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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ADVERTISEMENTS

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AGRICULTURAL.

NEW KIND OF WHEAT.

The Charlestown, Va. Press says that 'a new kind of wheat, of superior quality, and which yields much more abundantly than any hitherto raised in that county has been cut the present harvest on the farm of Mr. John Wysong, near Shepherdstown. Mr. W. obtained the seed from Mr. Stonebraker of Maryland, who became in possession of a small quantity by accident, two or three years since. From three bushels and three pecks sown by Mr. W. on ground not the most favorable part of his farm for wheat, he will, it is thought, have a yield of at least 125 bushels—some competent judges say 150 bushels. The heads are very large and contain many more grains than the heads of wheat now generally grown in Jefferson county. It attracts much attention, and is evidently a new and very superior kind of wheat, well worthy the attention of farmers. In a favorable season, and land not unfavorable to the production of wheat, it is believed it will always yield from 40 to 50 bushels per acre.'

On the above, the Balt. American remarks:—We have received some additional particulars respecting this new kind of wheat. It is called the *Rock Wheat*, from the circumstance that some two or three years ago a single head of wheat, of peculiarly large size and product was seen growing by itself from the crevice of a rock in a wheat field. The head was carefully preserved and the grain sown, and from it has been produced the few parcels which were sown last year by different gentlemen. Two of these parcels found their way to Baltimore, and on account of their remarkably fine quality and the accompanying assurance of their productive character, were bought for seed at the rate of three dollars per bushel. They were sown in the vicinity of our city early in October last, and we are now enabled to state the result of the experiment as made by one of the gentlemen, Mr Joel Vickers. Three and a half acres of rich, well prepared ground, have been found to produce at the rate of *forty-seven bushels to the acre*. The quality of the grain is excellent, and many of the heads were found to contain forty-five grains of wheat. Although it is admitted that, when the character of the land and the favorableness of the season are considered, ordinary grain would have produced a full yield yet the extraordinary product just stated in the case of Mr. Vickers, as well as in that quoted from the Charleston Press proves that the *Rock Wheat* is a valuable species, and well merits the notice of wheat growers.

From the Norfolk Beacon.

PLEASURE TRIP TO NEW YORK IN THE GEORGIA.

Wednesday Morning, July 3.

We proceeded in the fine steamer Georgia, Capt. Rollins, to pay a visit to our brethren of Gotham. When we left the wharf at Portsmouth, we feared our trip would be any thing but a pleasurable one the rain falling copiously. About 9, however, the clouds began to break in the west, and at 10 the heavens were clear and Sol threw his welcome rays upon our path. But we found, as we proceeded to sea, that the wind and rain of the previous night had terribly fretted old Neptune, and he lashed our steamer with considerable violence; still she appeared to mind it but little, but proceeded prosperously on her course as though conscious of her own strength, nor did it appear to alarm the passengers, for they felt perfectly safe: under the protection of their well skilled and polite captain. However, the surly monarch of the seas had a portion of his wrath satisfied, for he danced us about until all hands, (consisting of 115 *cabin* and 5 *deck* passengers, and not 115 *steerage* and *one* cabin passenger, as reported in the N. Y. Courier) became sick and it was doubtful whether they would be able to partake of the elegant dinner, which Mr. Corson who was caterer for the occasion, had prepared for them. At nine o'clock the next morning we passed through the Narrows, and in a few moments were down at quarantine ground. There we had to remain a short time until the Doctor could come on board. This we did not regret, for it gave us a chance of witnessing one of the most splendid sights we ever beheld.—Numbers of steamers crowded with passengers were seen passing to and fro; in front of us was the North Carolina, and to our right were two English ships of war, with their yards all manned, the men dressed in white. Soon appeared to our view the steamers and two boats, decorated with flags and green foliage, crowned with the Sunday School children and their teachers.—There were four steamers and each had two tow boat lashed to her sides, all decorated in a tasteful manner, following each other. The scene was beautiful beyond description. When they had landed and were on their march, the procession extended we should judge, a mile and a half, and as they climbed the hill they appeared like Lilliputians, anxious to gain the summit to hold a fete along with their fairy queen. The scene was imposing and really beautiful. At 11 o'clock another steamer was seen in view—we heard the 'noisy cannon's roar' from the North Carolina, and three cheers were given by the British men-of-war, in honor of the President of the United States who was on board the steamer with a party of ladies and gentlemen. At 12 o clock we landed on terra firma, close by the Battery.

We are requested to return the warmest thanks of the passengers to Capt. Rollins for his polite and unwearied attention to them during the trip, as also for his kindness in consenting to stay one night more than they had anticipated.

F.

From Drake's Tales of the Queen City.

PUTTING A BLACK LEG ON SHORE.

A numerous and peculiar race of modern gentlemen may be found in the valley of the Mississippi. A naturalist would probably describe them as a genus of bipeds, gregarious, amphibious and migratory. They seldom travel solitary and alone;' are equally at home on land or water; and like certain vultures, spend most of their winters in Mississippi and Louisiana; their summers in the higher latitudes of Kentucky and Ohio. They dress with taste and elegance; carry gold chronometers in their pockets, and swear with the most genteel precision. They are supposed to entertain an especial abhorance of the prevailing temperance fanatacism; and, as a matter of conscience, enter daily protest against it, by sipping mint juleps' before breakfast, 'hail storms' at dinner, and old 'Monongahela' at night. These gentlemen, moreover, are strong advocates of the race and the cock-pit: and with a benevolence, which they hold to be truly commendable, patronize modest merit, by playing *chaperon* to those wealthy young men, who set out on the pilgrimage of life, before they have been fully initiated into its pleasures. Everywhere throughout the valley, these mistletoe gentry are called by the original, if not altogether classic cognomen of 'Black legs.'—The history of this euphonious epithet, or the reason of its application to so distinguished a variety of humanity, is unknown. The subject is one of considerable interest and worthy the early attention of the Historical Society, to which it is respectfully commended.

It was the fortune of the steamboat Sea Serpent, of Cincinnati, commanded by Capt Snake, on her return from New Orleans in the spring of 1837, to number among her cabin passengers, several highly respectable Blackslegs. One of them, Major Marshal Montgomery, a native of the 'Old Dominion,' belonged to the 'Paul Clifford' school; and indeed, had for some years past, borne testimony, to the merit of Mr. Bulwer's romances, making the hero of one of them, his great prototype. In stature the Major was over six feet, muscular, and finely proportioned. His taste in dress, was only surpassed by the courtliness of his manners, and the ready flow of his conversation. In what campaign he had won the laurels that gave him his military title, is unknown. It has been conjectured that the warlike prefix to his name, may have resulted from the luxuriant brace of black whiskers, which garnished his cheeks.

On a certain day, after dinner, the ladies having retired to their cabin for a *siesta*, the gentlemen as usual, sat down to cards, chess and back-gammon. The boat had just 'wooded,' and was nobly breasting the current of the river at the rate of eight knots an hour.—Capt. Snake having nothing else to do, was fain to join in a rubber of whist, and it so happened that he and the Major were seated at the same table. The game, at the suggestion of Major Montgomery, was soon changed to 'loo,' and played with varying success until at length, a pool of considerable magnitude had accumulated. As the contest for the increasing stake advanced, much interest was excited among the bystanders, and still more in the players, with the exception of the Major, whose staid expression of countenance was a subject of general remark. He seemed careless about the run of the cards and threw them, as if quite regardless of the tempting spoil that lay before him. At length the game was terminated.

The fickle goddess disclosed her preference for the Major, by permitting him to win the 'pool,' amounting to near three hundred dollars. His success produced no outward signs of joy; he seemed, indeed, almost sorry to be compelled to take the money of his friends; and with much composure of manner, proposed to continue the play; making, at the same time, a very polite tender of his purse, to any gentleman at the table, who might need a temporary loan.

In the group of spectators, there was a tall, spindle-legged young fellow from the Western Reserve in Ohio, who had been to the South with a lot of cheese, for the manufacture of which, that thriving New England colony is becoming quite famous. The cheese-monger had been watching the game from the beginning, and at last, fixing his eyes upon the winning Major, said, in a low tone of voice, suited to a more lugubrious subject.

'Well, now, that's down slick; any how.'

The Major looked up, found the gaze of the company turned upon him. Knitting his brows he said sternly, in reply.

'Let's have no more of your yankee impertinence.'

'Now, Mister,' continued Jonathan in his drawling tone and with provoking coolness of manner, 'you had'nt ought to let them there little speckled pasteboards, play hide and go seek in your coat sleeve.'

This remark, accompanied with a knowing wink of the speaker's eye, instantly transformed the Major into a young earthquake. Springing upon his feet, as if bent on blood and carnage, he bawled out at the top of his voice, 'do you mean to insinuate, you Yankee pedlar—you infernal wooden nutmeg, that I have cheated?'

The young cheese merchant, leisurely rolling a huge end of tobacco from one cheek to the other, and looking the Major steadfastly in the eye, replied with imputable gravity.

'Why you're the beatomest shapes, I ever seed; who insinevated that you cheated? I did'nt, no how; but if you don't behave a little genteeler, I conclude I'll tell as how I seed you slip a card under your sleeve, when you won that everlasting big pond of money.'

'You are a liar, thundered the Major, in a perfect whirlwind, at the same time attempting to bring his bamboo in contact with the shoulders of his antagonist; but Jonathan caught the descending cane in his left hand; and, in turn, planted his dexter fist with considerable impulse on the lower end of the Major's breast bone, remarking,

I say, Mister, take yourself elsewhere, or you'll run right against the end of my arm.'

Unfortunately for the reputation of Major Montgomery, at this moment, a card fell from his coat sleeve, and, with it, fell his courage, for he turned suddenly round to the table to secure the spoils of victory. The Captain however, had saved him the trouble, having himself taken up the money, for the purpose of returning it to those to whom it rightfully belonged. The Major finding that his winnings and his reputation were both departing bee line once more highly excited, and uttered direful anathemas against those who might dare to question his honor.

It is perhaps, generally known to the reader, that the captain of a steamboat on the western waters, is of necessity as despotic as the Grand Turk. The safety of his boat and the comfort of his passengers, in performing a long and perilous trip, require, indeed, that such should be the case. Between port and port, he is sometimes called to act in the triple capacity of legislator, judge and executioner. It is rumored perhaps without any foundation, that in cases of great emergency, more than one of these commanders have seriously threatened a resort to the salutary influence of the second section. Be this as it may, travellers on our western boats will consult their comfort and safety, by deporting themselves according to the gentlemanly principle. We throw out this hint for the public generally; and in the fullness of our benevolence, commend it to the especial notice of tourists from the 'fast anchored isle.'

Captain Snake made no reply to the imprecations of the Major, having far too much respect for his official station, to permit himself to be drawn into a personal conflict with one of his passengers. Stepping to the cabin door, his clear shrill voice was heard above that of the din of the Major's volcanic burst of passion and the loud whiz of the Sea Serpent. Instantly the tinkle of the pilot's bell responded to the order of his commander, and the boat lay-to, near the lee shore. Again the captain's voice was heard.

'Jack! man the yawl; Major Montgomery wishes to go on shore.

'Aye, aye, sir,

The Major looked around in utter astonishment. The Captain again called out,

Steward? put Major Montgomery's trunk in the yawl; he wishes to go on shore!"

'Aye, aye, Sir!"

The Major turned toward the Captain with a face indicating a mingled feeling of anger and dismay. He had seen too much of life in the West, not to understand the fate that awaited him. Before he could make up his mind as to the best mode of warding off his impending catastrophe, Jack bawled out, the yawl is ready, sir,' and the steward cried out, 'the trunk, is on board, sir.'

Captain Snake bowed formally, and with a courteous but singularly emphatic manner, said:

'[illegible] for Montgomery, the yawl waits.'

The Major, however, retained his position near the card table, and began to remonstrate against such very exceptionable treatment of a Virginia gentleman his character had never been questioned. He concluded by a broad intimation, that on their arrival at Cincinnati, he should hold the Captain personally responsible under the laws of honor. In reply, the Captain of the Sea Serpent, bowed again most profoundly, and turning toward the door of the cabin, said, calmly,

'Steward, call the Fireman to assist Major Montgomery into the yawl; he wishes to go on shore

The redoubtable Major, in the vain hope that the passengers would sustain him in the contest, now threw himself on his reserved rights, ran up the flag of nullification and ferociously brandished his Bowie knife: at this moment the fireman made his appearance. He was a full grown Kentuckian, born on the cedar knobs of the Blue Licks, and raised on sulphur water, pone & possum fat. Like many of his countrymen, he was an aspiring fellow, for he stood six feet four, in his moccasins, and exhibited corresponding developement of bone and muscle.

Hatless and coatless, with naked arms and a face blackened with smoke and ashes, he might have passed for one of old Vulcan's journeymen, who had been forging thunderbolts for Jupiter, in some *regio infernalis*. He stalked carelessly up to the bellocose Major, and before the latter was aware of it, seized the hand that held the upraised knife, and wrenched it from him. The next instant the Major found himself fairly within the brawny arms of his antagonist. He struggled stoutly to extricate his elegant person from such an embrace, but in vain. The fireman, displeased with the restless disposition of his captive gave him one of those warm fraternal hugs, which an old bear is wont to bestow upon an unmannerly dog, that may venture to annoy his retreat from a farmer's hog pen. This loving squeeze so completely mollified the rebellious feelings of the Major, that he suffered himself to be passively led into the yawl. The Captain's shrill voice was again heard,

'Pull away, my boys Major Montgomery wishes to go on shore.'

The oars dipped into the water and the yawl glided quietly to the beach. The afternoon was cloudy and dark; a drizzling rain was falling; the cotton wood trees wore a funeral aspect; no vestige of a human habitation could be seen upon either shore, and the turbid waters of the Mississippi were hastening onwards as if to escape from such a gloomy place.

Many of the passengers supposed that after the Major had been disgraced by being set on shore, he would be suffered to return; but those who entertained that opinion knew very little of the character of Captain Snake. That Major Montgomery should be a black leg was in his estimation, no very heinous affair, for he held that in this republican country, and this democratic age, every man has a natural and unalienable right to choose his own occupation. But after having been permitted to play 'loo' with the Captain of the fast running Sea Serpent, that the Major should slip a card, and then, lubberly rascal, be caught at it—this was too bad—absolutely unpardonable. There was something so vulgar, so very unprofessional in such conduct, that it was not to be tolerated.

The yawl touched the shore and was hastily disburdened of its trunk. The Major, however, after rising on his feet looked wistfully back upon the Sea Serpent; and manifested no disposition to take refuge in a cane-break: Whereupon the Captain becoming impatient, cried out.

'Fireman, lend a hand to assist Major Montgomery on shore.'

The huge Kentuckian now began to approach the Major, who, having no particular relish for another fraternal hug, sprung to the beach, & sunk to his knees in mud. Thinking forbearance no longer virtue he poured out on the Captain, a torrent of abuse, and, with wrathful oaths threatened to publish him, and his ugly snail creeping steamer, from Orleans Point to the alligator swamps of the Balize. The Captain made no reply but the fireman, roused by hearing such opprobrious terms applied to his beloved Sea Serpent, called out in a voice, that was echoed from shore to shore:

'I say, Mr. Jack-of knaves, it looks rather wolfy in these parts.'

'Shut your black mouth, you scoundrel,' retorted the Major, boiling over with rage.

'I say, stranger,' continued the fireman with provoking good humor, would you swap them buffalo robes on your cheeks for a pair of 'coonskins?'

The Major stooped down for a stone to hurl at his annoying foe, but alas, he stood in a bed of mortar, and no resource but that of firing another volley of curses.

'Hallo! my hearty,' rejoined the fireman, 'when you want to be rowed up 'salt river' again, just tip me the wink; and remember Mr. King-of-Clubs, dont holler till you get out of the woods, or you'll frighten all the varmints.

During this colloquy, the young cheese-merchant stood on the guards of the boat a silent spectator, but at length, as if shocked by the dreadful profanity of the Major, he raised his voice and bawled out;

'I say Mister, if you was away down east, I guess 'squire Daggett would fine you ever so much for swaring so wicked, that's the how.'

The Pilot's bell tinkled, the wheels resumed their gyrations, and again the majestic Sea Serpent,

'Walked the water like a thing of life.'

Jonathan, with a look in which the solemn and the comic were curiously blended, turned his eyes first towards the Captain, then upon the Major, and exclaimed.

'Well, now, the way these ere steam captains do things, is nothing to nobody, no how.'

And thus terminated one of those little episodes in the drama of life, not uncommon on the western waters.

PARIS GAMING HOUSE.

Frascati possessed also its crowds; but they were of somewhat an inferior order; yet scarcely a gaming-house in Paris exists, within whose walls so many eventful tales of gain and loss have been told.—Here it was, that in the latter part of the years 1827, the well known Mr B—— fell dead at the table, the dice box in his hand. He had never missed a night since the year 1814, except during the revolution of July, when for three evenings, Frascati was closed. During the revolution of July, when, for three evenings, Frascati was closed.—During this, to him, melancholy interval, he never ceased to bewail the state of affairs in which alone he could see the interruption to play, in fact, he recognised but one barrier in Paris—that one which blockaded the end of the Rue Richelieu.—His story is a singular one. He had profited by the peace of 1814 to visit the continent when the waters of Vichy had been recommended to him by his physician. Possessing about a million sterling, and a liver complaint, he felt himself considerably ennui on his arrival at Paris, where he knew no one. It so chanced that, on this very evening he had ordered his horses to proceed upon his journey he strolled into Frascati to wile away half an hour. To one who had never seen any thing of gambling houses, except the vile abomination of Leicester-square or Piccadilly, the splendor and Magnificence of Frascati were calculated to excite astonishment. He ventured upon a trifling bet—then another. His courier came to announce that the carriage was ready—he dismissed him and took his seat leisurely at the table; the hours flew by and with them his money. As the clock told two, he lost 100 000 francs; and, as he entered his hotel, he scarcely noticed the post-horses that stood shivering at the door, and perfectly forgot that such a place as Vichy existed. From that hour he became a daily frequenter of Frascati and dedicated his entire existence to play. He rose at twelve, breakfasted, adjourned to the saloon, and played till seven; thence he repaired to the Cafe Anglais and dined after which he again returned to the saloon, and left the last at night. In this manner he continued to live until his last guinea was spent, and even a small annuity settled upon him by his friends, he subsequently contrived to mortgage and lose also; and yet with all this, he seemed perfectly happy. He had neither debt nor dependence; for the proprietors struck with his immense losses, conferred upon him the singular and unique privilege to bet upon parole; and this (to his credit be it recorded) he never abused; for the moment he had gained a single louis d'or he always ceased to play, such being quite sufficient for his moderate and unexpensive habits of life; and thus despite the predictions of his doctors, did he live for twenty-two years. In London, in all probability his money would have been saved, and his life forfeited: but nothing hardens like play, and when the gamester can resist suicide, his life is usually a long one. He was a man of considerable talent and quickness, possessing a perfect knowledge of French and gifted with much original humour. He was never once known to allude to his losses. [Dublin University Magazine.

From the National Gazette.

WASHINGTON'S DIPLOMA.

Files of old Continental journals frequently furnish us with matter of an interesting character, for those who are fond of reading about revolutionary times. This being the season of collegiate commencements, we present a document, as not ill timed, which to many may be a novelty. It is a document (evidently) of a diploma given by Harvard University, conferring the degree of LL. D. upon General Washington. It is worthy of remark, that when this compliment was paid to the commander-in-chief of the continental army, he had in that capacity performed no signal exploit, except the movements by which the enemy was forced to evacuate Boston. His general abilities and acquirements (Lord Brougham to the contrary notwithstanding) were known and acknowledged by the nation and its representatives, who, from a number of military officers neither inexperienced nor wanting in thorough education selected Washington as the most able on all accounts to lead the armies of his country, and consequently to sway her destinies.

This diploma we do not remember to have seen in Marshall's Life of Washington, and have looked through Sparks' without finding it. It may be worth while to mention, that when it was conferred, collegiate honors were not so cheap as in our day, when institutions of learning are prone to give parchments rather for the sake of spreading their own names, than on account of any special merits in the grantees. Harvard University also made Gen. Jackson a Doctor of Laws, and a British Faculty of Arts recently bestowed the same distinction upon the Russian Grand Duke.—How well they deserved the title is not so apparent to our apprehension as to the erudite gentlemen who testified with their names to their superior knowledge and talents.

'The corporation of Havard College, in Cambridge, New England, to all faithful in Christ, to whom these *Presents* shall come, *greeting*:—Whereas Academical degrees were, originally, instituted for this purpose, that men, eminent for knowledge, wisdom and virtue, who have highly merited of the republic of letters, should be rewarded with the honors of those laurels; there is the greatest propriety in conferring such honors on the very illustrious gentleman, GEORGE WASHINGTON, Esquire, the accomplished General of the confederated colonies in America; whose knowledge and patriotic ardor are manifest to all, who for his distinguished virtue, both civil and military, in the first place, being selected by the suffrages of the Virginians one of their delegates, exerting himself with fidelity, when in the utmost danger of being forever lost, & for the salvation of his country, and then at the earnest request of that grand council of patriots, without hesitation, left his delightful seat in Virginia, and the affairs of his own state, that, through all the fatigues and dangers of a camp, without accepting any reward, he might deliver New England from the unjust and cruel arms of Great Britain, and defend the other colonies; and who, by the most signal smiles of Divine Providence on his military operations *drove the fleet and troops of the enemy, with disgraceful precipitation*, from the town of Boston; which, for eleven months, had been shut, forfeited, and defended by a garrison of seven thousand regulars, so that the inhabitants, who suffered a great variety of hardships and cruelties while under the power of their oppressors, now rejoice in their deliverance, the neighboring towns are also freed from the tumults of arms, and our University has the agreeable prospect of being restored to its ancient seat.

Know ye, therefore, that we, the *President and Fellows of Harvard College*, in Cambridge, with the consent of the honored and reverend overseers of our Academy, have constituted and created the said George Washington, who merits the highest honors—Doctor of Laws, the law of nature and nations, and the Civil Law— and have given and granted to him, at the same time and all the rights, privileges, and honors, to said degree pertaining.

In testimony whereof, we have affixed the common seal of the University to these letters, and subscribe them with our hand writing, this 3d day of April, in the year of our Lord, 1776.

SAMUEL LANGDON, S. T. D. President.
NATHANIEL APPLETON, S. T. D.
JOHN WINTHROP, Mat. and Phi. P.
ANAM ELLIOTT, S. T. D.
JOHN WADSWORTH, Log. and Eth Pro.

SHOEING THE MEMBERS.—They used, some five and thirty years since, to go through, during the first week of the session, a process called "Shoeing the New Members." The Legislature held their session for "shoeing the new members" at the "Osgood Tavern" hard by; a place, according to the representations of our older citizens, about as renowned for frolic and hard drinking as the Boar's Head in Eastcheap, when its walls were made to resound with the "the revel, the laugh, and the jeer" of Falstaff and his jovial crew. "Shoeing the new members" consisted in causing men for the first time elected to the General Court to "bring on," as called for, punch, flip, or strong liquors just as the season, or the appetites of the old members prompted. The preliminary business of the Legislature having been accomplished, (say just after the commencement of the afternoon session on the second day,) a member would rise in his place, and as grave as an owl, move that "the House do now adjourn." It was well understood. They adjourned accordingly, and the whole body, president and all moved over the way to "shoe the new members."

Concord (N. H.) Statesman.

Hamblin's horse, Black Bess, the pet of the Bowery Theatre, bore the President yesterday. Black Bess is a Whig though,—and if she had "the largest liberty," would always vote the Whig ticket.—*N. Y. Express.*

A *horse* would "vote the Whig ticket." What does that show?—*N. Y. Eve.*

Shows, that he is not a jackass.—*Louisville Journal.*