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 New York Spirit of the Times.

TOUR OF AN AMERICAN STOCK BREEDER.

New York, October 22, 1841.

I have just had the pleasure of an interesting conversation with my friend A. B Allen, Esq., of Buffalo, New York, who returned last week in the London Packet ship "Hendrick Hudson," from an *Agricultural Tour in England*.—Supposing that your readers would like to hear a little about Mr Allen's movements, I send you a hasty line.

He says that there is nothing abroad that will compare with our unrivalled *Roadsters* and *Trotters*, and that if we continue to cultivate the breed with care embracing such stock as Abdallah's Bel founder's, Messenger's, &c. we may eventually become large exporters. Many inquiries were addressed to him on various occasions respecting them, and he has brought home orders to purchase a few stylish ones. I observe that the London "Farmer's Magazine" has called upon Brother Jonathan to make a show of his trotters at the next meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society, and as it is open to the whole world, I trust that some of our spirited breeders will do so next year at the annual meeting in July, in Bristol.

The English cart horse Mr. A., also thinks inferior to the great Pennsylvania wagon horse, and is of opinion that our racers here have more game or bottom than theirs, and would beat them in heats of three and four miles. Our soil and climate are decidedly superior for the perfection of this noble animal to those of England, especially on this side of the Alleghanies

Of Short Horns, he seems to think there is but one in G's head in England tha' it is worth while for us hereafter to import hom; and th oving out the stock of three breeders, New York, Ohio, and Kentucky would advantageously exhibit against all England. There are other breeds of horned cattle which he esteemed highly: as the Hereford, the Sussex, Devon, Ayrshire and Scotch Highlanders.

Mr. Rotch had previously imported very superior South Down sheep from the celebrated flocks of the Duke of Richmond, Mr. Grantham, Mr. Elman, and others, and these now arrived cannot but prove a valuable cross upon them — A beautiful Shepherd's dog for Mr. Rotch also accompanies these sheep of a breed so superior that it requires no breaking in for the management of the woolly flock

I was much pleased with the famous Dorking fowls, that like Goliah, have an extra toe, and fat occasionally to the great weight of 8lbs. Some beautiful pheasants, the game bird of England, and the cross of which on the common barn fowl produces the game cock, are among the importation.

In Swine, Mr. Allen went into a thorough examination, from the different species of the wild boar from Asia, and the forest of Germany, kept in the Zoological Gardens, the various kinds of Chinese, to all the most approved breeds of England He pronounces the Berkshire as uniting more good qualities in him on the whole than any other; and as size in them has been generally called for at the West, he has brought home specimens that stand three feet high, are of a corresponding length, and will easily fat to 800lbs; but for fear these should not be large enough he has added the great Kenilworth breed, of a height of four feet, and which the London "Farmer's Journal" asserts will fat to the enormous weight of 1,700lbs. Mr. Allen thinks 1,300lbs. will be the maximum but adds, with quiet naivette of expression, "if this does not prove large enough for the Southwest, I will next year import a Rhinocerus that swings three tons!"—But I fancy that there will be no necessity for this, and that the advocates for size will now cry out "enough!" The Kenilworths are really a good shape, their color is white.

In sheep, England has nothing to compare with our fine Saxon and Merino.—Of the long wool tribe, such as the Leicesters, Cotswolds, and New Oxford, we only want a few, but of the South Downs he speaks very highly. Their mutton is far superior to their wool, fine enough for all family purposes. They are also a very hardy character, and possess the best of constitutions. Of these he has brought out a few for Francis Rotch, Esq. of Butternuts, Otsego county, New York; for our late minister at the Court of St James; and for the Right Rev. Bishop Meade, of Virginia. They were selected from the flock of Mr. Jonas Webb, of Babraham, who carried off all the valuable prizes at the Royal Agricultural Show at Liverpool. They are of great size for South Downs. Mr. Rotch's buck lamb weighed in the scales, when put on board ship, and only six months old, 152 pounds; Bishop Meade's, eighteen months old, 248 pounds; and Mr. Stevenson's, same age, 254 pounds. Mr. Webb killed a wether last Christmas that weighed, dressed, with the head on, 200 pounds; and his bucks usually shear from ten to eleven and a half pounds of wool, of a quality about three fourths blood Merino. To show the value of these high bred animals abroad, the sire of Mr Rotch's lamb was let to the Duke of Newcastle, for this season alone, at one hundred guineas, and I learn that the price of those brought over by Mr Allen is one hundred guineas a head.

The white and light spotted *improved Berkshires* he pronounces spurious breeds, and of far inferior quality and shape. The true animal is just one hundred times described in this and kindred journals, viz: black, or a dark rich plum color, with a slight flecking of white; and occasionally, though rarely, the fleckery may be sandy, or of buff color, preserved from the old originals.

He has selected stock from all the best families in Berkshire, & the neighboring counties that breed them, which he will keep apart at home, and thus prevent the necessity of again importing for years. He found good ones scarce and high, and was obliged personally to look over several thousand head, and perambulate extensively in every direction this large tier of counties, before completing his selections, notwithstanding his employment of several agents and the most extensive dealers to assist him.

In seeds, he found the British farmer quite as careful in selecting for sowing as in choosing breeders for his stock—a matter now little attended to at home. The implements of husbandry he thought generally cumbersome, complex, and needlessly expensive. Some thing, not withstanding, would be worthy of American adoption.

Of the corn laws he does not think there will be any modification that can substantially benefit us, though Sir Robert Peel, in order to quiet the manufacturers, may propose a small abatement of duty. But Mr. Allen takes the startling ground, that if he would consult America's benefit alone, he would make them to stand just as they do now; and he defends this position by saying that it would greatly promote emigration of worthy, substantial people, and that the population, wealth, and strength thereby procured to America would be much greater than if the ports of Great Britain were open to the free importation of grain. I shall look hereafter with interest to Mr Allen's extended views upon this hitherto little under-stood and most important national subject.

On the different ranks of people in England, their condition, living &c and other interesting topics, we held much conversation; but I have extended my article too much already, and I am happy to say Mr. Allen will soon favor the Public with notes of his tour. So I forbear; only acknowledging my obligations to him for his prompt and frank manner of replying to my various and minute inquiries.

Yours truly, J. O. C.

From the New York American

ENGLAND—RANDOM SKETCHES.

Newstead Abbey—Lord Byron—Annesley Hall—Mary Anne Chaworth—Byron's Tomb.

Dear C.—I have been shaking off the dust of my feet against foggy, smoky, noisy London, and taking a country excursion Business led me to Nottingham. I could not resist the temptation to visit Newstead Abbey: which, you know, lies in its vicinity. I left the coach on the high road and followed a footpath a couple of miles over the hills to the spot consecrated by having been the patrimonial estate and residence of Byron. Though the innovating hand of improvement has materially changed the aspect of Newstead during the last fifteen years, those features most closely associated with the splendid, mad genius, that once ruled and revelled here, yet remain. The bleak hills which then encircled it for miles around, and imparted to the landscape a stern and desolate air, are now partially clothed with young trees. The winding lake, whose margin is dotted with miniature castles and towns, continues much as when Father Byron and his merry monks, sported their light shallops on its bosom.

Though a portion of the Abbey has received such alterations as the taste or inclination of its present owner, Col. Wildham, has dictated, yet the *tout ensemble* is nearly the same as when Byron (to quote his own words) 'wrote rhymes, drank claret, shot pistols, fenced, fed Brain, and dined" in it.

Let us walk hastily through the scattered range of buildings. What a strange mingling of modern stability and crumbling antiquity meets us at every turn.—Here we traverse two tiers of cloisters, and tread the cells where the recluse brotherhood prayed to the Virgin, and plotted mischief. There the eye, wanders among the ruins of the old church —"the relic of a thousand storms"—whose yet stately front exhibits rich specimens of Gothic architecture, around which creeps that rare old plant, the ivy green. Now we pass through the stone hall, which Byron called his shooting gallery. See the bullet dents which his wild revelry scattered thickly on its walls. At one end of the apartment hangs the portrait of Boatswain, the favorite dog, and "only friend" of his master. He looks mildly upon us from the canvass. Would that his noble companion had possessed more of the temper of this meek *cur*, he would have been a better, a happier *man*. We wander over a long range of rooms, set out with a lavish mixture of ancient and modern embellishments, till we reach what were once the dressing and sleeping apartments of the poet. Every thing remains as in his day. Here is the little writing table, where he opened that fiery tirade, 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' which pioneered him to immortality. Over the mantle piece hangs the portrait of Charles James Fox, his favorite orator, and political pole star. This mirror, now dimmed with dust, has often in his youth reflected those singularly expressive features in which mirth and melancholy were so strongly blended. I take in my hand the human skull from which Byron and his boon companions used to quaff their wine, ('to what base uses we may return, Horatio!') and on which he wrote the lines—

Start not! nor deem my spirit fled;
In me behold the only skull,
From which, unlike a living head.
Whatever flows is never full.

That pillow, and these faded curtains, (the same he used,) what anguish they have witnessed when the sleeper started from his fitful slumber, horror-struck with the pictures which those dreams, he so often writes of, painted to his imagination. This western window, through which the sun low pours a stream of molten light, gave him a fine view of the lake, the woody glen, and the steep height beyond over whose then barren summit his eye could glide till it caught the far away hills of Annesly, where his beloved Mary Anne Chaworth lived—the wife of another.

The pleasure-grounds around the Abbey are very beautiful. I have seldom seen their peer, even in the land of garden glories. And more than all, they are thickly studded with momentoes of the bard. We now pluck a leaf from the oak which Byron's hand planted; and now a delicious peach from a tree which Byron *did not* plant, so says the gardener.) We roam through the thick grove til we find the tree on which he cut his initials, 'long time ago.' There they are —high up—see, G. G. B And now we come to the sad memorial of that noblest Roman of them all, the monument to Boatswain. A strange concess; in perfect keeping with the character of its author and well executed Many a hero who has fallen in the imminent deadly breach —many an oriat from whose lips entranced Senates have hung sleeps under a more humble monument than rises over the remains of Boatswain. It is built of hewn stone is of generous size, and covers the place where once stood the altar of the Abby Church. Though I knew the inscription by heart, I could not forbear transcribing it from the tomb itself:

Near this spot
are deposited the remains of one
who possessed beauty without vanity,
strength without insolence,
courage without ferocity
and all the virtues of Man without his vices.
This praise which would be unmeaning flattery
if inscribed over human ashes,
is only just tribute to the memory of
Boatswain, a Dog,
who was born at Newfoundland, May, 1803,
and died at Newstead Abbey November 18,
1808.

To mark a friend's these stones arise;
I never knew but one, and here he lies.

But hasten; the sun declines; and ere he set, I must see Annesley Hall, where the young rhymer wooed his enchantress, Mary Anne Chaworth; and Hucknell Church, where lies the quiet dust of him whose spirit the world could not tame.

Two miles of hill and dale brought me to the gate of Mr. Muster's residence, the husband of the late Miss Chaworth. While waiting the movements of the torpid old porter I busied myself in studying the armorial bearings on the arch. Time's effacing fingers have been too busy on its surface for one so unskilled in heraldry, as your democratic friend, to trace the figures with satisfactory distinctness. My eye prefers to run down a vista of wide spreading elms, and see a troop of deer, a thousand strong, gambol in the park. The gate opens, and I enter the court-yard. The irregular building before me is sinking under the weight of years. How century-worn it looks. The gaudy servant conducts me into its chief apartments. I glance at the pictures that line its walls, and pass into the little room where Byron's Mary Anne used to laugh, and sing, and torture her sad cousin. You remember 'The Dream,' in which he paints his glowing hopeless passion for one

Who was his life;
The ocean to the river of his thoughts,
Where terminated all.

No doubt that blasted heart did love, purely, deeply love, *once* and *one*; and that was *here*, and *there hangs her picture*

Behold!
Upon her face there is the tint of grief,
The settled shadow of an inward strife,
And an unquiet drooping of the eye,
As if its lids were charg'd with hushed tears.

Truth, all. So the picture *looks*, and so she *was*. It was a sad union. Mr. Musters is a coarse, iron man, wedded to his hounds, which he feeds well—one of his few virtues. This very hour, while I tread his Hall, he is brought home with a dislocated limb, caused by a fall when riding in the chace to-day with his inebriated companions. No wonder the delicate Mary Anne Chaworth shrunk from his harsh embrace and hid her broken heart in an early grave.

As I stood studying the likeness of the unfortunate Mrs. Musters, lost in reverie, my consciousness was awakened by a little girl that came capering and laughing into the apartment, and with guileless simplicity presented me with a flower which she had just plucked in the arbor. *It was the granddaughter of Mary Anne Chaworth.* As I shook her tiny hand, and twirled my fingers among the golden curls that hung so richly round her chubby cheeks, she dreamed not of the deep interest with which the stranger listened to her prattle, and saw her own image dancing in her pretty blue eyes.

I left Annesley for Hucknell—distant two miles—where Byron sleeps his last sleep.—It is a wretched hamlet of half dozen poor clay cottages, nestling down in an obscure nook among the hills, away from the main road, and destitute of an inn, a shop, or one tolerable dwelling.—The sixpence I gave a ragged boy to go to the curate's & get the key of the church, (and which sent him off with the speed of a locomotive,) brought the curate in person. I had to stoop as I entered the side door and descended the steps to the pavement of the little edifice. It was low, narrow, humble—very. I followed my reverend guide a few steps towards the channel. He stopt-his feet resting on a plain slab, no wise distinguished from those around it. "The body of Lord Byron lies right under my feet." He said it with a careless air—and why not? He had repeated the tale a thousand times in the same words. A sickening sensation went over me. I was not prepared to see so mean a place. "And is this the end of Byron!" said I.

Dear C., if you ever visit Nottinghamshire, spend a day at Newstead. You will never lose the impression which the wild romantic scene leaves on your mind. 'Tis a lonely spot—sheltered in the lap of [illegible] near it—and its ivy crowned Abbey reigns the solitary monarch of the domain.

[When I commenced this letter, I intended to tell you something of Lady Byron and her daughter, Lady Lovelace, both of whom I met in London. But I must defer it till my next, for I have already written to a tedious length.]

MANHATTAN.

IMPORTANT TO MAGISTRATES!—The County Court for Allegany, at its late session has decided that all warrants of a general nature are illegal—that they must run thus: 'before me the subscriber' or if desired by the plaintiff to be returned before any other Magistrate, his name must be inserted in the body of the warrant instead of 'me the subscriber.'—Herald.

The act of 1791 chapter 68, section 6, says—'All warrants and executions shall be made returnable at a certain day, not exceeding forty days after the teste thereof, before the justice issuing the same, or some other justice of the peace for the same county, who are hereby authorized and required, upon application of the party, to call upon the constable for such returns.'

From the tenor of the above section we would infer that the decision of the Court of Allegany county must be correct; for if the name of no justice of the peace is inserted in the warrant to whom can the plaintiff apply, or what justice of the peace is authorized to call upon the constable for a return of the warrant? The custom is, we learn, to issue a warrant, returnable before 'some justice of the peace of the county,' and permit the Defendant, or Constable, to choose before what magistrate the case shall be tried. In such case the Plaintiff is under the necessity to call upon the constable to know before what magistrate, and in what part of the county he can meet the defendant. Latrobe, in his 'Justices' Practice,' No. 195, says—'If it is desired to make the warrant returnable to a justice, other than the one by whom it is issued, his name must be inserted in the warrant,' in the place of 'me the subscriber.'

DEATH AMONG PRESBYTERIAN MINISTERS.—In no preceding period in the history of our Church, have we been called in so short a space, to witness the death of so many useful ministers. Since April last *ten* have fallen. Seven of these were of the Southern part of the Church, viz: Messrs. Baxter Jones, Holman, Phelps, Breckinridge, Sloss, and Winchester two were from Pennsylvania viz. Messrs Tait and Terry, and one Mr. Linn, from Ohio.—Messrs. Sloss and and Winchester were both members of the last General Assembly. This is a mournful momento. We stand still and reverently acknowledge the hand of God and at the same time plead with him to spare his Church, withhold his hand, and send down his most precious blessings.—*Presbyterian.*

FOREIGN NEWS.

ARRIVAL OF THE GREAT WESTERN AT NEW YORK, AND BRITANNIA AT BOSTON. Further prorogation of Parliament—no accouchment of the Queen—scarcity of Corn—detention of the Britannia by the Postmaster General—insurrection in Spain—attack on the Palace—great decline in the French funds—destructive fires—warlike movement, &c. &c.

The Great Western arrived at New York on Monday night, having started on the 23d ult., in a passage of 16 days The Britannia arrived at Boston on Sunday, having started on the 21st, in a passage of 17 days, having been detained for two days beyond the regular and appointed time of sailing. The news they bring is important.

The Steamer Britannia arrived at Boston on Sunday last, at 2 o'clock, P. M. The intelligence is of course anticipated by the arrival of the Great Western.

The Great Western arrived off the Battery at New York, at 1 o'clock this (Tuesday) morning. She brings 130 passengers. The Bristol Journal of Oct. 23d says.

'The Great Western will sail this day for New York, with about 130 passengers, exclusive of their servants, and a full and valuable cargo, chiefly of woollens and silks, with a small amount of hardware. Among the passengers are the Hon. Mr. Stevenson, the American Minister and Major Thorpe. The Great Western will sail from Kingrode immediately after the Government dispatches are put on board which is expected to be at half past twelve.

The Sheridan, the Caledonia, and the Monongahela had arrived out.

The Queen, it was expected, would be confined in a day or two

Parliament has been further prorogued to Dec. 21st.

The lottery system is to be revived in England.

The sea is making terrible inroads on the south coast of England.

Sir Charles Bagot, the new Governor General of Canada, left England Oct 20th

The Russia steamer Kamschatka arrived at Southampton on the 21st of October.

DEATHS.—Lady Amelia Lennox, Sir H. Wyatt's lady and Lady W. Jordan, Sir H. Martyn, and the Bishop of Killmore, are dead.

The South America had arrived out. She beat the Caledonia steamer.

The Gladiator arrived out in sixteen days.

There has been an insurrection in Spain.

France is in a disturbed state.

There is great excitement in the money markets, both of London and Paris. The state of trade is bad. The heavy rains have injured the crops, and there will be a scarcity of wheat. There is a slight increase in the revenue. Cotton is steady.

All the English papers are talking about the probability of a war, and active preparations are making for it.

The news from Canton is no later than our recent direct intelligence. All is confirmed. The English are exasperated with Captain Elliot.

Her Majesty.—The Queen continues in excellent health; but we understand her Majesty's accouchment is daily expected. Yesterday afternoon orders were given by Sir James Graham for messengers to be in attendance at the home Office night as well as day, and if any information of her Majesty being indisposed were received, that expresses should be immediately forwarded to all the Cabinet Ministers, whether in town or country.—[Standard.

PROROGATION OF PARLIAMENT.—House of Lords, Oct. 7.—On this day Parliament was prorogued by Commission. At a quarter past two the Lords Commissioners, viz. the Lord Chancellor, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Wharncliffe and the Earl of Shaftesbury and the Commons having been summoned, the Royal assent was given to the following bills. The Exchequer (Appropriation) Bill, the Poor Law Continuance Bill, and the Population Payments' Bill. The Lord Chancellor then read the Speech from the throne:

THE SPEECH.

"MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN.—We are commanded by her Majesty to acquaint you that it appears advisable to her Majesty to bring to a close the present session of Parliament.

"In conformity with the advice of her Parliament, and in pursuance of the declared intention of her Majesty, her Majesty has taken the requisite measures for the formation of a new Administration and the arrangements for that purpose have been completed by her Majesty.

"*Gentlemen of the House of Commons.*—We have it in command from her Majesty to thank you for the supplies which you have granted to her Majesty for those branches of the public service for which complete provision had not been made by the late Parliament.

"*My Lords and Gentlemen.*—The measures which it will be expedient to adopt for the purpose of equalizing the public income an the annual expenditure, and other important objects connected with the trade and commerce of the country, will necessarily occupy your attention at an early period after the recess.

"Her Majesty has commanded us to repeat the expression of her deep concern at the distress which has prevailed for a considerable period in some of the principle manufacturing districts and to assure you that you may rely on the cordial concurrence of her Majesty in all such measures as shall appear, after mature considerations, best calculated to prevent the recurrence of that distress, and to promote the great object of all her Majesty's wishes, the happiness of her people."

ENGLAND

The distress among the inhabitants of many of the towns in England is dreadful. Public Meetings continue to be held for the purposes of adopting some measures for their relief. The deputation appointed by the Magistrates of Renfrewshire and of the town of Paisley, to lay the distressed state of the inhabitants of that part of the country before government, had an interview with Sir Robert Peel at his official residence in Downing street.

Mr. Hastie, the Member for Paisley, introduced the deputation, and Sir Robert Peel expressed much sympathy with the sufferings of the unemployed people.—The principle object of the deputation was to solicit the patronage of the Government to a metropolitan subscription; but to this proposal Sir Robert Peel declined giving his consent at the same time he expressed his readiness to support such a subscription, but as a private individual.

Specie to England.—H. B. M. ship "Orestes" arrived at Rio Janeiro on the 5th of September last, from the Pacific, bound to England with 2 500,000 dollars on board in specie and bullion. She sailed from Rio for England on the 13th September. Left on the west coast of Mexico, H. B M. ship "Electra" waiting the arrival of a Conducta of specie for England, of 3,000 000 of dollars. Thus the specie goes to England.—*Phila. U. S Gaz.*

from this country to Europe continues large and steady. The London packet ship Philadelphia takes $35 000 specie, chiefly sovereigns. The Havre packet ship Oneida takes $151 830 specie, chiefly Mexican dollars and Am. halves.

PAY OF MEMBERS OF THE OLD CONTINENTAL CONGRESS.—Jared Sparks, in a lecture in New York, stated that the following was the pay allowed to the members who formed the Continental Congress by the several States or colonies whence they were elected:

1. New Hampshire—Each member had all his own personal expenses paid, also those for his servant and two horses and half a guinea besides.

2. Massachusetts the same as New Hampshire in regard to the expenses, and $2 a day.

3. Connecticut—The same in regard to expenses and $3 a day.

4. Rhode Island—40 shillings a day, and no expenses paid.

5. New York—$1 a day.

6. Pennsylvania—20 shillings a day, and all expenses paid.

7. Maryland—40 shillings a day, and no expenses paid.

8. Virginia—A half Joannes a day.

9. North Carolina—£500 currency a year.

10. South Carolina—£300 for their services during the first Congress.

11. Georgia—£100 a month during the session.

From the Philadelphia National Gazette.

MANNERS OF BOSTON AND PHILADELPHIA.

We ventured, a few days since, to offer to our readers some remarks upon the difference between the modes of expenditure in this city, and those we observed, on a recent visit, to exist in Boston, with a view to show, them how much more attention is here given to parade and show, equipages and mirrors occupying the place, in the list of articles of necessity, that is there given to books and pictures.

The contrast then presented was very striking, but there is another point in which it is equally so, viz:—that of the conduct of funerals and the other arrangements consequent upon the death of friends. In that respect, nothing, we think, can exceed the simplicity and good taste manifested in Boston. A few very few—of the most intimate friends are invited. The service is performed in the house, and half a dozen of persons attend the corpse to the grave.—Very few persons wear mourning, and none but those whose relationship is of the most intimate kind. The custom is gradually going out of use, and is not improbable that it will soon disappear altogether.

Here, on the contrary, it is deemed necessary to make a large funeral, the degree of respect in which the deceased was held, being measured by the

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