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."

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WHAT A WORLD IT MIGHT BE.

Oh, what a world it might be,
If hearts were always kind;
If, Friendship, none would slight thee,
And fortune prove less blind!
With Love's own voice to guide us—
Unchangingly and fond—
With all we wish beside us,
And not a care beyond.
Oh, what a world it might be!
More blest than that of yore!
Come learn, and 'twill require ye,
To love each other more.

Oh, what a world of beauty
A loving heart might plan—
If man did but his duty
And helped his brother man!
Then angel guests would brighten
The threshold with their wings,
And love divine enlighten
The old forgotten springs.
Oh, what a world of beauty
A loving heart might plan—
If man but did his duty,
And helped his brother man!

THE THREE MAXIMS.

AN old soldier, entitled to his discharge from the army, on the score of long service and many wounds, being on the point of quitting his regiment, went to make his adieus to his Captain.

"Ah, well, *mon brave*," said his officer, "so you are about to leave us—to exchange the life of a soldier for that of a citizen. Now, as this career will be somewhat novel to you, my esteem and friendship which you have won by your bravery and good conduct, prompt me to offer you a little advice before parting; and if you will submit to the conditions of that advice, without at present seeking to divine their motive, you will never have cause to regret having followed my counsel. What money have you about you?"

"Only three *louis d'or*, Captain, and a few francs to defray the expenses of my journey."

"Very well—give me the three *louis d'or*, and I will give you three maxims for your guidance."

"The state of my finances renders that rather a dear bargain, said the soldier; "nevertheless as wisdom is more precious than gold, and in order to prove to you the confidence which I, in common with the rest of my comrades, repose in you, I consent to it." And the soldier handed the three *louis d'or*—all his fortune to the Captain.

"Very good," said the Captain: "now, my friend, listen to, recollect, and put in constant practice these three maxims:—KEEP THE STRAIGHT ROAD; NEVER MEDDLE IN THE AFFAIRS OF OTHERS; and POSTPONE YOUR ANGER TO THE MORROW. In the meantime, await me here a few moments."

The soldier remained, pensively leaning on his musket, and somewhat repentent of his bargain. "Keep the straight road—Never meddle in the affairs of others—and, Postpone your anger to the morrow—very wise, assuredly, and very well worth three *louis d'or*; only it is rather unfortunate that that sum should happen to be the whole of my fortune."

In a few minutes the Captain returned, and placed a small loaf of bread in the hands of the soldier, exacting from him a promise that he would not cut it until that moment arrived which he should consider the happiest of his life. Then embracing each other with that sincerity and affection which characterize all Frenchmen and old companions in arms, they bid each other adieu.

The soldier took up his line of march for home. Having being joined by a *compagnon de voyage* towards the evening of the same day they arrived at a point where the road separated in two branches: the one, wide and apparently easy, turned a little to the right; while the other, narrow and difficult in appearance, was the direct continuation of the grand route. The travellers hesitated for an instant, deliberating which road to follow; when the soldier, suddenly recollecting the first parting maxim of his Captain, said—

"I keep the straight road."

"And I," said his comrade, "shall choose the easiest."

But the unfortunate traveller found that that this road, so wide and easy at its entrance terminated in a gloomy forest, the haunt of wild beasts and lawless men. He paid the penalty of his unwise choice that night, and on the morrow the old soldier learned that his companion of the preceeding day had been assassinated.

"Ah, *mon cher Capitaine*," thought he, "your first maxim, at least, was not a dear one!—truly, 'Wisdom is more precious than fine gold.'"

The same day, he arrived at the *auberge* of a small village; and in conversation with some of the peasants, they advised him to visit, in his quality of a soldier, a certain Marquis, the proprietor of a neighboring chateau, who made a pleasure of dispensing the most liberal hospitality to all military men who might happen to pass on that road. Following their advice, he was received with courtesy and politeness assured of a hearty welcome, and invited to the table of the nobleman.

But, wonderful to relate, in the midst of the supper, a lady clothed entirely in black, with slow step and downcast eyes, entered and took her seat at the table: and this lady, of noble birth, and a Frenchwoman; *drank from a human skull!*

The soldier, however, took no notice, apparently of this singular circumstance, and the conversation proceeded as usual, without interruption. It was not that he was the less curious to discover the meaning of this extraordinary conduct; but the substantial benefit which he had derived from following the principle contained in the first maxim, caused him to appreciate the second—*Never meddle in the affairs of others.*

After the supper, when the lady had been some time absent, the Marquis addressed himself to the soldier, and regarding him fixedly said—

"My friend, you are no ordinary man; for a most remarkable scene has been enacted before your eyes, and yet you have not made the least remark."

"Monseigneur," responded the soldier, "it is one of my principles, never to meddle in the affairs of others."

"Brave man!" exclaimed the Marquis, "I perceive that I can trust you, and that you are a man of honor and prudence. Follow me and you will learn the value of your discretion."

Taking a torch, he led the soldier by a winding passage to a subterranean vault.—But, oh, horror! the pale and vacillating light of the flambeau was reflected on all sides by ghastly skeletons, which its flickerings seemed to reanimate, and which appeared to menace the two visitors.

"Listen, my friend," said the nobleman: the black lady whom you have seen this night is the lady of the chateau, condemned to drink, at my table from the skull of her lover, whom I have killed. These bones are those of travellers who have seen precisely what you have seen, but have not been possessed of your pudence. I have satisfied their curiosity, and their death alone could protect me from the consequences. Your discretion has saved your life. And now, my friend, as a proof of my appreciation of your prudence and good judgment, accept this purse. You are at liberty to remain at the chateau as long as you may choose, or, if you prefer, to continue your journey."

"Conceive, if possible, the emotions of the old soldier. Who would wonder, if he had that night often repeated in his sleep, "*Never meddle in the affairs of others!*"

The next morning he continued his route, and the remainder of his journey passed without any further adventure of interest. He at last arrived in sight of his cottage, where all that was most dear to his heart awaited him—that heart beat quick as he placed his foot on the threshold. Without announcing himself, he entered: but alas, what a reception! for behold—oh, fronts of absence!—the first object that met his astonished gaze, was a young priest tenderly embracing his wife!

With the decision of an old warrior, the soldier levelled his musket, and in another instant a ball would have pierced the heart of the unhappy priest; but a thought arrested his hand penetrating his soul like an electric shock—*Postpone your anger to the morrow!*—and he lowered his musket, and hung his head, overcome with bitter disappointment and despair.

His jealousy, however, was not of long duration; for behold, upon an explanation, this priest was his son! Adopted in his infancy by a good *cure* of the village, who had directed his studies, he had recently taken holy orders, and had preceeded but a few moments the arrival of his father.

Thus the old soldier, after a long absence, had at last returned to his family, and had found his son a priest—the *ne plus ultra* of human perfection in the popular estimation. When had he ever conceived of such happiness as this? It was assuredly the moment to cut the loaf of bread—but hardly had he done so, when a playful kitten, wishing to share in the general joy, sprang towards some brilliant object which rolled from the loaf on the floor. It was the three *louis d'or*, which had been placed there by the good Captain!

MARRIAGE OF A DWARF.—Married in Ashe, North Carolina, on Wednesday, the 13th ult., Mr. William Walters, (a dwarf, about 23 years old and not more than 30 inches tall, and weighs 35 pounds,) to Miss Elizabeth Sawyers, (a full grown woman,) daughter of Martin Sawyers, all of Wythe county, Va.

☞ The Emperor of China is not apt to be sick long at a time, because the moment he is "taken" he stops the pay of his four doctors.

From the Washington Republic.

INTERESTING POLITICAL DEVELOPMENTS.

The New York correspondent of the *Union* devotes a large portion of his letter in yesterday's impression to reflections on an extensive collection of letters recently published in the *Herald*, purporting to be a correspondence between Mr. GREER of Iowa, Mr. DONALDSON, of Texas, and other members of the National Democratic Committee, in regard to the coming Presidential election. These letters are rich—exceedingly rich; and we shall have occasion to recur to them from time to time for the entertainment and edification of our readers. The correspondents are sufficiently miscellaneous, and the experiment of bringing together Giddings, Chase, Woodbury, King, of Alabama, General Commander of South Carolina, Clark of Vermont, Van Buren, and B. F. Hallett, to co-operate for the re-establishment of the Democratic party on a satisfactory basis, and with a satisfactory candidate, is to say the least uncommonly enterprising.

It would seem that Mr. GREER and Mr. DONALDSON, being both members of the Democratic General Committee appointed by the Baltimore Convention, addressed their distinguished brethren throughout the country a series of fishing epistles for the purpose of ascertaining their views as to the time and place of holding the next Democratic convention. To these letters many of the gentlemen addressed have sent replies, which do not seem to have been designed for publication, but which have been given to the world as curiosities, we presume, by the Democratic Committee. As well as we can understand the *Union's* correspondent, he believes that the real key to these epistles is to be found in the letter from Mr. DONALDSON to MR. GREER, which seems indeed sufficiently to explain the objects of these gentlemen in their scheme of correspondence:

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 13, 1851.

DEAR GREER: I received a letter from Texas to-day, urgently demanding my return to my plantation, and also one from H. Toakum, responding to our plans. I had hoped to have a further conference with you in relation to the consummation of our plans for the call of the National Democratic convention, but you may as well issue the call at once for the first Monday in June. From the tone of our correspondence we have ample assurances that the convention will be with us, and be composed mostly of Houston men, who will overawe all opposition, and secure our object. In regard to platforms, avoid all new tests, especially land reform. Partly reaffirm the Baltimore platform, *without offending our Free-soil allies, who have pledged themselves in good faith to us*, as their vote will be most formidable, you may depend upon it, and we can afford to make a few sacrifices at the South, where so irascible a disposition is shown.

If you could but prevent the passage of land reform resolutions in the State Convention of Iowa and other portions of the West, then Walker, of Wisconsin, could easily be kept in the background, and Houston's chances greatly improved. In stopping here, I regret to learn that the Buchanan interest is rapidly gaining ground I think, however, our well-digested plans for the call of the convention will destroy all his chances, the Southern Rights faction to the contrary notwithstanding. Van Buren and Croswell's influence secures N. York certain, and their friends everywhere *Chase and Giddings may be relied upon to the utmost in Ohio, and we are in hopes to handle the wires even in Massachusetts.*—General Houston, I have the best means of knowing, will be on himself shortly to take charge of the wires.

A word to our New York friends: Make no misteps, little allusion to "niggerism," and let the State Convention not go beyond the Ohio platform, and tolerate differences of opinion in regard to minor questions. Should it be deemed advisable to get up a mass bone and sinew demonstration at Tammany Hall, in the city of New York, for the purpose of helping along all our own and old Sam's plans, do so, provided it can be done by both sections of the party, without a possibility of failure. * * * * * * *

I shall proceed to Washington to-day, on my way home, and I may not, therefore, soon see you. I expect to be in Washington next January. You have my address; keep me well advised of your proceedings and prospects, and how things are working. Meantime, I remain yours, in the cause, C. H. DONALDSON.

P. S.—I shall write you upon my return home, should Houston not have already left, and keep you advised of his departure, movements, &c. C. H. D.

With this light upon the nature and objects of the correspondence, we propose to republish a few of the most remarkable specimens this morning, reserving for some future occasion equally interesting letters not quite so germane to our present purposes. And first, in view of the testimony that the *Union* has recently adduced, with regard to the entire "nationality" of the Democracy of Massachusetts, we select the letter of Mr. B. F. Hallett, the author of the "Compromise" resolutions recently adopted by the Worcester Convention, which we commend to the special attention of our metropolitan contemporaries. Let us see in what aspect Mr. Hallett regards the coalition Democracy of his State, and to what extent he is willing to vouch for their acquiescense in "Mr. Fillmore's and Mr. Webster's compromise," as the Free-soil and Democratic Coalitionists of Massachusetts are pleased to style it. It will be seen that Mr. Hallett considers that the Democracy of that State are "about disbanded and merged in Free-soilism," and that there is only a portion of them left to "affirm the national principle."—But it is hardly necessary for us to accompany this letter with comments which will naturally occur to any one who has read the long editorials of the *Union*, designed to demonstrate this "nationality" of the Massachusetts Democrats:

BENJAMIN F. HALLETT.

BOSTON, July 2, 1851.

DEAR SIR: I hasten to answer your favor the earliest moment after its receipt, I having been out of town. I was not aware of the death of Mr. Clark. The executive committee have power to fill vacancies, and I wish you to authorize me to substitute your name, or some one approved by the State committee of Iowa. The National Convention, I presume, will be held in May, 1852, at Baltimore. We purpose to have a meeting of the National Committee at Washington, in January next, soon after the beginning of the next Congress to confer as to the time and place of holding the convention.

In the mean time I am desirous, as chairman of the committee, of obtaining from reliable sources in each State the position of the Democracy on the issue which we must distinctly meet in the next canvass—of sustaining the Compromises of the last Congress as the adjustment of slave agitation in Congress.

This must be made the test issue, and unless the Democracy of each State can come up to it, they will embarrass only the national party. In this State the Democracy is about disbanded, and merged in Free-soilism; but a portion will be left who will affirm the national principle, and when this is done the rest will hypocritically pretend to be with us in order to resume their national relations in the next administration But Massachusetts is a mere cypher in the next election. Her Democracy cannot give an electoral vote, and the most we hope to do is to prevent their doing any mischief. But in all the States where a vote may be given, it is of the utmost importance that the platform should be laid down broad enough for the Union. It will give me great pleasure to hear from you.

Very truly, your obedient servant,

B F. HALLETT,
Chairman National Dem. Com.

NATHANIEL GREER, ESQ.

The next epistle to which we would invite the attention of our metropolitan contemporary is that of Mr Senator Chase, the representative of the Free-soil Democratic party of Ohio, in the same sense and by the same token as Mr. Sumner is the representative of the same body in Massachusetts. The Democrats and Free-soilers united in both States to elect these gentlemen. Both claim the Democratic party as "*their* party." Both, by all the usages and all the laws of party, are the representatives of the "Democracy" of their respective States.

It will be seen that Mr. Chase has been especially gratified at the kind and courteous treatment which he has received from General Houston; and no doubt he is relied upon by Mr. Donaldson, as one of the "Houston men" who are to "overawe" the Democracy proper in the next Baltimore Convention. Mr. Chase would "wish" to support General Houston if he should be nominated for the next Presidency. The expressions of regard for Mr. Donaldson, and of an extreme disposition to render his visit to Cincinnati "agreeable," evince very clearly Mr. Chase's predispositions, and give us every reason to believe that, if he can find any excuse for such a course, it will give him the greatest pleasure to support General Houston as the "coming" Democratic candidate:

HON S. P. CHASE, OF OHIO.

CINCINNATI, Aug. 22, 1851.

DEAR SIR: On my return home, after an absence of some six weeks, I found your letter of July 15th, for which I beg you to accept my thanks.

I am not prepared to express any opinion at present in relation to the next Presidential election. I can only say that, while I greatly desire the union and harmony of the Democracy, I shall act, when action becomes necessary, as my principles require.

I wish that Democrats in all parts of the Union could return to the simple platform of the fathers of American Democracy, and be content to leave slavery and the extradition of slaves to the several States, to be acted upon under the obligations of the Constitution of the United States, according to their own discretion; thus severing the National Government from all connexion with the matter, and leaving to it only the duty, so far as this subject is concerned, of maintaining all persons where its jurisdiction is exclusive, in the enjoyment of personal freedom. This, however, is hardly to be hoped for at present. The next best thing would be cordial toleration, in Congress and out of Congress, of differences of opinion and action on slavery, among Democrats, leaving, in good faith, the decision of the questions in controversy to the people and their representatives, after untrammelled discussion. But toleration, perhaps is little to be expected as agreement.

I entertain for General Houston a very sincere regard. His kindness and courtesy towards me during our association in the Senate could not fail to win it. Should he be nominated for the Presidency, I should wish to support him. Whether I should do so or not, however, would depend upon the position which he and the convention making the nomination should think proper to take.

Should you return to the South through this city, I shall be happy to see you; and if you will remain a few days with us, will endeavor to make your stay as agreeable as possible.

Very respectfully and truly yours,
S. P. CHASE.

C. H DONALDSON, ESQ.

It is exceedingly interesting to observe the style in which Mr. Chase cottons to the "Democratic" party, and the position of Mr. Giddings himself is hardly less equivocal. Mr. Giddings would make as good a "national" Democrat as any of them, provided only he could succeed in what has always been the favorite desire of the Abolitionists and Liberty men, to defeat the Whigs. They defeated Mr. Clay in 1844. They did their best to defeat General Harrison in 1840, and General Taylor in 1848. Indeed it is worthy of especial observation, that these men have always combined with Democratic minorities to defeat Whig candidates and the Whig party; and yet the Locofocos of the South continue to insist that their harmonies and associations are with the Whigs. If this be so, they have certainly pursued a very extraordinary mode of manifesting it for the last twenty years. They have joined with the Democrats in Massachusetts, Connecticut, Vermont, Ohio, Rhode Island, New York, to defeat the Whigs, and yet they are represented in the South and by "metropolitan" organs as the allies and associates of the party of which they have been the most bitter enemies. We annex the "sympathizing" letter of Mr. Giddings:

JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS.

JEFFERSON, July 31, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR: Permit me to say that I am unable to decipher much of your letter, but, so far as I understand your views and objects, I approve them. You appear anxious to bring the Democratic party to the support of truth and freedom. In this I can bid you God speed with a hearty good will.

I think Samuel Medary, of Columbus, is favorably inclined to your views. He is, perhaps, the most influential Democrat of our State. Mr. Myers, of Toledo, has been a [State] Senator for some years, and is inclined to bring the Democratic party to the right point. Jacob Brinckerhoof, of Mansfield, is another in whom you may confide. Hon. R. P. Spaulding, Akron; Hon. J. Cable, Carolton; Henry Krum, Cherry Valley, all may be confided in for that purpose.

I think that both parties are progressing, notwithstanding all their efforts to prevent the progress of truth.

With great respect, your obedient servant,
J. R. GIDDINGS.

C. H. DONALDSON, ESQ.

To these precious specimens we must annex a letter or two from the Old Line Democracy. Among these one of the most interesting is a letter from Mr. Levi Woodbury, formerly Secretary of the Treasury, now a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. This letter is not only interesting, it is characteristic and amusing. It points out very clearly the "duty" of the Democracy. The "ancient" platform which it recommends is that of Gen. Jackson's time undoubtedly. Men "long known" must necessarily be men of those days—men of the school who were in fashion fifteen or twenty years ago—"all of which I saw, *and part of which I was.*" Then the reason assigned for not acting "ungratefully" is so adroit and clever, it draws such a nice distinction, that it could obviously have occurred only to a mind eminently "judicial." The reason is, that ingratitude may lose "votes and victory." It is not that ingratitude is a base and miserable exhibition of humanity, which excites disgust and abhorrence, but because it loses "votes and victory." But our readers shall see the Judge at full length, and in no carricature or miniature of our own:

LEVI WOODBURY.

NEWPORT, R. I., July 19, 1851.

DEAR SIR: In reply to yours of the 15th instant, which has just reached me at this place, I would observe that the proper course to be pursued by the Democracy of the nation in the coming struggle," on which you ask my views, is undoubtedly as follows:

1st. To unite upon the ancient platform of principle.

2nd. To select men to enforce those principles who are "good men and true," well known and long relied on.

3d. To insist on essentials, but not quarrel about non-essentials.

4th. To sacrifice all personal considerations to the cause; taking care, however, not to act ungratefully or unjustly, so as to get a bad character, and thus lose votes and victory.

I am with much respect, your obedient servant, LEVI WOODBURY.

C. H. DONALDSON, ESQ.

But Mr. Woodbury was "knocked down" for another letter, and here it is. The Judge is prepared to "acquiesce" in any thing that the Democracy may see fit to do; he will accept bodily any platform that they may think proper to erect. This evinces a sufficiently accomodating spirit. There is no doubt that the Democracy of New Hampshire have acted wisely in selecting their "favorite candidate" for the Presidency; and we say, candidly, if the Democrats must succeed in electing their candidate, we have no doubt that Mr. Woodbury would prove as national, conservative and prudent a Chief Magistrate as could be selected from their ranks. Our chief objection to him would be that he now eminently adorns a judicial station, from which we should regret to see him removed; to say nothing of our invincible repugnance to see a candidate for any political honors selected from the Supreme Bench. It seems to us that, when a man has reached this dignified and permanent situation, he should "put away ambition." The people necessarily imagine, very properly and very wisely in our judgment, that no man can fairly and honorably discharge his judicial functions who has any political aspirations. Such is the result of our own observations and reflections, for we have both observed and reflected on this point, and we are entirely pursuaded that any encouragement of judicial longing for the Presidency will result in the degradation and dishonor of the Bench. Our reverence for the Supreme Court of the United States, therefore, is the only sentiment that would withhold us from feeling and expressing the sentiment, that, of all the Democratic candidates in the field, there is none who could be elected to the Presidency with less hazard to our institutions, and with a more general reason to hope for a sensible and conservative administration, than Mr. Justice Woodbury We annex the second letter of the Judge, which will explain itself:

BOSTON, August 1, 1851,

DEAR SIR: In reply to yours of the 25th ultimo, which has just reached me here, I would observe that my former letter contained only a few general outlines as to the Democratic platform, without meaning to mention details. The events since the last Baltimore Convention are not unlikely to lead to some additional resolutions, as necessary or proper under existing circumstances. But of that the coming convention, when assembled, will be the best judges; and, for one of the old Democracy, I shall freely acquiesce in that respect, in what they deem most judicious. With wishes for your health and happiness, I remain, Your obedient servant,

LEVI WOODBURY.

C. H. DONALDSON, ESQ.

But enough for one morning. There are precious revelations yet in store from the same source. We hope that the National Committee of the Democracy have not rested from their labors.

PHILIP'S FIRE ANNIHILATOR.—*One of these wonderful machines*, a number of which have recently been imported from England by the Messrs. Edwards, Sanford & Co., of Adams & Co's Foreign Express, was fully tested in Baltmore on Thursday, at the Merchant's Shot-Tower, in the presence of Mr. Shoemaker, Mr. Wm. Peters, Mr. George A. Rawlings and a number of other citizens. Two experiments were tried with a barrel filled with shavings and rosin, and in each case the flames were almost instantly extinguished by the application of the annihilator, in a manner fully convincing all present of its being equally and well adapted to the extinguishment of burning buildings, &c. From the *American* of Friday, we extract the following description of the apparatus:

"The Annihilator which was used on this occasion is about the size of a half-barrel, and can be readily handled and managed by one person. The mode of charging it is as follows: The outer case, which has a double bottom, is filled with a certain quantity of water, and two cylinders, each open at the top and bottom and the sides pierced with holes, are placed in the inside of the outer case or vessel. In the inside cylinder is placed a block of composition greatly resembling in appearance, taste and smell, gunpowder; though of course not possesing its detonating properties. In the centre of this block is an orifice in which is placed a phial containing two or three kinds of acids. A small orifice which communicates between the interior of the machine and compartment under the false bottom, in which the water is contained, is stopped up with soap or beeswax, and the top having been placed on the Annihilator is ready for operation.

The mode of putting it in operation is by a small iron rod which passes down thro' the top and rests on the vial. Pressing this down at once breaks the vial, discharges the acids and the combustion of the block of composition immediately takes place.—An intense heat is at once produced, steam is almost instantly generated from the water in the bottom of the vessel, and this steam passing through and opening the orifice which had been closed with soap or beeswax, mingles with the gas in the interior, and both are discharged together with tremendous force and volume through the nozzle of the machine on the fire which it is desired to extinguish. This is briefly the mode in which the Annihilator operates. Whether its efficacy consists in the peculiar kind of gas which is evolved, and if so what that gas is, or whether it is only in its instantaneous generation of steam and its powerful application to the fire, are questions which we cannot pretend to determine. Certain it is, however, that the invention is entitled to rank as one of the most wonderful of the age, and its effects in the various emergencies in which it may be used can hardly be estimated."

MODERN "TOOTHPICKS."—Practical *dentists* and "thumb-nails."

Whether the club, with which *Cain* killed his brother, was his *cane*, is not recorded.

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