THE EASTON GAZETTE.

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THE OLD SONG.

BY J. R. THOMAS.

I love that song of other years,
Its deep, its thrilling strain,
It wakes old memories into tears,
That slumbering long have lain;
It brings the glow of happier hours
Around this lonely heart,
Like incense breathed from withered flowers,
Still sweet through hues depart.

Oh, where are those who loved it too,
And rolled the glad refrain,
Whose voices, soft as summer dew,
I ne'er may hear again!
Some are at rest and some afar
Beyond the desert sea,
Some 'mid old scenes still lingering are—
But all are far from me.

Ah, no! I hear thy joyous tones,
I see their laughing eyes,
I mingle with the loving ones
Beneath the blessed skies!
And sweetly through the sunny air
Soft numbers flow along,
The music of the heart is there—
We sing the olden song!

Now dies the strain. Each well-known face
Is vanished. What did seem
Is fled. I gaze on empty space
Like one that had a dream.
A dream! a dream! a happy dream
Of love and joy and peace,
Ah! would that what sometimes doth seem,
Would, seeming, never cease!

I love that old, melodious rhyme,—
Oh, sing to me again—
Sweet memories of the olden time
Come borne upon its strain,
And though return not brighter hours
To cheer again my heart,
The love, the sunshine and the flowers,
Ah! these can ne'er depart!

From Gleason's Drawing Room Companion.

The Clergyman's Love.

BY MRS. E. C. LOVERING.

[CONCLUDED.]

It was Tuesday morning. Mr. Wortley had a journey of more than a hundred miles before him. All the morning he traveled in his chase but after dinner, leaving the horse and vehicle at a hotel, he betook himself to the railroad and continued his journey by steam.

It was about sunset when the clergyman arrived at W——. Having deposited his carpet bag at the hotel, he proceeded without delay to the post office—introduced himself to Mr. Snow, and told him his business

"There is no Deacon Stone in W——

"And are any of those names familiar to you?"

Mr. Wortley showed him a list of the names Britton had written on the card he gave Mr. Bell.

"No, sir, there are no such men in W——. But I have heard of the names before.

"Well!"

"The person who took the letter addressed to "*Stone*," asked for letters for all these names."

Mr. Wortley now felt sure that he saw through the whole trick.

"And who is this person?"

"His name is Hubble. He is a horse dealer, or something of that sort."

"And where is he to be found?"

"He stopped at the W—— Hotel."

Having put a few more questions concerning Britton, and Hubble, the horse-dealer, Mr. Wortley returned to the public house.

Hubble was not in; nor did he make his appearance until late in the evening, but such was Mr. Wortley's anxiety to see him, that he sat up to await his return.

At midnight half a dozen flashy dressed individuals entered the public room—or bar-room—and called for brandy. Hubble was pointed out to Mr. Wortley, who, perceiving that he was already intoxicated, resolved to wait until morning before he spoke to him about Britton; but the bar-tender hastened to inform the horse-dealer that a gentleman wished to see him, and indicated Mr. Wortley.

Mr. Hubble appeared exceedingly good natured and communicative. He greeted Mr. Wortley as if he had been an old acquaintance, and invited him to "take something" at the bar.

"Thank you," replied the young clergyman, "I never drink anything but cold water."

"Cold water! I ain't sure I know exactly what that is," said Mr. Hubble, facetiously. "O, it is what they mix with brandy? to be sure! come, have a julep?"

Again Mr. Wortley declined the invitation, adding, that as he wished to have some conversation with Mr. Hubble, he would see him in the morning.

"No, we'll have it to-night. I'll send these disreputable fellows away; I call them disreputable persons, because, in spite of my example and all I say to them, they *will* let the liquor get into their heads," said Mr. Hubble gravely. "Wait a minute."

Mr. Wortley pretended to be glancing his eye over a newspaper while the company were dispersing; and when Mr. Hubble returned to him he asked him if he ever knew a man by the name of Britton.

"Britton's a glorious fellow!" exclaimed Mr. Hubble, with enthusiam. "Do I know him? We were once like brothers! Ha! ha! ha! Britton! but I believe the fellow is——"

The intoxicated man checked himself, as if afraid of being too communicative.—But a word of encouragement from the clergyman caused him to forget his caution, and he exclaimed in the fullness of his heart,

"I am afraid he is getting himself in a scrape."

"Ah! how so!" asked Mr. Wortley, scarcely breathing.

"He is up to some mischief, any how, though what it is I can't guess. Perhaps he is going to make a minister of himself. I hope not, for I hate ministers."

"I am sorry for that," said Mr. Wortley.

"Pshaw! now you are joking! cried Mr. Hubble, good-humoredly. "*You* don't like ministers—I know by your looks.—You are bound to hate them, particularly if you are a married man; because most probably a minister married you, and thanks to him you are tied for life—as is the case with our unfortunate friend."

"With whom?"

"Why—with Britton!"

The clergyman started.

"Tell me about that," said he pale with excitement.

"And havn't you heard? I don't know that I ought to tell you then!"

"I know—he is about to be married."

"About to be married?—He *is* married!"

"Are you sure?

"Sure!" echoed Mr. Hubble, thrown off his guard, "don't I know his wife? Is not she Dr. Martin's daughter, of L——? The doctor is rich—but he did not like the girl's choice of a husband, so he never gave Britton a cent. So my fellow came to the conclusion that he had not made so good a bargain as he anticipated, and very generously returned the girl to her parents."

"And where is she now?"

"With them in L——, to be sure."

"And does not she know where her husband is?"

"That she does not?"

"How far is it to L——?"

"Sixty miles. But can you tell me what new scheme Britton is up to now?"

"I know nothing about his schemes—I only *know* one thing," said Mr. Wortley.

"Eh?"

"That Mr. Britton sent to you for certificates of character."

Mr. Hubble started.

"To *me*?"

"Yes—O, I know it very well. You were commissioned to answer letters addressed to Deacon Stone, Deacon Hardy, Hon. Henry Phipps, and——"

"And as many more imaginary individuals," laughed Mr. Hubble, supposing his new acquaintance was really in Britton's confidence. "Was it not a superb idea?—But luckily I had but one letter to answer. If I had been compelled to write for six imaginary persons, I am afraid I could not have disguised my hand artfully enough for the purpose."

Mr. Hubble talked in this manner until far into the night, nor would he have permitted M. Wortley to retire at all, if the latter had not pleaded fatigue.

Little did the clergyman sleep that night. The important secrets which the inebriated horse dealer had disclosed to him, of his own accord, occupied his mind; and he made his plans for the following day—

Mr. Wortley arose at dawn, took an early breakfast, and set out for L—— in the first morning train, before Mr. Hubble had slept off the effect of his midnight potations.

The cars arrived at the village of L—— a little before noon. Mr. Wortley hastened to Dr. Martin's office, and being so far fortunate as to find that gentleman at home, disclosed to him at once, the object of his visit.

Dr. Martin who appeared to be a cool, reserved sort of a person, flew into a passion the moment Britton's perfidy was named.

"He is really married to your daughter, then?" said Mr. Wortley.

"Yes. He fooled her with his villainous flattery—his hypocritical promises. She ran away with him. But I never forgave her until she was deserted by him. Now, she is dying of a broken heart. But this is not his only piece of rascality. He forged a note against me, which he prevailed on her to dispose of—supposing I would never make public a crime in which she was implicated. But now I am ready to do anything to bring him to punishment. I will follow him to the ends of the earth, but that I will have revenge."

Mr. Wortley then related all the particulars of Britton's intended marriage, and the angry doctor declared that he would go at once, and nip the fresh villainy in the bud.

Nobody in Peltonville suspected the object of the clergyman's journey, and no one knew whither he had gone.

Mr. Britton, rejoicing in the fancied success of his deception, waited anxiously for the arrival of Thursday evening. The preparations for the wedding were made; the guests were invited, and as the time drew near, the bride was dressed for the occasion!

"Mr. Wortley is late," observed Mr Bell, when the guests were all assembled

"He has not yet returned from his journey," replied Mr. Manson, who had just come in.

"Indeed! I supposed he would return some time to-day, of course," said Mr. Bell, with a look of perplexity. "How embarrassing, if he should not come."

"If he has promised, he will be here," answered Elder Manson. "Mr. Wortley is very prompt."

"Mr. Bell left the company, and proceeded to Mr. Britton's room.

"Has'nt the minister come, yet?" asked the latter, anxiously.

"No. What can it mean?"

"I cannot conceive!" exclaimed Britton, changing color. "There could be no misunderstanding, I am certain."

Mr. Bell proceeded to the next chamber, where his daughter was waiting. She was very pale, and when the cause of the delay was announced, she appeared singularly affected.

But Susan expressed no regrets. The truth is, she had long suspected that the minister did not look upon her with indifference, and since the Sabbath when he read her publishment from the pulpit, she had felt positive that he loved her. Until then, she had admired him at a distance—loved him like one far above her; and without much reflection she had accepted Mr. Britton's offer of marriage, but now that she knew Mr. Wortley loved her, there was a tumult in her heart, which I will not attempt to describe. I need only add—she hoped the minister would not come!

Her father withdrew, but in a few moments he returned, saying, that as Mr. Wortley was still absent, it was thought best the ceremony should be performed by 'Squire Hitchcock, who was one of the guests, and a magistrate.

Susan trembled violently. But she could not object.

"At least," thought she, Mr. Wortley will not marry us—I am ready!"

The bridegroom and bride, accompanied by the bridesmaids and groomsmen, entered the room where the guests were assembled, and took their places in the midst of the company.

Susan was pale and agitated. She appeared to shrink from the man whose wife she was about to become. Britton, meanwhile, his lips compressed with an expression of determination to triumph, looked intently at the magistrate.

The latter saw fit to introduce the ceremony with a few occasional remarks.—Britton manifested his impatience; but the magistrate was resolved to have his own way, very fortunately; for before he had finished, two vehicles rolled up to the door, and Mr. Wortley made his appearance.

Britton frowned at the interruption; he dreaded another lecture on wedlock. Susan turned very pale.

Haggard, trembling with excitement, Mr. Wortley advanced towards the magistrate.

"Have you married them?" he asked, in a husky voice.

"If you had come two minutes later, I should have answered yes," replied the magistrate.

"Then I have arrived in time!" murmured the clergyman. "You will allow me, sir, to take your place."

'Squire Hitchcock bowed, and stood respectfully aside.

Every eye was fixed on the haggard face and strangely gleaming eyes of the clergyman.

"Julius Britton," said Mr. Wortley, in a deep earnest voice, "is it your intention to make this woman your wife?"

Britton bowed his head.

"Then," added the clergyman, "it is your intention to purjure yourself before God and man!"

There was a movement of surprise and wonder amongst the guests. Britton became livid with rage and apprehension.—The bride clasped her hands, fixed her eyes intently on the clergyman, and stood white and motionless as a marble statue.

"Sir," said Mr. Bell, anxiously, "do you know what you say?"

"I know I speak the truth," replied Mr. Wortley. "Here are my witnesses."

Dr. Martin stepped forward. Britton recoiled with a look of rage and consternation.

"Do you know me, villain?" demanded the doctor. "I am Samuel Martin—*the father of your injured wife*."

"It is false!" muttered Britton, hoarsely. "Take the madman away!"

The doctor sneered, raised his hand, and a stout man advanced through the crowd of disconcerted and amazed guests.

"Mr. Britton," said he, "we know each other, and you will not doubt my authority. It is my duty to arrest you."

"Sir!" muttered Britton, "of what am I accused?"

"Forgery," replied the sheriff.

Britton's countenance fell; he made no resistance; and while the company broke up in confusion, and the bride was fainting in the arms of her maids, the sheriff and his assistant conveyed their prisoner to the nearest public house, to keep him until morning.

This exciting event made quite a stir in Peltonville. Britton was suddenly remembered to have been a knavish looking fellow; Susan Bell was pitied and the clergyman lionized.

It was several weeks before Susan again appeared in her accustomed place on the Sabbath, for a lingering fever had been the result of the suffering she had undergone.

At length she entered the church with her father—thin and pale, but no less beautiful than formerly.

As Mr. Wortley, having ascended the pulpit, cast his eye in the direction of Mr. Bell's pew, and saw Susan's sad, sweet face turned towards him, he felt a thrill of pleasure strangely mixed with pain. Many were the sentiments in his sermon addressed to her that day—words of advice and consolation which none could understand so well as she, and for which she felt truly grateful.

Mr Wortley was now a constant visiter at the house of Mr. Bell, where he was ever a welcome guest. He had taken it upon himself to console Susan, and, had you seen the bloom returning to her cheek, and the light of happiness to her eye, you would have said he succeeded well.

One afternoon Mr. Wortley received a copy of the L—— Gazette, from which he learned that Britton had been convicted of forgery, and sentenced to five years in the State's prison, and that his injured wife had ended her earthly sorrows within an hour after he had been condemned. Such was the sad intelligence the clergyman had to convey that evening to Susan Bell.

"I am not sorry to hear of her death," said Susan. "Death must be a relief to the broken-hearted, and O! it seems that now *he* must feel remorse. Ah, my friend," she added with tears in her eyes, "from what a dreadful fate have you saved me! and how can I ever hope to repay the debt I owe you?"

"I am repaid in seeing you happy," replied Mr. Wortley, in a tender, fervent tone; "but if," he added, pressing her hand, "you could freely, from your heart, grant me the sweetest earthly boon I ever desired, you would reward me a thousand times.

He looked down in her eyes; she looked up in his; and she did not withdraw her hand.

A few months after, the clergyman was wedded to one every way worthy to become a clergyman's wife; and if ever a person suspected that he married Susan for her money, that person must have been speedily convinced to the contrary, by the use Mr. Wortley made of it in doing good.

INTERESTING PAPER.

We find in the National Intelligencer of yesterday a letter from the Secretary of State to the President, in reply to a resolution from the House of Representatives, relative to the Thrasher case. Mr. Webster reiterates the want of information from Mr. Thrasher himself, and refers to the statements made by Capt. General Concha in his recent despatch to the Spanish Minister at Washington. After referring to his arrest, trial, and sentence, he says: "There is no evidence in the Department to show what were the particular acts of treason or conspiracy alleged or proved against him. We have only the general statement, although pains have been taken to ascertain particulars."

In reference to his right to protection as an American citizen, he says that when a person removes his permanent residence to another country, it becomes his place of domicil, notwithstanding any floating intention of returning. He quotes from the U S Supreme Court decisions the following sentence:—"That a person who removes to a foreign country, settles himself there, and engages in the trade of the country, furnishes by these acts such evidences of an intention permanently to reside in that country as to stamp him with its national character."

And this, he says, agrees with our national policy. In illustration of this, he asks what would be our condition if our unnaturalized foreign residents were claimed as subjects by the sovereigns of their respective countries, in order to protect them from penalties incurred under our laws. In questions on this subject the chief point to be considered, he says, is the intention of continued residence, in case of which intention the right of domicil is acquired by a residence of a few days.—True, an American abroad is entitled to the protection of his government, but his position is completely changed when, by his own act, he has made himself the subject of a foreign power. A person found residing in a foreign country is presumed to be there with the purpose of remaining, unless he can prove otherwise; and, if he engage in business there, he is a merchant of the place. Mr. Thrasher actually took out letters of domiciliation, to enable him to transact business in Cuba, and swore allegiance as a Spanish subject. Here Mr. Webster quotes the details of the Spanish law of domiciliation.

But independently of all these considerations, an alien in a foreign country owes obedience to the laws of that government, and may be punished for treason, or other crimes; as a native born subject might be, unless his case is varied by some treaty stipulations.

Mr. Webster here quotes a passage from Mr. Jefferson's letter when Secretary of State, dated August 16th, 1793, to Governor Morris, denying the right of private citizens to make war with a country with which the government of the United States is at peace, and a similar opinion given by the U. S. Circuit Court for Pennsylvania in 1793.

He says that those who go to countries where the right of trial by jury, and kindred free institutions are unknown, must abide the consequences; and he adds:

No man can carry the æges of his national American liberty into a foreign country, and expect to hold it up for his exemption from the dominion and authority of the laws and the sovereign power of that country, unless he be authorized so to do by virtue of treaty stipulations.

In reply to Mr. Thrasher's plea that, by the treaty of 1795, he had the right to employ such advocates as he might think proper, Mr. Webster says:

As the public law, however, does in no case impart to foreigners residing in any country privileges which are denied to its own citizens or subjects, except perhaps that of leaving the country, it may be doubtful whether, by the article of the treaty referred to, the parties could have contemplated any more than to place citizens of the United States within Spanish jurisdiction on an equality with Spanish subjects, and Spanish subjects in the United States on an equality with our own citizens in criminal proceedings. A citizen of Spain in this country might complain, perhaps, of a trial by jury here because of the supposed partialities and prejudices of juries; while an American in Spain complains of condemnation, in summary form, by judges, without the intervention of a jury to ascertain his guilt.

This clause of the treaty Mr. Webster thinks a matter of difficulty, especially as the American negotiator of the treaty attached particular importance to it. This, however, Mr. Webster thinks may have been because in 1795 there existed in Spain secret ecclesiastical tribunals. He remarks:—

Whether it was intended by the parties that this right of selecting counsel in the case of the arrest or the trial of an American citizen should extend further or be broader than in the case of a Spanish subject prosecuted for a similar offence, may be matter of doubt and controversy. But, however all this may be, the general question still returns, whether this right secured by treaty, whatever it is, be not justly limited to such persons as are at the time in all respects American citizens, having never voluntarily changed their domicile or taken upon themselves a new allegiance.

In this view of the case, it might therefore be asked whether, if Mr. Thrasher had been a native born subject of Her Catholic Majesty, his trial and its result would have been different from what they actually were.

If indeed Mr. Thrasher, in his arrest and trial, did not enjoy the benefits which native born Spanish subjects enjoy in like cases, but was more harshly treated, or more severely punished for the reason that he was a native born citizen of the United States, it would be a clear case of the violation of treaty obligations, and would demand the interposition of the Government. There exists in this Department no proof of any such extaordinary treatment of Mr. Thrasher. It may have taken place.

NEW YORK, Dec. 27.

Disastrous Fire in New York—Twenty Buildings in Ashes—Loss One Hundred Thousand Dollars.

At an early hour this morning a fire broke out at No. 11 Bowery, which consumed about twenty buildings, involving a loss of from $100,000 to $150,000. The weather was intensely cold, and water scarce, in consequence of all the hydrants being frozen. The flames, which commenced in the store of Messrs. E Buhler, spread with great rapidity on Bowery and Division streets.

On the Bowery, the destruction of property was not so great as in Division street. The buildings from No. 7 to No. 17 were entirely debtroyed, with the greater part of their contents.

A man who was left at the City Hospital on Wednesday night with a fractured skull still lies there insensible, unable to disclose his name or the manner in which the injury was received. It is believed that the man was struck by a police officer.

ATTEMPT TO ARREST A MARYLANDER.—Thomas McCreary of Elkton, Md., who is the mail centractor between that place and Chestnut Level, Pa., having made himself obnoxious to some Pennsylvanians, in consequence of his efforts to arrest fugitive slaves, a possee of them, a few nights ago, made an attempt to arrest him in a house near Lancaster. He, however, successfully defended himself with a bowie knife, and on one of them raising a chair to fend off a blow, he drew a revolver and put a ball through the bottom, barely missing his assailant. They immediately after left the house, and Mr. McCreary hastened back to Maryland.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—We learn that Arthur Traverse, Esq., a citizen of this county, who resided in the Neck district, came to his end a few days since in a sudden and painful manner. It appears that he had gone out before day, to draw some water from a well which stood near the house, and not returning in proper time, search was made, and it was found that he had fallen head foremost into the well, and died before assistance could reach him. Mr. Traverse was about eighty years of age.—*Cambridge Chronicle.*

FOREIGN NEWS.

Arrival of the Canada.

THREE DAYS LATER *from* EUROPE.

Further from France—Tranquil state of affairs—Revolution successful—Vote of the army for President—Violent agitation throughout the Capitols of Europe—Movements of the French Socialists—Prince de Joinville; Prompt measure in Spain—Suppression of seventy-three French newspapers—Russia and the revolution—Proposed monument to Columbus at Genoa.

By telegraph for the Balto. Clipper.

[By telegraph for the Balto. Clipper.]

ted in France, except that several additional departments had been declared in a state of siege.

Most of the leading members of the mountain party have fled the country.

Several legions of the National Guard have been disarmed on account of disaffection to the President and the present order of things.

The vote of the army as far as heard from, is 65,000 in favor, and 35,000 against Napoleon.

Four more departments have been placed under state of siege, though but few serious disturbances had taken place. They were to a limited extent, and promptly suppressed.

HALIFAX, Dec. 26, 1851.

The royal mail steamer Canada has arrived, bringing three days later intelligence from Europe.

The aspect of political affairs in England and France is unchanged since the sailing of the Baltic.

There is a violent agitation throughout all the Capitols of Europe, consequent upon the critical state of affairs in France.

The Duchies.—Negotiations respecting the dispute in the Duchies have been resumed suddenly, with more disposition to bring matters to a speedy solution.

State of affairs in France—Departments in a state of siege.—The affairs of France continue to be the subject of engrossing interest throughout Europe.

M. Thiers has been again arrested and sent to the Prussian Frontier. The total number of arrests up to the 12th inst., was 1800 in Paris alone.

M. Girardin has resigned the editorship of the Presse, and is about to depart for America.

The Socialists, during the short ascendency at Merre, burned the registers and archives, and destroyed much property.

Compte de Chambord (Henry V.) had sought an interview with Prince Schwartzenburg, at Vienna, but was told that Napoleon must receive the countenance of all monarchical Cabinets.

Seventy three newspapers have been suppressed in France under the new reign of Napoleon.

The letter from Jerome Bonaparte to his nephew, the President advising moderation and a genuine appeal to the people has been well received.

The Minister of War has sent a circular to the Generals throughout France to cause the immediate execution of all persons taken for the commission of murder or pillage.

The Constitutional states officially that the whole department of Basses Alps is in the hands of the Socialists. This, however, is believed to be an exageration, for the purpose of creating a concentration of the efforts of the friends of order.

Several distinguished friends of the Legitamist and Orleans party have sent in their adhesion to the President.

Spain.—Advices from Spain state that the Government had made energetic efforts for the maintenance of order, immediately upon the receipt of the intelligence of events in Paris.

Italy.—The Council General of Genoa had contributed 15,000 francs towards the erection of a monument to Columbus, which was to be raised in that city.

Russia.—A correspondent from Berlin, writing under date of the 9th, states that the *coup d'etat* of Napoleon met with decided approval in official circles.

MARKETS.

The sales of cotton for the week have reached 39,000 bales; of which speculators took 6,000 and exporters 1,000 bales.—Prices have receded ½d. Fair Orleans 5½d; Fair Upland 5d; Middling Orleans 4 7 8d, and middling uplands 4¾d.

Trade, in the manufacturing districts, is unchanged.

The Havre cotton market has advanced.

Sales of Western Canal Flour at 19s, and Ohio at 21s.

Corn has advanced 1s per quarter.—Yellow 28s; White 28s 6d.

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 24, 1851.

We have later advices from Rio Grande. Brownsville papers, of the 3d inst, state that Gen. Carvajal attacked the Mexican General Jaurequi, who had fortified himself strongly at Ceralvo, and, after hard fighting for two days, succeeded in taking nearly the whole town and driving the Mexicans into their fortified house, where they are completely penned up. The Mexicans lost all their provisions and ammunition. Carvajal had 10 killed, including Lieut. Graham and Captain *Chinl.* (so written by the telegraph,) also Capt. Wheat was severely wounded. The Mexican loss was very severe, and included all the Seminole Indians and their leader.

At the latest dates from Carvajal, he was about to attack the Mexicans in their position, and, if successful, will probably enter Monterey without opposition.

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