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POET'S CORNER.

From the Morning Post.
DEMOCRATIC RALLY.
Come raise ye friends of freedom,
And put your armor on,
Your foe is now half overcome,
Arouse, the fight is won,
Hurrah for our young hunter Polk,
He'll be among you soon,
He's death on those hard cider folk,
He'll tree 'em that same old soon.
Come, arouse, for Polk and Dallas,
Against "Old Hymey" Clay,
No think no more of peace,
Our destinies shall sway,
Hurrah for our young hunter Polk.
No bribe or lands can win us,
No promises can buy,
No bankrupt act can pin us,
No "rags" our hands can tie,
Hurrah for, &c.
Our hands are hard, our hearts are true,
We're ready for the fight;
Come on ye coinish, older crew,
We'll put you all to flight,
Hurrah, &c.
Behold that firm and stately tree,
Elastic, tough, and true,
Our young, stout-hearted hickory,
In Tennessee it grew,
Hurrah, &c.
It shames your tender nest—
For tawdry flags just fit,
The Mill-boy of the Shashes
Can't come the hick'ry gnt.
Hurrah, &c.
Then, arouse, ye friends of freedom,
And put your armor on,
The foe is now half overcome,
Arouse, the fight is won,
Hurrah, &c.

Miscellaneous.

JACK MARLAND.
HOW HE SOLVED A VERY STIFF PROBLEM.
Jack Marland was a happy fellow—at least any one who saw him seated in his comfortable chambers in the Temple, in a vast easy chair, and enveloped with clouds of smoke proceeding from his favorite meerschaum, as the bell of St. Paul's rang, would have said so. Jack was a clever fellow too; he sang well; he danced well; the partridges on the first of September, knew him well; the Cheshire hounds were not unacquainted with him; the Isis and the Thames were intimate with him, (for Jack pulled a good oar;) a dab at fencing; a fair singlet stick player; in his element in the pistol gallery; and to crown all, he had made a not unsuccessfull *debut* as a speaker in the Courts at Westminster. Jack truly ought to have been happy, for a thousand reasons; he was a favorite with his acquaintances and professional brethren; by the fair sex, his witty conversation and handsome and gentlemanly person and demeanor were duly appreciated; in short, he was universally liked. Pappas and mamas opened their doors to him. (for he had a nice little fortune at his command;) daughters and sons were glad when he entered the doors so thrown open, for not a dull moment was suffered to exist from the time Jack came to the time he took his departure. "And was Jack happy?" methinks I hear a fair reader inquire. Jack was not happy, or rather, he thought he was not happy.—Jack had got into his silly head that in spite of his accomplishments, his cleverness, and his handsome face and figure, he, Jack, was a coward, and that if ever his courage should be put to the proof he should be found lamentably wanting.—This was Jack's *ombré noir*; this was the thought which embittered Jack's existence; and, at the same time we introduced Jack to the notice of our readers, he was, in his aforesaid easy chair, and under the soothing influence of his aforesaid pipe, assisted by a cup of strong Mocha—turning over in his mind the different methods by which he thought it likely that he might be able to solve this knotty question, "Am I, or am I not a coward?"
Jack thought and thought, and smoked and smoked, till he was half asleep, without coming to any correct or satisfactory conclusion; the idea had taken strong possession of his mind and tormented him strangely; he however determined as indeed he had fifty times before determined, to seize the first opportunity which might present itself, of placing himself in the way of grappling with some imminent danger. We shall in less than ten minutes see that the wished-for opportunity presented itself, and in rather a curious manner.
The long vacation arrived, that time so wished for, so long looked forward to by all the legal profession; that time, during which, &c. &c.
Jack, like other denizens of the Temple packed up his traps, sent his clerk for a cab, stuck a card outside his door, with the inscription, "Return before the 30th of October," shipped himself aboard of a ship, then of a diligence, and, in due course of time, found himself in Paris. One half day was sufficient to enable him to find a good suite of rooms, Rue du Helder, Roul, Italian; and now behold Jack fully launched in all the gaiety not to say dissipation of the metropolis of the French. Jack, we have before said was a very good shot with the pistol yet he had never been guilty of that height of folly, a duel; and, indeed, had often been heard to say that he never would,

he, however, frequented many of the pistol galleries which abounded in Paris, and amongst others, he had honored with his presence the *tir au pistolet* of M. Lepage, where, of course, he very soon became known as "*Ce Monsieur, qui tire aussi bien qu'un Français*."
One day Jack, on going to the gallery of M. Lepage with one of his friends, found it occupied by a young man well known as one of the best shots in Paris; and most assuredly he was a good shot. He performed all the feats of tradition assigns to the Chevalier St. George; he each time hit the bull's eye of the target at the usual distance, snuffed a candle with the ball, split a bullet against the edge of a knife, and drove a bullet into the center of a target, which was actually in the center with his ball, and in short by a thousand feats of this nature proved himself worthy the name of a first rate shot. His *amour propre* was aroused by the presence of Jack whom the attendant, in presenting him with the pistol had quietly said was almost as good a shot as himself; but at each shot, instead of receiving from Jack the tribute of praise which he deserved, he heard Jack, in reply to the exclamations of astonishment which proceeded from all the gallery, say, "No doubt, that this is a very good shot but the result would be very different, I've a notion, if he had a live man for his butt." This incessant calling in question of his powers as a duellist, for Jack had repeated his observation three times, at first astonished the "tireur," and ended by annoying him; and, at length, turning round to Jack, and looking at him with an air half jesting and half threatening, "Forgive me, Mr. Englishman, but appears to me that three times you have made an observation disparaging to my courage, will you be kind enough to give me some explanation of the meaning of your words?"
"My words," answered our friend, "do not, I think, require any explanation; they are plain enough in my opinion."
"Perhaps then sir, you will be good enough to repeat them, in order that I may judge the meaning which they will bear, and the object with which they have been spoken?" was the reply of the Frenchman.
"I said," answered Jack, with the most perfect sang froid, "when I saw you hit the bull's eye at each shot, that neither your nor your eye would be so steady, if your pistol were pointed against the breast of a man in the piece of a wooden partition."
"And why, may, I ask?"
"Because," answered Jack, "it seems to me that at the moment of pulling the trigger and firing at a man, the mind would be seized with a kind of emotion likely to unsteady the hand, and, consequently the aim."
"You have fought many duels?" asked the Frenchman.
"Not one," said Jack.
"Ah!" rejoined the other, with a slight sneer, "then I am not surprised that you suppose the possibility of a man being afraid under such circumstances."
"Forgive me," said Jack, "you misunderstand me, I fancy that at the moment when one man is about to kill another, he may tremble for some other emotion than that of fear."
"Sir I never tremble," said the shot.
"Possibly," replied Jack, with the same composure, "still I am not at all convinced, that at twenty-five paces, that is, at the distance at which you hit the bull's eye each time—"
"Well at twenty-five paces?" interrupted the other.
"You would miss your man," was the cool reply.
"Sir I assure you I should not," answered the Frenchman.
"Forgive me if I doubt your word," said Jack.
"You mean then to give me the lie?"
"I merely assert the fact," replied our friend.
"A fact, however, which I think you would scarcely like to establish," said the "tireur."
"Why not?" said Jack looking steadily at his antagonist.
"By proxy, perhaps?"
"By proxy, or in my own person; I care not which," said Jack.
"I warn you, you would be somewhat rash."
"Not at all," said Jack, "for I merely say what I think; and consequently my conviction is that I should risk but little."
"Let us understand each other," said the Frenchman; "you repeat to me a second time, that at twenty-five paces I should miss my man."
"You are mistaken, monsieur," said Jack, "it appears to me this is the fifth time that I have said it."
"Parbleu," said the Frenchman, now thoroughly exasperated, "this is too much you want to insult me."
"Think as you like, monsieur," said Jack.
"Good!" said the other, "your hour, sir?"
"Why not now," said Jack.
"The place?" said the other.
"We are but five steps from the Bois de Boulogne," replied Jack.
"Your arms, sir?"
"The pistol, of course," was Jack's answer, "we are not about to fight a duel, but to decide a point upon which we are at issue."
The two young men entered their cabriolets, each accompanied by a friend, and drove towards the Bois de Boulogne. Arrived at the appointed place, the seconds wished to arrange the matter. This how-

ever, was very difficult; Jack's adversary required an apology, whilst Jack maintained that he owed him none, unless he himself was either killed or wounded; for unless this happened he (Jack) would not have been proved wrong. The seconds spent a quarter of an hour in the attempt to effect reconciliation, but in vain.—They then wished to place the antagonists at thirty paces from each other, to this Jack would not consent, observing that the point in question could not be correctly decided, if any difference were made in the distance now to be fixed, and the distance at which his antagonist had hit the bull's eye in the gallery. It was then proposed that a louis should be thrown up in order to decide the distance to be fixed, but Jack declared this was unnecessary, that the right to the first shot naturally belonged to his adversary; and although the Frenchman was anxious that Jack should take advantage of this one chance, he was firm and carried his point. The "tireur," of the shooting gallery had followed, and was ready to charge the pistols, which he did with the same measure, the same kind of powder, and the same kind of balls as those used by the Frenchman in the gallery a short time before. The pistols, too, were the same; this condition alone Jack had imposed a *sine qua non*. The antagonists placed at twenty-five paces from each other, received each his pistol, and the seconds retired a few paces, in order to leave the combatants free to fire on one another, according to the stipulated arrangement.
Jack took none of the precautions used with duellists, he attempted not to shield any part of his body, by position or any other means; but allowed his arms to hang down at his side, and presented his full front to his enemy, who scarcely knew what to make of this extraordinary conduct. He had fought several duels, but it had never been his lot to see such sang froid in any of his antagonists; he felt bewildered; and Jack's theory concerning his mind tended but little to re-assure him; in short this celebrated shot, who never missed either his man or the bull's eye of the target, began to doubt his own power. Twice he raised his pistol, and twice he lowered it again; this was of course contrary to all laws of duelling; but each time Jack contented himself with saying, "Take time, monsieur! take time." A third time he raised his arm, and feeling ashamed of himself, fired. It was a moment of most painful anxiety to the seconds; but they were soon relieved, for Jack, the instant the pistol had been fired, turned to the left, and made a low bow to the friends, to show that he was not wounded, and then said coolly to his antagonist; "You see, sir, I was right?"
"You were," answered the Frenchman; "and now fire in your turn."
"Not I," said Jack, picking up his hat and handing the pistol to the garcon; "what good would it do me to shoot at you?"
"Oh sir," said his adversary, "you have the right, and I cannot permit it to be otherwise, besides, I am anxious to see how you shoot."
"Let us understand each other," said Jack. "I never said that I would hit you; I said you would not hit me; you have not hit me; I was right and now there is an end to the matter; and in spite of all the remonstrances and entreaties of the Frenchman, Jack mounted his cab and drove off, repeating to his friend, "I told you there was a mighty difference between firing at a doll and firing at a man." Jack's mind was easy, he had solved his problem, and found he was not a coward.
DO YOU HONOR YOUR PARENTS?—I knew a little boy at school, whose father was dead. He was one day writing a copy in his book, "Honor thy father and thy mother." He wrote a few lines, and then laid down his pen and began to weep. He began again, and wrote a few lines more; but his memory was at work, recalling to his mind his dear dead father, and he wept anew. "He could not go on, but sobbed aloud. "What is the matter, my boy?" said his teacher. "Oh, Mr. Blake, I cannot write this copy; my father is dead. Please give me another page, and cut this leaf out—I cannot write it."
Reader, do you honor your parents?
A PHYSICIAN'S BLOW.—An invalid sent for a physician, the late Dr. Wneelma, after detaining him for some time with a description of his pains, aches, &c. he thus summed up—*"Now, Doctor, you have humbugged me long enough with your good for nothing pills and worthless syrups; they don't touch the real difficulty. I wish you to strike the cause of my ailment, if it is in your power to reach it."*
"It shall be done," said the Doctor, at the same time lifting his cane and demolishing a decanter of *Gin* that stood on the sideboard!
She who makes her husband and her children happy, who claims the one from vice and trains up the other to virtue, is a much greater character than ladies described in romances, whose only occupation is to murder mankind with shafts from the quiver of their eyes.—[Goldsmith.]
A JAW CRACKER.—Hoffman, a German writer and a poet, uses the following word: "*Stenerverweigerungserfassungsmessigerechtig*." Meaning a man who is exempt by the constitution from the payment of taxes.

Fifty Reasons
Why HENRY CLAY should not be President of the United States.
The following fifty substantial reasons have struck us as a conclusive argument against the election of Henry Clay to the Presidency; and we doubt not that every person familiar with his history, who is anxious for the spread of moral and republican sentiments, can increase the number to one hundred.
He should not be elected President, because—
1. Of his coalition with John Quincy Adams, by which he secured the Secretary of State.
2. Of the coalition, in abandoning all the republican principles that he had previously advocated, and thence became the champion of old fashioned federalism.
3. His election would restore all the measures of the administrations of both the elder and younger Adams.
4. He took the lead in the attacks upon the generally approved administration of General Jackson.
5. He was the author of the infamous resolution in the Senate of the United States declaring General Jackson guilty of an impeachable offence against the constitution.
6. He urged the adoption of that resolution in the Senate, the only tribunal where such an offence was triable—thus making himself the accuser and judge.
7. He is in favor of a national bank, which Daniel Webster has called "an obnoxious idea;" and the power to create which Mr. Clay himself, in 1811, called a "wandering power."
8. Whilst our country is in debt nearly \$27,000,000, he is advocating a distribution of the proceeds of our public lands among the States.
9. It seems to have been the study of his whole life to be disturbing and disarranging the tariff policy of this Government at one time turning the duties down to 20 per cent. ad valorem, and at another turning them to an amount equivalent, in many cases, to prohibition.
10. He is now Janus-faced upon the tariff question, advocating a revenue tariff at the south, and a protective tariff at the north.
11. He would confine the sale of the great agricultural staples of this country to the home market.
12. His home market doctrines would ruin our foreign commerce, would turn thousands of seamen loose in the world to seek other employment, and compete with the poorly paid laborers in other branches; and would leave our ships to be sold to the commercial men of other nations, or to rot at our wharves.
13. He is inseparably connected with those advocating an assumption of State debts by the General Government.
14. After pledging, in 1840, that the government should be carried on for \$13,000,000, he proposed in the Senate an annual expenditure of \$26,000,000.
15. With a majority of friends in both branches of Congress, whom he could control at any time, his promised expenditure of only \$13,000,000 was increased to \$29,000,000.
16. In the two years of whig ascendancy, when every thing went as he dictated, the national debt was increased from \$8,000,000 to \$26,000,000.
17. His election would be considered an expression of the people in favor of another bankrupt law, similar to the one just repealed; the avowed friend of which, Mr. Clay, now is.
18. Under his construction of the constitution all the reserved rights of the States will be destroyed.
19. After saying in March, 1818, "I belong to the democratic party, 'I maintain that an oppressed people are authorized, whenever they can, to rise and break their fetters,'" he now, since he joined the federalists opposes the people of Rhode Island in their efforts to throw off a charter government given them by Charles II. King of England.
20. He supports a random scheme of internal improvements, like that which has bankrupted most of the States, and which, during an administration of four years would run in debt over \$200,000,000.
21. His moral character is not such as it should be, since it is useless to try with the rising generation to keep the standard of morality higher than that adopted by the men whom we elevate to the highest stations.
22. He is the only person who has travelled over the country personally advocating for the highest office in the gift of the people.
23. He has offered to Great Britain all that portion of Oregon Territory north of 49°, after admitting that she had no color of a title to the same.
24. He opposes all measures for the protection of the Oregon settlers against the British and the Indians.
25. His doctrine in relation to Texas will lose us the command of the Gulf of Mexico, and bound our country on every side by British territory.
26. He is opposed to adopted citizens.
27. He has opposed all the vetoes of President Jackson and Tyler.
28. He is under \$5,000 bond to keep the peace.
29. He is passionate in council.
30. He is tyrannical with his supporters.
31. He is insolent and vindictive with his opponents.
32. He is for so amending the Consti-

THE FAVORED CLASSES.

The inequities of the tariff are for the most part laid to the account of manufacturing interests. A little closer inspection will show that, while federalism does not seem to commit extortion for the benefit of factory capitalists on the industrious middle classes of society, who great in the fields and labor in every species of country employment, it does not forget to exempt the rest of its gentry from bearing an equal share of the taxation it imposes. The following contrasts, exhibiting the partial and unjust bearing of the existing *black tariff*, should be made a standing exposé—a sort of pilloried exhibition—in all the democratic newspapers:

THE TARIFF.—MR. CLAY AND PROTECTION.—The following are the rates of duties upon the articles specified, and are fully taken from the present tariff bill, mostly from actual importation—some of them from the treasury estimates.—*Newburg Telegraph.*

INDUSTRY REWARDED.
Articles consumed by Mr. Clay's supporters are taxed—

	Per cent.
The rich man's spice	40 to 75
The manufacturer's wool	5
The alderman's spice	41 to 75
Gems and pearls for the neck of a nobleman	
The gentleman's neckcloth	30 to 75
Gold safety-chains for the exquisite	20
Sweetmeats and confectionaries for the fashionable tea table	25
Gold trinkets for the ball-room	20
Porcelain and China ware for show	30
Game for luxury, and silks and ribbons to promote waste & bankruptcy	20 to 31
Coach lace for the man in his gilded coach	35
Feathers and artificial flowers for the gay lady's head gear	35
Fans for lolling effeminacy	25
Needles for embroidery and the tambour	20
Thread and gold and silver laces for tinseled vanity	16
The diamond and the cameo for the lounger about town	7½
Cosmetics and perfumery for the toilet of frivolous gaiety	25
Paints and essences for decayed beauty and faded virtue	15 to 25
Costly wines for the civic feast	50 to 93
Sardines preserved for the few	20
Condiments to stimulate the palleted appetite of retired affluence	30
Billet-doux and fancy paper for biped butterflies	30
Silk robes and embroidery for the brilliant drawing-room	20 to 30
For the manufacturer's use, 170 enumerated articles	15 to 30

IDLENESS REPROVED.

Articles consumed by Mr. Polk's supporters are taxed—

	Per cent.
The poor man's salt	106 to 170
The farmer's cloth	40
The ploughman's spice	114 to 153
Bootees and shoes for the dairy-maid's feet	40
The workingman's shirt	90 to 160
Iron and molasses, to sweeten the food of necessity	65 to 170
Sardines for the laundry	80 to 150
Common glassware for use	152 to 359
Beef and pork, for necessity, and flannels to promote health and economy	40 to 120
Bookees and baizes for the man on foot	55 to 60
Bags and cotton-bagging for the planter and producer	30 to 90
Fins for absolute necessity	60 to 70
Brass kettles for the kitchen fire	45
Cordage and tarred rope for the weather-beaten mariner	76 to 130
The iron and steel for the industrious and useful artisan	75 to 270
Hard soap to cleanse the apparel of rustic toil	51
Paints and oils for the merchant ship and the poor man's house	49 to 100
Barley for rural small beer	320
Herrings, dried, for the million	77
Condiments to give zest and relish to the frugal meal	35 to 190
Medium and foolscap writing paper for the man of business	97
Fustian jackets and trousers for the sailor in the storm	95 to 160
For the farmer's and mechanics' use 270 enumerated articles	30 to 389

BOTS IN HORSES.

Messrs. Editors.—Passing not long since through one of the principal manufacturing villages, in the interior of Cumberland county, my attention was arrested by a large concourse of persons who had gathered around a building to see a poor horse die of the *Bots*. A very amusing circumstance surely, but one of such common occurrence in these days, that to me, at least has ceased to be a matter, either of much curiosity or surprise. I forward you the following recipe in hope that it may prove a benefit to many.—To make the botlet go his hold, give the patient a quart of molasses, or dissolved sugar, with a quart of sweet milk.—In 30 minutes you will find him at his ease. Then pulverize an eighth of a pound of alum—dissolve in a quart of warm water, and drench your horse. After two hours or less, administer one lb. salts, and you will effect a cure. I have never known the remedy to fail.—*Maine Cultivator.*

INVALUABLE SALVE.—Take three carrots and grate them—place in a vessel, and cover with lard without salt, if convenient. Boil thoroughly, strain and add sufficient beeswax to make a paste. This is a most invaluable ointment or salve for burns, scalds or wounds of any kind. Given from long and thorough experience. *Editors Saturday Courier.*

We have for many years made our salve in the above way, and with the addition that we always added a handful of flowers of life-everlasting, and instead of *boiling* we *simmered* our ingredients for some hours over a slow fire.—*Editors American Farmer.*
Sure mortal man was born for sorrow,
He's here to-day, and gone to-morrow.