EASTON GAZETTE.

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THE HISTORY OF LADY HAMILTON.

There is a spot upon the shore of the bay of Naples, in full view of my window, which is associated with some of the most interesting and, at the same time most melancholy souvenirs of this city. It is the place where the body of Cerillo was cast ashore by the waves. He was one of the distinguished martyrs who had expired in the cause of human liberty.—During the Pathenopian republic, he was president of the legislative assembly.—Renowned for his learning and abilities, his reputation had previously extended throughout Europe. Beloved by his friends and respected by his foes, he was unfortunately, faithless to the king, and his life paid the forfeit. After the return of the royal family, in 1803 he was arraigned for the crime of *lesae majestatis*. Being brought before the court he was asked the usual question, 'what is your profession?' He replied under the despotism, I was a physician, under the republic a legislator.' 'And what are you now,' demanded the president of the court? 'Now I am *a hero*,' was the response. He was forthwith condemned and executed; and his body cast into the sea. The sea returned to the shore, and the populace, moved with sympathy for his misfortunes, gave it the funeral rites, and committed it to the earth.

The fate of this unfortunate man, and thousands of others, who, at the time, contributed to give their country a republic, and who atoned for it by the last punishment of malefactors, is associated with the destinies of one of the most remarkable women of that extraordinary period. Her history is so singular, so unlike the ordinary march of human events, that I am induced here to sketch the outlines of it.

Few heroines of fiction have been the subjects of such striking vicissitudes as Ema Lyon. Born of the lowest parentage; her father unknown, her birth place some obscure part of Wales—she was reared in abject poverty and corrupt habits. The first sixteen years of her life were passed in irregular and degraded existence, often in want of bread to sustain her. Yet, in these unfavorable circumstances, she grew into maturity a prodigy of beauty. The sprightliness of her mind and vivacity of her disposition seem to have equalled her personal charms. Her attractions were now of too high an order to remain concealed.—The artists sought her out, that they might give to the marble and the canvass the impressions of such wonderful loveliness She became the model of the goddess Hygeia. The success of the copy extended the reputation of the original. The celebrated painter, Romney, re-produced her as Venus, Cleopatra, & as Phyrne. Others made of her a Sibyl, a Leda, a Tullia; and some, a penitent Magdalene.

In the next step of her career, she met and captivated Charles Grenville, of the noble family of Warwick. Deranged with passion, 'drunk with beauty,' he sought to espouse her; but, overwhelmed with debt, and without the means of support, it was necessary to seek the assistance and consent of his uncle, Sir William Hamilton, then minister of Great Britain at this court. She was despatched as the suppliant to obtain both the one and the other; the infatuated lover believing that her appearance would be, on his part, a sufficient apology for seeking so extraordinary a union. The old uncle astonished by this vision of beauty, was soon, lost in such rapture as overwhelmed every other consideration. He paid the debt of his nephew and married his betrothed.

Being now my lady, and the wife of a minister a brilliant career opened before her. To the astonishment of all, she moved in the high region of society to which she had been so abruptly elevated, and in which she was now entitled to take a conspicuous part, as if she had been accustomed to it from early years. The grace of nature is superior to that of art. Her history was, of course, the subject of much remark; and it was not to be expected that a court, one of the most exclusive of Europe, should receive her with more attention than her position demanded. Queen Caroline, the daughter of the celebrated Marie Therese of Austria, and the sister of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette of France, met this brilliant 'parvenue' with coldness & hauteur But these were destined to continue but a short time. The Queen soon found it necessary to yield to the fortunes of this extraordinary woman.

Another scene of the drama was now enacted, Lord Nelson appears, a conquering hero; his brow bound with the fresh laurels he had just gathered at Aboukir. He blasted the prospect of Napoleon in the East. He came to Naples, saw Lady Hamilton, and was conquered. He had braved the battle and the breeze—filled Europe with his fame—to strike his flag ingloriously to this modern Syren. In her presence, he was feeble as an infant; spell bound, he gazed, received the subtle poison, and stood within the charmed circle, vanquished and a victim.

The conquerer, to whom the veteran diplomatist and the illustrious warrior had surrendered, was now to subdue the court. The sagacious Queen saw that she might exert an important influence on the fate of Italy, and perhaps of Europe. The English admiral was her slave—the English minister was her husband. She soon became the subject of the most assidous and distinguished attentions. In the theatre, and the public exhibitions, she was often seated by the side of the Queen In the palace she was received in its most secret recesses, entertained as a friend, admitted to the royal table—an honor in this court, reserved to princes of the blood; and report said, that the imperial offspring of Austria the Queen of the Two Sicilies, often occupied the same chamber, and layed her limbs in the same bath with her who had been but recently a poor vagrant, houseless, penniless and unknown.

At the flight of the royal family to Sicily, upon the approach of Championnet, she accompanied them, embarked in the same vessel, shared the same adventures and same asylum.

When the information was recieved by the court at Palermo that the republicans were conquered, and that Naples had surrendered to Cardinal Ruffo and the allied Powers, the pleasures of this news was embittered by the fact that terms had been granted to the vanquished. A treaty of capitulation had been made, which stipulated for the security of their lives, the protection of the property, and the power of emigration to those who preferred it. The King and the Queen believed it degrading to treat with rebels. Besides, the power of taking vengeance on their rebellious subjects was thus wrested from them at the moment they were anticipating its full grandeur. They despatched Lady Hamilton in a fast-sailing vessel to Lord Nelson, with letters and order revoking the treaty of capitulation. The Queen besought her as a friend to use her exertions to persuade Lord Nelson to cancel the treaty. She said, 'To you, my lady we shall owe the dignity of the crown—go solicit; may the winds and the waves favour you.' She departed and arrived on board the ship of the admiral as he was entering the port of Naples He could not resist the fair embassadress—yielded to her wishes, and sacrificed that good name, to which he had devoted a life of heroism To her he surrendered his own glory, betrayed the honor of his country, abandoned the interests of humanity, and drew upon himself the censure and the scorn of the civilized world. Whatever power the King of the Two Sicilies may have had to disavow and annul the acts of his own commander, it cannot be pretended that he could release the English from the obligations which they had contracted by the signature of the treaty of capitulation.—It was violated; and doubtless would never have been so but for the unfortunate ascendency of Lady Hamilton. Those who had laid down their arms, relying on the faith of treaties, suffered the punishment of felons Many perished by the hands of the Lazzaroni. The chiefs were for the most part hung and thrown into the sea. Caracciola, the admiral of the fleet, a prince by birth, endowed by nature with the highest qualities, which had been cultivated and adorned by the most finished education and most profound erudition, distinguished in war and beloved and esteemed in peace, was among those who suffered the penalties of treason—After his execution, fifty pounds weight of iron was fastened to his feet, and then his corpse was committed to the great deep. A few days after, the King arrived in the harbor, when, looking over the side of his vessel, he saw a movement in the water, and something approached the ship. In a few moments he discovered it was a corpse, which moved rapidly towards the vessel, with its head elevated out of the water, and the body erect. He exclaimed, 'Caracciola!' and turned away horror stricken. Then as if confounded, he said, 'Why, what wants the dead?' The chaplain, who stood near, replied, 'One would say that he came to demand Christian sepulture.' Let him have it,' said the King, and retired to his apartments. It was taken up and interred in the church of Santa Maria, on the Santa Lucia.

Lady Hamilton had now reached her zenith. She was to descend with nearly the same rapidity. The next year Sir William Hamilton was recalled from his mission, and returned to England. She accompanied him, and Lord Nelson followed. In a short time her husband died, and Lord Neslon was killed at Trafalgar. She soon expended, in a life of dissipation and extravagance, the fortune which had been, given her, both by her husband and paramour. She was again reduced to want the necessaries of life, and perished in the deepest misery and lowest poverty, in 1805, at Calais, in France.—*Naples—A Sketch.*

A MARVELLOUS STORY.

We live in an age when almost every year brings forth some marvellous event—something that startles the mind and leads it into wild conjecture. Geologists are said to have discovered that our globe is millions of years old—Mormonism has added a new volume to the books of scripture—people are about to fly by machinery through the air—Miller has set a limit to Time—and Mesmerism is about to define what the human mind is, and to disclose the connecting link between spirit and matter. And now we have to add another miraculous discovery, which, if true, may serve to enlighten us as to the original inhabitants of this continent. The editor of the Quincy Whig states, that a Mr. J. Roberts, of Pike county, (Illinois,) called upon him with a written statement, the substance of which is, that a young man by the name of Wisley, a resident of Kinderhook, dreamed three nights in succession, that in a certain mound in the vicinity, there was a treasure concealed. Impressed with the strange occurrence of dreaming the same dream three nights in succession, he came to the conclusion to satisfy his mind by digging into the mound. For fear of being laughed at, if he made others acquainted with his design, he went by himself and labored diligently one day in pursuit of the supposed treasure, by sinking a hole in the centre of the mound. Finding it quite laborious, he invited others to assist him. Finally a company of ten or twelve repaired to the mound, and assisted in digging out the shaft commenced by Wisley. After penetrating the mound about eleven feet, they came to a bed of limestone, that had apparently been subjected to the action of fire; they removed the stone, which were small and easy to handle, to the depth of two feet more, when they found SIX BRASS PLATES, secured and fastened together by two iron wires, but which were so decayed, that they readily crumbled to dust upon being handled. The plates were so completely covered with rust as almost to obliterate the characters inscribed upon them; but after undergoing a chemical process, the inscriptions were brought out plain and distinct.

There were six plates—four inches in length, one inch and three quarters wide at the top, and two inches and three quarters wide at the bottom, flaring out to points. There are four lines of characters or hieroglyphics on each, on one side of the plates are parallel lines running lengthwise. A few of the characters resemble, in their form, the Roman capitals of our alphabet—for instance, the capital B and X appear very distinct.—In addition, there are rude representations of three human heads on one of the plates, the largest in the middle; from this head proceeds marks of rays, resembling those which usually surround the head of Christ, in the pictorial representations of his person. There are also figures of two trees with branches, one under each of the two small heads, both leaning a little to the right. One of the plates has on it the figure of a large head by itself, with two [illegible] pointing directly to it.

By whom the plates were deposited there must ever remain a secret, unless some one skilled in deciphering hieroglyphics, may be found to unravel the mystery. Some pretend to say that Smith, the Mormon leader, has the ability to read them. If he has, he will confer a great favor on the public by removing the mystery which hangs over them. We learn there was a Mormon present when the plates were found, who, it is said, leaped with joy at the discovery, & remarked that it would go to prove the authenticity of the Book of Mormon.

In the place where the plates were deposited were also found human bones in the last stage of decomposition; also some braid, which was at first supposed to be human hair, but on a closer examination proved to be grass; probably used as a covering for the bodies deposited there; this was also in the last stage of decay. There were but few bones in this mound; and it is believed that it was the burial place of a small number, perhaps of a person or a family of distinction, in ages long gone by, and that these plates contain the history of the times, or of a people that existed far—far—beyond the memory of the present race.—But we will not conjecture any thing about this discovery, as it is one which the plates alone can reveal.

On each side of the mound in which this discovery was made, was a mound, on one of which is a tree growing that measures two feet and a half in diameter, near the ground, showing the great antiquity of the mounds, and of course all that is buried within them. These mounds like others that are scattered all over the Mississippi valley, are in the form of a sugar loaf.

The plates above alluded to were exhibited in this city last week, and are now, we understand, in Nauvoo, subject to the inspection of the Mormon Prophet. The public curiosity is greatly excited, & if Smith can decypher the hieroglyphics on the plates, he will do more towards throwing light on the early history of this continent than any man now living.

Ocean.

The Kingston Loyalist announces the decease of SIR CHARLES BAGOT, Ex-Governor General of Canada.

POLITICAL.

ERRORS OF THE WHIG PARTY—THE CAUSES OF ITS DEFEATS. THE NECESSITY OF A CHANGE IN ITS TACTICS.

Whilst the political parties that divide the country are preparing for the great contest of next year, and before the opposing armies are marshalled in the field for the Waterloo fight, let us seize the occasion, ere the din and uproar of actual strife shall have confused our judgment, to look at the state of discipline & the character of the tactics of the Whig force. With a preponderance of the talent, property and moral character of the country on the side of the whig party, it has for several years been confessedly unable to cope with its antagonists. Never in the history of political struggles has such a remarkable instance occurred of so many disastrous reverses and humiliating defeats as those which from time to time have been suffered by the whig party of this country. With nearly two thirds of the press enlisted in its support, the united fire of whose powerful batteries has in vain blazed upon the entrenchments of the enemy—with the most cogent reasoners and most eloquent declaimers, whose arguments and appeals have fallen without any apparent effect upon the public ear—and with all the moral superiority vastly in our favor, it may well be a source of wonder why the whig party has not been more successful in its conflicts.

Whilst the whigs have been broken into emulous factions, and their forces divided by internal strife, the Locofoco party has presented a powerful and irresistable organization, well disciplined united and compact, enthusiastic, and confident of success. This difference cannot be accounted for in the principles of the two parties. Those of the Whigs appeal directly to the interests and feelings as well as to the understanding of the people, and are practical and real, while those of the Locofoco party are vague, determined, speculative, and can neither be readily defined nor reduced to practice. The policy of the Whig party is beneficent and conservative, that of the Locofoco selfish and destructive. How then is it that our opponents have secured such a strong hold on the popular mind, and have for so long a time held the reins of power? Undoubtedly their success is in some degree owing to the recklessness of their promises, and their constant appeals to the feelings and prejudices of the hour, irrespective of permanent and abiding interests: but the principal cause of the success of that party lies *in it's tactics.*

The motto of the Locofoco party is "Justice to itself." Its tactics are of the Napoleon school, such as carried the Imperial armies in one unbroken series of triumphs from the Pyrenees to the sands of Egypt, and from the scorching coasts of the Mediterranean, to the snow stricken fields of Russia. To every soldier in the French army victory brought its rewards. Glory and honor fell not alone upon the heads of the generals and officers, but it was equally within reach of the humblest private. Courage, talent, prowess and zeal were the qualities that never failed to raise the common soldier from the ranks. Murat, Ney and Soult fought their way up from the ranks, and gained their dukedoms and marshals' batons, not by the happy accident of birth, but by courageous services in the tented field. No matter where merit was exhibited, Napoleon was sure to discover it, and it was certain of reward. It was this justice to the soldiers of his armies that fired the ambition of each man, by holding up before him the glittering prizes of rank and renown; each soldier grew emulous of his companion in arms in the struggle for the promotion and honors that awaited meritorious service, and the whole French army became a living mass of zeal and order, which bore down every thing before the onset of men acting under such impulses the legions of Prussia and Austria were swept away with the fury of a whirlwind. The soldiers, of Austria and Prussia were trained in the iron discipline of Frederick the Great, but they wanted the impulse to noble deeds that actuated the French. The soldiers fought for the nobles who commanded them—their officers were drawn from the nobility, and the high grades of military rank were inaccessible to the common soldier. Birth not merit was the means by which rank was obtained—The two armies then fought under different motives—the Germans, because they were compelled to fight, and the French from their love of glory and hopes of promotion, and it was not until Wellington, penetrating the real secret of the French victories, introduced the same system of rewards and generous bestowal of the fruits of victory upon his soldiers, that the tide of conquest was rolled back, and Europe redeemed from its vassalage to the Imperial throne of Napoleon.

Any one who will look at the Locofoco party cannot fail to see precisely the same tactics pursued by it in civil life, as were adopted by Napoleon in the field.—Gen. Jackson first gave to this party the rules of action which it has since so successfully carried out. From his administration down to the present time, it has been the practice of that party, to reward every member according to their deserts With the Locofocos the more ardent the politician, the more commendable the man and the more certain his chance of promotion. With the Whigs, on the contrary to be a politician is at once to be put under ban as a man not fit to be trusted with office. The Locofocos reward zeal, the whigs rebuke—the former bestow office only to those who have contributed to the success of the party and the maintenance of its principles—the latter proscribe the men whose eloquence, zeal and talents are poured out like water in the cause of the party. Whoever saw in the ranks of our enemies old veterans browned by the heat of a hundred fights and hacked by the swords of the enemy, suffered to keep the field, unhonored and unrewarded? But how frequent is the instance in our ranks of the gallant veterans who have fought from youth to age for Whig principles—who have wasted golden opportunities, fortunes and health in their defence, suffered to toil on from year to year in cheerless despondency, until they finally sink down broken hearted at the ingratitude of the party they have so nobly served Our heart bleeds at the spectacle we daily meet, of men of high talents and honorable lives who have given the best hours of their existence to the Whig cause, languishing in poverty and distress, and asking in vain for this aid and that office to support their families. When will this wretched system of tactics end? When will the whig party learn to be just to those who serve it best?

IT MUST END AT ONCE or we shall enter in vain upon a new Presidential campaign. Let it be laid down now and forever as a cardinal principle of the Whig party that no man shall serve it without reward—the next to integrity and capacity the highest requisite will be zeal in the dissemination of the glorious principles which bind us together. Mark the men as traitors and as unfit to be trusted as leaders, who dare proscribe men because they are "politicians"—because they devote themselves to political contests and the conduct of public affairs. We are sick to death of the popinjays who profess such a holy dread of "politicians," but who are so eager themselves to grasp the fruits of victory achieved by the exertions of others.

They make us mad
To see them shine so brisk, & smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting gentle woman
Of guns and drums and wounds (God save the Mark) * * * * * *
And that it was a great pity, so it was,
That villainous salt petre should be digged
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed
So cowardly, and *but for these vile guns*
They themselves would have been soldiers."

Victory is within our grasp—we have a popular leader and principles vitally necessary to the prosperity of the country. Success is secure, if we but change the miserable and individual unjust tactics which have so long destroyed the moral power of the Whig party. We trust there is yet enough left of practical wisdom among us to see the cause of our former reverses and prevent their recurrence.

Forum.

The Richmond Whig, speaking of John Tyler and his office-retained partizan followers, eloquently remarks—"We would vote for Mr. Van Buren—for Mr. Benton—when thoroughly opposed to us at every point, before we would vote for any man who had betrayed a generous and confiding people. We pity them because we once admired them—once fought by their side for the Liberty of the country—loved them once; we pity them because we love to see our fellow-men fulfilling the high expectations of their countrymen, instead of proving themselves the parasites of power, and the weather-cocks of their own paltry vanity and self agrandizement.

How compare these poor changlings—these shallow dupes of their own vicious ambition, and egregious vanity with HIM whom a nation loves to contemplate—with that man who teaches our youth to be *great;* from whom, no man's "censure can detract" and to whose fame no man's praise can "add a cubit"—with HENRY CLAY!"

"Ay! stand erect—the cloud is broken!
Above thee stands the rainbow's token!
The shadow of thy onward way,
Is bending into perfect day;
The slanders of the venal train,
Assail thy honest name in vain:
For thou art still as thou hast been,
The hope and trust of patriot men.

"Still boasts *thy* lip its fiery zeal,
Thy heart its joy in human weal;
Still free thy tongue to soothe or warn,
Still keen its fiery shaft of scorn;
Still soars *thy* soul untamed and strong,
The *loftier* for its sense of wrong;
Still first in Freedom's cause to stand,
The champion of her favorite land!"

"*Here* is a man described whom *freemen* may reverence—and whom Republicans may admire without compromising the dignity of liberty. This is the man—erect—noble—unchanged—unbought—whom power wielded by the vile has long slandered and oppressed—but whom, thank GOD, it has never put down, nor even caused to pause or vibrate in his high and glorious career."

DUEL AT VICKSBURG.—A duel took place at Vicksburg on the 16th ult. between William E. Lake, a member of the bar, and Thomas E. Robbins, formerly President of the Commercial Railroad and Banking Company. They fought with yagers—distance, fifty paces. At the second fire Lake was shot through the leg near the knee; Robbins escaped uninjured

AGRICULTURAL

TALAVERA WHEAT.—A late number of the London New Farmer's Journal says that Talavera Wheat was cultivated in the Isle of Jersey last season with great success. Its yield was 66 and one half bushels to the acre. It was grown after a crop of potatoes, was sown in drills 14 inches apart, and cultivated in the best manner.

We regard the sowing of Wheat in drills as a great improvement on the common practice of sowing broad casts. This gain consists in the facility which it affords for after cultivation. There is every reason to believe a *priori*, as well as from experience, that stirring up the earth around growing wheat plants, will be of as much service to them, as plowing and hoeing are to corn and other vegetables, the removal of weeds which rob the growing wheat of a portion of its nourishment and the frequent loosening of the earth about the roots of the plant, contribute greatly to augment the crop with a good drilling machine a single hand with one horse can plant more, or at least as much ground in wheat in a day, as is usually harrowed in by a two horse team after it is sown. The after cultivation can be done with a harrow having its teeth so arranged to pass between the rows, and pulverize the soil completely. The few weeds left standing among the wheat must be pulled up by hand. Children can perform this light labor.

No one should think of growing successfully this important crop, who does not understand the chemical composition of the soil best adapted to it. Every one knows that all soils will not produce good wheat; but every one does not understand wherein certain soils are defective, nor what ingredients must be added to convert them into good wheat land.

In the territory immediately south and west of us, the soil lacks lime and alkalescent properties sufficient to allow the formation of a plump berry of wheat. The farmers in the south part of this country have no difficulty in growing a large crop of wheat straw; but on old land, unless they apply lime, ashes, or some other alkali it is seldom they can harvest a fair crop of heavy wheat. There is doubtless some 200,000 acres of wheat annually grown in this country, which do not on an average yield 15 bushels to the acre.

It would not be difficult to show, that three times fifteen bushels to the acre, might be grown on the same land.

Not need the expense of cultivation for a term of years, be much increased, above what it now is. The application of science to the culture of wheat in England, within the last fifteen years, has more than doubled the production on any given number of acres.

The great struggle in the civilized world now is, who can furnish food and clothing for the human family at the cheapest rates. In this great contest American people have many advantages which ought to be promptly and thoroughly improved. They have an unlimited amount of rich virgin soil, and a climate alike adapted to the production of silk, flax, cotton, and wool. Our industrious practical farmers and mechanics need only the light of science, appropriate to the calling of each, to defy all foreign competition.

This they are anxious to obtain, and the press is doing much to supply the demand. It is not to be denied, however, that there are quite too many who do not appreciate the immense gain to be derived from a thorough knowledge of the laws of nature that govern the operations and results which are sought after in almost every branch of human industry. The chemical changes that take place in converting earth, water and air into vegetables, and vegetables into animals, and the laws of both vegetable and animal physiology are now pretty well understood by a few.

To be truly valuable to the community this knowledge must be extended to every man employed in cultivating the soil, or growing domestic animals.—[Buffalo Advertiser.

THE CROPS—HESSIAN FLY—The appearance of the Wheat and Rye crops has been very unfavorable this spring. We have neglected noticing it, however, until this time, as there was a possibility that the apprehension of a bad crop might be dissipated by a good season in the month of May. The question may now be considered as settled that the Wheat and Rye crops, in this county, taking the average will be indifferent. The Hessian Fly is returning and will destroy many fields. They are said to be very numerous. In passing through the rich valley of Little Pipe Creek, a few days, we were convinced that the farmers of that region cannot obtain more than half a crop, and taking the whole county together we presume this will be about the result.—There are to be seen occasionally a good field of wheat, but where one such is to be found, there are several of the opposite character.—*Carrolltonian.*

The Kent News says from accounts which have come to us from various sections of our county, and from partial observation, we are satisfied that the wheat, corn and oat crop, will be materially deficient.

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