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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AGRICULTURAL.

From the American Farmer.

RETAIL LIQUOR STORES AND GROG SHOPS.

Were the man of observation and philanthropy called on to designate the most prolific source of public evil, one which retards agricultural improvement, robs agricultural industry of its hard earnings and corrupts the rising generation, and poisons the fountains of public morals, he would specify the *retail stores* and *grog shops*, where liquor is sold in the "*small way*." These licensed dens of iniquity shed around a moral pestilence more lurid and hideous than that which is emitted by the famous poison tree of Java, that is said by its effluvia to depopulate the country for miles around the place of its growth.

"Fierce in dread silence, on the blasted heath, Fell UPAS sits, the HYDRA TREE of death."

If the farmers were not of all men the most thoughtless or the most indifferent to what concerns the welfare of their children, and their own interest and character, they would move in *solid phalanx* against these vile generators of drunkenness, vice and poverty. One scarcely knows where to begin or where to end with specifications and indignant denunciation of the dismal consequences that ensue in every neighborhood where these retail whiskey stores obtain a *license* to exist-ence! There are several in Anne Arundel & Calvert county which every neighbor privately admits to be crying evils, and which if not suppressed will be named and denounced. The poor negro, with no intellectual resource, in search of lively excitement goes under cover of the night to one of these "receivers of stolen goods" to sell his stolen corn or tobacco; and to get *half* paid in still burnt whiskey—and the next day the master, with no more self-resource for keeping off ennui, than the slave himself, goes to slake his thirst for excitement at the same fountain of intoxication and ruin, of purse and of character. Among the causes which lead to the toleration of these abominable promoters of human abasement and crime, and of increased taxes on the agricultural community, distant as may at first sight appear the connection, is the *universal never tiring hunt after popularity and office* which engrosses our countrymen of almost every class and condition. The retailer of ardent spirits, licensed in many cases, with too little care or scrutiny, in a short time, after tapping his cask, by ministering to the vilest of all passions, the love of drink, gets many in his debt, and thus getting the mastery over many voters he puts a hook in the nose of every demagogue and office-hunter in his county—parties are nearly balanced, and his influence is important to the candidate, and to the temporary popularity of the *legislator* whose sacred duty it is to suppress these pestilential establishments, in like manner as he offers rewards for the heads of *wolves* and *crows!* for what are the ravages of beasts and birds of prey, compared to these vile panders to the lowest and worst propensities of human nature? beasts who corrupt the father and seduce the son—deaf and insensible alike to the cries and the ears of mothers and daughters. When shall we have among our Legislators some Solon or Lycurgus with the moral courage to lay the axe at the root of this enormous evil, and *altogether prohibit the retail of ardent spirits?* But alas! "few extend their thoughts beyond the common mode of thinking; and still smaller is the number of those who dare speak and execute what they think. They must follow beaten paths; if they forsake them, they bewilder themselves—they have nothing of that activity of soul, by which a great man in power forms new springs for moving the world, or sows the seeds of future glory and prosperity for his country."

But in this case we are not sure whether the fault be not as much in the *administration of the law*, as in the law itself. Have not the Judges of the County court discretionary power to withhold licenses? And if so, ought they not to deny them to any retailer on whose premises any man, black or white, (and the whiter the more disgraceful,) is seen or known to shew signs of inebriety? "We ask for information." As did Achilles, when night arrested him in the full career of victory and slaughter, so let us exclaim in a better cause, "Ye gods give us but light" to pursue and destroy this Hydra-headed monster.

In consenting to take charge of this journal as we do it, in the hope of being useful, and without the hope of fee or reward, we claim for our feeble efforts the credit of candor and disinterestedness.—Our labors shall not be confined to the more practical details of the farm or plantation—We will do what we can to assist the political claims, and to elevate the moral condition of the agriculturists; and more especially shall we cry aloud and spare not, until these dreadful nuisances shall be abated—nuisances that more than all other causes united, swell our criminal calendars, and fill with their victims our poor-houses, our jails and penitentiaries, converting abodes of innocence, and plenty and happiness, into habitations of hopeless despair and squalid misery. In this attempt to benefit society, far as is the object beyond our humble capacity, we invoke the powerful co-operation of our brother conductors of the public press, and of all who see and deplore as we do, the progress of drunkenness, and the *facilities provided for it by law*. As long as we can raise an arm to stay this moral pestilence, we shall not fail to strike without fear or favor, at him who abuses the license to vend the poison, or the delinquent legislator who neglects to provide, or the judge who fails to apply the antidote.

From the American Farmer.

'MAKE HAY WHILE THE SUN SHINES' —*at all events make hay.*—Among the valuable results of internal improvements, in the shape of rail-roads and canals, and of *improved machinery*, may be reckoned the *availibility* which they have conferred on numerous commodities which distance, bulkiness and liability to injury by rude and expensive modes of transportation, had precluded from market.

There are a great number of things that go to make up subsistence for man and beast, in the large cities, which in all times and in all parts of the world, owing to the obstacles above alluded to, have only been produced within a certain and very limited area around the residence of the consumers, creating in effect and to a certain degree, a *monopoly* for the exclusive benefit of the favoured district. Such has, from the nature of things, been the exclusive advantages enjoyed by the producers of fresh butter, eggs, fruit, vegetables, and all the more fragile and perishable commodities.

Where a town enjoys the benefit of water communication, the area of supply is in that proportion extended, it is true, especially since the introduction of steam boats; and in this respect what city can compare with Baltimore, standing at the head of an inland sea, whose bosom is the confluence of many of the finest rivers in the world? Of one most valuable agricultural staple, however, she still draws her supply almost entirely from the country immediately around, although the necessity for it no longer exists. That staple is the *hay* which comes to her still almost exclusively in wagons by the turnpike road, from within a sphere of from 5 to 20 miles around. We say there is no longer any necessity for this region of supply being so restricted, and that *hay* ought now to constitute an object of anxious attention, as it may do of profit to *all farmers on the tide waters of the Chesapeake*. The reason that it has heretofore not been cultivated with a view to sale was the *bulkiness of the article*. It would not bear transportation by land or by water but the cause ceasing the effect should cease with it; and hay, at all times, and on every account, worthy of his earnest regard and cultivation, may now be added to the list of his *saleable* articles, because it can be easily compressed into a *portable compass*. The tobacco planter, especially who uses Murray's press, can with the utmost readiness, compress four or five hundred weight into a space not much larger than a thousand weight of prized tobacco, and transport it to the Baltimore market for less money than it would take to pay the toll on the turnpike, to say nothing of the cost of transportation by land, which so greatly exceeds that by water.

The price of hay at this time in Baltimore, is about $15 a ton, and threshed rye straw $10. The four-horse wagon brings from 2,800 to 4,000 weight; and the farmer it may be presumed, could not have a load taken in a four horse wagon, nor would he take one, for less than $4 a day, the tolls to be paid by the owner of the hay. Suppose the distance to be 20 miles, equal to two days, and the cost of transportation could not be less than $10 on say 4000 pounds, or $1.25 per thousand! Now for that sum, after being compressd by the simple presses employed for that purpose, or by the improved tobacco prize, the farmer on the tide water might send a thousand weight *two* or *three hundred miles!*

Let us exhort every farmer then, in the tide water region, to bestow *more attention to hay making*: while every consideration invites him to do it, PERHAPS NO RESOURCE SO VALUABLE AND SO PALPABLY AVAILABLE, IS SO GROSSLY NEGLECTED. The more hay the more stock—the more stock the more manure—and manure is to the farmer what capital is to the merchant, or calomel and the lancet to the modern disciples of Esculapius. By them they live, move, and have their being. We repeat that now with the aid of his hay or tobacco prize, and with very little trouble or expense he may watch the market, and if the price invite, he can even from a distance of an hundred miles, turn any surplus into money, by facilities of water transportation, which absolutely give him advantages over the hay grower within four or five miles of the market. To a great number then we may fairly repeat—turn your attention more than you have ever done to HAY.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

CELESTINA.

'When I was in Italy, some years ago, I knew a young Englishman who was in the habit of seeking places to reside in, little frequented by his countrymen.—He was a lover of solitude and study, and addicted to reverie; and much of his life was a gentle and shimmering dream that glided to the music of romantic traditions. At the time I must now refer to, he had selected as his abode one of the deserted palaces of the Venitian nobility on the banks of the Brenta. But he had no acquaintance with the owners to interrupt his solitude, for he had hired it from the steward to whom their affairs were entrusted. It had attracted his fancy, though it was much out of order, from having a gallery of pictures, chiefly portraits, still remaining, and in good preservation. There was also a large neglected garden, where the Englishman sat or wandered many hours of the day. But he also spent much time in the picture gallery, conversing with grave old senators, saturating his mind with the colors of Tintoretto, and Paolo Veronese, and contemplating, like a modern Paris, the goddesses of Titian's pencil. But there was one picture which gradually won his very heart. It was a portrait by Giorgione, of a young Venitian lady; and the old servant of the house called her La Celestina. She had the full and luxurious Venitian form; but unlike any of the other female portraits, there was a profusion of rather light brown hair flowing down her back, as one sees in some of the early Italian pictures of the Virgin, and the sunny stream fell from a wreath of bay leaves. Her dress was of dark green silk. An antique bust of an old man was represented on a table before her & her right hand & raised forefinger seemed to indicate that both she and the spectator on whom her divine eyes were fixed, must listen to some expected oracle from the marble lips. She might have served as a lovely symbol of the fresh present world listening to the fixed and Sibylline past.—Her eyes were large and dark, but not lustrous; they seemed rather heavy, with an inward thoughtful melancholy, as if there was something in her situation or character more solemn than her years or circumstances could have led us to expect. There was, however no tradition of her story, except that she was a daughter of the family which still possessed the palace and the picture, and that she had died in early life.

'Before this figure the young Englishman would remain for an hour or two at a time, endeavoring to shape out for himself some distinct view of her being and story. This was idle work as it led him to no definite and lasting creation, but it occupied him for the time as well as any thing else that he was likely to have done. By and by his fancy so gained upon him that he had the chamber next to that part of the gallary where the picture was arranged as his bedroom, that so he might be near his incorporeal mistress even during the hours of sleep. One night, soon after this change had been made, while he was lying in bed, and musing of Celestina, he thought he heard in the gallery consecrated to her, low voices and a light step. He felt, I believe, nay cherished, some dash of superstitious fear in his character, and he did not rise to examine into the matter. The next night was that of the full moon, and again he heard the same sound; and again, for the third time, on the night following. Then it ceased, and for some days he was in much perplexity. The gallery, by day-light presented no appearance of change. He brooded over the remembrance whether founded in fact or imagination, till it struck him that, perhaps, there was a connection between the sounds and the age of the moon when they were heard & that, if so, they might possibly return at the next corresponding period. He grew thin and nervous with anxiety, and resolved, at all hazards, to endeavor to clear up the secret. The night before the full moon came, and with it the sounds—the light whispers murmured and rang along the high walls and ceilings, and the steps flitted like fairies from end to end of the galleries. But even now he could not resolve to part with the tremulous pleasure of the mystery. The following night, that of the full moon he felt worn-out, fretted, and desperate. Again the sounds were heard, the doors opened and closed, the steps throbbed in his heart, the indistinguishable words flew on, till he caught, in a low but clear tone, the name of Celestina. He seized a sword and stepped silently to a door near him, which opened into the gallery, and was in deep shadow. Unclosing it slowly, he looked down the long room, and there opposite the place of the well known picture, stood, in the bright moonlight, Celestina herself upon the floor. The right hand was raised like that on the canvass, as if to listen, and the eyes were looking earnestly into the depth of gloom which hid the Englishman. He let fall his sword, let go the door, which closed before him, and when he had again courage to open it the gallery was empty and the still clear light fell upon the vacant floor.

"The consequence to him of this event was a severe illness, and a friend and fellow countryman was sent for from Venice to attend his sick-bed. This visitor gradually obtained an outline of the facts from the sufferer, and then applied to the old Italian servant, in order to arrive at a reasonable explanation. But he stoutly denied all knowledge of any thing that could throw light upon the matter. Next day the friend found upon his table a slip of paper on which was written in a beautiful female hand, a request that he would present himself in the eastern-most arbor of the garden at the hour of siesta. He of course did so and found there a lady in a dark dress, and closely veiled. She said in fine Italian, that she had begged to see him, in order to repair if possible the mischief which had been accidentally done. "My father," she continued, 'the owner of this palace, is of a proud but impoverished Venitian family. His son is an officer in an Austrian Regiment, which has been stationed for some years in Hungary; and I am the old man's only companion. He is, perhaps a little peculiar and eccentric in his habits and character, and all his strongest feelings are directed towards the memory of his ancestors, whose abode is now occupied by your friend. Nothing but necessity would have induced him to reside in a small house in the neighbohood which we now inhabit.—He still perpetually recurs to the traditional stories of his family's former greatness: and it is a favorite point of belief with him that his daughter closely resembles the Celestina whose picture is in the gallery, and whose name she bears. Owing to his fancy, he is never satisfied unless he sees her dressed in imitation of the idolized portrait. But, as he no longer inhabits the house, and does not choose to present himself, to its occupier in a light which he considers so unworthy, he could gratify his love for the pictures only by visiting them at night, at a time when the moon affords a light by which imperfect as it is, his ancestors appear to him distinct and beautiful beings. Nor could he be long contented with this solitary pleasure, but insisted that I should accompany him. We have more than once entered a door from the garden, and it was on the last of those occasions that I thought I heard a noise, and while I listened, the door at the end of the gallery was opened and then violently closed again. On this alarm we immediately escaped as we had entered, and the strange consequences to your friend have been to me a source of much regret. We heard of his illness from our old servant Antonio, the only person who knew of our nightly visits. To convince you that this is the whole secret, I have put on this dress I then wore and you shall judge for yourself of my resemblance to the picture."

So saying, she threw aside her veil and mantle, and surprised the stranger with the view of her noble eyes, and of her youthful Italian beauty, clothed in the dress of rich green silk, which closely imitated that of the painted Celestina. Her hearer was amused by the mistake, and delighted by her explanation. He turned to ask the lady that when his sick friend should be a little recovered, she would complete her kindness by enabling him to judge for himself of the beautiful resemblance which had so misled him. She said that she would willingly do so and only regretted that, from her father's turn of character, it would be almost impossible to make him assent to any meeting with the present occupier of his ancient palace. She therefore, said that it must be again a private interview, and might take place at the same spot on the third day following. Her new acquaintance had to return to Venice, and so could not carry on the adventure in his own person. But the account which he gave to his friend soon restored the patient to strength and healthfulness. Immediately after his companion's departure, he had the green and shady arbor prepared for the expected meeting. A collection of choice fruits, sweatmeats, and wine, were set out in silver vessels on a marble table. The ghostseer, dressed according to his own fancy in the garb of a Venitian cavalier of the old time waited for his guest, who did not fail him. He thought her far more beautiful than the picture. They sat side by side with the glowing feelings of southern and imaginative youth. She sang for him, and played on a guitar which he had taken care to place at hand; and he felt himself gifted with undreampt of happiness. They met again more than once, and walked together along the gallery, where he could at leisure, compare her with Giorgione's Celestina, and give his own the deliberate preference. But he was at last dismayed by hearing from her, that she was designed by her father for a conventual life, in order to preserve the remnant of his fortune exclusively for his son. The Englishman's decision was soon taken. He, too, was of noble birth, and had wealth enough to make fortune in his wife unimportant. He gained the father's consent to their marriage, and she is now the mistress of an old English country house. She looks on the portraits by Vandyke on its walls with as much pleasure as she ever derived from those of Titian, for she now tries to find in them a likeness to more than one young face that often rests upon her knee. Of this new generation, the eldest and the loveliest is called, like herself, Celestina.

BROUGHAM'S PORTRAIT OF FRANKLIN.

The following admirable sketch of the American philosopher is from a new work by Lord Brougham, recently published in London, entitled 'STATESMEN IN THE TIME OF GEORGE III.' It has not yet been published in this country:

One of the most remarkable men certainly of our times as a politician, or of any age as a philosopher was Franklin; who also stands alone in combining together these two characters, the greatest that man can sustain, and in this, that having borne the first part in enlarging science by one of the greatest discoveries ever made, he bore the second part in founding one of the greatest empires in the world.

In this truly great man everything seems to concur that goes towards the constitution of exalted merit. First he was the architect of his own fortune.—Born in the humbliest station, he raised himself by his talents and his industry, first to the place in society which may be attained with the help only of ordinary abilities great application, and good luck; but next to the loftier heights which a daring and happy genius alone can scale; and the poor Printer's boy who at one period of his life had no covering to shelter his head from the dews of night rent in twain the proud dominion of England, and lived to be the Ambassador of a Commonwealth which he had formed at the Court of the haughty Monarch of France who had been his allies.

Then, he had been tried by prosperity as well as adverse fortune, and had passed unhurt through the perils of both.—No ordinary apprentice, no commonplace journeyman, ever laid the foundations of his independence in habits of industry and temperance more deep than he did, whose genius was afterwards to rank him with the Galileos and the Newtons of the old world. No patrician born to shine in Court, or assist at the Councils of Monarchs, ever bore his honors in a lofty station more easily, or was less spoilt by the enjoyment of them than this common workman did when negociating with Royal representatives, or caressed by all the beauty and fashion of the most brilliant Court in Europe.

Again he was self-taught in all he knew. His hours of study were stolen from those of sleep and of meals, organized by some ingenious contrivance for reading while the work of his daily calling went on. Assisted by none of the helps which affluence tenders to the studies of the rich, he had to supply the place of tutors by redoubled diligence, and of commentaries, by repeated perusal. Nay, the possession of books was to be obtained by copying what the art which he himself exercised, furnished easily to others.

Next, the circumstances under which others succomb he made to yield, and bent to his own purposes—a successful leader of a revolt that ended in complete triumph after appearing desperate for years; a great discoverer in philosophy without the ordinary helps to knowledge; a writer famed for his chaste style without a classical education; a skilful negociator, though never bred to politics; ending as a favorite, nay, a pattern of fashion, when the guest of frivolous Courts, the life which he had begun in garrets and in work-shops.

Lastly, combinations of faculties, in others deemed impossible, appeared easy and natural in him. The philosopher, delighting in speculation, was also eminently a man of action. Ingenious reasoning, refined and subtle consultation, were in him combined with prompt resolution, and inflexible firmness of purpose. To a lively fancy, he joined a learned and deep reflection; his original and inventive genius stooped to the convenient alliance of the most ordinary prudence in every-day affairs; the mind that soared above the clouds, and was conversant with the loftiest of human contemplations, disdained not to make proverbs and feign parables for the guidance of apprenticed youths and servile maidens; and the hands that sketched a free constitution for a whole continent, or drew down the lightning from heaven easily and cheerfully lent themselves to simplify the apparatus by which truths were to be illustrated, or discoveries pursued.

His discoveries were made with hardly any apparatus at all; and if, at any time he had been led to employ instruments of a somewhat less ordinary discription, he never rested satisfied until he had, as it were, afterwards translated the process, by resolving the problem with such simple machinery, that you might say he had done it wholly unaided by apparatus. The experiments by which the identity of lightning and electricity was demonstrated, were made with a sheet of brown paper, a bit of twine, a silk thread, and an iron key.

Upon the integrity of this man whether in public or private life, there rests no strain. Strictly honest, and even scrupulously punctual in all his dealings, he preserved in the highest fortune that regularity which he had practiced as well as inculcated in the lowest.

In domestic life he was faultless, and in the intercourse of society, delightful. There was a constant good humor and a playful wit easy and of high relish, without any ambition to shine, the natural fruit of his lively fancy, his solid, natural good sense, and his cheerful temper, that gave his conversation an unspeakable charm, and alike suited every circle, from the humblest to the most elevated.

With all his strong opinions, so often solemnly declared, so imperishably recorded in his deeds, he retained a tolererance for those who differed with him which could not be surpassed in men whose principles hang so loosely about them as to be taken up for a convenient cloak, and laid down when found to impede their progress. In his family he was every thing that worth, warm affections, and sound prudence could contribute, to make a man both useful and amiable, respected and beloved. In religion he would be reckoned by many a latitudinarian; yet it is certain that his mind was imbued with a deep sense of the divine perfections, a constant impression of our accountable nature, and a lively hope of future enjoyment. Accordingly his death-bed, the test of both faith and works, was easy and placid, resigned and devout, and indicated at once an unflinching retrospect of the past, and a comfortable assurance of the future.

If we turn from the truly great man whom we have been contemplating, to his celebrated contemporary in the Old World, (Frederick the Great,) who only affected the philosophy that Franklin possessed, and employed his talents for civil and military affairs, in extinguishing that independence which Franklin's life was consecrated to establish, the contrast is marvellous indeed, between the Monarch and the Printer.

BLINDNESS OR PASSION.—Fish, which forms the chief nourishment of a Kamtschatkan bear, and which they procure for themselves in the rivers, was last year excessively scarce in Kamtschatka. A great famine consequently existed among them, and instead of retiring to their dens, they wandered about the whole winter through, even in the streets of the town of St. Peter and St. Paul. One of them finding the outer gate of a house opened, entered and the gate accidentally closed after him. The women of the house had just placed a large tea-machine, full of boiling water, in the court; the bear smelt to it and burned his nose. Provoked at the pain, he vented all his fury upon the kettle, folded his fore paws round it, pressed it with his whole strength against his breast to crush it, and burned himself, of course, still more and more. The horrible growl, which rage and pain forced from him brought all the inhabitants of the house and neighbors to the spot and poor bruin was soon despatched by shots, from the window.—He has, however, immortalized his memory, and became a proverb among the townspeople, for when any one injured himself by his own violence, they call him 'the bear with the tea kettle.'

SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE.—A gentleman just returned from over the Lake, states that one of his friends, while hunting, had the misfortune to catch a severe cold, which settled in his face, and prevented his shaving for several days. As a remedy for the cold, some tea was prepared made from the leaves and seeds combined of the 'Morus Multicaulis'—the gentleman awoke next morning with a mulberry on every hair of his beard—several worms among his whiskers, and a silk night cap which the little rascals had made during the night. The gentleman has been offered $3,000 to stand in his neighbor's yard as a 'mulberry grower.' The offer has not been accepted; he says, he intends staying at home to make silk, and give mulberry parties to the young girls in the summer. If he really does commence the silk business, we'll send him a gallon of Monongahela to assist him in *reeling*.—[N. O. Times.

A WITTY BUTCHER.—During the late election in Connecticut, a violent Tory went into the shop of a Whig butcher. 'What is your pleasure?' demanded the knight of the cleaver. 'I want a calf's head,' was the reply. The butcher having two, inquired of his Tory customer which he would prefer—a Tory one or a Whig one. 'A Tory one, to be sure,' rejoined the customer.—Very well, Sir, I'll send it home for you.' When the cook proceeded to dress it, the brains were missing, and the master was speedily made acquainted with the circumstance, when he returned to the butcher, and indignantly inquired of him what had become of them. 'Are you not aware, Sir,' replied cleaver, 'that Tory heads do not contain brains? And did you not choose a Tory calf's head in preference to a Whig one?'

EMPHASIS.—A writer on English grammer gives the following example on wrong emphasis: A clergyman, on reading the twenty-seventh verse of the eighteenth chapter of the first book of Kings, generally placed the emphasis on the words denoted by italics. 'And he spake to his sons, saying Saddle me the *ass*, and they saddled *him*!

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