EASTON GAZETTE.

WHERE THE PRESS IS FREE—"Literature, well or ill-conducted, is the Great Engine by which all Popular States must ultimately be supported or overthrown."
Religion purifies the Heart and teaches us our Duty—Morality refines the Manners—Agriculture makes us rich—and Politics provides for the enjoyment of all

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AGRICULTURE AND DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

THE WEEVIL.

The inquiry of almost every farmer is, "How shall we preserve our wheat from the Weevil?"

We answer—thresh it immediately, clean it from the chaff, and spread it in a barn or open room, and if it acquires the least warmth stir it daily.

The wheat which we received about the first of this month, which wheat had some weevil in the grain we found heated in a few days.—We spread and constantly stirred it for about two weeks; those then in it ate their way out—none have since bred in it—it now lies in bulk without heating, & we consider it greatly preferable to that which we are daily receiving from the threshing floor.

We have now several thousand bushels of wheat on hand, which was threshed from the shock and from the stack before the weevil commenced their ravages. It has been lying in garners near sixty days, and has been kept cool by frequent stirring; the weevil have not touched it—and we have no hesitation in saying, let their ravages be what they may in the stack, wheat thus cleaned and kept cool, will in all cases be free from the flying weevil.

We are now receiving one lot of a thousand bushels, which was threshed in July and early in August, run through the fan and spread in a large barn. It is perfectly cool, and has not received the least damage. All small lots, threshed and cleaned about that time, and kept cool, we find in the same good order. It is also said that some who threshed and penned their wheat in the chaff before the weevil were visible, have preserved it; but of this we speak with some doubt.

We now hear many speak of threshing & stowing away in the chaff. But those we would advise to be cautious; there is scarcely a stack of wheat in the country entirely free from weevil, and that which contains but a small portion, will heat if packed away in the chaff. We have heard some wild theorists recommend this mode to heat the wheat, which they say, "will kill the weevil and destroy the egg from which they hatch."

This reminds us of the old story of the Dutchman who set fire to his barn to divest it of rats; for we know that wheat thus heated will never afterwards grow, nor will the flour made from it reward the miller for his labor of grinding.

It is not our design to enter into the natural history of this insect.—We are desirous that the farmers should preserve their present and future crops of wheat from destruction: and being willing that they should profit by our short experience we freely communicate to them "that which we know."—This much, however, we will add as mere opinion: We believe they are produced from an egg, which after being laid in the grain, requires a certain degree of heat to produce animation. The portion which is produced by the straw in the stack, during the summer and fall, appears to be natures choice. It is against that portion of heat, we would have the farmers to guard, when we advise them to thresh and keep their wheat cool.—Whether the egg is deposited in the field or in the stack, we pretend not to say, but we have rather concluded in the latter: but we can with safety say, that the wheat now on hand, that never went through the sweat, or which has never attained that heat to which nearly all wheat in the stack is subject, whether it contains the egg or not, has produced no weevil; and that which we have recently received from the stack, ceases to hatch or in any wise produce them, as soon as we can keep it perfectly cool.

On these and other observations too numerous for insertion, we advise those who would preserve their present crops, to thresh and clean them immediately; and those who would hereafter effectually guard against the flying weevil, we advise to thresh from the shock, or before the wheat takes the sweat.

N. & N. HIXSON.
Ohio Steam Mill, Maysville, Sept. 20, 1825.

From the editorial correspondence of Professor Carter of the New York Statesman, now on a tour through Europe.

London, 15th August, 1825.

In the streets and buildings of London, public and private, with the exception of St. Paul's Westminster Abbey and a few others, I have been egregiously disappointed. There is nothing impressive or prepossessing in its aspect. Most of the houses and shops are of dark brick, two or three stories high, and much crowded, situate upon irregular, narrow and dirty streets. Drury Lane and Covent Garden, which sound so well on paper, resemble the region about the Collect in New York. Even the west end of the town has by no means answered my expectations. Its buildings will not bear a comparison with the upper parts of broadway, or the better parts of Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has a neat house; but Lord Wellington's near the entrance of Hyde Park, is a large, square plain building, of smoky brick, destitute of every species of ornament and elegance. Lord Liverpool's, the Duke of Northumberland's and the residences generally of the nobility exhibit very little taste. As for the Duke of Devonshire, his dwelling is so encased by high brick walls, that no one has an opportunity of viewing it. St. James' Palace, and in fact all the royal edifices about London, are most *unprincely* looking places, displaying neither elegance nor splendor.

The handsomest part of the town is about Regent's Park and Portland Place Regent street and Waterloo Place are also fine. The houses are of brick, uniform in their construction, and covered with thick stucco, giving them an appearance of being built of white marble. In this part of the city, the streets are spacious and airy.

The great avenues through London run parallel to the Thames, from Westminster to the eastern end. There are two of them. Different sections of the one nearest the river, and generally within fifty rods of its left bank, go by the several names of Piccadilly, the Strand, Fleet street, Ludgate, and some others, leading to the Tower The other great thoroughfare runs parallel to this, at the distance of half a mile to the north, and leads through Holborn, Cheapside and Cornhill. These streets are generally wide, but are constantly thronged, from morning till midnight, with carriages, carts, and vehicles of every description, as well as with foot passengers. So great is the promiscuous multitude, and the difficulty of passing, that it occupies a much longer time to ride than to walk the same distance. No person can witness these ceaseless tides of population, ebbing and flowing like the restless ocean, and reflect that in a short time the whole will sink into oblivion, giving place to a new generation, without having his mind forcibly impressed with the vanity of life. Few of the busy, gay, and fashionable throng are known beyond their narrow spheres, or will be remembered after the curtain drops. But this is not the place for moralizing.

One of the leading features in the topography of London is the great number of public squares and parks. These are every thing to a city thus crowded and confined, adding equally to its health and beauty Several of the largest are open to every one, and afford delightful promenades. We have rambled through most of them. The principal ones are St. James' and Hyde Park, at the west end of the town. Both of them are spacious, beautifully adorned with trees, gravel walks, and artificial waters, which cool the air and vary the prospect. I could almost forgive the mock-battle upon the Serpentine, in which the flag of our country was struck by order of his majesty, to gratify the potentates of Europe, for the grateful breeze it afforded me, while walking on a warm afternoon, upon its green and shady bank.

Our visit to Hyde Park was at the most fashionable hour, for the purpose of witnessing the style of "the nobility and gentry." This Park contains about 400 acres, At the entrance is a colossal statue of Achilles, standing upon a lofty pedestal, and armed with his sword and shield. It was cast from cannon taken at the battle of Salamana, Vittoria, Toulouse and Waterloo, and is inscribed by the ladies to "Wellington and his brave companions in arms." Around the Park there is a carriage path, resembling a race-course, where all who are able to ride, and some who probably are not, parade in full dress and equipage. Lords and ladies roll on in their coaches, which by the bye are generally heavy and inelegant; while a troop of dandies, with sugar loaf hats, whiskers meeting at the chin, and mustachios covering the upper lip, gallop after. The last mentioned *ornament* is all the rage here at present, being worn by some of the nobility. —Of all the whims and follies in dress, this is the most outrageous, indecent and disgusting. One would think that every polished society would cry out against it, yet the fashionables are here seen walking the streets arm-in-arm with the ladies, wearing a tuft of dirty hair upon the lip.

Our walk was extended quite around the Park, and to Kensington Gardens. The whole of these spacious grounds were filled with crowds of people, high and low, old and young, male and female. Such a general rendezvous afforded us a pretty fair opportunity of seeing the population of London in their best attire, and with smiling countenances. The ladies very generally have pretty faces. Some of them are extremely handsome. It is in fact an uncommon thing to see a woman with an ugly set of features except in the lowest classes. But in their forms, and the whole contour of their persons, except their faces, they do not surpass in delicacy and beauty the ladies of our country. The former are generally much grosser than the latter, and appear to enjoy an excess of good health. Some of the higher classes are said to be perfect angels. But this is a delicate subject, and perhaps my opinion has already been expressed too freely. I will at any rate change the topic for one of a graver character.

Nearly two out of our ten days in London have been past in Westminster Abbey, and as many more might be devoted to its numerous monuments with equal pleasure. It is indeed a most fascinating place to one who has read and admired the poets, orators, philosophers, jurists, and divines of England; who is familiar with the civil, military and naval history of the country; or who is fond of witnessing an exhibition of the arts erected for the noble purpose of perpetuating the remembrance of genius, learning and taste. The building itself is admirably fitted for a repository of the distinguished dead No one could approach the venerable pile, with its grey Gothic turrets, without feelings of reverence and solemnity, even if it were divested of those associations, which the recollection of departed greatness awakens. Whether it be mere fancy, or owing to some peculiarity in the architecture, or the sombre complexion of the material, the Abbey even at a distance, wears an aspect of sober grandeur, and an air of commanding veneration, which no other edifice I have ever seen possesses; and the eye of the spectator, as it surveys the weather-beaten structure, its lofty portals, and Gothic windows, sends a thrill to the heart.

The only entrance at present is through the southern transept, denominated "the Poets' Corner;" and who could wish for a more interesting passage? In this section of the Church, the visitant finds himself at once surrounded by monuments to the memory of Ben Johnson, Butler, Milton, Gray, Mason, Prior, Grenville, Sharp, Shakespeare, Thompson, Rowe, Dr. Johnson, Garrick, Gay, Goldsmith, Addison, Handel, Hales, D. Barrow, Camdon, Chaucer, Spencer, Dryden, Cowley, Phillips, Drayton, and many others less known to the world. Finding himself in the midst of such a group, with so many attractions on all sides, one scarcely knows to whom first to turn and pay the tribute of his respect. Having the day before me, I began with 'Rare Ben Johnson,' whose monument is near the entrance, and proceeded deliberately around the walls of the Abbey, against which these mementos of the dead are placed. Fatigue often compelled me to brush the dust from the pedestal of one tomb, and seat myself upon its corner, to read a long inscription and examine the sculptured marble of the next in order. Full notes were taken of the designs, the epitaphs and other circumstances, even in some cases to the colour of the stone.

There are obvious defects in grouping the monuments of the Abbey. Had the idea of 'the Poets' Corner' been strictly adopted, it would have been a great improvement. It is gratifying to see those sleeping side by side, who in life were united by the ties of friendship, or assimilated by kindred pursuits. There are several beautiful illustrations of this principle in the Abbey. The monument of Gray is immediately under that of Milton, and connected with it. On the former, the lyric Muse, in alto-relievo, is in the attitude of holding a medallion of Gray, and at the same time pointing her finger to the bust of Milton above, with the following inscription:

"No more the Grecian Muse unrivalled reigns,
To Britain let the nation's homage pay;
She felt a Homer's fire in Milton's strains,
A Pindar's rapture in the lyre of Gray."

Another instance of this kind was observed, still more striking and beautiful. The remains of Johnson and Garrick repose side by side beneath the pavement, at the feet of Shakspeare. Here is a tripple association of the most interesting character. The moralist and tragedian were intimate friends in life, sustaining the relation of preceptor and pupil, and the still nearer one of having encountered penury and neglect together; they sleep at the feet of the great dramatic master, whose genius they both reverenced, and both illustrated, in the closet and upon the stage. Shakspeare's monument is beautiful in design and execution, worthy of the poet whom it commemorates, and of the taste of Pope, who was a member of the committee that superintended its erection.

In another part of the church, the relics of the two great orators, William Pitt and Charles James Fox, rest by the side of each other. But the violation of this principle of grouping the monuments is so frequent, that the foregoing instances seem rather accidental than premeditated. Dr. Watts' slab is interposed between military and naval heroes, knights and noblemen, whose pursuits were entirely foreign to his own. The superb monument in memory of Sir Isaac Newton, although grand in design and elegant in execution, is liable to the same objection. He is surrounded by women, and has not a scientific or literary associate in the neighbourhood. Addison has fallen into a more appropriate circle. His monument consists of a full length statue, which is said to be a good likeness, standing upon an elevated pedestal, and looking towards the Poets' Corner, where he loved to linger while living. Goldsmith's head in relief, is over one of the doors, and is remarkable for little else, than the classical and complimentary epitaph by Dr. Johnson.

While in some of these monuments great taste is displayed, in others, the designs and ornaments are fantastic and almost ludicrous. On a little slab in the pavement, not more than eighteen inches square, is the inscription—"O rare Sir William Davennant"—and nothing more. No one can read it without a smile. As a discriminating mark of merit, a monument in the Abbey is a most fallacious test, and its principal object is in a great measure defeated. Wealth, power, friendship, or favouritism has foisted into the cemetry, and commemorated by lofty pyramids of marble, hundreds of persons who might as well have slept elsewhere. On the other hand, many illustrious names are not here to be found. I looked in vain for Locke, Bacon, Cowper, and even Pope, whose taste contributed so largely to the embellishment of the sculptured marble. There does not appear to have been much point in Nelson's celebrated motto—"Victory or Westminster Abbey."

It is, however, reckoned a high honour to obtain a niche in this ancient and venerable repository; and the prominence upon the walls, which some of its inmates have acquired by the unaided efforts of their own genius and talents is a creditable commentary on the character and institutions of England. Shakspeare, Johnson, Garrick, and hundreds of others, whose memories are cherished and revered, rose to eminence from the humblest origin. Nor are these honors in all cases merely posthumous. Several of the most prominent characters now in power are self-created men. The Prime Minister is the son of an actress; Lord Liverpool's father was a cobler; and Lord Elden, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, was once a servant boy, whose business was to sweep the office of an attorney. This is a noble feature, and in some degree atones for the opposite defects, with which it is associated. Our happy republic carries the principle to a still greater extent.

THE WORLD.

From the sublime to the ridiculous there is but a step. *Bonaparte.*

As there are two seasons in life, contradistinguished in every respect, the morning and the evening—youth and old age—so there are two distinct stages in its progression through each of which the mind has a peculiar and a different train of feelings. The first stage is the reign of enthusiasm; the second that of reason. In youth we are sentimentalists—in age, sometimes, misanthropes In the first season we see every thing superficially, and through the medium of a warm and active imagination, heated with the fire of passion, cherish hopes where there is no foundation, see beauties where there are none, and excellence in imperfection—but grown wiser by experience, and aided by the triumph of reason over the flickering and dying lights of imagination, we sometimes go as far into the last as we went into the first extreme. This process is a steady and progressive one, but generally certain and similar in its consequences and results.

I am now writing from my own experience. The first distinct idea I had of the deceptive nature of appearances, was in the view of a distant landscape—it was beautiful—a very paradise—made up of level & extensive meadows, sprinkled over with clusters of trees, a winding stream in the midst. I approached it, and its charms vanished—the plain was rough and uneven, weeds and briars lined the hedges—the fences were rude and decaying—the stream muddy and sluggish—and the trees—they were common ones, just such as grow every where. For a moment, then, I had a doubt whether the world, as it presented itself to a young mind, was not altogether deceptive.

I had a friend who wound himself deep into my confidence, and I believed him altogether worthy—he professed to be devoted to me, did some things to please me, said many things to flatter me, was always in my company when leisure allowed it—I thought the world of him—and—he took the first fair opportunity of cheating me most ——— I will not say the word, but I was a little staggered.

Affairs, more particularly of the heart, make up always a good many pages in the history of early life. I took it into my head that a little girl who lived in the neighborhood, was absolutely, and to all intents and purposes—an angel—that she had no equal in the world—was the most beautiful, bewitching, elegant, etherial minded being that ever was sent below the clouds. I was sincere and confident of this—I took every opportunity of seeing her, and, if by dint of courage and ingenuity I succeeded, it afforded me a week's happiness—these were all, necessary, Sunday occasions, when people look as well and talk as prettily as possible.

At last an extra opportunity of seeing the fair creature occurred—I was to go over to the farm on an errand. An ambassador on his first introduction to the presence of a sovereign could not have made a better display of his wardrobe than I did of mine—every hair was exactly adjusted—my hat put carefully on—a pair of clean shoes under my arm which were to be carried to the farmer's bars—and, in short, I went as every love sick blockhead goes the first time to see his mistress—most particularly fine, and feeling most particularly foolish.

I gained the awful bars that brought me in view of the more awful presence of my angel. Stuck my old shoes carefully under a log, put on my new ones, and went forward after having practised a bow or two. Walking leisurely down the lane as near the fence as possible, I met a drove of cows, and a girl dressed in a dirty linsey frock, barefoot, and with her mouth and bosom besmeared with mush and molasses, driving them forward with sticks and stones—I met the company—heavens! the driver was my Sunday flame—but what an angel! I threw my hat down in the road —rumpled my hair, stuck both my shoes in the mud—and thought I was going crazy. I was never afterwards a very enthusiastic lover.

There is a plain, straight forward way of trudging through this world; and we may as well accustom ourselves to it first as last. Expecting nothing we shall not be disappointed—a little sceptical on many matters of appearance, we shall reach the reality without surprise—and the sooner we arrive at the age of reason perhaps the better it will be for us.—

Trenton Emporium.

In our columns of to-day will be found one of the *Conversations of* Lafayette, which we have extracted from the Alexandria Gazette, because it has relation to that particular incident in his life which has awakened the deepest interest in American bosoms; and, also, because, coming from his own mouth, the statement may be regarded as a correction of past, and a guide for future history. The explanation of the motives which induced the General to take the hazardous step of quitting the French Camp, and passing the Austrian frontier, is important, as it will serve to put to rest the slanders which some of the annalists of that period have cast upon this distinguished individual for leaving the French army. This relation, as a whole, is well deserving of the perusal of our readers; and it will not be amongst the least meritorious of its effects that it will tend to revive and prolong the recollection of our late Guest It is a little legacy of history which he has bequeathed to us, and we are bound to receive it, and prize it, as a sort of posthumous token of his affection.—*Nat. Journal.*

Conversations of Lafayette.

OLMULTZ.

"I was upon the frontiers, defending them from the enemy, when the events of the 10th of August overthrew at once the government, and every thing like order in France, and the reign of terror ensued. From the disaffected and mutinous state of my army; finding it impossible to render further service to my country, proscribed and pursued by the factious, which had usurped the power, and prostrated every thing like propriety or rational government —I determined to seek an asylum in some more favoured land, and await the course of events, which might restore better days to unhappy France, and enable me to prove my duty to, and affection for her, by every service and every sacrifice in my power to render or to make.

"Retiring from my camp, accompanied by a few friends, but without inducing a single soldier to share our fortunes, we were soon arrested by the enemy's patroles. At first, supposing us to be traitors, we were treated with a show of courtesy, but upon finding that our hearts were still with our country, though a stern necessity obliged us to leave her service, they threw off the mask, and we were treated with every indignity which hatred to our principles, disappointment in their hopes of our treachery, could possibly devise.

"We were transferred to a great variety of prisons, and separated; my companions were ignorant of my fate, and I of theirs. At Magdeburg, the Governor must have considered me a second Baron Trenck; not only were the doors of my prison massy, and secured by five or six enormous bolts, but these again secured by mammoth padlocks. The term *dungeon* has been generally applied to the places of confinement in these bastiles or fortified prisons—The rooms are not, properly speaking, under ground, but rather on a level with the surface; but they are in all respects sufficiently damp, dismal and unwholesome, for all the purposes for which tyranny intended them—and whose miserable victims are generally soon relieved therefrom, by an early grave. Glatz, Neisse, and finally Olmutz, were among the number of my prisons. At Olmutz, the room in which I was confined so long, was directly over the common sewer, not only of the garrison, but of the hospital; and so offensive was the atmosphere which I breathed, that the guards, on coming their rounds of inspection, actually held their noses, and left the pestilential effluvia with which I was surrounded as soon as their duty would permit.

"The Governor of the fortress sometimes came to sit with me, but his visits were generally short, nor is he to be blamed, for surely no one who could inhale the pure air of Heaven, would remain, from choice, a moment in a place so offensive as was my wretched prison.

"It would be naturally asked, why was I

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