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.

WEIGHTS INSTEAD OF MEASURES.

It is a matter of just surprise, when we reflect on the force of habit under which the practice is continued of buying and selling by *measure*, a great number of articles which may be with more accuracy and justice, measured by *weight*, if we may say so. Why should not corn and oats, and all vegetables, and fish and fowl be sold by *weight* as well as wheat and meal and meat? That is a standard to which no honest man can object, for it is one that will render infallible justice to buyer and seller—to producer and consumer.

In France they order matters differently—There they sell every thing, even fire-wood, by *weight*. What can be more variable and uncertain, as a standard of intrinsic value, than the *measure* of some vegetables, and the *number* of others? A peck of potatoes or peas, sometimes well and at other times not well heaped? So much for a certain number of cabbages, sometimes well loaded, sometimes not loaded at all? Who reas if thrown into the scale, no dispute could arise. The buyer would know what he got for his dust, and the seller that he had got the worth of his labor. Fish and fowl, pigs and poultry, all ought to be sold *by weight*. All dealing should be "on the square." Here's one, and there the other.

As to grain it would be useful because it would lead the farmer to improve the *quality* of his corn, oats, rye, &c And in all cases the high standard is the best standard for the farmer, in the end. In New York the standard for oats, is forty pounds. We would either abolish weights and measures altogether or make them as subservient to the purposes of exact justice and fair dealing, as possible. To *measure* a great variety of the things bought and sold, is a way of coming at their nutritious matter, and real value, almost as vague as was the answer of the Yankee witness in the case of the man who knocked another down with a stone. On being pushed by the prosecutor to say how big was the stone, at last answered, that it was "*as large as a piece of chalk.*" So a peck of large turnips or a young goose is about as heavy as a stone. There is in the affairs of this life, room for many improvements, besides the so much harped upon "*Internal Improvements*," though with most of us there is ample room for *that* too:—Whose business is it to order certain things to be weighed instead of measured? The Legislature's or the City Councils? We would turn to the Constitution for information, as we profess to be very strict constructionists; but 'tis said that, like an old coat which has been much patched, nobody can tell what the constitution is since Chancellor Kilty's death! It wears out and renews itself, as the Doctors say we all do, so that no part of the mortal man of seven years ago, remains in the body of the man to-day.—Thus, suggesting the impious notion, that the altogether new man, being in no part of him identical with the man that *was*, he should be allowed after a lapse of seven years, to plead limitation to his crimes as wells as his debts. In one particular we apprehend there is a strong resemblance between new and old men, and new and old constitutions—That in most cases it is a *change without an amendment*—and that like light grain & hollow-hearted vegetables, tho' fair to the eye, if put in the scales, would be *found wanting!* Whether man or beast, fish or fowl, let every thing be tested by the *most exact practicable standard.*

STORING GRAIN.

As a general thing, we would recommend the farmer not to order or permit his commission merchant to store his grain, in the hope of getting some weeks hence, a better price. In this recommendation there is no doubt the most experienced agents in Baltimore would unite with us: The least he will have to encounter when it is stored, is double charges for measuring—one cent a bushel for storage, if even for a day; and when sold, if to a vessel at any distance, *drayage*; so that, take one case with another, the charges incidental to storage will amount to not less than ten cents a bushel; and after all, the chances are equal that the price may grow worse instead of better. Besides, a nice calculator will not fail to take into account of profit and loss, the item of *interest* lost by lying out of the use of the money. *De minimis non curat lex*, may be a very sound *law* maxim; but is not to be found in a good digest of domestic economy.—The prudent man, says poor Richard, will take care of the *pence*, the pounds will take care of themselves. True we have neglected the precepts of that old gentleman all our lives, yet have we great respect for his principles, as the reader must perceive. The farmer who stores his corn in Baltimore instead of taking the run of the market, may when he lays his head on his pillow to reflect himself to sleep, thus soliloquize:—While I am sleeping there are two things that take no rest—Interest is always growing, and rats, 'for there be land rats and water rats' are busily at work on my corn; so *that* candle is burning at both ends at once.

No! the better way is for the farmer to take time by the forelock, get his crop in the ground in good time, having his land in nice order to receive it—work it well, get it to market as soon as practicable—send it to an honest agent—and rely on his getting the most he can. A good price current, such as he will find in the American Farmer, or better still, our friend Lyford's price current, will advise him of any extraordinary depression of price, in which case he may withhold his corn, under his own good lock and key. Following these rules we will answer for it the industrious farmer will *go ahead!* Nevertheless there is one thing ever to be apprehended; worse than treading on a snake in the grass. It is not the danger of getting too little for his grain; what pray is it then, says the reader? Hark ye, my friend; it is a certain poisonous exhalation from the grain, which we sometimes swallow; at first, generally, in small quantities, with imperceptible if not agreeable effect; but after a while it insinuates itself into the system in larger portions, when nausea—tremors—general debility, depression of spirits, sometimes derangement, and often premature death ensue. The influence of this fascinating poison may have given rise to the common notion of the *charming power of snakes*; for when first discovered, it is seen exuding from the mouth of a *copper colored worm*; as long before it is coiled up for mischief, as a forty-foot pole, and about the size of a lady's wrist Neither ground worm, nor hornworm, nor army-worm itself, is half so great a curse to the young farmer—This dangerous reptile is not to be found in any book on bugology or wormology, but perhaps because it is never seen to move it is called the *still* worm. Gentle reader, beware how you put yourself in its way—and—don't store your grain.

WOOD.

It is not easy to imagine why the sellers of fuel should be taxed with paying for *measuring* their wood; a tax amounting probably to near $15,000 annually. It is be said that he adds the cost of measuring to the price of the wood, then the tax falls unnecessarily on the consumer—We say unnecessarily, unless it be useful to the public, to be saddled with the support of a host of wood corders, in order to increase the patronage of whatever faction happens to be in the ascendant; for whether it be one or another, the measurer must be *somebody's man.*

Suppose the licensed carters were required to have their carts and side-boards or standards of *certain* dimensions, with a chain across from top to top of these side-boards or uprights—the wood-seller in that case would leave the carter to pack as much as he could under these chains, and the buyer of the wood would take care to make it the carter's interest to do him justice. The carter who would fail in that would soon have no employers.

Every community should take care that it is not taxed a dollar unnecessarily. Even useful offices and indispensable taxes are but necessary evils. Men are prone to idleness—society is filled with drones who would live by their wits, rather than by the sweat of their brows; and the constant tendency under all political systems is to augment expenses, as the means of supporting useless officers, who in their turn must ever be ready as spaniels to lick the hand that feeds, even though it smite them. Eternal vigilance alone can exempt the people, and especially the *landed interest*, from unnecessary exactions—The tax paid for measurers of wood, fall on whom it may, is useless and ought to be abolished.—*Ib.*

From the Baltimore Chronicle.

MACHINE FOR CUTTING GRAIN.—The agricultural parts of the State are in a condition of great excitement in consequence of the introduction of a machine for the cutting of grain, which promises to supersede, to a great extent, both the cradle and the sickle. This machine consists of a frame, not unlike that of a cart, which is placed upon wheels, whose axles revolve like those of the rail road cars, and are so connected with various cog wheels as to communicate a rapid lateral motion to a set of knives which are attached to another frame on the right of the principal body. The machine is moved by one or more horses, at a swift pace and the grain, as fast as it is cut, is removed by a hand who occupies a seat on the left hand portion of the frame. The grain is cut so rapidly by this contrivance as to require the constant assistance of eight or nine hands to bind the sheaves, which it leaves behind it. If properly managed, it will cut from fifteen to twenty acres of wheat per day, and we speak from actual observation, when we say that the work is done in a more perfect and cleanly mode than either by the cradle or reap hook. In many sections of the country where harvest hands are scarce, it will be found and implement of the utmost advantage to the farmer.

From the Southern Rose Bud.

A FAMILY SCENE.

I carried with me from my mother's house a cat, which was so beautiful that I named her Fairy, in honor of the damsel who was changed to Grimalkin, in the old romance. If I had a prejudice, it was in favor of cats, and against dogs; this was unfortunate, for soon after my marriage I was introduced to a mastiff of Edward's, nearly as large as myself. I had often heard him speak of his dog, and the faithfulness with which he guarded the office. I was too busy in other interests to think much of Growler for some time. I only observed that on occasional visits, (for the office was his head quarters) Fairy's back rose indignantly, and I felt mine disposed to mount too. At length, Growler, finding the house so comfortable, came home at night and daringly laid his unwieldy form on the centre of the hearth rug while Fairy, routed from her luxuriant station, stood upon her dignity, hissing and sputtering in one corner.

For a long period a single look from me would make Edward banish Growler from the room; but a present of a new office dog from a friend completely established him at home, and my husband became accustomed to my look and Growler's presence. When he grew indifferent, my ire was roused. I affirmed that of all created things, dogs were the dirtiest—that the house was filled with fleas—that my visiters never could approach the fire—that Growler eat us out of house and home—and if he was to be indulged in tracking the Wilton carpet and painted floors, we had better be in a wigwam.

Edward sometimes gently excused his dog, sometimes defended him, and always turned him out of doors. The animal, knowing he had an enemy in the cabinet, would sneak in with a coward look, his tail between his legs but invariably succeeding in ensconcing himself on Fairy's rightful domain.

At length I became quite nervous about him.—It seemed to me that he haunted me like a ghost. I was even jealous of Edward's caresses to him, and looked and spoke as no good wife should look or speak to her husband.

It is from permitting such trifles to gain the ascendency over the mind that most connubial discords proceed. We dwell on some peculiarity in manner or taste opposed to our own, and jar the rich harp of domestic happiness, until one by one, every string is broken I might have gone on in this foolish ingenuity of unhappiness, and perhaps have been among those whose matrimonial bands are chains, not garlands, had I not when reading one Sabbath morning the fifth chapter of Ephesians, been struck whith a sudden sense of my duty, as I met the words, 'and the wife see that she *reverence* her husband.'

Oh, young and lovely bride, watch well the first moments when your will conflicts with his to whom God and society have given the control; reverence his wishes even when you do not his opinion. Opportunities, enough will arise for the expression of your independence to which he will gladly accede without a contest for trifles. The beautiful independence that soars over and conquers an irritable temper is higher than any other. So sure as you believe faults of temper are beneath prayer and self examination, you are on dangerous ground; a fountain will spring up on your household hearth, of bitter and troubled waters.

When this conviction came over me, I threw myself upon my knees, and prayed to God for a gentle, submissive temper. After long and earnest inquiry into my own heart, I left the chamber calm and happy. Edward was reading, and Growler stood beside him. I approached them softly and patting the dog's head; said, 'So, Growler helping your master read?' Edward looked at me inquiringly I am sure my whole expression of face was changed; he drew me to him in silence and gave me a token of regard he never bestowed on Growler. From that moment, though I might wince a little at his inroads on my neat house keeping, I never gave the dog an angry word, and I taught Fairy to regard him as one of the lords of creation.

Growler's intelligence was remarkable although it did not equal that of Sir Walter Scott's bulldog terrier, who could preceive the meaning of words, and who understood an allusion to an offence he had committed against the baker, for which he had been punished. In whatever voice and tone it was mentioned, he would get up and retire into the darkest corner of the room with an air of distress. But if you said, 'the baker was not hurt after all,' Camp came forth from his hiding place, capered, barked and rejoiced. Growler, however, had many of those properties of observation which raise the canine race so high in the affections of man.

When Edward made his forenoon *sortie* from the office to look at his sleeping boy, Growler always accompanied him and rested his fore paws on the head of the cradle. As the babe grew older, he loved to try experiments upon the dog's sagacity and the child's courage.

Sometimes Fred. was put into a basket, and Growler drew him carefully about the room with a string between his teeth: as the boy advanced in strength he was seated upon the dog's back with a whip in his hand. When my attachment to Growler increased, new experiments were made, particularly after the birth of Martha. She was an exquisite little infant, and it seemed to us that the dog was more gentle and tender in his movement with her, than with Frederick. When two months old, Edward sometimes arranged a shawl carefully about her, tied it strongly and putting the knot between the dog's teeth, sent her across the room to me. No mother ever carried a child more skilfully. Of course, all these associations attached him to the infant, and after a while he deserted the rug, where Fairy again established herself, and laid himself down and slept by the infant's cradle.

There is nothing more picturesque than the image of an infant and a large dog Every one has felt it. The little plump hand looks smaller and white, in his rough hair, and the round dimpled cheek rests on his shaggy coat—like a flower on a rock.

Edward and Frederick rode one afternoon to Roxbury to take tea with a friend. Our *woman in the kitchen* wished to past the night with a sick person after the evening lecture, and I felt no hesitation in leaving Martha in Polly's care.—We were prevented by an accidental delay, from returning until ten o'clock. The ride over the neck, although it was fine sleighing, appeared uncommonly long, for I had never been so long from my infant. The wind was sharp and frosty, but my attention was beguiled by shielding Frederick with my furs, who soon fell asleep, singing his own lullaby.—As we entered the Square, we perceived that the neighboring houses were closed for the night, and no light visible, but a universal brilliancy through the crevices of our parlor shutters. Our hearts misgave us. I uttered an involuntary cry and Edward said that a common fire [illegible] could not produce such an effect. He urged his horse, we reached the house I sprang from the door. It was fastened We knocked with violence. There was no answer. We looked through a small aperture, and both screamed in agony fire! In vain, Edward attempted to wrench the bolt or burst the door—that horrible light still gleamed on us. We flew to the side door, and then I recollected that a window was usually left open in a room which communicated with the parlor, for the smoke to escape when the wind prevailed in the quarter it had done this day. The window was open and as Edward threw down logs that we might reach it, we heard a stifled howl. We mounted the logs and could just raise our heads to the window.—Oh, heavens! what were our emotions as we saw Growler with his fore paws stationed on the window, holding Martha safely with her night-dress between his teeth ready to spring at the last extremity, and suspending the little cherub so carefuly that she thought it but one of his customary gambols. With a little effort Edward reached the child, and Growler, springing to the ground, fawned and grovelled at our feet.

Elward alarmed the neighborhood and entered the window. Poor Polly had fainted in the entry from the close atmosphere and excess of terror. She could give no account of the origin of the fire, unless she had dropped a spark on the window curtain. The moment a blaze appeared, she endeavored to extinguish it; but,' said she, 'the flames ran like wildfire, and when I found I could do nothing, I snatched Martha from the cradle, and ran into the entry to get out by the back door; after that I recollect nothing.

With prodigious efforts the house was saved, though with great loss of furniture. But what were pecuniary losses that night to us? We were sheltered by a hospitable neighbor; our little cherub was clasped in our arms, amid smiles and tears; and Growler, our good Growler, with a whinpering dream, lay sleeping at our feet

From Burton's Gentleman's Magazine.

CUTTING OUT A LETTER OF MARQUE.

Of all services of danger which a naval officer has to perform during a time of war, & there are many, the task of cutting out an armed vessel from under the guns of an enemy's fort, and bringing her out of the harbor in safety, is considered the most desperate. Coolness and courage must travel hand in hand there; and the successful commander of such an expedition, under the most favorable circumstances, must consider himself well off if he earns his laurels at the cost of blood.

The sun was slowly descending behind the blue peaks of San Domingo, when an American frigate came in sight of the village of Port Platte, situated at the head of a small harbor on the south side of the Island, and, furling her courses, hove too, for the purpose of reconnoitering. After scanning narrowly the little anchorage, the frigate put about, and, setting her courses, was soon lost amid the shades of night. The inhabitants of the village had felt great alarm at the near approach of the armed ship, and had reinforced their fort, besides sending a number of soldiers on board the letter of marque, Sandwich, formerly a British packet, but now in the service of the French, which lay close under the guns of the fort, where she was receiving a cargo of coffee, previous to her making a run for France.

It was in the year 1800, just after the action between the Constellation and La Vengeance, and the name of the conqueror, Truxton, passed from lip to lip with instinctive consternation. Night came on, the moon had not appeared and scudding clouds obscured the stars. The *reveille* had been beaten at the garrison, and the inhabitants of Port Platte had retired to dream of the daring cruizers of the American squadron. The frigate when she had lost sight of the island, came about, and under easy sail, stood in for the shore. She was the Constitution, Commodore Talbot, and from the silence that reigned throughout the ship, and the total absence of light from the battle lanterns, the most careless observer would have supposed that she was about to do something for the glory of the old thirteen.

As she drew nigh the port, two officers might have been seen at the gangway, watching narrowly the lights that twinkled ahead. At this moment, the heavy roar of a cannon came echoing along the waters, and then one after another, the lights disappeared, until none were seen but those which seemed to be designed to burn throughout the night.

'Now is your time,' said the elder of the persons to the younger; 'have the second cutter manned, sir, and come to me for further orders.' Thus saying, the commodore, for it was he, looked at the compass, and entered the cabin. In a few minutes, a knock at the cabin door, announced the arrival of some officer to make a report.

'Enter,' said the bluff old commodore, and immediately lieutenant Hull, the first of the Constitution stood before him.

'Are you ready?' said the commodore.

'All ready, sir,' replied the lieutenant.

'Then, sir,' said the commodore, 'you will enter the harbor of Port Platte without being discovered, ascertain whether the craft that lies under the guns of the fort is the Sandwich, and when you shall have done so, return and make a report to me.'

'How shall I ascertain that fact without boarding her?' said the lieutenant.

'You will know her to be the Sandwich,' replied the commodore, 'by the black stripes around her white masts, and by the shortness of her bowsprit' Make haste, sir, for I long to give you a job.'

The lieutenant smiled as he bade the commodore good night, and, immediately ascending, gave such orders to the officer of the deck as he deemed necessary under the circumstances of the case The night was pretty well advanced as Mr. Hull wrapped himself in his boat cloak, and seated himself in the stern sheets of the second cutter.

'Shove off—let fall—pull cheerily, my boys,' were the orders he gave, in a low voice, in quick succession; then passing swiftly around the frigate's stern, he pulled for the harbor, and was soon lost sight of.

For two hours, nothing was heard of the adventurous officer or his boat, and the old commodore began to grow quite anxious about them. Already a pale streak stretched itself along the eastern waters and the clouds grew thinner and fewer, while here and there a star peeped out, and was reflected back by the waves below.

'Boat ahoy!' challenged the sentinel at the gangway of the Constitution, as the dash of oars at this moment fell upon his ear.

Ayel aye!' replied the officer of the boat, and soon lieutenant Hull crossed the gangway of the ship.

'It is the Sandwich, sir,' said the lieutenant, after reporting his return, and paying the customary salute.

'Are you certain?' said commodore Talbot.

'I am, sir,' replied the officer, 'for I lay directly under her stern, and heard through the cabin windows, which were open, her officers congratulating themselves upon the departure of the Constellation, for such they deem this ship to be. Beside, I noticed her masts and bowsprit, as I swept along under the guns of the fort—they are as you described them to be.'

'I'll have her, by ——,' said commodore Talbot, as he looked again at the harbor, which began to show itself amid the haze of dawn 'About ship, sir—set all the studding sails,' and bidding the lieutenant good night, the commander in chief bounced into his cabin.

The frigate swiftly came about, and took her departure from the land. Soon the studding sails on both sides were spread out to the wind, and, like a mountain of snow, she danced along upon the bosom of the deep, until her morning watch looked out in vain for the blue outlines of the island San Domingo.

'Sail O!' cried the look-out.

'Where away?' said the officer of the deck.

'On the lee bow, sir,' replied the seaman.

'Can you make her out' hailed the officer.

'She is a sloop, sir, and shows American colors.'

'Hoist our ensign,' said the lieutenant.

'Aye, there comes the Sally in the nick of time,' said the commodore, who had left the cabin at the first hail. 'Mr. Hull, make a signal for her to run down and speak us; we will soon proceed to business.'

In a short time, the sail, which proved to be the American sloop Sally, came alongside of the Constitution. After a conference with her captain, he and his crew came on board the frigate, while lieutenant Hull, with a party of seamen and marines, the latter led by the brave captain Carmick immediately repaired on board of the sloop. Having received orders from the commodore, the sloop now put her helm up and ran for the island.

In the course of the night, while running down for her port under easy sail a shot suddenly flew over the Sally, and soon after an English frigate ranged up alongside. Mr. Hull hove to, and when the boarding lieutenant gained the sloop's deck, where he found so large a party of men and officers in naval uniforms, he was much surprised. He was told the object of the expedition, however, and expressed his disappointment, as his own ship was only waiting to let the Sandwich complete her cargo, in order to cut her out also.'

It was about noon of the following day when the sloop stood in to the harbor of Port Platte. Before her lay the Sandwich, with her broadside bearing on the approach; and in the rear of her, at no great distance, a battery showed its long row of black teeth for her protection.

Lieutenant Hull had sent nearly all the men below, before he entered the harbor, and now, having a stern anchor ready, he bore down, like a shorthanded lubberly sloop, for the bows of the Sandwich. As he drew nigh the ship, he said, in a low voice, 'Stand by to board,' and soon a large number of men crouched under the bulwarks, ready for action.

'You will be afoul of me,' said the lieutenant of the Sandwich, who was passing carelessly over the bulwark, as the sloop came down.

'I think I shall,' was the laconic reply. In a moment, the sloop struck the bows of the enemy.

'Let go the *kedge!*' thundered the lieutenant—it was done like magic.

'Boarders away!' cried he; and seizing his cutlass, he crossed the gangway of the Sandwich, at the head of his men, and carried her without a struggle.

Captain Carmick, in the ship's boats, now landed, carried the battery, spiked the guns, and reured without the loss of a man.

A great commotion was now perceptible on shore; but the commander and his crew went swiftly to work to secure their prize, and, though she was dismantled above her deck, and her guns stowed in the hold, before sunset she had her royal yards crossed, her guns scaled, and her crew quartered. She now got under way, with the American flag at the ensign peak, and stood out of the harbor in company with the sloop.

Evening was slowly fading into night, as a ship, followed at some distance by a sloop, bore down for the Constitution.

'Hail the stranger,' said commodore Talbot.

What ship is that,' thundered the officer of the deck, through his trumpet.

'The United States ship Talbot, I. Hull, commander,' replied the victorious officer, as he drew near enough to be distinguished by the officers of the frigate.

'It *is* Hull by heavens!' said the commodore. In a few minutes, lieutenant Hull came on board, and made his official report. After a short time, the Sally's captain and crew were returned to their vessel, with many thanks, and lieutenant Hull, having received orders to that effect, repaired on board the prize as her commander, and, crowding on all sail, followed the commodore to Jamaica.

*Cooper's Naval History.

A person who had drank too much the night before, was yesterday placed before recorder Baldwin, of the second municipality.

'You were drunk last night,' said the Recorder.

'You're right for once,' said the prisoner,

'I shall send you for thirty days,' said the Recorder.

'Oh, don't,' said the prisoner.

'I will,' said the Recorder.

'I'm a printer,' said the prisoner.

'Are you,' said the recorder.

'I am so, said the prisoner: 'We invited you you know, to our aniversary dinner.'

'So you did,' said the recorder.

'How did you like that ham?' asked the prisoner.

'It was excellent,' said the recorder.

'And the wine?' asked the prisoner.

'That was better yet,' said the recorder.

'And the toast so complimentary to you?' asked the prisoner, with a smile.

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