THE 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. XXXIV. EASTON, MD., SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1851. No. 27.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY **SATURDAY MORNING,**

BY

GRAHAM & JOHNSON.

J. A. JOHNSON, EDITOR.

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TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE, or TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS if not paid within *one month* of the time of subscribing, or the renewal of subscription. In no case will the above terms be deviated from. No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publishers.

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From Arthur's Home Gazette.

MEMORY.

BY MRS. MARY ARTHUR.

Stay beside me, gentle spirit,
With the soft and sunny hair,
Thine eyes have such a meaning
As the thoughts of childhood wear.
I would look upon thy features
Till my heart goes back the ways,
Where I dearly loved to linger,
In most unclouded days.

Whence the sunshine came, I knew not,
But its glow was always there,
Giving to common things around,
A beauty glad and rare.
Ah! heaven smile, is it better
That I know from whence thou art,
Since the blessed light has flitted
With childhood's sinless heart?

I was happy—I was happy,
As I ne'er can be again,
Though the very name of happiness
Was all unspoken then;
Uncalled for, and unfathomed,
To the simplest joys it came,
And I only loved the bosom-guest,
Nor ever asked its name.

Yet who, of all the wise ones,
Midst the dwellers of the earth,
Can speak its praises better,
Than the child who feels its worth.
When it sparkles in the river,
Or blooms among the grass,
Or dances with the shining leaves,
As the fragrant wind goes pass.

Ah! the joy of childhood perished,
Is a flower forever gone,
And naught so blest, to selfish hearts,
Is found in living on.
But a purer, brighter, better
Than ever childhood knew
Springs at the feet of all who love
The holy and the true.

What if their day be shaded,
By the touch of care and ill,
Beyond the reach of cloud and storm,
Their God is smiling still.
And oh! how far excelling
The gladness God has given,
To the thoughtlessness of infancy,
Is the wisdom learned from heaven.

Oh! spirit, gentle spirit,
Have you led me back in vain
To the fair and spreading hill-side,
Where the morning shines again?
May I not, amidst the freshness,
Caught from its early ray,
Pray for that light which shineth,
Unto the perfect day?

Washington, D. C.

The Sucker Sucked in:

OR, THE GRAY HAIRED FORTUNE TELLER.

A merry-looking individual, from the regions of Suckerdom, ran in hot haste into Recorder Caldwell's Court yesterday, and exclaimed in the voice of an excited, injured, and yet triumphant man, "I have him, by golly! I have him!"

"How now? What's the matter?" inquired the Recorder.

"Matter enough," said the Sucker, marching himself and companion up against the front rail before the Recorder's magisterial desk, entirely regardless of numerous paper cautions, which admonished all and singular to "Beware of Paint."

For a moment the court, the Sucker, the officers, and the lookers-on in Denmark, were stupified into silence unusually profound. During this brief pause, the Sucker and his friend were the observed of all observers." Sucker, seeing this, bore his corporality first on one leg and then on the other, and tried to enlarge himself into a degree of dignity suited to the impulse of his position. In this tax on his organ of self-esteem, his face became florid with excitement, and his hair tried to raise itself on end. He looked at his homespun pants, of russett brown, at his vestless breast, at his coat of mingled gray and seedy blue, and at his rather flabby and shabby hat, and felt conscious that he was a somewhat conspicuous morsel of the medley compound of humanity around him.

The Recorder threw himself on his dignity, and asked the intruder what he wanted.

"You see," said the individual addressed, "that my name's J. G. Farnsworth, and I was born and reared in Calhoun county, in the State of Illinois. Well, I takes it into my head that corn was sellin' at an almighty low rate, pigs ditto, and I was tired for frolickin' with the gals about thar, so I concludes that I'd better pick up my traps and start for Californy, as I'd hearn of a great many fellows that had made a heap by going to the diggins, gettin' specimens, and all that. As soon as I made up my mind about this, I couldn't sleep nor rest now how, so I went a visitin' round among all my kin and sweethearts and that like, and at last I got ready and started. When I come to St. Louis, I picked up this 'ere Frenchman—his name's Calais Morton—and we both on us agreed to travel together, first to New Orleans and then to the Diggins.

"Well, when we got here, we went to board at the Alabama House on the levee, and Caly paid for his passage, but I hadn't enough o'money to pay for mine. So this mornin' I was talkin' about the house, and what should I do but fall in with a feller who was well dressed. He asked me whar I was from and which way I was travellin.' I told him I was goin' to Californy, but hadn't enough o' money to pay my passage, and wanted to get somebody to advance it for me, and I'd pay him as soon as we got to the mines. He says to me—"I reckon I can find some person that 'ill do that for you, that is, if you can go as high as forty dollars." I told him that I could raise that much, and then he told me to go with him, away up and down, and around, and back,—about a mile and a half, I reckon,—and at last the fellow took us into a purty decent looking barroom whar there wasn't many houses about.

"Thar was an old grey-headed man thar, behind the bar, who appeared to be very drunk; so what should this old feller do, but pull out a note—he said it was a five hundred dollar note—but I couldn't tell, for I didn't look at it close, and I havn't much larnin' any how—and he offered $10 to any one that 'od take him to the bank; "say," says he, "I'll give twenty," says he. The feller that took us out thar, said he'd tell his forun, and gim him $20 if he didn't tell everything.

"Well, me and the Frenchman thought it was all right, and didn't suspect anything, and we went into a little back room with the old feller and the young feller—There was no cards on the table when we went in but they soon came there. I don't know how they came, and I don't know anything about cards myself; arter a while the old feller shuffled the cards and tole a capital fortin for the young feller, and the young feller swore that every word on it was true. Then they began to play,—the old feller put down some notes, and the young feller put down some, but he wanted to borrer $5 from me to make up the change, I didn't like to lend it, but, bein as he was goin' to get my passage to Californy, I couldn't refuse him, so I says, talk enough old boy, quite free like, and gim him the money. After playin,' the young feller won and paid me back the money, but the old feller put down his $500 note, and asked the young feller to cover it if he dared. He took out all his money, and went to the bar and borrowed, but he hadn't enough yet, and so he borrowed the $ 5 from me again, and $20 from the Frenchman. But still, he hadn't enough, and so he got $10 more from the Frenchman. When they played, I didn't know which won, but the young feller said he did, and the old feller said he did, and the old feller grabbed the money the young feller put down, and the young feller picked up the old feller's note and started. The Frenchman run after him, and I was looking after the old feller, but he slipped out of a side door and got away. Then we both run after the young feller and co'ch him, and we've got him here, we have."

"Where?" asked the Recorder.

"Out thar, in that lock-up-place."

And so they had, sure enough, and the police, under the orders of his honor, are now making active search for the whereabouts of the old gray-haired swindler and fortune-teller, who profited by the verdancy of the two up countrymen.

THERE is generally some fun going on where ex-Senator Dickinson is. The correspondent of the Journal of Commerce relates the following colloquy between Gov. D. and Senator Douglas on the cars as they were passing over the Erie railroad last week. The Governor was anxious to know if Judge Douglas was any relation to another gentleman bearing his cognomen somewhat prominent in public life.—"His name," says the Governor, "is Frederick; I believe he's not a cousin of yours?" "No," replied the judge, there are two families of Douglases—the Black and the Red Douglas—I represent the Red."

"I was once," added the Judge, "on the stump in Illinois, surrounded by a party of Canalers, one of whom regarded somewhat insignificantly, with his eye, my diminutive and then attenuated person. Presently he addressed me—'Mr. Douglas, are you a descendant of the great Black Douglas!' 'Yes, I am'—my health has been bad for some time, and I was reduced to about 110 pounds. The Irishman scanned again my puny limbs. 'Faith and be jabers,' said he, 'a —— of a *descent* it is.'" —*Buffalo Com.*

AN absent minded editor having courted a girl and applied to her father, the old man said:

"Well, you want my daughter—what sort of a settlement will you make? What will you give her?'

'Give her?' replied the other, looking up vacantly, 'O, I'll give her a puff.'

'Take her,' replied the father.

OBEYING ORDERS.

THE "oldest inhabitant" perfectly remembers the Widow Trotter, who used, many years ago, to occupy a small wooden house away down in Hanover streeet, in somewhat close proximity to Salutation-alley. Well, this widow was blessed with a son, who, like Goldsmith, and many other men, distinguished in after-life, was the dunce of his class. Numerous were the floggings his stupidity brought upon him, and the road to knowledge was with him truely a "vale of tears."

One day he came home, as usual, with red eyes and hands.

"O, you blockhead!" screamed his mother—she was a bit of a virago, Mrs. Trotter was—"you've been gettin' another lickin' I know."

"O, yes," replied young Mr. Trotter; "that's one uv the reg'lar exercises—lickin' me. 'Arter, I've licked Trotter,' says the master, 'I'll hear the 'rithmetic class.—But, mother, to change the subject, as the criminal said when he found the judge was getting personal, is there enny arrant I can do for you?"

"Yes," grumbled the widow; "only you're so eternal slow about any thing you undertake—so get a pitcher of water, and be four years about it, will ye?"

Bob Trotter took the pitcher, and wended his way in the direction of the street pump; but he hadn't got far, when he encountered his friend, Joe Buffer, the mate of a vessel, issuing from his house, and dragging a heavy sea-chest along with him.

"Come Bob," said Joe, "bear a hand, and help me down to Long Wharf with this."

"Well, so I would," said Bob, "only you see mother has sent me after a pitcher of water."

"What do you care for that. Come along."

"Well," said Bob, "first let me hide the pitcher where I can find it again."

With these words he stowed away his earthenware under a flight of stone steps, and accompanied his friend aboard ship. The pilot was urging the captain to cast off and take advantage of the wind and tide, but the captain was waiting the arrival of a boy who had shipped the day before, and wishing no good to his eyes for the delay he had occasioned.

At last he turned to Bob, and said—

"What do you say, youngster, to shipping with me? I'll treat you well and give you ten dollars a month."

"Should like to go," said Bob hesitatingly, "but my mother——"

"She'll be glad to get rid of you. Come, will you go?"

"I haint got no clothes."

"Here's a chest full. The other chap was just your size, and they'll fit you to a T."

"I'll go."

Cast off that line there!" shouted the captain, and the ship fell off with the tide, and was soon standing down the bay with a fair wind, and every stitch of canvass set. She was bound for the Northwest via. Canton and back again, which was then called the double voyage, and usually occupied about four years.

In the meanwhile, the non-appearance of Bob seriously alarmed his mother. A night passed, and the town crier was called into requisition; a week, when she gave him up, had a note read for her in the meeting, and went into mourning.

Just four years after the above occurrence, the ship got back to port, and Bob and his friend were paid off. The wages of the widow's son amounted to just four hundred and eighty dollars, and he found on squaring his accounts with the captain, that his advances had amounted to the odd tens and four hundred dollars clear were the fruit of his cruise.

As he walked in the direction of his mother's house in company with Joe, he scanned with a curious eye the houses, the shops, and the people that he passed. Nothing appeared changed; the same signs indicated an unchanging hospitality on the part of the same landlords, the same loafers were standing at the same corners—it seemed as if he had been gone only a day. With the odd sights and sounds, Bob's old feelings revived, and he almost dreaded to see, debouching from some alley, a detachment of boys, sent by his ancient enemy, the schoolmaster, to know why he had been playing truant, and to carry him back, to receive the customary wallopping.

When he was quite near home, he said, "Joe, I wonder if anybody's found that old pitcher."

He stooped down, thrust his arm under the stone-steps, and withdrew the identical piece of earthenware he had deposited there just four years ago. Having rinsed and filled it at the pump, he walked into his mother's house, and found her seated in her accustomed arm-chair. She looked at him for a minute, recognized him, screamed, and exclaimed:

"Why, Bob, where *have* you been?—What have you been doing."

"Gettin' that pitcher of water," answered Bob, setting it on the table; "I always obey orders—you told me to be four years about it, and I was."

NATIONAL CONVENTIONS.—The Liberty party National Convention will be held at Buffalo, Sep. 17 and 18; and the National Convention of Reformers and Workmen. (The National Industrial Congress,) will be held at Washington City on the first Wednesday in June, 1852.

FIRE ANNIHILATOR.

It is stated in the Washington Telegraph that a number of wealthy gentlemen are associating together for the purpose of obtaining the American patent of the *Fire Annihilator*, and that an agent will soon be authorized to proceed to London to open negotiations, and to pay any price not exceeding a million of dollars. The New York Times, speaking on this subject, remarks that if the information we have from England respecting this invention is correct, we may as well abandon our fire engines and adopt it at once. The new extinguisher is represented to be nearly as portable as a fire bucket; and the article used, "anti-combustive gas," (carbonic gas we suppose,) instantly chokes and puts out the fiercest flame. So say the English papers, and the fact that a company has been formed for the manufacture of the article, that it is rapidly going into general use, and that the members of the company are sharing handsome dividends, are certainly *prima facie* evidence that the statement is true. The queen, the nobility, and many of the great manufacturers have the machines in their palaces, mansions and factories. The officers of the navy and of the merchant service recommend the invention, and Lord Brougham is anxious for the passage of a law prohibiting vessels from going to sea without the machines on board. At the express desire of the royal commissioners, they have been introduced into the Crystal Palace for the protection of the articles collected there, and the whole English press, without an exception we believe, pronounces the "Fire Annihilator" one of the most important inventions of the age. And yet here, where fires are so frequent and so destructive, we know nothing about the article, except from hearsay. Will not some public-spirited American, now in London, send us over a specimen, so that we may judge for ourselves? We take from an English paper the following, from an extensive manufacturing firm in Manchester:

"We consider the annihilator will be able to put out any fire that may hereafter occur. One that took place in January last was put out in about five minutes by three charges, (although it spread with the rapidity of gunpowder a distance of 150 feet,) and the men were enabled to resume their work in an hour afterwards.

"Two other very great advantages the annihilator possesses are, that it allows persons to breathe in the room where the fire is, and the apparatus can be used without causing the least damage to the machinery, as is the case with both steam and water.

"From the experience we have had of the invention we have no hesitation in saying that even the portable machines will be found sufficient to extinguish any fire, if applied immediately on its outbreak."

THE CENSUS.—We find the following paragraph in the New York Tribune:

"Mr. Disturnell, of this city has addressed a petition to the Legislature asking for an appropriation to aid in publishing immediately the statistics relating to this State in the United States Census just taken. It seems that Congress having made no appropriation for printing the census, it cannot be done until next year, and meanwhile its statistics would be useful. Mr. Disturnell accordingly proposes to publish them at once on the appropriation of some $1,200, in return for which he will furnish a certain number of the books containing them. The plan deserves attention on the part of the Legislature."

A resolution passed the House providing for the distribution of a certain number of copies of the Census among the members; but, as there was no appropriation, the Secretary of the interior has not the means of making the distribution.—Such information as is contained in the Census does not improve with age, and it would have been desirable to employ the summer interval in printing it accurately and in a neat style, so that the books might have been ready for delivery at meeting of Congress. The President called the attention of Congress to the subject in his annual message in the following words: "It will also be proper to make provision by law at an early day for the publication of such abstracts of the returns as the public interests may require." As Congress failed to make such provision, at a late day in the session Mr. Secretary Stuart addressed letters to the proper committees in the two Houses calling their attention to the subject. Of these letters there was as little notice taken as there was of Mr. Conrad's call for an appropriation to meet the deficiencies in the military service. The consequence is that there will be no mode of gratifying public interest and curiosity in this matter till some time in the year 1852. —*Wash. Repub.*

MARYLAND AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.—A London letter in the N. Y. Tribune speaking of the American portion of the Fair, says—

The United States are very poorly represented; and their somewhat aggressive-looking eagle, (the only national emblem in the building, spreads his wings over a wide but thinly occupied region. A good many plows, a few pianos, harness, pistols, oars, with a few lamps, india-rubber over-shoes, brooms, soap, and *several barrels of shoe-pegs*, form the staple of their display, and give a most inadequate idea of the real state of manufacturing skill in America.

The State of Maryland, however, deserves honorable mention for a handsome case of carved walnut, containing a collection, in small, compactly arranged samples, of most of her natural and manufactured products. With this exception, the objects contained in the American department are not only insufficient, but cover quite too much ground; placed closer together they would have produced a much better effect.

PRESIDENT FILLMORE.

An article in the National Intelligencer of Saturday truly says—

The rare qualities that enter into and form the character of President Fillmore are calculated to excite the admiration of his countrymen, while his successful Administration as Chief Magistrate entitles him to their approbation. Entertaining these opinions, I ask the use of your columns to give expression in a few remarks to the impressions and feelings they prompt of the merits of the present Executive.

True greatness arises with the occasion, and is always equal to it. The truth of this sentiment is illustrated in an eminent degree in the career, thus far, of Mr. Fillmore. In all the relations in which he has stood to the people, as a member of the Legislature and Comptroller of the State of New York, as a member of Congress, Vice-President of the United States, and finally President of the Republic, his wisdom, prudence, and virtue have shown conspicuously, and he has acquitted himself with unsurpassed ability, fidelity and untiring and successful devotion to the great interests confided to him. His able and patriotic management of public affairs will constitute one of the brightest leaves in the administrative history of the nation. The ship of State was nearing, if she was not among the breakers; the storm-cloud, collected by the fell spirit of fanaticism and sectionalism, hung darkly and portentously over the destinies of the country, when, by an extraordinary visitation of Providence, he was called to pilot her; and, selecting for his counsellors a Cabinet as able as ever adorned the Departments, at once the voice of patriotism and true national statesmanship dispelled the cloud; and, steering by the great chart of "Union and Liberty"—the glorious Constitution—perilous condition, and brought her, for the present at least, into safe harbor. Has not the Republic reason to be proud of such a chief, and to cherish him not only in its highest admiration, but also in its warmest affections and deepest gratitude; who, being the architect of his own fame and distinction, has employed all his talents and justly won influence to the promotion of its honor at home and abroad.

If circumstances do not make, they have much to do in developing men; and when that development unfolds qualities upon which a nation may implicitly rely in conferring its highest trusts, their possessor merits, and should receive the tribute of respect and confidence to which he is entitled.

Actuated by such views and opinions of President Fillmore, the writer of this, who only knows him through the medium of his public acts, which exhibit him as combining a high order of intellect; the qualifications of a sagacious and thoroughly informed statesman; calmness and courage; firmness without daring and obstinacy; dignity without magisterial ostentation; morality without blot; and patriotism bounded only by the limits and interests of his country, (and which is seen in action, not in vaporing professions,) is prompted to offer this humble tribute to his worth and services, which he doubts not will find a response in the heart-felt sentiments of the whole nation.

For the talents and energy displayed by Mr. Fillmore in elevating himself from obscurity to the highest and most honorable distinction in the civilized world, we admire him; for his devotion to the Union & his agency in maintaining it, we love him.

THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT.

John S. Gallagher, Third Auditor of the Treasury Department, has addressed a letter to the President, in reply to a complaint made to the latter of unnecessary delay in the transaction of business.—This letter gives a pretty good insight into the immense amount of business which has accumulated in this department, arising principally in consequence of the Mexican war. When he took charge of the bureau, he found unsettled nearly three thousand large accounts of government officers. By the acts of June 2, 1848, and March 3, 1849, there were presented and renewed nearly ten thousand claims for expenses of raising volunteers for the Mexican war, and for horses and other property lost.

In reference to claims and bounty lands he says—

"There have been reports and decisions, within the last year, covering more than 1000 pages of large folio books.—Yet, notwithstanding my steady and persevering efforts to dispose of them, it is difficult to lessen the docket; for upon every adverse report there is an effort through members of Congress and attorneys to have a re-examination; upon new testimony, or upon an argument as to the law and facts. Nothing but payment will satisfy claimants or their attorneys; and not even that in many cases, for there are frequent attempts made to procure payment a second time. Some of the claims are of 36 years' standing, originating in the war with Great Britain, and consequently requiring very careful examination. Never, perhaps, in the whole history of the Government, have there been such persevering and bold attempts to get into the national treasury unlawfully as at present.

The late act of Congress giving bounty land to officers and soldiers has added largely to the duties of this bureau. I now have twenty-five clerks employed in making out certificates of service in the war with England and several Indian wars, and have reported at least twenty thousand of these since the first of November last. I send to the Pension Office an average of two hundred and fifty daily."

The whole number of Clerks employed in this bureau is seventy-two—of which twenty-five are engaged upon the Bounty Land act, the war rolls from 1812, and several Indian wars.

The Comptroller, Hon. Hiland Hall, states that no appeal has been made from Mr. Gallagher's decisions, since his (Hall's) entry into office.

WASHINGTON, THE DEMOCRACY, AND BUCHANAN.

The Washington Union, which seems to labor under the singular delusion that General Washington was a member of the democratic party, is set right by the Washington Republic, which publishes the following pungent extract from an oration delivered by Hon. JAMES BUCHANAN, before the Washington Association of Lancaster, on the 4th of July, 1815:—

"Notwithstanding their, (the Democrat's) desperate efforts, the Constitution was adopted, and Washington was elected President.

"It might have been supposed that these factionaries would have been awed into silence by wisdom and virtue. This was not the case. The opposition which they had given to the Federal Government was transferred to its administration. At first, indeed, the voice of calumny dared only to whisper against Washington and his measures, but ere long it was heard in thunder.

"When the French revolution commenced, it was hailed by the people of this country, generally, as the dawn of rational liberty in Europe. But when, in its progress, it had become the destruction of citizens were daily sentenced to death and butchered, without trial and without crime; when all the horrors of anarchy were poured out upon that devoted country at home, and when, Attila-like, it had become the scourge of God to foreign nations, the Washington party began to entertain fears for its result, and thought it necessary to stem the torrent of French influence, which was rapidly overflowing our country. To this duty they were imperiously called, as it was not only in theory one of the avowed objects of that government to spread revolutionary principles over the whole world, but they had actually attempted to sow the seeds of rebellion throughout the United States.

"True to their original principles and their first love, *the Democratic party of that day became more the friends of the French as they became more the enemies of social order.* When the proclamation of neutrality was issued by Washington—that proclamation which is now almost universally admitted to have been the salvation of our country—that proclamation which impartially placed England and France upon the same footing, and laid open the commerce of the world to America, *they were enraged that we had not entered into an alliance with the French republic, and waged war under their banner against the human race.* But when the treaty of peace with England, commonly called Jay's treaty, was ratified by Washington, *torrents of personal abuse were poured out by the Democratic party upon his head.*—They openly charged the Father of his Country with an intention of destroying his own beloved offspring. *To such a pitch of ingratitude were they carried by their diabolical passions*, that they dared publicly, and without the slightest foundation, to accuse him of secretly putting his hand into the treasury, like a felon, and appropriating, without authority, the money of the nation to his own individual use. That man, the vigor of whose youth had been worn out in those splendid military achievements which made our country independent, and whose age and experience had been devoted to the creation and organization of the Federal Government—that man, who had never received one farthing more of the public money than what he had expended in the public service, *was accused of being a base speculator of the public treasure.* During his cruel persecution his noble mind felt sensibly the stings of his countrymen's ingratitude. In the bitterness of his soul, he complained that he had been abused, to use his own emphatic language, "in such exaggerated and indecent terms as could scarcely be applied to a Nero, a notorious defaulter, or even to a common pickpocket."

What must be our opinion of an opposition whose passions were so dark and malignant as to be gratified in endeavoring to blast the character and embitter the old age of Washington? After thus persecuting the savoir of his country, how can the DEMOCRATIC PARTY dare to call themselves his disciples?"

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