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The Easton Gazette.

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mar 6 J. H. GRACE.

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a 2 PATCHETT & WRIGHT.

From the Baltimore American.

IT IS WELL.

THE LAST WORDS OF WASHINGTON.]

There is quiet over Vernon's hill,
A deep repose about the sacred scene,
A beauty void of pride, that does not chill
The heart, but makes it calm—serene;
The silence of the death-bed still is there,
Of footsteps hushed, of mourners on the stair,
Of eyes that watch the cold death-finger trace
Eternity upon the Chieftain's face.
And those few words, the last that from him fell,
Have settled on the landscape like a spell—
Hill, wave and forest breathing—It is well.

Calm as the warrior heart that sleeps above,
Potomac rolls its clear blue wave below,
And on its breast the white-winged vessels move,
Homeward or outward bound they go—
Now for a moment pausing on the wing,
[illegible] starts beneath, and seems to cling
A light cloud [illegible] toward the sun
Against the bow—then [illegible]
And the deep music of the Tribute Gun
Floats o'er the wave and wakes the quiet dell—
"Peace to thy sleeper Vernon"—such the swell—
A voice it fell in confidence it is well.

And yet the Hero's tomb is dark with ages
A stately ruin is the mansion home,
What should have added beauty to the page
And in completeness bound the matchless tome,
Stands as the writing in Belshazzar's halls—
The "Mene, Tekel" of Columbia's walls—
Weighed and found wanting—recreant to the trust
Freedom bequeathed us in our Hero's dust,
And yet we boast he has a brighter cell,
A fitter for his own great soul to dwell,
Our hearts! a loving nation!—It is well.

The voice of woman soft and low but clear
Speaks in the land, hope spreads her wings anew,
All is not lost when woman's smile and tear
Lend to a cause a sunlight and a dew,
To save his home from ruin and from blight
Who drove from our oppression's darker night
Demands an interest whoever pleads,
Who shall refuse when woman intercedes?
Speed on the mission that so haply fell
'Mid hearts so warm. God aid them soon to tell
To list'ning ears and anxious—It is well.

For the Easton Gazette.

THE DUTCHMAN AND THE GHOSTS.

BY 'SOLITAIRE.'

It is a prevalent idea but a mistaken one, with parents, that their sons who are absent from home completing their education and becoming "finished gentlemen," are great book-worms, unwearying students; scarcely willing to abstract sufficient time from their studies for needful recreation and exercise. Take the word of one who knows,—that nine-tenths of them are engaged in an exactly opposite manner. After the first month, if they have any taste for amusement or *penchant* for mischief, it is sure to be developed and fostered, until it becomes the sole aim of their college life to enjoy themselves in the most agreeable manner, and to play off practical jokes on the 'janitors, Professors, neighboring people and their fellow students. But,—I am turning not only moralises, but am disclosing the mysteries of 'Young America.' So I'll go on with my story:

One evening an extremely new idea took possession of my mind in some unaccountable manner—it was, to study out my recitations for the following day; and in pursuance of this resolution, I with meerschaum in mouth, and studying gown enveloping my form, was poring over that greatest of all nuisances of the 'Freshmen year'—'Kuhner.' I was just mastering an extremely difficult sentence, when the door opened, and in walked Jack P——l, my cherami and partner in all mischief, who snatching the book out of my hand threw it under the bed, exclaiming—

"Why Harry! How grum you look! It's well for you that I arrived so opportunely—in five minutes more you would have been non compos. What in the world possessed you to attempt such a bore as 'Kuhner?' It's a certain recipe for producing the 'horrors.'

Why Jack, to tell you the truth, I have commenced to suspect that playing practical jokes, tricking the Faculty, and spending our parents' money on gay frivolities is not exactly what we were sent here for, and I had concluded to 'reform' a little.

'Reform! retrenchment! Ha! you'll be a prosy, old fogyish croaker yet, I fear. You turning moraliser! You are becoming a mearly book-worm—a soft head. Here Ned I've found a 'curiosity' for 'Barnum,' continued he as Ed. N——n entered the room. Here's Hal T——s turning to a 'plodder' aspiring to the 'honors'—perhaps to a Professor's chair. It's almost past belief, is it not?"

"Why Harry what's out? The 'old folks been writing you a parental admonitory letter? Your flame jilted you?—but, I forgot, you are not a ladies man and therefore have no 'la belle finance.' Come my boy, Jack and I are here for the express purpose of soliciting the honor of your company on a marauding expedition. No expenses allowed; on with your coat and boots, quick! we are losing time."

Reply was useless—go I must, and in a few moments our trio were promenading Hanover street arm in arm, with a couple of glasses 'Madeira' stowed away under each waistcoat. I then asked my companions to let me into the secrets of the expedition.

'You know old 'Hans Kraub,' that old miserly, sting Dutchman who refused to let us have some apples the other evening?'

'Ay, well,—the old curmudgeon. But what then?"

'We intend to *borrow* a bushel or two of his best apples. What say you?'

I'm *not at all offended*, but suppose the rascal shoots, or perhaps he keeps a big dog!'

'He's got no dogs and we'll scare him so bad he won't shoot, but run like a hare.'

By this time we were close to the scene of operations, and halting held a 'council of war.' The orchard was close to the farm house, and within full view of the sitting room where old Hans was wont to drink his lager and 'smoke der pipe." Jack and Ned now producing some phosphorus, I gave their faces a 'cast of the unearthly,' they then put the 'ghostly light' on my phiz, when a difficulty arose; I not knowing what game was to be played had not provided myself with a 'winding sheet,' but 'fortune favors the brave; (some would have written the d--l helps his own) and I recollected that I had got a white 'robe de chambre' from the seamstress which I had carelessly stuffed into my coat pocket. Very fortunately the orchard was thickly grown up in tall weeds, and keeping our 'ghost fixins' in readiness, we silently entered the enclosure, and aided by the sheltering weeds succeeded in reaching the marked trees. Jack and myself climbed them, while Ned filled the bags—meanwhile Jack bethinking himself of a black Ethiop mask he had brought, I put it on. We were almost ready to depart, and were regretting we should have no opportunity of trying the potency of our supernatural arrangements, when I unfortunately going to another tree to fill up our quantum—cackle—cackle—cackle—a score of chickens 'roused from their slumbers, waked the echoes of the night and roused old Hans to action, [illegible] the opening door and sundry dutch exclamations conclusively proved. Grouping together we arranged our plan, which was this: To seperate and by cover of the weeds to gain positions some fifty yards distant from each other, then don our 'shrouds,' and with slow motion and audible groans to advance.

Hans Kraub came blundering along, musket in hand—"Der Duyvell and blitsen, some of der 'college boys' inter mine abble orchard mit deir deviltry. Och mien Gott! vat was dat?' continued he as an awful groan reached his ears; then Ned and Jack slowly rising as if out of the earth, with measured pace toward him, they truly looked unearthly. 'Oh mein Gott! mein Gott—der sperits, der ghosts—vat you vant Misther Ghost, vare you cum from? who you vas?'

'Hans Kraub, I am sent to warn you to cease your miserly ways, or H—ll will soon hold you. Repent and learn to be more generous or you are doomed to punishment in the regions of Pluto,' spake Ned in ghostly accents.

'Hans Kraub,' unless you promise me faithfully and honestly to be more hospitable, to grind your poor debtors less, to live a more righteous life, to-night you go with me. 'Come! come!' said Jack, opening his arms and advancing towards the frightened deitcher whose trembling hands could scarce retain their hold of the musket, and whose knees trembled under him unable to move from the spot.

'Oh mein Gott, Ise do better, Ise pe a good man Mr. Sperit—oh don't take me now, don't—Ise pe kind to my neighbors. Ise gib mein abbles to der 'college boys,' when dey ask me. Oh—oh—oh Mr. Ghost please leab me leab one little viles longer!'

In the meantime I had donned my shroud and black mask, and having found about half a pack of fire crackers in my pocket, I had lit the fussee and holding them to the mouth of the mask, rose from cover and advanced upon the already terrified Dutchman.

'Hans Kraub!' said in a deep voice immediately behind him—'I've come for you, come it is useless to resist, when the crackers commenced popping and unable to stand fire any longer, seeing my black face and fire vomiting from my mouth as he thought, concluded I was no less a personage than the foul fiend himself, and with a yell of horror Hans dropped his musket and split for the house, yelling—'Oh der duyvel, der duyvel himself. Yacob, Katrina, Peter, help, help—murder—murder der duyvel is after me.'

Congratulating ourselves on the success of our ruse, and laughing at the terror of the stingy Dutchman, we started homeward with our apples, not forgetting the musket, which I seized as a trophy and bore off in triumph.

Hans the next morning related to a wondering crowd the particulars of his adventure:

'Last night, shust as I was shmoking mine pipe, pefore going to ped, I hear one noise in mine orchard like if one dam fox pe eatin' mine shickens. I dakes mine mushket, and goes out in der orchard.—One ghost all dressed up in vite say, 'Hans Kraub, you dam rascal, you too stingy to lib, you mus die and go to hell mit you. Der duyvel sent me to fetch you.' I git scared and tinks about cummin' to der hus, ven anoder big sperit, dat shmell shust like one damm sulphur devil, say—'you dam old dutch hog, you go wid me to where your fader went before you, you too pig a rascal to lib enny longer—dam you, I take you wid me now and he hold out his arms and start after me, when one big black faced ting,—de debble himself, cum spittin' fire and smellin' like a whole field of brimstone, and say 'you 'fernal, mean, stingy Gott for dam old Dutchman, you must go wid me to hell, I cum fur you—you shant lib enny more, I take you wid me and make you keep mine fires built up, if you don't I chug you inter a big furnace an keep you dare, you double headed ole Deitcher. Den I runs home, leaves my mushket behind, and gets under der ped an shtays dare all night I tells mine vrow and she say Ise one ole skeery foole, I imagine I see someting. I *knows* I see um, all dressed up in vite and shust like dead peeples.'

'Have you looked at your apple trees this morning Hans?' asked one of his hearers.

'Now, O no look—I no like to go in te orchard.'

However he did look and great was his wrath when he found his apples gone and musket ditto—and 'dem dam college boys,' got a regular Dutch blessing.

An Irshman had been sick a long time and while in that condition, would occasionally cease breathing, and life be apparently extinct for some time, when he would come to. On one of these occasions, when he had just awakened from his sleep, Patrick said to him:

"An' how'l we know Jammy, when you're dead? Ye're after waking up every time!"

"Bring me a glass of grog," said Jemmy, and say to me, here's till ye, Jemmy, and if I don't rise and drink then bury me."

For the Easton Gazette.

LETTER TO M.

The ghost of an unfilled promise, made to you, has been haunting me for some time past. To exercise it, I must take up this my steel-pointed wand, but hardly hope at the same time to fascinate you with my cabalistical conjuration.

Where did I leave myself? On board the Moses McClellan, at Cincinnati, I think. But my story is becoming rather long drawn out, and I must make this remaining account of my travels more brief. The only object of particular interest that I remember now, between the Queen City and Louisville, was North Bend, and of this only an indistinct view, either of monument or dwelling through the autumn foliage.

We awoke at Louisville, but a rapid drive through the city to the steamboat, three or four miles below, allowed but little opportunity of observing any distinction between it and other collections of brick and mortar. It was on Wednesday morning that I stepped on board the John Gault, which was advertised to leave for Memphis and the intermediate landing places, at 12. At half past two, we were fairly off, expecting to arrive at Owensborough, by the next morning.—But from sand-bars, fog and storm, of which I should like had I time, to write more particularly, it was not until Friday morning that the boat was moored at the Owensborough wharf. By that time I had become so much interested in some of my fellow-passengers, that I left with real regret.—There was the family of a Louisiana planter—the lady, clothed entirely in black, tall, stately, dark, but with the remains of remarkable beauty, her two daughters, one of them with the most brilliant complexion I ever beheld, their English governess—a middle aged lady and a Catholic, one or two sons, and several servants—fourteen in all. Then there was a bride, whose beauty excited a great deal of admiration. She had a clear olive complexion, black eyes, and most luxuriant hair, arranged in a manner exceedingly trying to most styles, but singularly becoming to less. Her face, to me however, was more striking than pleasing, for an expression of ill-temper or discontent which it often wore, was enough to mar the most perfect set of features. There was a young girl, whom we might have imagined the daughter of an Indian chief; not only from her eyes, complexion and hair, but from her barbaric taste for ornaments. Another had but a short time since returned from France, and when asked if she went to the Lonvre, replied in a careless way, "Yes, and there are some pretty pictures there." Then there were boarding school misses, one or two families emigrating to the West, with chattles, servants and babies; tourists returning from the White Mountains, and the Hudson, to their Southern homes, and an infinite variety of all kinds of people, agreeable to look upon, and otherwise. But altogether it was an exceedingly pleasant company, which I left with real regret.

I was obliged to remain in Owensboro' until Monday, the stage for G—— having left, an hour or two before I arrived. It was rather a disagreeable thing, but after a vain attempt to procure a private conveyance, I was forced to make a necessity of it, and submitted as contentedly as I knew how.—Owensboro' I found remarkable for nothing unless it was dilapidation, dirt, wandering swine and livery stables.

Monday morning before day, cold, dark, and rainy, I seated myself in the stage which was to bring me to my journey's end, and after fourteen mortal hours of bumping and jostling over a most wretched road, under a dull, drizzly sky, with leather curtains fastened close around me, and my only view of the country obtained through the space between the dripping water proof hat of the driver, and his oil cloth covered shoulders, the stage stopped at a gate, a little aside from the highway, over the top of which I saw a long row of lights gleaming through the foliage, the driver took from under the seat a horn, and blew a long tir-al-la, which carried my thoughts back to the good old stage coach days, of which I have read, before railways and steamwhistles came in vogue, and presently a "little black boy" came trotting down the path with a lantern—the gate was opened, the clumsy mud-laden wheels rolled slowly in, and in a moment more, I was at my journey's end. I met a warm welcome, formed pleasant first impressions, and here I am still, six months farther on.

But I will give you no description of the place now. To present a favorable picture, it needs all the accessories of foliage, flowers and sunshine. Spring is bestowing these upon us. She is painting the meadows, and hill-sides with the loveliest green, clothing the peach and plum in their pink and white robes, the graceful willow in the most delicate-hued drapery, and strewing flowers all around us. Very soon this very doleful little town, will have received all the gifts the fairy hand of Spring can bestow, and we shall see what improved appearance it will present. 'Till then, (should time and the "spirit" prove propitious,)

Adieu. ADELE G.

March 20th, 1858.

A PARLIAMENTARIAN.—The members of the Legislatures of many of the new States have among their number some originals, it must be conceded. It is related of the President of the Senate of Minnesota, that on a recent occasion addressing his fellow Senators, whom he termed "old hosses," he informed them if they "expected the cheer to decide more than six pints at wunss, they were barking up the wrong sapin—that he could tell them." Complaints have been made of the loose manner with which some of our state legislators treat grave subjects, but we have no representative that can come up to the "old hoss" who keeps the Minnesotians in order.

The members of the New Brunswick Legislature, just closed, spent during the session $2,000 for newspapers.

AMERICANISM IN INDIANA.

On Tuesday, the 30th ult., a mass meeting of the American party was held at Terra Haute, Indiana, which is said to have surpassed in numbers and enthusiasm any political assemblage that has been witnessed in that section of the country since the memorable meetings of the campaign of 1840. The meeting was ably and eloquently addressed by Hon. R. W. Thompson.—The Terra Haute Union, alluding to this speech, says: "Never did a man speak with a more universal approbation of an audience. All, to whatsoever party they may have belonged, were filled with enthusiasm, and seemed to forget, for the time, that there was any other party than the American. Would to God that this were true, for then our country would be safe—sectional issues, abolitionism, and fanaticism would be buried in one common grave." We most cordially *reecho* the sentiments of the Terra Haute Union. Dick Thompson is emphatically a national man. His speeches are dictated by a heart that beats only in unison to true patriotism and nationality. He is an American from the soul to the surface, and we wish his voice could be heard and his counsels heeded in our neighboring State.

We cannot avoid publishing the resolutions adopted by this meeting of the American party in Indiana. They will show to the people of the South the position, the nationality, the pure patriotism of the *American* party in the free States. There is no sectionalism about them. They are national to the core. We are assured that they are the "heartfelt sentiments" of the American party of Indiana, and they will surely command the admiration and approval of every conservative man South or North, whatever may be his political affiliations. They discard equally Northern sectionalism under the lead of the Republican party and Southern sectionalism under the lead of the bogus Democracy. They are based upon broad national sentiments and a love for the American Union. They are such as every American and every Whig and every conservative Democrat in the South as well as in the North most cordially endorse and approve. They are national. They are just. They are true.—They are *American*. The party in the free-soil States by which such resolutions are endorsed is the only national party. The South must see this and acknowledge it and act upon it, or it will be deaf to the voice of conscience pleading for the right and it will be utterly blind to its own best interest. The resolutions are as follows:—*Louisville Journal.*

WHEREAS, We, speaking only for ourselves, not only see no reason why we should abandon the conservatism of the American party, and cease to maintain its principles, but every possible reason why we should adhere to them more tenaciously than ever, that a true national spirit may be preserved to counteract the dangers which may well be apprehended from Southern sectionalism under the lead of the Democratic party; therefore,

Resolved, That we will not unite with either the Republican or Democratic party in any party movement so long as they maintain the principles now professed by them.

Resolved, That whatever we may do in the future in reference to national affairs, there is one to which we solemnly pledge ourselves—that is, that we will maintain our nationality, and never unite with a sectional party, whether Northern or Southern.

Resolved, That the Government of the United States was, in our opinion, organized for other purposes than merely deciding who shall and who shall not hold office—that it is its duty to "foster commerce, encourage enterprise, and protect, as far as practicable, the lives and property of its citizens," to "afford substantial aid in the prosecution of great works of internal improvement of a truly national character"—to extend all such proper protection to American labor and industry as shall be necessary to render it independent of the pauper labor of Europe—and so to conduct its affairs, with a view to integrity and economy, as to advance the public welfare and augment the public happiness.

Resolved, That we owe our highest allegiance to the American Union, and that its preservation, at every hazard and under all emergencies, should be the first object as it is the chief duty of every citizen of the United States, and that we will resist every attempt to weaken its bonds, from whatsoever quarter it may come, whether from the North or South. We adopt the sentiments conveyed by the Whigs of this county, in 1848, to their brother Whigs throughout the nation, which the most of us then endorsed, and which were then expressed in these words: "Resolved, That as Whigs and citizens of Vigo county—as Indianians—we love and cherish the confederation of these States—that our affections are centered in the glorious American Union—that we know no difference in our attachment to the North and South—that, in the language of the immortal Washington, we "cherish a cordial, habitual, and immovable attachment to that Union, accustoming ourselves to think and speak of it as the paladium of our political safety and prosperity, watching its preservation with jealous anxiety, discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can, in any event, be abandoned, and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts." These are the sentiments of the citizens of Vigo, here assembled, and, by the blessing of Heaven, we shall live and die by them."

Resolved, That we are opposed to and will resist all efforts to array the citizens of one section of our country against another, upon sectional or geographical issues.

Resolved, That we respond to the patriotic sentiments recently expressed by the "Union men" of Platte county, Missouri, and like them will adopt as the code of *our* political morals the golden rule, "To do unto others as we would they should to do us"—will oppose abolitionism, border ruffianism, and every fanaticism, that has a tendency to infringe the rights of others; and that we will have for our motto, "The Constitution and the Union, now and forever, one and inseparable."

Resolved, That we maintain, what the American party has always maintained, that the people of a Territory, when they form their constitution for admission into the Union, have the right to decide for themselves whether they will or will not have slavery, and that they are entitled to admission into the Union whether they decide it one way or the other; it is their business, not ours, and don't intend to trouble ourselves about it.

Resolved, That in our opinion, Congress ought not to legislate on the subject of slavery, either in the States, the District of Columbia, or in any of the Territories of the United States—but ought to let it alone.

Resolved, That the control of the domestic institution of the States, including slavery, belongs exclusively to the States themselves, and the Federal Government has no right or power, under the Constitution, to interfere with them, either directly or indirectly.

Resolved, That anti-slavery conventions and continued attacks in the Northern States upon slavery as it exists in the States of the South have had a tendency to weaken the attachment heretofore existing between the two sections of the country, and to endanger the peace of the Union—and should therefore, be discontinued.

Resolved, That the peace, happiness, and prosperity of the country, as well as the security of life and property, depend upon the faithful execution of such laws as may be enacted by the proper departments of government—national or State.

Resolved, That we will not engage in any crusade against the Supreme Court of the United States, nor its decisions, holding it to be absolutely essential to the preservation of our institution, that our judiciary should remain independent of political parties, and because if it were otherwise, as Mr. Clay declared in his lifetime, "we should have nothing settled, nothing stable, nothing fixed. There would be general disorder and confusion throughout every branch of administration, from the highest to the lowest officers—*universal nullification.*" We are opposed to *nullification* in every form.

Resolved, That in our opinion, Kansas is not entitled to admission into the Union under the Lecompton constitution, nor under any other that shall not be fairly submitted to and approved of by a majority of the bona-fide inhabitants of that Territory.

Resolved, That we hereby tender to the Hon. J. J. Crittenden, of Kentucky, and the Hon. John Bell, of Tennessee, our thanks for the bold, noble and manly stand taken by them in the Senate of the United States against the Lecompton constitution; that we hail them as statesmen worthy of the better days of the Republic, and upon whom the mantle of our father has fallen, and that we hereby declare our willingness to vote for *either* of them for President at the next election.

Resolved, That we yet cherish and will maintain all the great principles of conservative Americanism as declared by the National American Convention held at Louisville, in June, 1857.

PIGTAIL ECONOMY.

Old Deacon Biggs is remarkably close. His name has come to be a proverb in his neighborhood for such economy as ever makes a man the subject of ridicule and contempt. One bitter, cold morning, a few years ago, he bade the boys drive together all the pigs that were to be fatted for the market, into the little yard just at the corner of the house. A pig was caught by one of the youngsters; the Deacon, with a pair of pincers in one hand and a sharp knife in the other, seized the unfortunate by the tail, and cut it off, *close up*. So on through the whole herd, leaving not a pig with even a stump of a tail. Cort, who worked for his grandfather, stood by in amazement—his hands in his pockets, his toes turned in, his old fur cap over his ears, his lank body warped into a crescent by the cold and his teeth jawing against the outrage with a prodigious clatter. At last he stuttered out, "Grandpa, what you cuttin' off those tails for?"

Sober and solemn was Deacon Biggs as he replied, "You never will be a rich man for you do not know what it is to be savin'. You ought to know, my child that it *takes a bushel of corn to fatten an inch of tail!*"

Cort has gone to the west, and in the corn-growing bottoms of Michigan, has taken to the raising of tailless porkers.

THE POCKET BOOK.

SCENE FIRST.—A young Gent is discovered surrounded by his friends, who are jesting with him regarding his attentions to a certain young lady:

Young Gent.—"Boys, I'll tell you how it is; You see I care nothing for the girl—it is the old man's pocket book I am after."

Chorus of friends—"Ha! ha!"

Second Scene.—A parlor. Time 11 p. m. Young lady seated. Young gent rises to depart, hesitates as if bashful, and then slowly remarks:

"Miss Matilda, excuse me, but you must be aware that my frequent visits, my attentions, cannot have been without an object."

Young lady—"Ah yes, so I've heard, and I shall be only too happy to grant what you desire.'

(Takes from the table a paper parcel, and unfolds it, displays a large old fashioned and empty morocco pocket book)—"This I have been informed, is that object. Permit me to present it, and to congratulate you that you will in future have no further occasion to renew these visits and attentions."

Young Gent swoons.