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."

VOL. XXV. EASTON, (MD.) SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 28. 1842. No. 22.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY *Saturday Morning*, BY

Alexander Graham.

TERMS.

TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS Per annum, payable half yearly in advance

ADVERTISEMENTS

Not exceeding a square inserted three times for ONE DOLLAR; and TWENTY-FIVE CENTS for every subsequent insertion.

THINGS A FARMER OUGHT NOT TO DO.

1. A farmer should never undertake to cultivate more land than he can do thoroughly; half tilled land is growing poorer; well tilled land is constantly improving.

2. A farmer should never keep more cattle, horses, sheep or hogs, than he can keep in good order, an animal in high order the 1st of December is already half wintered.

3. A farmer should never depend on his neighbor, for what he can by care and good management produce on his own farm—he should never beg fruit while he can plant trees, or borrow tools when he can make or buy them—a high authority has said; the borrower is a servant to the lender.

4. The farmer should never be so immersed in political matters as to forget to sow his wheat, dig his potatoes and bank up his cellar, nor should he be so inattentive to them as to be ignorant of those great questions of national and state policy which will always agitate, more or less, a free people.

5. A farmer should shun the doors of a bank as he would the approach of the plague or cholera; banks are for traders and men of speculation, and theirs is a business with which farmers have little to do.

6. A farmer should never be ashamed of his calling; we know that no man can be entirely independent, yet the farmer should remember, that if any one is said to possess that enviable distinction, he is the man.

7 No farmer should allow the reproach of neglected education to lie against himself or family—if knowledge is power, the commencement of it should be early and deeply laid in the district school.

8. A farmer should never use intoxicating liquors as a drink; if while undergoing severe fatigue and the hard labor of the summer, he would enjoy robust health, let him be temperate in all things.

9. A farmer should never refuse a fair price for anything he wants to sell; we have known a man who had several hundred bushels of wheat to dispose of, refuse 8s. because he wanted 8s. 6d and after keeping his wheat six months, was glad to get 6s. for it.

10 A farmer should never allow his wood house to be emptied of wood during the summer season; if he does, when winter comes, in addition to cold fingers, he must expect to encounter the chilling looks of his wife, and perhaps be compelled, in a series of lectures, to learn that the man who burns green wood has not mastered the A B C of domestic economy.

11. A farmer should never allow a window to be filled with red cloaks, tattered coats and old hats; if he does, he will most assuredly acquire the reputation of a man who tarries long at the whiskey, leaving his wife and children to starve at home.—*Common School Assistant.*

WHEAT CROP OF 1842.—On this subject we have the following article from the Cincinnati Chronicle of Tuesday last.

The most important crop, by far, in its general bearing on the sustenance and the commerce of the country, is that WHEAT. This crop is generally planted in the Autumn, and so far as its growth is concerned, its fate is determined by the middle of May. The harvesting depends upon the steadiness of the weather at midsummer. Unless some improbable state of things is found to take place between this and the 20th July, the wheat crop will be what it now promises to be. Some estimate may be made of what that crop will be, from the following facts.

The crop of 1839 was ascertained under the Census Act to be a little over ninety millions of bushels of wheat. Of this amount, Ohio raised about eighteen millions of bushels, about one fifth of the whole. The crop of 1839 was a very good one. That of 1840 fair. That of 1841 decidedly bad. Since in 1841-2 wheat was on the whole scarce; and the price of flour maintained a higher average than any other article. The effect of this on the crop of 1842 is undoubtedly to give it an extra increase by the stimulus to the farmer in the better price he received for wheat than for other articles. The three elements of increase then to be taken into view.

1st. The natural increase; 2d. The accidental increase in consequence of an inferior crop last season; and 3d. The increase arising from a very superior growth. The natural increase is justly equivalent to the increase of population, which in three years is 12 per cent.—From the second cause the general opinion in Ohio is, that the farmers have planted a much greater number of acres. And for the third cause it is known, as we remarked that the crops are in an unusually good condition. We estimate the two last causes of increase, as each quite equal to the first; so that the increase of the crop of 1842 over that of 1839 can hardly be less than 36 per cent. This added to the crop of 1839. will give for the State of Ohio about twenty-five millions of bushels of wheat. The surplus product of this crop (making the largest allowance for consumption) will be twelve millions of bushels.

It is estimated that a large increase of this crop will take place in the other North Western States. Thus, in Michigan, it is stated, that the increase over last year will be 24 per cent, and the surplus crop about three millions of bushels. We have seen no estimate from Indiana and Illinois, but we suppose the same condition of things exist there.

On the whole we may estimate the wheat crop of the United States in 1842, at one hundred and twenty millions of bushels, or thirty millions more than that of 1839

What effect this may have on prices is much more difficult to estimate. The domestic consumption is nearly a fixed quantity, but the demand for foreign consumption, and the quantity of the currency (which if large enables speculators to hold over) can neither of them be now determined. But the present probability is that the currency will not be much enlarged, and the foreign demand will be no greater than it has been. If these elements turn out to be so, the price of wheat and flour, during the coming year, must be quite low.

We find by referring to a Price Current that in the spring of 1840, when the bulk of the crop of 1839, came to market, flour sold at Cincinnati at from $2.90 to $3 00 per barrel, and we should judge, if no unexpected misfortune occurs to the crop, that it will not bring even that in the winter and spring of 1842-3.

BIRDS.

Don't allow your boys, or your neighbors' boys, or any biped who calls himself a man, to be strolling about your fields or orchards with a gun, popping away at the beautiful little birds that are such effectual aids in exterminating or checking the progress of the whole race of millers, worms, grub, &c. that commit such depredations on the farmers.—If you allow this vile slaughter of birds, do not be surprised if your apple trees are stripped by the canker worm, your apples destroyed by the larvæ of the codling moth, your plums by the curculio, your cabbages by the black grub, and your peas by the pea grub. These little birds are the farmer's best friends. True, they occasionally take, as a reward for their labor some of the fruit or seed they have been so active in preserving, but this is no more than equal and exact justice. The person who could dispense with the early carol of the song sparrow, the merry song of the bobolink, or the sweet notes of the brown thrush, may possibly be an honest man, but he has no ear for the melodies of nature—"he has no music in his soul."—*Cultivator.*

PROGENY OF MEN OF GENUS.

A writer in the Quarterly Review presents a very striking fact in relation to the family history of men eminently distinguished by their intellectual attainments. He was discussing an objection to the copyright bill—that perpetuity in literary property would establish an aristocracy, would found another noblese—and shows that there is no danger of this result from the bill in question.

"We are not going to speculate," he says, "about the causes of the fact—but a fact it is—that men distinguished for extraordinary intellectual power of any sort very rarely leave more than a very brief line of progeny behind them. Men of genius have scarcely ever done so—men of imaginative genius, we might say, almost never. With the one exception of the noble Surry, we cannot at this moment point out a representative in the male line, even so far down as in the third generation, of any English poet, and we believe the case is the same in France. The blood of beings of that order can seldom be traced far down even in the female line. With the exception of Surrey and Spencer, we are not aware of any great English author of at all remote date, from whose body any living person claims to be descended. There is no other real English poet prior to the middle of the eighteenth century, and we believe no great author of any sort, except Clarenden and Shaftsbury, of whose blood we have any inheritance amongst us. Chaucer's only son died childless Shakepeare's line expired in his daughter's only daughter. None of the other dramatists of that age left any progeny—nor Raleigh, nor Bacon, nor Cowley, nor Butler. The grand daughter of Milton was the last of his blood. Newton, Locke, Pope, Swift, Arbuthnot, Hume, Gibbon, Cowper, Gray, Walpole, Cavendish—and we might greatly extend the list—never married. Neither Bolingbroke, nor Addison, nor Warburton, nor Johnson, nor Burke, transmitted their blood. M. Renouard's last argument against a perpetuity in literary property is, that would be founding another *noblese*. Neither jealous aristocracy nor envious jacobinism need be under much alarm. When a human race has produced its "bright consummate flower" in this kind, it "seems commonly to be near its end" Poor Goldsmith might have been mentioned in the above list. The theory is illustrated in our own day. The two greatest names in scicence and literature of our time were Davy and Sir Walter Scott. The first died childless. Sir Walter left four children, of whom three are dead, only one of them (Mrs. Lockhart) leaving issue, and the fourth (his eldest son) though living, and long married, has no issue.—These are curious facts.

THE PANTHER'S LEAP.

A WESTERN SCENE.

"Oh how the mother loves the child she nursed."

It was a fine morning in August, when little Samuel Eaton was about seven years old, that he was making a dam in the brooke that ran before his father's door. He was an only and beautiful child, his mother almost idolizing him. There he was with his trowsers tucked up above his knees, working like a beaver—his mother's bold eye gleaming out from beneath his sun burnt hair, and with some of his father's strength tugging at a large stone in the bed of the stream. 'Sammy, you'd better come in, had'nt ye?' said Hannah, in a tone half mother and half mate. 'No-o-, I guess not yet,' said Samuel.

An acorn came floating down the water. The boy took it up—looked at it—was pleased, and 'reckoned' in his mind there were more up the 'gully' and when his mother's back was turned, off he started for the acorns. The gorge of the mountain into which he was about to enter had been formed, (the work of centuries) by the attrition of the stream he had just been playing in and walking on a level that bordered each side of the water, he boldly entered the ravine. An almost perpendicular wall or bank ascended on each side, to the height of a hundred feet, composed of crags and rocks fritered by decay and storm into fantastic shape and position A few scattered bushes and trees sought nourishment from the earth that had fallen from the level above, and excepting their assistance and the unseen surface of the rock, this natural parapet seemed inaccessible, but to bird and beast. About an eighth of a mile from the entrance, a cataract closed the gorge, throwing up its white veil of mist in seeming guardianship of the spirit waters. The verdant boughs hanging over the bank cast a deep gloom upon the bed below; while so lofty was the distance, they seemed to grow out of the sky, blue patches of which were to be seen peeping between them.

Hannah Eaton soon missed her boy, but as he had often wandered to the fields where his father was at work, she concluded he must be there, and checked coming fears with the hope that he would return at the hour of dinner. When he came, Joseph nor any of his men knew where he was. Then the agitated mother exclaimed, 'He's lost! he's lost! and my poor boy will starve & die in the woods!' Gathering courage she hastily summoned her family around her, and despatched them all but her husband to search in different directions in the neighboring forest. To him she said, 'scour every field you can call your own, and if you can't find him, join me in the gorge.'

'He wouldn't go to the gorge, Hannah'

'He would go any where? She knew not why, but a presentiment that the boy had followed the course of the stream, dwelt strongly on her mind.

'I cant find him, Hannah, said the husband, as he rejoined her not far from the mouth of the gorge

An eagle flew past the mother as she entered the ravine. She thought to herself the dreadful birds are tearing my child to pieces; and frantic, she hastened on, making the walls of the cavern echo back with the screams for her offspring. Her only answer was the eternal thunder of the cataract, raging as if in mockery of woe, and flinging its cold spray upon her hot and throbbing temples. "Fool that I am, how can he hear me?' She strained her eyes along the dizzy height that peered through the mist till she could look no longer, and her eyes filled with tears.

Who but a mother can tell the feelings of a mothers' heart. Fear comes thick and fast upon the reeling brain of Hannah. 'Oh, my boy—my brave boy will die;' and wringing her hands in agony, she sank to her husband's feet.

The pain of 'hope deferred,' had strained her heart strings to the severest tension; and it seemed as if the rude hand of despair had broken them all.

The terrified husband threw water upon her pale face, and strove by all the arts he knew to win her back to life. At last she opened her languid eyes, stared wildly around and rose trembling to her feet. As she thus stood, like a heart broken Niobe, 'all tears,' a fragment of rock came tumbling down the opposite bank. She looked up. A wild scream of joy burst from her lips. She was herself once more, for half way up the ascent stood her own dear boy.

But even while the glad cry was issuing from her lips, it turned into a note of horror—"O mercy—mercy!"

The crag on which the boy stood projected from the solid rock in such a way as to hang about twelve feet over the bank. Right below one of the edges of this crag, partly concealed among some bushes, crouched a panther.

The bold youth was aware of the proximity of his parents, and the presence of his dangerous enemy, at about the same time. He had rolled down the stone in exultation, to convince his parents of the high station he had attained, and he now stood with another in his hand, drawing it back and looking at them, as if to ask whether he should throw it at the terrible animal before him. Till then, the mother seemed immovable in her suspense; but conscious of the danger of her son, if he irritated the beast, she rushed some distance up the rock, and motioned with her hands and head that he should not throw. Yet, with the feeling mind of childhood, and a temper little used to control he fearlessly threw the fragment with all his might at the ferocious savage. It struck on one of his feet. He gave a sudden growl, lashed his tail with fury, and seemed about to spring.

'Get your rifle, Josiah!' The poor man stirred not. His glazed eye was fixed with a look like death upon the panther, and he appeared paralyzed with fear.—His wife leaped from her stand, and placing her hands on her husband's shoulders, looked into his face and cried, 'Are you a man, Josiah Eaton? Do you love your child?' He started as if from sleep, and ran with furious haste from the ravine.

Again the mother looked towards her son. He had fallen upon his knees, and was whispering the little prayers she had taught him, not in coward fear, but an indefinite thought came across his mind that he must die. The panther was upon his feet. He stooped to spring. The distracted mother could keep still no longer. She rushed up the steep ascent with the energy of despair, reckless of the danger; thinking only of her son.—The rocks crumbled and slipped beneath her feet yet she fell not. The sharp rocks cut her flesh, but she heeded it not. On on she struggled in her agony.

The ferocious creature paused for a moment, when he heard the wretched mother's approach. True to his nature, he sprang at the boy. He barely touched the crag, and felt backward as Hannah ascended the opposite side.

'Ah!' said she laughing deliriously, 'the panther must try it again before he parts us, my boy; but we won't part' and sinking on her knees before him she fondly folded him to her breast, bathing his young forehead with her tears

Unalterable in his ferocity, and the manner of gratifying it, the panther again sprang from his former situation.—This time he was more successful. His fore foot struck the edge of the crag.—"He will kill us mother, he will kill us! and the boy nestled closer to his mother's bosom. The animal struggled to bring his body on the crag—his savage features but a step from the mother's face. 'Go away! go away!' she shrieked, hoarse with horror, 'you shan't have my child!' Closer—still closer he came—his red eyes flashing fury, and the thick pantings of his breath coming in her face. At this awful moment she hears a faint report of fire-arms from the gulph below—the panther's foothold falls, his sharp claws loosen from the rock, and the baffled beast rolled howling down the precipice, at the feet of Josiah Eaton.

The sun's last rays gleamed brightly on a little group at the mouth of the gorge. They were on their knees—the mother's bleeding hands over the head of her son, and the voice of prayer going to their Guardian for all His mercy in thwarting the *Panther's Leap.*

From the Natchez Free Trader.

ROMANTIC STORY.

The Boston Times says "that some one lately attempted to murder a sleeping woman by pouring hot lead into her ear, and that so shocking a circumstance was *never heard of before.*" This is a mistake. A more remarkable instance occurred some years ago, in Virginia. We personally knew all the parties intimately. Col. F***, a gentleman of high respectability and frequently a representative from his county, died, leaving a wife, some sons, and a very beautiful daughter, about fifteen years of age. The widow, finding herself destitute, opened a boarding house at the country seat, and among her boarders was Mr. W——, a wealthy merchant, in the meridian of life, and a very fine looking man. This gentleman was the main prop and stay of the family, gave employment to the sons, furnished means to educate the daughter in the most fashionable manner, and conceived for her a violent passion. On her return from school, he addressed her, but she resisted alike his appeals and the importunities of her mother and friends. She had, indeed, formed an attachment for a "very nice *young* man" in the same town, but *he* was not to be put in competition with the rich merchant, in the estimation of the family. The young lady, perhaps, thought otherwise. Finally, however, after two years of assiduity and delicate gallantry on the part of Mr. W——, and the combined tears, entreaties, threats and persecution of the family, the fair girl stood before the altar and became his wife. The next evening a large party was given them, and in the midst of the dance Mr. W. being suddenly attacked with vertigo and sick headache, was compelled to withdraw. His young wife hung over him in the silent watches of the night, apparently in deep distress, and insisted on giving him a potion. She poured out a wine glass full of laudanum, and he swallowed it without knowing its nature. From some cause, it immediately acted as an emetic; but left him stupid and wandering. His senses reeled. One moment he would lay motionless and comatose as if on the borders of the spirit world, and then he would shriek and leap up convulsively, like a strong man in his agony. Mrs. W. denied all admission into the chamber. At length he fell into a gentle slumber. She then stooped for a moment over the smouldering embers—approached the bed gazed at her sleeping husband, and holding a heated ladle in her hand, calmly prepared to pour a stream of melted lead into his ear. At that instant he moved, and the hissing liquid intended to penetrate to, and scald out, his brain, and thus cause death without a trace, fell only upon his cheek. He shouted in excruciating pain, and the revellers, mother, brothers, and friends rushed in. There writhed the still stupid husband, the lead riveted deep into his cheek, and there stood the fiend wife, her bridal fillets yet upon her brow, the instrument of death in her hand and an empty phial labelled "Laudanum" lying on the floor. The fearful realities of the case flashed on every one, and in the confusion of the moment she disappeared, and was hurried forthwith out of the commonwealth to a distant State. On searching the room an old French magazine was found containing the death-bed confession of a woman, who had murdered nine husbands by pouring lead into their ears. The laudanum and the lead, it was ascertained, she had procured from the store of Mr. W. a few days before their marriage, and the ladle used was part of a bridal present The Grand Jury next morning found a bill against the fugitive and the Legislature being in session, immediately decreed a final and absolute divorce. What renders this case the more singular is, that Miss T was proverbial for the blandness of her manner, and the uniform softness of her temper. She was a blonde The rose leaf tinted her lilly cheek as a sunbeam glows on snow. Her blue eyes were indescribably sweet, and her golden hair floated like drapery of gossamer, around a form more perfect and voluptuous, than ever Raphael dreamed of or Petrarch sung—Often have we gazed as she stood the cynosure of every circle, and wondered if angels could be *so* fair.

But the sequel of this romance is more singular still. Years rolled by and Mr. W. continued a wretched and solitary man—But the spell of the enchantress was still upon his soul. He closed his stores—sold out his estates—collected his ample means and followed her to her distant abode, to make a new offer of his hand! She had *just married* a man of high standing, aware of all the circumstances, but incapable of resisting her charms. Poor W! Then indeed, did the iron enter his soul. "The deadly arrow quivered in his side." His early love—his fluctuating courtship—his triumph and the tragedy it occasioned—the flight—the divorce—his years of misery—the new birth of his passion and now its disappointment final and forever—came rushing over him, like an avalanche, in the tide of bitter memories and he prayed for death! Whether this prayer was granted we know not. He may yet wander broken hearted over the earth; but one thing we do know. If he be dead, a more wretched, yet a purer and nobler spirit never winged its flight to Heaven.

AN INCIDENT.

The following romantic incident is taken from a very interesting and appropriate address delivered in the first Church in Dorchester, at the funeral of the Rev. Thaddeus Mason Harris, D. D. formerly pastor of that Church, by Rev. Nathaniel Hall, its present pastor.

"It was during his junior year in College, that an incident occurred in his history, which both for the interest it has in itself, and the influence it exerted upon his character long, if not ever afterwards, I know I shall be pardoned in relating. His mother—having learned, by a visit to his room, of his great need of comfortable clothing, and unable herself to help him, save by her hands, had proposed to him to raise in some way the sum of money, a very small one, which would enable her to purchase for him what he needed. After many fruitless attempts to do this, he set off to meet his mother, as by previous arrangement, in Boston; having nothing in possession or prospect, but a few coppers which he had transferred from his trunk to his pocket as he left his room; and these—so strong were his benevolent sympathies—he gave to a poor crippled soldier that he met on his way, and who, faint and famishing, solicited his aid. As he went on, deeply depressed at his destitute condition and in despair at his seeming fate, he perceived something adhering to the end of his rude staff he had cut on his way; and found it to be a gold ring, into which his staff had struck itself as he walked, and having engraved upon it the words 'God speed thee, friend'—its pecuniary worth proving sufficient for his present exigency, and its moral value incalculable; helping to clothe him in what he felt he needed—a cheerful faith and confidence in God. The whole incident, acting upon his sensitive nature, and predisposed as he was to see in every thing which befel him a peculiar and sacred significance, subdued and overwhelmed him; and appears to have given to his character a stronger religious determination. 'That motto' are his own words 'has ever been the support of my faith when it was feeble, and the strength of my heart when it was faint.'"

The richest woman in France.—The Paris correspondent of the Independent says:—"The Princess Dernidoff is own niece to Napoleon, and daughter to Jerome Bonaparte—besides being a Princess by birth, she is also a Princess by marriage. She is now the richest woman in France. Her husband is the Russian Dernidoff, and their annual income is exactly $200,000. She is young, (only 23) very beautiful, and highly accomplished They have such a palace as I had never imagined could be a habitation. Nothing but splendid articles in every corner—pictures, gems, carriages, tapestry—all *grandoise* and sumptuous, except the Prince and Princess, who are simplicity itself."

HOLE IN THE LAW.—An act of the last legislature requires each bank to pay to the Collector of the County where the bank is situated the tax on the stock of the bank, which the several stockholders may be required by the assessment to pay. The collector is then required to make a statement of the amount thus paid to him and "to deliver such statement to the Levy Courts, or Commissioners of Appeal Tax Court, as the case may be, who shall credit the tax accounts of the several stock holders of said Banks, or Corporation in the manner in which the same appear by the said statement to be paid."

Now suppose that a person, living in this county, owns stock in a Baltimore Bank. That stock is assessed in this county and the owner is held responsible for the payment of the tax to the collector of this county. But this law requires the Bank in Baltimore to retain the tax and pay it to collector in Baltimore who is to cause the tax payer to be credited for it. But the tax payer lives in this county and he is bound to pay it in this county. Is the collector in Baltimore to cause the credit to be entered in the books of the collector of this county?—How is the collector to find the location of the stockholders and ascertain where the credit is to be entered? Yet in no other mode can the law be carried into operation so as to prevent the tax payer from paying the tax on bank stock twice, when he does not live in the county where the bank is located.—*Frederick Examiner.*

From the N Y. Jour. of Commerce.

NOVEL LAW QUESTION.—A case is now before the Supreme Court which involves much ingenious pleading, and some intricate points of law. A man named Comfort effected an insurance on his life. The policy containing a clause that it should be void in case the insured committed suicide. Some time after he effected the policy, he, in a fit of insanity, leaped out of a steamboat and was drowned, which the insurers contend vitiated the policy. On the other hand the administrators of the insured contend that his being insane at the time he committed the suicide, prevents a voiding of the policy.

THE NESTORIAN BISHOP.—The arrival of Mar Yohanna in this country has induced inquiry into the situation and condition of the Nestorian Christians, and as their history is extremely interesting to all religious sects, we lay before our readers what we can learn of it.—The district of country occupied by the Nestorians lies partly in Persia and partly in Mesopotamia, containing about 140,000 souls. The capital is the village of Galivan, situate in the plain of Ooramiah. This people lived in perfect seclusion and in profound ignorance of the existence of other christian churches, until the year 1836, when they were discovered by American Missionaries, about 700 miles east from the Black sea, surrounded by Mahomedans. They possessed the bible in Syriac, written in the year 1200, and the constitution and doctrines of their church are similar to the Episcopal, having the three orders of ministry, bishops, priests, and deacons. There are 330 villages of Nestorians; their churches are built of stone; the records of one go back 1200 years, and another is said by tradition, to have been founded by the wise men from the east, who were led by the star of Bethlehem to Jerusalem when our Saviour was born.

Pennsylvania Telegraph.

THE REESIDE CASE.—In the Case of James Reeside vs. the United States, on a Motion for a new trial, Judge Baldwin, of the U. S. Circuit Court, Philadelphia, on Thursday gave his opinion, overruling the motion, and direcing judgement to be entered on the verdict. The sum awarded to Mr. Reeside by the verdict, amounts to nearly $200,000.

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