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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From the National Intelligencer.

A VISIT TO THE BIRTHPLACE AND TO THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON.

For a long time I felt a strong desire to visit the spot where the great man was born, whose heroic actions and sage counsels contributed in a great measure to the achievement of American Independence.—The desire increased with my years.—When in foreign lands, a citizen of the "U. States" is frequently interrogated concerning the degree of respect towards the memory of the hero of that "eventful period which tried men's souls." Have you been in his natal house? Does it still stand?—Have you visited his tomb? were questions repeatedly put to me during my residence abroad, at answering which in the negative I always felt somewhat humbled. I have often said, if I should at any time return to my adopted country again, I will repair to the shores of the Potomac, and visit the cradle and the grave of WASHINGTON.

Having arrived in Philadelphia, and made some necessary arrangements, I departed for the South, and, on reaching the metropolis, resolved not to be diverted from my purpose by attendance in the Capitol, to listen to the eloquence in Congress and believed I would not be evincing my love and regard less towards the invaluable institutions of the country, by visiting the birthplace of him to whose virtues they are due, before I attended the debates which now interest the nation.

To fulfil my intentions, I sat out on my pilgrimage the 17th of June, at 6 A. M. in the steamboat Columbia, and, after a delightful trip of ninety miles down the Potomac, arrived at Bluff Point, in Westmoreland county, Virginia, at 3 P. M. On the beach I was received by Mr. Montgomery, by whom we were elegantly entertained during my stay in the county. On the following morning, after breakfast, we were provided with a carriage. The birthplace is distant from Bluff Point fourteen miles, for the first two of which we were accompanied by Mr. Montgomery, junior. His object was to point out the natal house of Mr. James Monroe, one of the deceased Presidents. When I found myself in its vicinity, supposing that such an opportunity would not offer again I left the carriage, and walked down to it with my urbane conductor. It is a frame house, with all the marks upon it of years that have passed away. After going through its rooms I returned to the road, resumed my seat in the carriage, and proceeded on my pilgrimage. The road, as we passed along did not offer objects of much interest; a great part of it runs through forests. Sometimes we saw the wild honeysuckle modestly displaying its pretty blossoms, and sometimes the wild rose standing out in bold relief, as if determined not to "blush unseen." We arrived at the Wakefield farm at 10 A. M., the proprietor of which, much to my regret, was absent. I had a few introductory lines to him, in which the object of my visit was stated. For this letter I stand indebted to the politeness of T. J. Hungerford, Esq.

We hastened onward, however, and soon arrived at the site of some ruins. A tall chimney is all that now remains to inform the traveller that a house had existed there. Immediately beyond the chimney there is a loosened soil, presenting the appearance of an excavation, from which a clump of young fig-trees shoot up in wild luxuriance. By advancing a few paces, an unadorned slab broken in the middle, caught my attention; it was partly covered with weeds and shoots from the fig trees. On the previous evening I was informed of this slab, but when I saw it almost concealed from view by the weedy productions of Nature, I experienced emotions of sorrow never to be forgotten. Is the birth-spot of him thus neglected, I exclaimed, whose fame fills the universe! of the Cincinnatus of modern times! of the Father of his Country! Ought it to be thus? Whilst cities—opulent, enterprising, and intelligent—are vieing with each other in raising monuments to his memory, his birth-spot is indicated only by a broken slab, which the ploughshare will some day bury forever. By clearing away from it, with filial affection, the weeds, I discovered that a large angular piece was broken, probably by some sacrilegious hand, by which, no doubt, it was borne away. On it are insculped the following words:

HERE,
The 11th* February, 1732,
WASHINGTON
WAS BORN.

The slab caps a small mound, formed of bricks and earth; by standing on it, the Potomac and its shore on the Maryland side are distinctly seen. The waters of Pope's creek are within a few hundred yards; and the Wakefield house, with its poplars, stands away to the left.

Upon this mound, in the full rays of the sun, I sat myself down, and my thoughts took the range which the locality, and the associations connected with it, were likely to give them. In this solitude my intellectual enjoyment was beyond description, and was not a little heightened by the silence that prevailed, which was only interrupted now by a refreshing breeze, shaking the leaves at my back, and then by the wild notes of birds warbling on the branches of an apple tree hard by. But it was the interruption of a moment. The current of my thoughts would return to its course.—These were the scenes, said I, of his juvenile days. This is the ground upon which he played, and in yonder creek he was wont to bathe; and these trees were preceded by others, under whose foliage he sat in the noontide shade. I followed him along until the mind's eye rested on the great scenes of the Revolutionary war, and the prominent post held by him therein. I saw him, by his steadfastness and valor, disarming the monster of British aggression; and whether I contemplated him at Trenton, encouraging his army, by his own example and burning words, to hold the frozen element at defiance; or at Yorktown, receiving the sword and homage of Cornwallis; or at Annapolis, resigning his command to Congress; or at Mount Vernon, following the plough, I found him to be himself alone—alike in firmness of purpose, magnanimity, in wisdom, and in virtue.

Passing onward, and keeping him associated with the objects which presented themselves to my mind, I dwelt with pleasure on the prosperity of these peaceful, happy, and free States; to liberate which from bondage he came forth like Cincinnatus, at the call of his country, and when he saw her free, being shielded by his virtues, like Cincinnatus, from the arrows of unworthy ambition, he, like him, retired to his cottage.

I continued to meditate. I looked abroad upon the vast expanse of history for one who rendered an equal share towards the consolidating of the temple of civil and political liberty; but I looked in vain. He stands alone, conspicuous and unrivalled. I thought of my unfortunate and tortured native country, of her centuries of suffering, and of the calls on her gratitude towards this free home of her exiles; the tears glided down my cheeks; out they were the tears of gratitude for the blessings enjoyed by my countrymen in this asylum of the oppressed and I allowed them to fall on the slab which marks the birth-spot of GEORGE WASHINGTON. To me it matters little, said I, whether this be regarded as enthusiasm or not. I would not have passed through life without experiencing the present emotions not for all the wealth which Potosi encloses; my soul expands with them, and delights in their indulgence.

It was noon the heat was oppressive, and a sense of fulness in the head at length called back my thoughts; yet I was unwilling to leave the spot.

——— Javat usque morari,
Et conferre gradum, et veniendi DICERE causas.

I walked away slowly, and beckoned to the driver to follow, looking back at short intervals until we reached the extremity of the field. I again entered the carriage, and fixed an unwavering glance on the spot until a turn in the road and an intervening wood shut it out from my view. During my return I contemplated with great pleasure the boundless good which results to the human kind from the virtues of WASHINGTON, and as it has been my lot during my residence abroad to witness the total subversion of social order and the extent of misery which can be brought on a people by a standing army when controlled by one who sacrifices the general good to his personal views, I thanked Heaven for being now in a country where the national strength and individual security rest on the immovable basis of a reverential regard for the laws. The satisfaction I felt and continue to feel from my pilgrimage is such as is derived from the performance of a pleasing duty.

To visit Mount Vernon still remained; so, on the 21st, I took the steamboat, and at 4 o'clock P. M. arrived at Alexandria and stopped at the Marshall House.—Early on the following Monday a carriage was in readiness, and we set out for Mount Vernon in a party of four. It was cloudy, and ere we proceeded far, rain began to fall. Having reached the premises of the venerated place, we alighted; a slow pace brought us within sight of the enclosure where the mortal remains lie of him who "is first in the hearts of his countrymen." In descending the declivity which leads to it we were joined by others; the gentlemen's heads were simultaneously uncovered—not a word was spoken—we approached the gratings, and with hearts filled with veneration, looked in upon the silent mansion of the illustrious dead. Within the enclosure there are two sarcophagi.—The one to the right covers the ashes of the virtuous and the great, and upon it are sculptured the eagle and other national emblems. An inscription in small characters at its foot declares it to be the gift of John Struthers with the permission of Lawrence Lewis, the surviving executor; the one on the left is that of his deceased lady, and is adorned with the following chaste and eloquent epitaph:

MARTHA, the consort
OF
WASHINGTON.

After some minutes our silence had a pause, and the conversation which followed was characterized by the solemnity which the occasion required. The rain continued to fall; we retired under an adjoining tree for shelter. We were not there long, when a servant came with the compliments of Mrs. Jane E. Washington and an invitation to walk up to the house. It was thankfully accepted; we sent our cards by the bearer. We followed, and were received by her eldest son with the characteristic ease and good breeding of a gentleman. Mrs. Washington soon made her appearance, and concluding from the extreme paleness and apparent fatigue of one of the ladies of the party that her health was delicate, she kindly prevailed on her to retire and lie down, telling her "to consider herself at home, for she was in the house of an old Christian." She retired, and experienced as much attention and tenderness as if she were under her maternal roof.

The Key of the Bastile, which was sent by Lafayette to General WASHINGTON, hangs suspended in a small glass-case in the hall. As I looked at it and thought of the Bastile, I was seized by a momentary terror mixed with detestation. What scenes of human woe presented themselves to my imagination! The Bastile was levelled with the ground—its royal master beheaded—revolutionary France was inundated with an ocean of blood, and the world saw the empire of an hour floating on its surface, and saw it go down forever—the Bourbons were restored—the illfated Bourbons.—Where are they now? But, alas! what has been the fate of European liberty?

With such reflections as these I turned away, and went out into the portico, and looked down on the placid surface of the Potomac. Refreshments were brought and partaken of. Here we were joined by Mr. J. E. WASHINGTON, who answered my numerous interrogations concerning his immortal relative with great affability. We sat down where the father of his country was wont to sit, in the full enjoyment of repose, when his great work was finished—the freeing of his country—to contemplate her future greatness.

Subsequently we were shown through the parlors and library; many curiosities and objects of interest to the patriot were pointed out to us. I had the gratification to perceive that the family were pleased with my visit to the *birthplace*, and was honored by being presented by Mrs. J. E. WASHINGTON, in the hall of *Mount Vernon* house, with a cane that grew on the tomb of the most illustrious of American citizens. Meanwhile visitors continued to pour in, and we, having taken our leave, departed—happy for having gone there with motives so laudible, and deeply impressed with gratitude for the mode of our reception. M.

*Old style.

BARRETT'S PATENT GARLIC MACHINE.

In the brief notice which we gave of this excellent machine on the 23d ultimo, we promised our readers a *description* of it in some subsequent paper, which promise we shall now proceed to redeem, and we do this with the more pleasure as we believe it to be one of real, practical utility; just such an one as was called for by the want of Millers—*millers* did we say? nay by the wants of the country; for who in the name of Epicurus would eat garlicky bread, if he could get that which is not tainted by that foul and pestilent intruder? Having said thus much by way of introduction, we shall proceed to give such a description of the machine itself, as we trust our readers will comprehend.

The machine is about the size of a Wheat Fan, though, as may well be supposed, of much stronger construction; perfectly *simple* in the detail of its works; unencumbered with all superfluous or complicated machinery, and challenges the confidence of a judge by the absence of all external or internal show for effect.

Its inventor seems, in the arrangement of its parts, to have studied that economy which teaches *simplicity* to be the most beautiful, as well as the most efficient arm that can be wielded by a machinist.

The wheat passes from the feeder into an opening in front of the machine, whence it is conveyed to the top of a cast-iron scroll-screw plate. Here the *smut* is broken, and from its lightness is carried off, through a pipe or tube, from the body of the wheat by the blast produced by a small fan or blower, 16 inches in diameter and 8 inches deep. So regular and certain in its effects is the stream of wind is thus generated, that it is immaterial how smutty the wheat may be, all is blown off without the possibility of the smallest portion attaching to the grains of wheat; and such is the masterly adaptation of means to ends—such the appropriate division of labor, if we may be allowed the expression, of the respective sections of the machine, that the work of expelling the smut from the grain is performed on the *top* of the first plate, and is wafted out of the mill through tin pipes without the possibility of its returning to vex the inventor, or commingle its sooty substance with the pearly powder of the grain.

After the seperation of the smut from the wheat, the latter passes under the first named plate upon another, where it is kept in continual commotion by means of two *agitators* attached to the *plate*. Besides these two, there are other agitators below the plate, which perform a similar service to those just described. By means of a *leverage-pressure*, the continual motion of the wheat, and the action of the agitators, the garlic, rat dirt, cheat, and other extraneous substances, are broken and carried off through a pipe acted upon by the fan or blower before named without in the least impregnating the grain with their noxious qualities. The *wheat* after undergoing the process of cleansing is by its own specific gravity precipitated to the bottom of the tube or pipe, in a condition fit for grinding, being perfectly cleansed and seperated from all foreign substances.

The garlic, rat dirt, smut and other offensive matter, by the force of the wind generated by the fan or blower, is conducted *out of* the mill through the agency of pipes.

The *leverage pressure* is so arranged that it can be regulated at will so as to produce the precise degree of compression needed.

The velocity of the machine is from 200 to 250 or 300 revolutions in a minute, may be controlled to suit the particular work on hand, and is, necessarily, exempt from all danger of creating any degree of heat calculated to produce fire, as the weight of the running part rests upon the grain, which as it is cleansed of its impurities passes out. Hence the necessity of steps or gudgeons at the lower end of the shaft is eventuely obviated.

The machine is capable of being attached to any motive power whatever, and may be placed in any part of a mill.

It strikes us that every owner of a mill will see the propriety of supplying himself with one of these machines, as *interest*, that great lever which propels human actions, will compel him to do so; for the conclusion is obvious, that no merchant will buy garlicky flour when that which is not so can be obtained, and there is *now* no longer any excuse for its being so.

We believe that the loss of power in grinding wheat, which is very garlicky, is equal to 25 per cent., and surely this circumstance, when considered in connection with the improved condition of the flour, after the wheat has undergone the cleansing process, must exert a powerful influence with every manufacturer in the country.

We understand that Mr. *Dennis C. Linstead*, No. 6 Light street Baltimore is the agent for Maryland and Virginia, and in conclusion we will advance the hope, that the inventor may reap a fruitful harvest as the reward of his exertions to introduce this truly efficient machine to the notice of his countrymen.

[American Farmer.

The following is the narrative of the gentleman who was lost for fourteen days in the swamps and morasses of Louisiana. It is an interesting story:

From the St. Francisville Chronicle.

"Mr. EDITOR:—In looking over the Picayune of the 14th inst, I perceived that some friend had made mention of the fact that an individual had been lost in the swamps near Bayou Gross Tete, and I feel it my duty to give, through your paper, to the public, a brief sketch of the suffering consequent upon a fourteen days sojourn in a cane break.

I left the east bank of Bayou Alabama six miles above Whiskey Bay, on the morning of the 18th of May, on a hunting expedition. Leaving Bayou Alabama on my left hand, and travelling south by west for about two hours, I shot a deer. After divesting the animal of its head &c. I took it on my shoulder and started for the encampment. When I retraced my steps some distance I found where a panther had recently been scratching the ground; the track on the soft earth was easily followed, and his course being near the same as mine, I followed him, keeping on my guard as I well knew the "nature of the beast." I had not pursued more than forty rods, when I heard him in the edge of a small cane break; I threw off my burden, to enable me to use my rifle with more ease and certainty. He immediately made his appearance, and I retreated, leaving the deer between us.

When he came to the carcass, he then stopped, placing one foot on it, his eyes on me, and mine on him. He was the largest animal of that species I had ever seen, and the distance was not more than twenty-five yards between us. After looking at him a few moments, I brought my rifle to bear upon his head—at the report of which he fell. I remained in the position until I had reloaded my rifle, when I approached, as I supposed my dead panther; but to my surprise, he rose and made the best of his way to the cane he had just left. I had shot him too low. I followed him from one small cane break to another for near an hour, and finding that I could not get a second shot at him, I abandoned the pursuit, turning in search of the deer I had unburdened myself of on my first encounter with the panther. I soon found it, and resumed my supposed course toward camp. By this time it had become cloudy, and I had no means of ascertaining the certainty of my situation; however, I travelled on, and soon found, by coming in contact with a small stream of water, that I was pursuing a wrong direction—I turned and found another stream. I then came to the painful conclusion that I was "lost."

Time wore away, and it had reached the Meridian of the day, and the sun was yet clouded, when I threw down my burthen, hoping by renewed energy to yet be enabled to regain the encampment ere night. I travelled on, I know not whither, I had lost all conception of latitude or longitude; and at four in the afternoon I found myself on the margin of an open swamp. Here the sun again made his appearance.—I supposed myself to be near the borders of Whiskey Bay, and shaped my course accordingly, but soon found I was surrounded by waters, and prevented from following any direct line in search for high land, and at last compelled to take the water. After wading for about two miles, waist deep the greater part of the way, I fortunately found a small spot. Here I examined my ammunition, and found both caps and powder wet. I cut some palmetto, strewed part on the ground, kept the balance for a covering, and laid myself down for the night, as it was quite dark, and, although the musquitoes surrounded me like a thick cloud, from the fatigue of the day, I soon fell asleep.

When I awoke the sun was shining on the tree tops. Without having eaten a morsel of food since the morning of the previous day, I set out again in search of the camp, with a prospect of spending the longest day of my life in the fruitless attempt. I wandered on, sometimes in water, sometimes in small patches of cane; and when the night came, I threw myself down, and slept as well as could be expected, the musquitoes and ticks feasting the while on my blood, which, nothwithstanding hunger, was the worst feature of my situation. On the fourth night I found myself in four foot water. I succeeded, however, in finding a tree which had fallen, the but remaining above water, on which I slept through the night. In the morning, I again breasted the water, & soon discovered some cane; keeping the same course as near as I could, I crossed the cane & came to an open swamp—Here I saw some wild cattle, which were the first animals I had seen since I had abandon the pursuit of the wounded panther—They were numerous, large, and in fine condition, one of which would doubtless have been sacrificed to satisfy the craving of hunger, which had been the day previous almost insufferable, were it not that my ammunition had become damaged and useless. This day I also suffered much from hunger, but no longer felt the incessant biting of the musquitoes and ticks, my flesh being apparently dead to pain, yet my feet were giving way being covered with sores from the friction of the shoes in the water.—On the following day I found some green blackberries and ate a few; and after this—the 6th day—I felt no hunger.

I now found myself in a very heavy cane brake which seemed to be interminable, and all my efforts to extricate myself from it proved unavailable, until the 12th day. The cane was so heavy that it was impossible to keep any direct course, and, consequently, my progress must have been but slow. On the 12th day, however, I struck a small stream, and to avoid the difficulty of pushing myself through the cane, I took to the water, and about 12 o'clock I struck a trail, that had been cut by Mr. Lee, to the banks of the Bayou Alabama. I unfortunately took the wrong end of this trail, and after following it some distance I found a camp. Taking a careful observation of the camp and every thing connected with it, I concluded I was wrong and decided upon pursuing the trail to its determination at the other end. I retraced my steps, and followed it about three miles, when I laid down, though I could not sleep. My feet were worn out and looked more like two lumps of decaying flesh than the pedestals of a living being. When I attempted to rise in the morning, I could not stand, my shoes could not contain my feet. I thought my time had come; and I wished, fervently prayed, that it might be so. I at length succeeded in walking though it was some time before I could wear my shoes.

At ten on the 14th day, I found myself at the plantation of Mr. Lee. I had sufficient strength to cross his fence, but when I walked a few rods, I found I was not able to proceed furthur in the open field—my feet could not bear the heat of the earth, and the sun seemed to exhaust the little remaining strength which I had left. I stretched myself on the ground and hollowed at the top of my voice. Mr. Lee heard me and came to my assistance. He received me with the utmost kindness, furnished me with clothing, as I was literally naked, and bestowed on me every attention which my deplorable situation required; and in remembrance of which I beg leave to offer him and his amiable family my sincere gratitude for their agency in restoring to health one who had laid himself down on the earth to rise no more, if it had not been for their humanity.

WM. ADAMS.

Bayou Sara, June 26, 1841.

HOW TO KEEP OUT SKIPPERS FROM BACON.—When our friends are beginning to smoke their meat, it may do them some good to inform them that small bit of brimstone, about the size of a chinquepin, (dwarf chesnut,) thrown into the fire once a day, will effectually prevent skippers and bugs from getting into the bacon. This information we have from a friend whom we highly esteem, and who assured us that he so fully tried the efficacy of this plan, that he wishes us to make it public. He added that no uncommon smell or taste is imparted to the bacon.—We deem this information of great importance to those, who have bacon to cure: and also to those who have to buy it.—*Saulsbury Watchman.*

The late Epsom races, fifteen miles from London, was attended by more than one hundred thousand persons.—Immense sums were lost and won.—A letter gives these incidents, and states that there was an inconceivable amount of vice and crime:

The Carrier Pigeons started immediately after the race was over, for the metropolis, with the result of the Derby.—It was a singular sight; one after another was let off, and each one had a slip of paper tied to its wing or foot on which was written the word *"Coronation."*—They all rose very high into the air, made several circling sweeps and then suddenly darted off, like an arrow, toward the metropolis.

Mysteriously taught winged messengers! faithful birds! what instinct teaches? what land mark directs them on their airy route? Swiftly and faithfully they go and no harm can reach them, nothing overtake them Bell's Life says, "the flight of pigeons carring the all important result to London and elsewhere, was the largest ever witnessed and proves the increase of this favorite mode of transmitting intelligence. In some instances we know that the result was known in London in *sixteen minutes* from the termination of the race and having been displayed on our own office window, as well as elsewhere, little room was left for those after race speculations which where heretofore so common."

DANGER OF PREMATURE INTERMENT.—The wife of a man employed at the Lyceum, at Manheim, in France, having, as it was believed, expired, and her death been duly certified by a surgeon, was ordered to be buried; but at the moment of screwing down the coffin, she opened her eyes and smiled. She had remained in a week state, but the last Paris papers state that she was gradually getting better.

Compounding Felony.—In the Boston Municipal Court, the trial of Derastus Clapp was concluded on Friday. He is a constable, and was indicted on charge of official misconduct, in the case of the arrest of the robber Williamson. It will be recollected that Mr. Clapp arrested Williamson, but released him on his giving up the property which he had stolen from Davis, Palmer & Co. Mr. Parker for the Commonwealth contended that Mr. Clapp lawfully arrested Williamson, and that it was his duty to carry him immediately before a magistrate, and that by neglecting to do this, and entering into and concluding a treaty for the restoration of the stolen goods, he was guilty of *compounding felony.*—The case was given to the jury, who returned into Court with a verdict of guilty. Mr. Clapp was fined $50 and costs of Court.

The Richmond Whig of Friday says—The Wheat Crop throughout the James River country has been greatly damaged by the rust. In some neighborhoods it was almost entirely destroyed. The crops that were the most luxuriant and promising have suffered most. This will be a serious affliction to the farmers, who have relied upon the wheat crop to liquidate arrearages against them.

A slip from the office of the St. Louis Era, under date of 17th instant, states that the convicts in the Missouri Penitentiary had murdered one of the overseers, Mr. Bullard, and that eight of them—abandoned villains—had effected their escape.

Singular Fact.—A respectable passenger by the Caledonia, which arrived in Boston in March last, mentions the following singular circumstance. The Caledonia was in the gale of the middle of that month, in imminent danger, in consequence of not being able to get head to wind. The crew were worn out by previous exertions. Luckily there were five masters of North American traders on board. These men put on their pea-jackets, went aloft, cleared away the wreck, got up tarpaulins in the mizzen rigging, and aided by the captain and crew, finally succeeded in bringing the ship's head to wind. This alone, it is thought saved her. The next day, when the wind had abated, the passenger in question observed the five North American masters in conference by themselves; they invited him to join them; the most active of these masters then said to the passenger:—"Note what I now tell you; we've been talking of the late gale, and of the power of steamers. It is our unanimous

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