stranger of the Golden Hawk.

"Voto de Dios!" exclaimed Tavestock—"is the old fellow we took for a citizen; but when did a flat-cap stand upon his defense in such soldiery fashion?"

"He may be the devil for aught I care," said his companion; "but being as he is, one against three, I'll do my best to help him."

"Agreed," replied the soldier; "fair play forever!"

And with this cry they both drew their swords, and without more warning set upon the assailants, who, finding themselves thus opposed to equal numbers when they least expected it, immediately took to their heels. The aid, however, had but just come in time. It is true that the two or three wounds the old man had received were too slight to be worth speaking of; but even in this brief struggle his strength had begun to fail him, for it was only by the exercise of an activity far beyond his years that he had succeeded in keeping the ruffians at bay. In another minute the affair had probably been settled by his death. The first impulse of the two allies was to pursue them; but the authoritative tone of the old man checked their purpose.

"You shall run into no useless danger on my account," he said; "there is no telling how near others of the gang may be."

The valiant captain scouted the idea of danger from such scum of the earth, as he called them, protesting that he had often stood single-handed against a dozen taller fellows; but the stranger was peremptory. His age and manner both carried command with them, notwithstanding his gentleness; and farther to assure himself of their obedience, he requested they would see him safe home to his lodgings in the neighborhood of the Savoy. To such a request there could be no decent demurring, and the captain complied, the more willingly as he hoped on some future occasion to make the night's adventure a means of drawing the old gentleman's purse-strings.

On reaching a narrow street not far from the Savoy, the old man knocked at the door of a house which stood at the extreme end, where it was closed in by an iron railing preventing any thoroughfare.

"Here," he said, "we must part for the present, for mine is an orderly household, and brooks no late hours. But you now know my lodgings; and when I farther tell you that I am William Crymes, of Killworthy, near Tavistock, in Devonshire, no more need be said to night."

"Tavistock," exclaimed the captain—"By Saint George and his dragon to boot, I would we were as near in blood as in name!"

"I said my name was Crymes," replied the old man, drily.

"Did you?" retorted the unblushing soldier. "Then it is your estate which is my name-sake; and no offense to you, old gentleman, it were the better kin-ship."

"Be it so; I have no inclination to dispute that or anything else you may choose to advance at this late hour. Let me see you both to-morrow at midday: till then, God be with you."

The street door opened while he was thus speaking, and the old man, having entered, it was closed again without further question. The two boon companions stood looking at each other a few moments in dumb surprise at such laconic proceedings, and then simultaneously burst into a fit of laughter.

"The old gentleman," said Francis, "stands on little ceremony with his friends."

"As little," replied the soldier, "as I would with a tavern-drawer, or my landlord's fusby wife when there's no rent owing—marry, when I'm six months in arrear, as will sometimes happen, 'tis another matter. But nevertheless, and notwithstanding, as your lawyers say, I'll make something out of the old fellow—something hand-some, too—and of *that* you may rest as certain as of death, or quarter-day, or any other thing equally agreeable."

The next day as the appointed hour drew nigh, Francis began to think that, however excellent a companion the captain might be in a tavern, his buff jerkin and military oaths were not best suited to the meridian of a grave family. What was worse, the *noscitur e socio*—or, according to the vernacular proverb, "*Birds of a feather flock together*"—might be applied in the present case, which he was sensible would be of little to the honor of Master Francis Glanville—an individual he felt himself particularly bound to study. Now, without exactly knowing why, he had a strong desire to stand in the good graces of his new acquaintance, which he thought could not be better done than by paying his intended visit alone; and, as good luck would have it, when he mounted up to the dingy attic tenanted by the captain in the purlieus of White Friars, he found that worthy fast asleep, from the effect of the previous night's debauch.

"It would be a pity to wake him," said Frank to himself, with a smile expressive of much internal satisfaction; and having crept down the stairs no less gently than expeditiously, he speeded off to his appointment

To his demand of whether Mr. Crymes could be seen, the servant who had opened the door to him replied by showing him into a small, oak-panneled chamber, and requesting that he would sit down and wait awhile.

Thus left to himself, Francis began to examine the family portraits that made a part of the paneling, being let into without frames, and almost seemed to be painted upon it. Among this goodly collection, which, from the various costumes, looked marvelously like a masquerade, he had no difficulty in recognising the picture of his new acquaintance—a stiff, wooden affair, but still so formidable a likeness that it was impossible for the most unpracticed eye to mistake it for a moment. By its side was the portrait of a young girl—the work of a different hand, or else the charms of the original had inspired the artist, and taught him to paint in a way very different from his usual style. Francis became irresistibly smitten.

"Was ever anything half so beautiful?" he exclaimed. "What eyes! What a forehead!—white and polished as ivory!—What cheek!—the carnation blending with the lily!"

The rustling of silk, and a slight "Ahem!" made him suddenly turn round, when who should stand before him but the undoubted original of the portrait he had been so much admiring. It would be hard to say which blushed most deeply, the gentleman or the lady; and yet there was an arch smile about the lips of the latter, that seemed to say she enjoyed the joke not a little.

Frank bowed and stammered out something, he scarcely knew what; but the lady—blessings on the modesty of the ladies! they have ten times the assurance of your male animal—the lady, making a profound curtsey, at least as much in mockery as in compliance with etiquette, informed him that her father, though in no danger, was still too much indisposed, from *the affair of the night before*, to see any one just then, but would gladly receive his preserver the moment his health would allow it

To this Frank replied by expressing his hopes, and his thanks, and his delight that the old gentleman was in no danger, till, having exhausted these topics, he was suddenly brought to a stan still, unwilling to quit the charmer, and yet not knowing how to prolong the conversation. A few minutes only had wrought a marvelous change in the bold reveler. The fact was, he had fallen in love—over head and ears—love at the first sight, and, like most gentlemen in that unhappy situation, was disposed to make himself pre-eminently ridiculous. But, as such scenes, however pleasant to the actors therein, have little or no amusement for the spectator, we may as well drop the curtain.

(To be continued.)

WE commend the following from the Louisville (Ky.) Journal, to the consideration of the Whig party generally. The views are sound and conservative, and from one of the oldest and best Whig papers in the country.

THE WHIG ADMINISTRATION—THE PRESIDENCY.—We confidently claim for the present administration eminent success in conducting both the foreign and domestic policy of the government. We need not make an array of facts and have recourse to an ingenious argument to prove this position. We have merely to point to the fact that moderate and truly patriotic men of all parties have concurred in eulogizing the present administration, to show that it has succeded in an eminent degree in giving satisfaction to the country.

Indeed it is a remarkable fact that the administration has received cordial thanks and ample testimonies to its efficiency from distinguished men of the opposite party. In but very few cases has this heretofore happened. For the most part, administrations have met with continued and bitter opposition from those who were unfriendly, but that of Mr. Fillmore has extorted lofty tributes from lips very unused to uttering praises of Whigs and Whig measures. In the Senate of the United States, the most distinguished members of the opposition have conceded to the administration wisdom and efficiency, and this attestation to its merits has been echoed through State legislative bodies and re-echoed by the moderate men of all parties in all sections. Had this conciliation of the opposition been brought about by a compromise of Whig measures, then it would have been achieved at the sacrifice of integrity, but it has been extorted by the display of a degree of ability and patriotism which is thoroughly national. The administration has not been actuated merely by a desire to promote partisan interests, but, with a patriotism that is not circumscribed within the limits of party, it has devoted itself to the great business of securing the highest interests of all the States and of all the people.

We not only see the great merits of the administration in the quality and degree of the admiration it has received, but we also see them reflected from the peculiar species of hostility which it has engendered. The bitterest and most vehement hostility which has been manifested toward the administration has come from ultra men, from men of factious prejudices, from men who are not heart-whole on the great subject of the Union. The administration is hated by all the traitors and disunionists of all sections of the country with a bitterness proportioned to the irreparable injury it has inflicted on their bad cause. The Northern abolitionists have exhausted the vocabulary of invective in their fierce anxiety to make it appear that the administration has sacrificed the best interests of the nation. The sectionists of the South have shown themselves to be rich in the language of villification in their efforts to blacken the fame of an administration as unquestionably patriotic, prudent and wise as any that our Republic has seen. We are sorry to add that some of the bitterest vituperation on the motives and the conduct of the administration has proceeded from men who call themselves Whigs, and who have essayed to effect what is impossible by combining the qualities of Whigism with the vile promptings of a miserable sectionalism.—They have tried to construe Whig principles into rampant anti-slaveryism, and have bitterly denounced the administration because it has been guided by the spirit and teachings of the Constitution, and has been neither pro-slavery nor anti slavery, but wholly and purely national.

But the odds and ends of parties, however embittered their maledictions have been, have been altogether inadequate to the task of convincing the the people that the administration has exhibited any want of those great qualities which have made illustrious the most revered of former administrations. An overwhelming majority of the Whigs in all the States are proud of the administration and satisfied with what it has done.

So far as the opposition of the Locofocos is concerned, no one who has closely observed it can have failed to remark that it has not generally been characterized by ferocity, and that, even where it has been bitterest, it has been vituperative rather than argumentative. It would sadly puzzle the shrewdest enemy to make out a catalogue of bad deeds of which the administration has been guilty. Indeed, we challenge any opponent of the administration to show one instance in which it has been either unwise, inefficient, or unjust.

We are satisfied that the administration has succeeded in endearing itself to an overwhelming majority of the Whigs, and has given satisfaction to a large majority of the candid and moderate Democrats.—There is more acquiesence on political topics than at any former period, and when Whigs and Locofocos meet they converse far more pleasantly together than they were accustomed to do in past years. This feeling of reconciliation is greatly owing to the fact that men of the two parties, as a general rule, entertain the same views in relation to the conduct of the administration. Had the administration been vindictive or narrowly partisan, the old partisan animosities would have been maintained, and, instead of agreeing when they meet together, Whigs and Locofocos would continue to be uncompromisingly hostile to each other.

Such being our views of the remarkable unanimity of the people of all parties in relation to the merits of the present administration, we confess we have been surprised to notice of late certain movements in certain quarters to bring out leading Whigs as candidates for the Presidency in 1852. Several Whig newspapers have been so inconsiderate as to place at their heads the names of distinguished Whigs as those whom they would prefer to sustain in the next Presidential contest, and some meetings have been held in a few of the States for the purpose of recommending certain whig candidates for the Presidency next year. We think all such demonstrations utterly premature, and calculated to sow the seeds of discord in the Whig party.

It seems to us to be clearly the dictate of wisdom that there shall be no attempt to forestall the Whig nomination during the present year. There will be enough time next year to talk of candidates. Within the next twelve or eighteen months, events may occur which may greatly change the desires of the Whigs of the country in relation to their candidates for the Presidency and Vice Presidency. By a course of firmness and prudence, the Whigs will certainly be able to elect whomsoever they nominate next year. But if the friends of Mr. Fillmore and the friends of Mr. Webster and the friends of Mr. Clay and the friends of Gen. Scott get together in different places and nominate their respective favorites, nothing but turmoil and confusion can be expected during the contest and nothing but inglorious defeat will close it.

We confess that we are so well pleased with Mr. Fillmore that we do not desire any change in the administration of the Government, and in this opinion we are confident that we are sustained by a large majority of the people of this country.

Lazy rich girls make rich men poor, while industrious poor girls make poor men rich.

Maryland Reform Convention.

ANNAPOLIS, April 24, 1851.

The Convention proceeded to the order of the day—being the Judicial report.

Mr. Bowie submitted a substitute for the 9th section, and Mr. Crisfield's substitute, to lay off the State into 13 districts (exclusive of Baltimore city,) with one judge to each, to be elected by the voters thereof, at an annual salary of $2.000 each. Rejected—Yeas 21, Nays 64.

Mr Thomas moved to amend the original 9th section, so as to provide four terms a year instead of two. Rejected

The vote was then taken on the substitute of Mr. Spencer, so far as it regards the classification of the districts for the 9th section. Rejected.

Mr. McMaster moved to amend the original 9th section, by making the salaries $1,500 instead of $2.000. Rejected.

Mr. Brent, of Baltimore, then offered a substitute for seven districts. Rejected.

The question was then put on so much of Mr. Crisfield's substitute as relates to the classification of the districts, and it was carried—Yeas 61, Nays 21.

Amendments were proposed by Messrs. Shriver and Schley and adopted, and by Messrs. Miller and Johnson and rejected.

Mr. Thomas moved to strike from the 10th section, all that part of it which looks to the abolition of the Orphans' Courts.—Adopted—and the 10th section agreed to. Adjourned

ANNAPOLIS, April 25, 1851.

Mr. Stephenson submitted a resolution for an adjournment *sine die* on the 10th of May. On motion of Mr. Thomas, the 10th was stricken out, and 5th inserted, and the resolution was passed.

The report of the Judiciary Committee was then resumed. The question being on the second branch of Mr. Crisfield's substitute for the 9th section.

On motion of Mr. Ridgely, the following proviso was added to the first branch of said substitute, which classifies the counties into circuits: That Baltimore County Court may hold its sittings within the limits of the city of Baltimore until provision is made by law for the location of a county seat within the limits of said county, proper, and the erection of a Court-House and all other appropriate buildings for the convenient administration of justice in said county.

Mr. Ridgely moved an amendment to the 2d branch of said substitute. Rejected.

Mr. Crisfield moved to require said *judges to perform the Orphans' Court* business in their several districts. Rejected.

Mr. Bowie moved to arrange the State into 12 districts. Ruled out of order by the chair.

The 2d branch of Mr. Crisfield's substitute was then adopted.

Mr. Spencer moved a reconsideration, which did not prevail.

The 9th section as amended was adopted.

The 10th section was re-considered, and stricken out.

Mr. Harbine moved to amend the second branch of said substitute, by making the terms of the circuit judges eight years instead of ten. Rejected.

Mr. Thomas moved to amend the second branch of Mr. Crisfield's substitute, by striking out thirty years as the age of a circuit judge, and inserting twenty-five.—Rejected—33 to 41.

The remainder of the session was occupied in attempting to regulate the Orphan's Courts and Equity Courts, and propositions and amendments to effect the object were offered by Messrs. Jenifer, M Newcomer, Bowie, Grason, J Dennis, Brown, Johnson and Shriver—but without coming to any conclusion, the Convention adjourned.

ANNAPOLIS, April 26, 1851.

Mr. Buchanan submitted an order to pay the pages $1 50 per day, instead of $1—Agreed to.

On motion of Mr. Chambers, of Kent, the committee on accounts were authorised to pay Thos. H O'Neal, the maker, and C. B Graham, the lithographer, of a map for the use of the Convention, their respective accounts, therefor, provided the whole does not exceed $100—that three copies of said map be distributed to each member, and one to each officer of the Convention, and that the residue be deposited in the Library.

Mr. Howard, chairman of the military committee reported, a section vesting in the Legislature power to re-organize the militia of the State, and also the Divisions and Brigades—to pass laws for the encouragement of volunteer companies, to the extent at least of a Division in Baltimore city, and a company in each county, by securing to each member thereof the sum of one dollar,—or by such other means as to it may seem most expedient.

The consideration of the report of the Judiciary committee was then resumed—The several propositions submitted yesterday as the 10th section, in regard to the Orphan's and Equity Courts, being under consideration. The first in order being that of M Newcomer, as amended by Messrs. Johnson and Shriver, which was accepted as a substitute for the 10th section of the report, by a vote of 45 to 26. It was then adopted as an article of the Constitution.

On motion of Mr. Ridgely it was reconsidered, and after some further proceedings it was rejected by a vote of 37 to 37.

Mr. Spencer gave notice of sundry amendments to said report.

Mr. Davis presented a petition of sundry

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