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VOL. XXXV. EASTON, MD., SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1852. No. 15.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY **SATURDAY MORNING,**

BY

GRAHAM & JOHNSON.

J. A. JOHNSON, EDITOR.

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"NOTE THE BRIGHT HOURS ONLY."

A lesson in itself sublime,
A lesson worth enshrining,
Is this—"I take no heed of time,
Save when the sun is shining."
Those motto-words a dial bore,
And wisdom never teaches
To human hearts a better lore
Than this short sentence teaches.
As life is sometimes bright and fair,
And sometimes dark and lonely,
Let us forget its pain and care,
And note its bright hours only.

There is no grove on earth's broad chart
But has some bird to cheer it;
So hope sings on, in every heart,
Although we may not hear it;
And if to-day the heavy wing
Of sorrow is oppressing,
Perchance to-morrow's sun will bring
The weary heart a blessing.
For life is sometimes bright and fair,
And sometimes dark and lonely;
Then let's forget its toil and care,
And note its bright hours only.

We bid the joyous moments haste,
And then forget their glitter—
We take the cup of life, and taste
No portion but the bitter;
But we should teach our hearts to deem
Its sweetest drops the strongest;
And pleasant hours should ever seem
To linger round us longest.
As life is sometimes bright and fair,
And sometimes dark and lonely,
Let us forget its toil and care,
And note its bright hours only.

Though darkest shadows of the night,
Are just before the morning,
Then let us wait the coming light,
All boding phantoms scorning;
And while we're passing on the tide
Of Time's fast ebbing river,
Let's pluck the blossoms by its side,
And bless the gracious Giver.
As life is sometimes bright and fair,
And sometimes dark and lonely,
We should forget its pain and care,
And note its bright hours only.

Democratic Convention in Downingville in the State of Maine.

To choose a Delegate to the Baltimore Convention, and decide on the Presidency.

DOWNINGVILLE, STATE OF MAINE, March 10, 1852.

According to a call from *Uncle Joshua*. the chairman, posted up in the usual places—that is, on the meetin house, and on the center school house, and on Bill Johnson's store—the adjourned meeting from February 9 was held this evening in the center school house. Democrats all on hand, *without distinction of party*, and the school house chock full before seven o'clock. On taking the Chair, *Uncle Joshua* called the meetin to order, and addressed them as follers:

"Gentlemen and feller Democrats, before we take up the business of the evening, I feel it my duty to say a few words about the present state of our party, and to lift up my warning voice against *divisions*. If we can't come together and pull at one end of the rope, we're gone. If part pulls at one end of the rope, and part pulls at 'tother end, the rope snaps, and we are all tumbled head over heels and come to the ground. So I hope, feller-Democrats, the divisions and disputes that broke in our last meetin, February 9, wont be seen to-night. I say, feller-Democrats, if we mean to beat, we must harmonize, as Mr. Richie used to say: we must *harmonize*.—It's true there's some pretty hard difficulties in our way, we must get round em.—When I'm ploughing in the field with a smart team, and see a hard stump right in the way, I know better than to go right straight ahead, and keep the plough in, and stick the ploughshare right among the roots, and tear the plough to pieces. But what do I do? I just run the plough share out of the ground, and slip round the stump, and then set in again, and go along as smooth as ever. And so when I'm mowing in haytime, and see a hornet's nest in the side of a stump, or in a heap of stones, I had a good deal rather leave a little grass standing round em than to mow up so close as to stir em up and bring the whole swarm out round my ears. Now, I say, feller-Democrats, if the Democratic party would only jest keep out of the way of stumps and hornet's nests, we could get along smooth enough, and carry the day any time. But if we are a going to run our plough share into every abolition stump that stands in the way, and stick our scythe into every hornet's nest that we come across, the jig is up with us, and we may as well give up the farm at once, and go off to the great banks and catch codfish, for it would be no use for us to fish for offices any longer unless we can harmonize.

"Gentlemen, that distinguished old Democrat of Pennsylvania, Mr. Buchanan, lately wrote a letter to the Democrats of Baltimore; it was dated the 23d of February; it was a great letter; and Mr. Buchanan is a great man. In that letter he says: 'There has seldom been a period when the Democratic party of the country was in a greater danger of suffering a defeat than at the present moment.' And, gentlemen, a Democratic member of Congress from Ohio, Mr. Olds, made a speech in the House the 5th of this month, in which he says: 'Mr. Chairman, I am free to acknowledge as a national democrat that I am humiliated at the bickerings exhibited by the prominent Democrats upon this floor.' Gentlemen, these handwritings on the wall shows us what we are coming to if we don't harmonize. Therefore, I hope we shall set an example of harmony here to-night that will send a thrill through the whole country from Maine to Texas, and from the Atlantic to Californy.

Uncle Joshua sot down, and the meetin give three cheers *for the harmony of the Democratic party.*

Bill Johnson.—Mr. Chairman. I rise to renew the motion that I made at the last meeting, that we choose Major Jack Downing for our delegate to the Baltimore Convention.

Doctor Briggs.—My motion was before that, Mr. Chairman, which was that we take up the question of the Presidency first. And still I think we ought to discuss that matter, and have a fair understanding about it, before we choose our delegate to Baltimore. However, in these times I go for harmony, and for the sake of harmony, I withdraw the motion, and am ready to vote on the delegate.

[The motion was then put by the chairman, and Major Downing was elected a delegate to Baltimore by the *unanimous vote* of the Convention, followed by three cheers.]

Chairman—There, feller-Democrats, is an example of harmony. That shows us what we can do when we all pull together. If we can only make the Democrats all over the country pull together, we shall choose our President just as easy as we have choosed our delegate.

Doctor Briggs.—In order to do that, Mr. Chairman, we must fix on the right candidate. And I hope we shall now have a full and free discussion, lay down our platform of Democratic principles, and then examine the candidates, and see who is the best man to stand on our platform.

Chairman—Well, yes, Doctor, you are about right in theory, but sometimes practice, in order to get along, has to be different from theory. I am an old Democrat, as you all know, and I have seen how things has worked these forty years. Now, my own opinion is, that the first and main thing is to pick out the man *that we can elect*, and not bother much about principles. It isn't principles that gives us the offices, but the man; and we must elect our man or get no offices. The Democratic principles can be regulated after we agree on our man, for they are all very simple and plain. And the fewer the better. In Gineral Jackson's time we didn't have but three. One was the Bank, and one was the Tariff, and one was Internal Improvements. Them you know was the Whig principles, and them was the ones we had to fight agin. And I don't think we can do any better than to stand on the same ground now. I've thought for some years that all Democratic principles might be reduced down to one plain simple principle, and that is *to fight agin the Whigs.*—That is the safest and most important principle in the whole Democratic creed.—And it is one that is easy to be understood, and easy to rally the party upon. The Whigs may bother about as many principles as they are mind to; we no need to have but one. We may bring em all under one rule, and that is to fight agin the Whigs. We are agin the Bank, and agin the Tariff, and agin Internal Improvements, because them are Whig doctrines. Now let us follow out the same rule, and wherever the Whigs go for abolition we must fight agin abolition, wherever the Whigs go for slavery we must fight agin slavery. If we stick to this rule through thick and thin, and only *stick together*, there's no danger; we shall carry everything all afore us.

Doctor Briggs.—Well, Mr Chairman, I think there's a good deal of meaning in what you say. And I go for harmony; so I move we go according to your plan, and pick out a candidate that we can elect, and fix up the principles afterwards; for, jest as you say, what good will the principles do us if we don't elect our candidate? Now, Mr. Chairman, as you are postmaster, and have all the papers at your office, and know how things get along, I move that you name over the candidates for the Presidency, and tell us how they stand, so we may see which is the strongest and go in for him.

Chairman—Well, as to that, all the States hasn't put up their candidates yet, but a good many of em has, and some of em I can name over. There's N. York, she puts up Governor Marcy; and Pennsylvania puts up Mr. Buchanan; and Michigan puts up Gineral Cass; and Kentucky puts up Gineral Butler; and Illinois puts up Judge Douglas; and Indiana puts up Gineral Lane; and Texas puts up Gineral Houston. And I spose there may be more that I dont think of now, but these is some of the foremost ones. The Dimocratic Review, printed in New York, that is tho't to take the lead in these matters, divides these candidates into two classes, the old class and the young class; or, as some of the papers calls em, Old Fogies and Young America. The old fogy class is Governor Marcy, and Gineral Cass, and Mr. Buchanan, and Gineral Butler, and Gineral Houston. And the Young America class is Judge Douglas. And the Dimocratic Review goes in decidedly for this last class.

Deacon Snow—I should like to have the opinion of our venerable chairman about Judge Douglas, as to whether he's the right man for us, and whether we better go in for him along with the Dimocratic Review.

Chairman—As to that, I can only say Judge Douglas is a mere boy yet, only about forty years old, and some folks thinks he better tarry at Jericho till his beard is grown. There is good mettle in him; but let him wait fifteen or twenty years longer, and then may be it will do to begin to talk about him.

Deacon Snow.—That's correct, I move we pass over the Young America class, and take up the Old Fogies.

Chairman.—Well, what say to Governor Marcy? Our Dimocratic brethren will please to express their minds freely. In order to harmonize we must know each other's opinion.

Sargeant Joel Downing—I've no doubt, Mr. Chairman, but what Governor Marcy is a good sound sort of a Dimocrat, and has done good service in the party, but I think that patch on his trousers has done the job for him so, he'll never get over it. If we undertake to run him we shall get lick'd, that's all.

Chairman—Well, how will Mr. Buchanan do? He's a strong candidate, and lately got a majority in the Dimocratic Convention of Pennsylvania in spite of Gineral Cass, who didn't get half so many votes as he did.

Deacon Snow.—The greatest thing I know agin Mr. Buchanan is that I've heard he was once an old Federalist. If that's the case I shouldn't like to vote for him; and, moreover, if there's the least taint of Federalism about him, Mr. Richie will be sure to fight agin him tooth and nail.—So there would n't be no chance to elect him.

Chairman.—Well, there's Gineral Cass, how does he stand? Is there any reason why he would n't run well?

Sargeant Joel Downing—Mr. Chairman, I don't want to be too particular, and I aint hard to please; but Gineral Cass, I don't think, would run better than some one of the others. And besides, he's got off the true Dimocratic platform, and would n't come under your rule, *to fight agin the Whigs.* For a year or two ago he and Gineral Foote and some others went off upon a slant and jined Webster and Clay and got up the compromise. We can't call that fightin the Whigs. The Dimocrats have been a good deal wrathy about it; and it isn't but a little while ago I see a Dimocrat paper in Richmond, Va., calls em "the miserable set of ragmuffins who got up the Union party." It wouldn't do to have a canddate that the Dimocratic papers can talk so about. It wouldn't produce the right sort of harmony in the ranks of the Dimocracy. I think, Mr. Chairman, we better go further, if we fare worse.

Chairman—Well, gentlemen, there's General Butler, of Kentucky. He's said to be a very safe, careful, sound Dimocrat; one that will be hard to pick any flaws in. What say to him?

Bill Johnson.—[Mounting on a bench with two or three papers in his hand.]—Mr. Chairman, Gineral Butler is the worst candidate in the whole lot. Gnerally speaking, he isn't nowhere, and when you do happen to find him he is n't never in the right place. You remember, sir, at our last meeting I described in my speech the Butler bait as being nicely rolled in meal and rubbed over with a little Van Buren oil. Well sir, since then the meal has been shook off; the Van Buren oil couldn't make it stick. It's all shook off, and shows nothing but a black slavery cat. A few weeks ago Mr. Cabell, of Florida, in Congress called Gineral Butler a "*mum* candidate." That straitened him out, and showed his color, and one of his friends in the House read a letter from him that showed he went the whole hog in favor of the "ragmuffins' compromise." Sir, I hold that letter in my hand, and in it General Butler preaches about the compromise like a methodist minister. He says: "It is as though a great national altar had been erected in our midst, on which every lover of our common country is invited to lay his offering of peace, and to offer up his prayers for the perpetuity of the Union and the continuance of the inestimable blessings which we enjoy under its protection." Sir, that language shows that he isn't fit for President; it's enough to turn the whole Dimocracy agin him.—The great Dimocratic paper in New York, the Evening Post, that was in favor of him awhile ago, now says: "We cannot congratulate him on the skill with which he is playing his game for the Presidency."

And, sir, I have in my hand the Democratic Review, the great organ of our party; and that shows Gineral Butler up in his true colors. It says he isn't nothing nor nobody; nothing but a mere beaten horse." It says the country might be lost "before Gineral Butler could get an idea into his head, or a word out of it." The Review says: "From his almost total lifelessness in public affairs, it was denied at the last Presidential election, even in his own neighborhood, that he was a Democrat at all. * * * * And General Butler went to the polls in 1848 and voted for himself to prove his own Democracy."—On the whole the Review says: "We declare him made up of feeble negatives."—Mr. Chairman, I move we skip over Gineral Butler, and take up the next candidate.

Deacon Snow.—I wont pretend to say we can do any thing with Gineral Butler; may be he is out of the question. But there is some reason to think it is possible the Democratic Review has'nt exactly done him justice. I like to see fair play all round. Mr. Breckenridge, a representative in Congress from Kentucky, made a speech on the Presidency a few days ago, the 4th of this month, if I mistake not, and he declares the Dimocratic Review is "full of gross misrepresentations." I will read, with your leave, Mr. Chairman, one extract from his speech: "There was a gentlemen full of talent, full of activity, a particular partisan and friend—as he had a right to be—of a particular gentleman mentioned in connection with the Presidency. That gentleman went to the State of Kentucky upon a political pilgrimage last fall, the object of which was, I suppose, to drive General Butler from his own soil, to dishonor him at home, by fastening upon him a corrupt political intrigue. But he failed in his object, and came back and bought up the Democratic Review for a political partisan paper for the campaign; and, with no names at the mast-head, that Review is now pursuing a course as fatal to the Democratic party as it is false and unfair."

And, Mr. Chairman, the Washington Union, our great Dimocratic organ at the seat of Government, comes out agin the Democratic Review about as hard as Mr. Breckenridge. Jest hear what it says:—"And last, but not least, among the numerous organs which create dissention and promote discord, is the Democratic Review. This periodical, once so elevated in its objects, descends to the level of mere faction, and opens its batteries upon all the prominent members of the Democratic party who happen not to suit the taste of the editor." The Union paper goes on to give the Democratic Review a good drubbing; it says the attack upon Gineral Butler was uncalled for, and is insulting to the people of Kentucky; and the Union stands up for the class of Old Fogies like a man. But as Gineral Butler is such a disputed candidate, perhaps we better pass along to the next.

Chairman. Well there's the old hero of San Jacinto left, Gineral Houston, of Texas; what say you to him? He's said to be a great favorite with the Democracy, and has a good deal of the grain of Old Hickory about him. What's the reason we can't all harmonize upon him? Gentlemen will please to speak their minds.

Solomon Jones.—(Trader at the upper corner.) Mr. Chairman, old Sam Houston's hoss can be curried in short order I can tell ye. The fact is, he's been all over the country, giving temperance lectures and making temperance speeches, and I solemnly swear he never shall have my vote as long as there's any strength in brandy. [Great sensation. *Deacon Snow* called the speaker to order.]

Chairman—Well, gentlemen, we've been through all the foremost candidates, and there seems to be difficulties all round. I would call upon our respected delegate to Baltimore, Major Downing, who has had a good deal of experience in political matters, to give us his views. Now, he has seen the proceeding this evening, and heard the Democracy of Downingville express their sentiments. I would ask him what course he will feel it his duty to take when he gets into the Baltimore Convention.

Major Jack Downing—Mr. Charman and fellow-Democrats, after returning you my sincere thanks for the honor you have conferred upon me this evening, I beg leave to state that from the instructions which I seem to get from this meeting to-night, and the light I now have on the subject, I should feel bound to propose to the Convention to take a gineral vote whether they will have a candidate from the Old Fogy class or the Young America class. If they decide in favor of the Old Fogies, I should move that Governor Marcy, and Mr. Buchanan, and Gineral Cass, and Gineral Butler, and Gineral Houston, be put into a hat and shook up, and then the President of the Convention draw one of em out. And whichever come out first the Convention should unanimously agree to run him, and ask no questions. But if they should decide in favor of the Young America class, I should move to put Judge Douglas into the hat, and shake him up, and draw him out, and agree to run him at all hazards. [Here three cheers were given for Major Downing.]

Chairman.—Gentlemen and fellow Democrats, if it be your mind that our delegate, Major Downing, be instructed to follow his own instructions, please to say *aye.*

[The question was carried by a unanimous and very loud vote. And after three more cheers for the harmony of the Democracy, the meeting adjourned].

Copy of the Secretary's minutes, examined and approved for the press, by

MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

A friend to the Bloomer dress says his object is to *elevate* the American costume

Our New York Correspondence.

NEW YORK, March 22, 1852.

MR. EDITOR:—

After one of the most severe winters that the present generation of New Yorkers has ever experienced, we were blessed with a couple of weeks of fine Spring weather, until last Wednesday, when it commenced to snow again. I am not prone to exaggerate; but I must say that the storm on Wednesday was about the hardest I have ever seen. The snow fell with unusual rapidity, and in large flakes, throughout the whole day, and until about 4 o'clock on Thursday morning, and the wind in the cross streets leading from the East to the North River was so high that omnibusses could not venture out, and foot passengers had to help themselves along by clinging to the iron railings, &c., on the sidewalks. The wind has now gone down, and the snow is disappearing fast, as there is no frost to hold it together. We have, however, quite a comfortable prospect of being over our ancles in mud, for the next three weeks.

Antoine Lopez, the Spaniard lately convicted of the murder of a policeman, and sentenced to be hung, but subsequently pardoned by Governor Hunt, on condition of his leaving the United States, was conducted on board the bark, *Union*, bound for Matanzas, on Saturday last, by the Secretary of the Spanish Consul and one of the Deputy Sheriffs. Lopez appeared very thankful for his pardon, and expressed his firm determination to mend his manners. He was a wretched looking object, and he seemed apprehensive of being assaulted by some of the relatives of the man whom he had murdered. As the vessel weighed her anchor and stood out of the harbor, he began to be more self possessed, but he yet eyed every boat that approached the *Union*, with a good deal of anxiety and fear. I felt much for the poor fellow, notwithstanding the enormity of the crime of which he had been convicted.

Your readers are, of course, aware that the only consideration that induced Gov. Hunt to pardon Lopez was the fact of the Cuban prisoners having been pardoned by the Queen of Spain. By the by, General Concha is expected here shortly, from Cuba. It was rumored here, last week, that the object of his intended visit is to attend the Court Room, *incog*, during the trial of O'Sullivan and his associates, alleged to have been concerned in fitting out the *Cleopatra*, to aid in the invasion of Cuba, and to see for himself whether the U. S. Government are actually in earnest in their prosecution of these gentlemen, or whether they are merely going through a certain form, to satisfy Spanish pride.—But this is no such thing. General Concha had been, for many years, subject to an increasing deafness which threatened to deprive him entirely of the sense of hearing, until, at the suggestion of Mr. Clay, on the late visit of that distinguished statesman to Havana, he put himself under the care of Dr. Heath, the celebrated aurist of this city. Although he has, up to this time merely corresponded with the Doctor, he has so far recovered his hearing, under his epistolary treatment, as to induce in him the belief, that a few weeks' residence in New York, under the immediate personal care of Dr. Heath, will result in a complete cure. Many of the Cuban prisoners, who were released by the Queen of Spain and arrived here last week, on their way to their homes, are still in the city, and will doubtless take occasion to pay their respects to the Captain General.

I trust that none of your readers have given credence to the absurd paragraph set afloat by a certain wag of the editorial profession in this city, that N. P. Willis, before leaving New York, sent a challenge to John Van Buren. I know the man well who penned the paragraph, which was intended as a piece of pleasant satire upon Willis's known aversion to coming in hostile contact with "a man and a brother."—I see, however, that it is going the rounds of the papers, and is gravely commented upon in some parts of the country.

The lecture season is coming to a close, and the attendance at the theatres is quite slim. Brougham was compelled to close his Lyceum, immediately after the termination of the engagement of Mrs. Forrest. At this season of the year, the "Broadway" is about the only theatre that can draw; and from the fact that its location is conspicuous, and that it always has the most brilliant company of any theatre in the city, it is pretty generally crowded, all the year round. Forrest has lately been drawing immense houses, at this theatre. He and the manager have made, no doubt, a pretty little fortune during the month.

I cannot imagine the reason of so many country persons being "taken in and done for," in New York, day after day, in the face of the fact that our daily papers swarm with detailed accounts of nearly every species of roguery practiced upon strangers, and cautioning persons against visiting certain localities. What makes it still more unaccountable to me, is the fact that these swindles are usually extensively copied by the country press. Notwithstanding all this, however, thousands of men, women, and children of this city depend for their daily subsistence upon frauds perpetrated on strangers. I know many *ci-devant* Peter Funks who are now rolling in wealth, and are driven to church, every Sunday, by a liveried coachman, a footman preceding their wives and daughters up the aisles, to open the pew-doors for them. It matters less in New York than in most places, *how* a man has made his money. "Has he got it," is the only question ever asked.

For the information of such of your readers, or their friends, as may think of going to California, *via* New York, I will state that all the members and *employes* of the firm of Palmer & Co., of No. 80, Broadway, have been arrested for selling spurious tickets to persons going to California. These scoundrels are understood to have accumulated some thousands of dollars in this way; yet, such is the power of wealth in this city, that I do not think they will be punished beyond being compelled to refund back the funds they have extorted, to all who have returned from Chagres to prosecute them.

When a man goes to a strange place, he should put up at a respectable hotel, and request advice of the proprietor or bookkeeper, on any important pecuniary outlay. If he thinks himself so smart as to be able to go round and trust to appearences, the chances are that he will be taken in.

Yours Truly, YORK.

GEN. JACKSON AND MR. FILLMORE.—The Natchez Courier says:

The Nashville (Tenn.) Union has been indulging lately in a strain of vituperative abuse of President Fillmore, for his course towards the Cuban prisoners. The Nashville Banner, at the close of a very able defence of the Ammistration, casts the following glance backwards, and leaves its readers to judge of the present, as the country has already of the past. We commend the parallel to many presses in this region, who imagine if they can only abuse Fillmore, they are doing all that is required of them.

Our treaty with Mexico embraces the same provisions incorporated in our treaty with Spain. When San Antonio was taken by the Mexicans in 1836, almost the entire garrison, embracing many citizens of the United States, were put to death, without trial and without quarter. A few days after Col. Fannin surrendered with 250 men, among whom were many citizens of the United States, all of whom were massacreed except six who escaped. Gen. Jackson was then President of the United States, and here were cases much more flagrant than that of the trial and execution of the Cuban prisoners. What did General Jackson do? He subsequently gave Santa Anna, the butcher who had these men massacreed, a safe passage through the United States, and sent him home from Washington, to become again President of Mexico! This is all he did, *more than Mr. Fillmore has done.* The Union, we presume, will justify President Jackson, and condemn President Fillmore.

GENERAL SCOTT.—The Montgomery Journal is following the example of sundry Virginia hair-splitters, and insists on pledges, promises, letters, avowals, explanations, &c., from General Scott. It says:—

"General Scott, standing fairly and openly on the Compromise platform, and nominated with Crittenden or Jones to back him, would be likely to override all opposition, whether Baltimore Conventionists, ultraists, or what not; otherwise his chance is slim, and he will be likely to find a "fire in his rear" more destructive than any in his previous experience."

We are satisfied with the old General's Virginia birth and education, and with his position while a temporary member of Mr. Fillmore's Cabinet. If this is not enough we will cite General Scott's letter to Mr. Clay, congratulating him on his exertions in behalf of the compromise, of which the following is an extract:—

"I have in my day and generation fought battles which have gained for our common country some little renown and glory.—These, however, may have been won by other men, or, if lost, would have been repaired by the indomnitable chivalry of our brave soldiery. But the great battle which you are fighting involves all that is glorious or immortal, of the present and the past, all that is dear and hopeful of the future. It is the battle of the preservation of the Union and constitution, the perpetuity of our Republican institutions. I trust in God that you may be successful in your patriotic undertaking. *For I most heartily approve of all the measures of your bill, and will give to them a cordial and energetic support.*"

A couple of Irishmen, who had not been long in this country, met at an inn, and called for dinner. As it so happened, there was a dish of horse-radish grated for dinner. Pat, thinking it was something to be eaten with a spoon put a large spoonful into his mouth. The tears immediately filled his eyes and rolled down his cheeks. His companion saw it, and said: "Pat, what is the matter?" "I was jest thinking of my poor father, that was hanged in swate Ireland," answered Pat. But Jemmy soon filled his mouth with the same; and as the tears gushed from his eyes also, Pat says: What's the matter—what has happened to ye?" "Ah!" says Jemmy, "I was just thinking what a pity it was that you were not hanged when your father was."

A LIVE SNAKE EJECTED FROM THE STOMACH—*Remarkable Case.* The Charlestown (Mass.) Aurora states that Wm. W. Sandford, of that city, who has been sick for two years, and was supposed to be in a decline, took some Indian medicine which caused him to cough and retch violently, when he threw from his stomach a *living snake*, about eight inches in length, almost perfectly white, with sharp black eyes.—Mr. Sandford drank water from a brook, in Maine, some two years since.

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