EASTON GAZETTE.

WHERE THE PRESS IS FREE—"Literature well or ill-conducted is the Great Engine by which all Popular States must ultimately be supported or overthrown—RELIGION purifies the Heart and teaches us our Duty—Morality refines the Manners—Agriculture makes us Rich, and Politics provides for the enjoyment of all."

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ADVERTISEMENTS

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MARY'S GOT A BABY.

ANOTHER LETTER FROM THE GEORGIA MAJOR.

PINEVILLE, February 6th, 1844.

MR. THOMPSON:—*Dear Sir*—News! news! glorious news! Hurra for me!!

—"Let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannon to the heavens, the heaven to earth,"

For Mary's got a baby!!!

And a monstrous fine boy at that! The king of Denmark, you know, wanted to set all heaven and yeath in a uproar jest because his excellency was gwine to take a drink of licker—but if ever a man did feel like this world wasn't big enough to enjoy his happiness in, I think I ought to on this important occasion. I never had such feelins before. When I was elected Major of the Georgia Militia I felt a good deal of pride and gratification, & when I married Mary, I thought I was the happyest man in Georgia, but this last business has clap'd the climax over every thing that ever happened to me in all my born days. It wouldn't do for people to get much happier in this world than I am, now mind I tell you.

I don't want to brag over other people, and I know it's and old maxim, that 'every crow thinks its own young ones the whitest' but I tell you what's a fact—nine is one of the most surprisenest children that ever was seen in these parts It aint but jest four days old this evenin, and its got plenty of hair on its head, & the prettyest little feet and hands, with toes and fingers, all jest as natural as grown people's and when it opens its eyes it rolls 'em all round the room jest like it knowed every thing that was gwine on. Mother says she really does believe the child know'd her the first time she tuck it in her arms, and old Miss Stallions says all she's afraid of is its too smart to live. The galls is almost crazy about it, and sich another pullin and hawlin about as they do keep! One wants it & 'tother wants it, and they wont give the little feller no chance to sleep for lokin at it, and showin it to people and talkin to it; and its all the time 'come to its auty—tweetest itt'e precious baby—auty's little sugar candy, dumpsy diddle,' and every time I take it they're all scared to deth for fear I'll hurt it some way.

Just as I spected, the namin has been more trouble than a little. I picked out "Henry Clay." for his name more'n a month ago, but they all wanted to have a say in it, and every one had a name that they liked the best of any. Mother said she never liked to have any of her family named after great political characters, for she never know'd a George Washington, or a Thomas Jefferson that was any matter of account in her life, except the first ones, and their names wouldn't been no better than common people's if ther characters was'nt. Old Miss Stallions wanted to call him Abetham Stallions, cause that was her husband's name, and sister Calline wanted him named Theodore Adolphus, cause they were her favorite novel names, and sister Kesiah wanted him Charles Beverly, cause he was one of the most interestinest characters in "The Children of the Abbey" I wanted 'em all to be satisfyed, but it seemed like ther was no fixin the bisness to anybody's likin, until after they all talked themselves down tired about it, we all agreed to leave it to Mary to decide. Poor Mary didn't know what to do, when they all gatheted round her beggin her as hard as they could.

'Remember your pore old father that's ded and gone, child,' said old Miss Stallions.

'Oh, don't call him Aberham, that's such a old time name,' ses the galls.

'Theodore is *so* pretty,' ses sister Calline.

'Oh, that's such a outlandish French name,' ses all of 'em.

"But Charles Beverly, was such a good character in 'The Children of the Abbey,' and sounds so noble,' ses sister Kesiah.

'No Christain child ought to be named a novel name,' ses old Miss Stallions, 'There all lies from eend to eend.'

'Call him what you've a mind to dear,' ses mother, 'for you're his mother, and and ought to please yourself.'

Mary looked up in my face with her pretty blue eyes, and smiled so sweet when sister Calline laid the bady in her arms—and then she sed as she hugged it to her bosom—'Tome to its mudder, my tweet ittle Henry Clay—it *sall* be be called Henry Clay, so it sall, mudder's precious ittle ring dove, so it is, and it shall be President when it gits a man so it sall.'

'Hurra for Clay,' ses I, 'Hur——'

'Hush-h-h-h-h, Joseph,' ses mother, 'aint you shamed to shock Mary's nerves so?'

The fact was, I felt so glad I forgot what I was about. But I went rite off & rit down in the family record:

"HENRY CLAY JONES."

The first son of Joseph & Mary Jones, was born on the 2nd day of February, 1844'

I've been so flustrated for the last week that I hardly know what I'm doin halt the time, and I don't spose I shall find time to do much else but nurse the baby for some time to come. Mary's rite pert and little Henry Clay is makin a monstrous good beginning in the world. No more from

Your friend t'll deth,
JOS. JONES.

P. S. I haint had no time to think about politics late'y—but you may be sure things is gwine on strait enough down here. There's monstrous few loky fokys in our beat, and what few there is, is so split up they don't know who they belong to. They used to say they 'longed to the Baltimore Convention, but sense Mr. Calhoun's tuck it into his head 'to give it up so' they don't know nothin about it, only they don't belong to the Coons. Poor fellers, they're in a bad box. Van Buren's fooled 'em about the tariff & they hain't got no confidence in him about abolition, and they cant go for him—Calhoun's gwine to Nullify agin, and it won't do for old Union men to jine him in that. Ther's no accountin for the taste of the lokyfokys, and ther's no tellin what they will do—but my opinion is, if they don't come to their senses afore long, and vote for Mr. Clay, they'll be like the lost tribes of Israel—not to be found no where.—Southern Miscellany.

JO SACABASIN'S RECEIPT.

Jo, one of our Penobscot Indians, not long since was sued for the sum of $5, by a white man, before Squire Johnson—On the day of the trial Jo made his appearance & tendered the requisite amount for debt and cost, and demanded a receipt in ful'

'Why Jo, it is not usual and is entirely unnecessary,' said the Squire.

'O, yes me want 'um recipt, sartin.'

'I tell you, Jo, a receipt will do you no good.'

'Sartin' Squire Johnson I want'um.'

'What do you want it for, Jo?'

'O, suppose me die, and go to Heaven—then suppose they say, 'Well Jo Sacabasin, you owe any man now?' Then me say 'No.' 'Very well—did you pay 'um Ben Johnson?' 'O, yes, me pay 'um' Well, then, s'pose you show'um receipt.' Then me have to go way down—and run all over hell to hunt up, 'Squire Johnson!

FROM THE NEW MIRROR.

We have read nothing, for many a long day, so decidedly good as the 'Sleep Rider,' a little volume, just published at the office of the New World. The scene is laid in a Broadway omnibus—the passengers are the *dramatis personæ*—and the adventures are described after the manner of Sterne. But get the book, and judge for yourself of its merits. We make one brief extract:

I thought so is an inveterate expression with your wisearce. Whenever anything happens that he dreads or deprecates, desires or hopes has thought of or *hasn't* thought of—it is still, eternally, *I thought so*

A new-light preacher—one of those geniuses who can make a man a christain in about a minute—was once reading to an old fashioned Jonathan the story of Elisha's making the iron swim to which Jonathan replied with great unction—

'I wish I could make iron swim
'You can!' quoth the preacher,
'No,'
'You can!'
'How?'
'Believe that you can.'
'Is that all?' said Jonathan, giving his eel-skin cue a twist: 'Well, I do believe it!'
'Are you sure?'
'Yes.'

A pail of water and an old horse shoe are soon found in New England.

'You are sure, now, that you believe' said the preacher.

'I tell you yes!' replied Jonathan, rather impatiently, for he held his word to be as good as his bond, any day: 'give me the horse shoe!'

It was put into water, and—it went to the bottom like a shot.

'I thought so!' said Jonathan.

'I thought so!' said the man who drew the high prize.

'I thought so!' said the man who didn't draw it.

'I thought so!' said Napoleon at Marengo.

'I thought so!' said Napoleon at Waterloo

'I thought so!' said Van Buren in '36,
I thought so!' said Van Buren in' 40,

Whereas, my dear sir, it is obvious that not one of them except Jonathan thought any such thing.

'Father,' said a wistful looking lass about sixteen, 'I know somthing about grammar, but I cannot decline matrimony, nor see the reason why myself and Gilbert cannot be conjugated.

[From the National Intelligencer.]

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

Not for its easy grace of style—for, Heaven knows, there's a plenty of that now-a-days, quite beyond the facility of "the mob of gentlemen that wrote with ease" in Charles the Second's time—nor yet for its wit—though that's a good deal more gone out of use—nor for its instructive as well as amusing gossip, but for the quantity of sense and knowledge in it, we venture to recommend to our friends the following book:

"Letters of Horace Walpole, Earl of Oxford, to Sir *Horace* Mann, his Britannic Majesty's resident at the Court of Florence, from 1760 to 1785: now first published from the original MSS. Concluding series." In two volumes; volume I. Philadelphia, Lea & Blanchard; 8vo. 421 pages.

These, be it remarked are not a reprint of letters which had before seen the light; but a new body, first given to the world from the remaining papers of Walpole, through the London press of Bentley, in June last The other volume of them is speedily to appear. It seems there is further to come, out of these MSS. heretofore withheld from considerations of delicacy, 'Memoirs of the Reign of George III.'

To write in commendation of Walpole's epistolary style, or his liveliness, or his anecdotic pleasantness, would be like praising my Lord Bacon's philosophy, or commending the poetry of one John Milton: for, in his way, he is almost as unrivalled. Out of the present charming volume all that one has to do, therefore, is but to make extracts, and in lieu of criticism, to pluck Walpoliana. The following, as 'o two of the apparations of their day—the Cock Lane Ghost & Lady Mary Wortley Montague—forms a very good one:

'I am a hamed to tell you that are a gain dipped into an egregious scene of folly. The reigning fashion is a ghost—a ghost that would not pass muster in the paltriest convent in the Apennine. It only knocks and scratches; does not pretend to appear or to speak. The clergy give it their benediction; and all the world whether believers or infidels, go to hear it. I, in which number you may guess, go to-morrow; for it is as much the mode to visit the ghost as the Prince of Mecklenburg, who is just arrived I have not seen him yet, though I have left my name for him. But I will tell you who has come, too—Lady Mary Wortley I went last night to visit her; I give you my honor, and you, who know her, would credit me without it, the following is a faithful description: I found her in a little miserable bed chamber of a ready furnished house, with two tallow candles and a bureau covered with pots and pans. On her head, in full of all accounts, she had an old black laced hood wrapped entirely round, so as to conceal all hair or want of hair No handkerchief, but up to her chin a kind of horseman's riding coat, calling itself petticoat and made of a dark green (green I think it had been) brocade, with colored and silver flowers, and lined with furs; boddice laced, a foul dimity petticoat sprigged, velvet muffeteens on her arms, gray stockings and slippers. Her face less changed in twenty years than I could have imagined; I told her so, and she was not so tolerable twenty years ago that she needed have taken it for flattery, but she did, and literally gave me a box on the ear. She is very lively, all her senses perfect, her languages as imperfect as ever her avarice greater. She entertained me at first with nothing but the dearness of provisions at Helvoet. With nothing but an Italian, a French, and a Prussian, all men servants, and something she calls an old secretary but whose age till he appears will be doubtful; she receives all the world, who go to homage her as Queen Mother, and crams them into this kennel The Duchess of *Hamilton* who came in just after me, was so astonished and diverted that she could not speak to her for laughing. She says that she has left all her clothes at Venice I really pity Lady Bute. What will the progress be of such a commencement!"

The book however, has things worthier of attention than these lively sallies—Written by a man of great acuteness, versed in affairs of State from his very childhood, and observing them from a retirement that brought him impartiality merely, not indifference, to the events which he still watched with all the interest of a patriot and the sense of a man eminently practical one finds in it many highly instructive remarks. Take, for instance, the following:

'Thank you for Cocchi's Spectator; I like it better than you shall own to him. With his father's freedom of thinking, he has a great deal of humor; but don't let him pursue it. Wit will be but slender comfort in the prisons of the inquisition, or in a fortress; more uncomfortable, if his opening the eves of others leads them into the same situation. If curing old errors would prevent the world from falling into new ones, a la bonne heure; but one nonsense is as good as another—better if the change is to be made by blood. A Gustavus Vasa may strike a stroke for liberty, but few men are born to overturn tyranny with their pen. When established liberty is in danger, then write for it; one may prevent people perhaps from shutting their eyes; 'tis more difficult to unclose them if shut. Nor can it be done when the world is in cold blood; you may snatch a fortunate fermenting minute, but you cannot prepare it. If Cocchi must write, let him come hither: here he may make reeds, say what he will; but let his own barber remind him that in some countries it is not safe even to trust reeds with one's thoughts.'

To the many droll stories preserved of the scavant La Condamine, he adds the following:

'I have told you of our French: we have got another curious one, La Condamine, qui se donne pour philosophe. He walks about the streets with his trumpet and a map, his spectacles on; and hat under his arm.

'But to give you some idea of his philosophy, he was on the scaffold to see Damien executed. His deafness was very inconvenient to his curiosity: he pestered the confessor to know what Damien said; 'Monsieur, il jure horriblement' La Condamine replied, 'Ma foi, il n'a pas tort:' not approving it, but as sensible of what he suffered. Can one bear such want of feeling?* Oh! but as a philosopher he studied the nature of man in to ment; pray, for what? One who can so far divest himself of humanity as to be, uncalled, a spectator of agony, is not likely to employ much of his time is alleviating it. We have lately had an instance that would set his philosophy to work. A young highwayman was offered his life after condemnation if he would consent to have his leg cut off, that a new styptic might be tried. 'What!' replied he '& go limping to the devil at last? no, I'll be d——d first'—and he was hanged!'

It would seem from the following passage, that there was a mighty power in the absurb in Walpole's day, not less than in our own, though humbug was then more a matter of luck, of hit or miss, than now, when it has erected itself into a regular system and forms the main art of government to an entire party:

'I preach in vain—the Jesuits are fallen, but the time is not come for rooting out our physicians. These rogues persuade people that the bootikins are fatal They now assert that my friend, Lady Hervey, who died of a diarrhœa, was killed by the bootikins which she wore for the gout.—All that they can do is to keep up perspiration which every body knows is the only thing that can be done for the gout. Mr. Chute wears them every night, and walks better than he did seven years ago; but there is a charm in nonsense that nothing can resist! It is the only talent that preaches and prescribes with success!—A fool educated in the school of a knave makes a renowned general, archbishop, chancellor, or physician. What repeal of laws and burning of books there would be if the world for one age had nothing in it but men of sense!—for they would be forced to be honest if there were no fools. Adieu! My last paragraphs would be treason and heresy in every country upon earth.'

The next is a lesson of admirable truth which we wish every man in this country could read and would keep constantly before him in politics:

'A country is undone before people dist inguishes between affected and real virtue, and Cato is dead before any body minds him. I could write a volume of reflections of comparisons, but to what purpose? Writings impel, but can restrain no body. Every Clodius of the hour takes the name of Cato to himself, & bestows his own name on his enemy. Truth surmounts but a hundred years afterwards is then entombed in history, and appears as that as, or less interesting than, the lies with which it is surrounded and has been overwhelmed. Every body talks of the Constitution but all sides forget that the Constitution is extremely well, and would do very well if they would but let it alone. Indeed, it must be a strong Constitution, considering how long it has been quacked and doctored It it had a fever, it was a slow one. Its present physicians imitate the faculty so servilely that they seem to think the wisest step is to convert the slow fever into a high one, then, you know, the patient is easily cured—or killed.'

PRESCOTT'S CONQUEST OF MEXICO.—We return to this able book in order to point out a very curious prophecy, now almost literally fulfilled, in the letters that we have been just examining.

In a letter dated 24th November, 1774 Horace Walpole, complaning to his friend of the wretched condition of letters in England says:

'Don't tell me I am grown old and peevish and supercilious: name the geniuses of 1774, and I submit. The next Augustan age will dawn on the other side of the Atlantic. There will perhaps be a Thucydides at Boston, a Xenophon at New York, and in time a Virgil at Mexico, and a Newton in Peru. At last some curious traveller from Lima will visit England and give a description of the ruins of St. Paul's like the editions of Balbec and Palmyra.'

Now, without exactly equalling Prescott to Thucydides (the greatest of historians) or Irving to Xenophon (one of the most agreeable,) it is certainly not a little remarkable that Walpole should have thus prophetically eplaced the Greek writers to whom the genius of the two best of this country most approaches.

Another curious glimpse into the future much more remarkable than any of Bishop Berkley's visions about us, is found in another of Walpole's letters, dated May 6, 1770:

But there is another scene opened of a very different aspect You have seen the accounts from Boston. The tocsin seems to be sounded to America. I have many visions about that country, and fancy I see twenty empires and republics forming upon vast scales over all that continent, which is growing too mighty to be kept in subjection to half a dozen exhausted nations in Europe. As the latter sinks, & the others rise, they who live between the eras will be a sort of Noahs, witnessing to the period of the Old World & origin of the New. I entertain myself with the idea of a future Senate in Carolina & Virginia, where their patriots will harangue on the austere and incorruptible virtue of the ancient English; will tell their auditors of our disinterestedness & scorn of bribes and pensions, and make us blush in our graves at their ridiculous panegyrics. Who knows but even our Indian usurpations & villanies may become topics of praise to American schoolboys: As I believe our virtues are extremely like those of our predecessors the Romans, so I am sure our luxury and extravagance are two'

*As La Condamine was on the scaffold, one of the executioners said to another, 'Est-il des notres?' 'Non,' replied he, 'Monsieur n'est qu'amateur.' Yet La Condamine was a very humane and good man.'

Extract from the Farmer's Encyclopædia.

WHEAT.

Since the Western States have become thickly settled and so much of their rich lands been brought under tillage, especially since the completion of numerous canals and railroads have opened ready markets in the commercial cities, they have poured into these such vast quantities of wheat as have reduced the price and tended greatly to lessen the profits of husbandry in the old Atlantic States. At present, more than a third of the whole wheat crop in the Union is produced west of the mountains; and the proportion is every year rapidly increasing It appears that Ohio stands at the head of the wheat growing states; her product in 1839 having been estimated at over 16-500,000 bushels. Pennsylvania stands next, having furnished that year upwards of 13,000,000. The produce of N. York is estimated at over 12,000,000; and of Virginia 10,000 000 for the same time. These four large States raised upwards of 52 000 000 of the total amount of 84,-323 272 bushels produced that year in the whole United States. The aggregate of the wheat crop of the United States for 1842 has been estimated at 102 317,540 bushels. The Governor of Ohio, in his message, computes the wheat crop of that state in 1842 at no less than 42 000 0 0 bushels, of which he thinks, 14 000 000 may be allowed for exportation, after deducting 10 000 000 for domestic consumption. Some idea of the rapidity with which the wheat crop increases in the Western states, may be formed from the fact that in 1810, the amount of wheat shipped from Chicago to Buffalo, amounted to only 20.000 bushels, whilst in the following year, 1841, it amounted in the same period to no less than 200,000 bushels

The United States present almost boundless facilities over an immense extent of fertile territory for raising wheat. But, great as the aggregate crop at present appears from the preceding statemen's it scarcely exceeds that of the comparatively insignificant limits comprehended by the United Kingdom of Great Britain Notwithstanding her immense domestic product of Wheat, England is compelled to import annually many millions of bushels from other countries for only a small portion of which is she indebted to the American farmers, who have for so long a period worn her cloths and tilled their ground with implements of British manufacture. In 1841, when the imports of foreign wheat into the kingdom amounted to 21 604 840 bushels, the proportion received from her great customer the United States, only amounted to 2,-528,600 bushels

In June, 1840, Lord Palmerston, the British prime minister, caused letters to be addressed to the British consuls in various parts of Northern and Southern Europe, from which wheat is extensively exported. These letters contained certain queries relating to points connected with the grain-growing countries and their markets. A great many highly interesting facts were elicited in the answers to these circulars.

It appears that in the grain growing districts in Europe, the soil contiguous to seaports has already been extensively tilled and cannot be pushed further without the aid of artificial manures while the bad roads from the interior shut them out from a competition with this and other countries more favorably situated.

Thus in Russia: The corn districts are too remote from the seaports for the grain to be ready in season for exportation, the rapid increase of manufactures has withdrawn from tillage, &c.

In Poland, there is a deficiency of manure, and scarcity of hands and want of skill in cultivation.

From Odessa, the report is that the crops are precarious, on account of draught; tillage is defective, and improvement difficult; distances great; no roads; the rivers unnavigable; the landholders impoverished, and no improvements to be expected.

It may also be gratifying to some to compare the transportation of flour &c. from Poland (one of the greatest grain growing districts) and the United States to England.

From Poland to Dantzic, the grain is chiefly brought from the interior in flat boats of the rudest construction, similar to those in use on the western waters of the United States, at an expense of 25 cents per bushel, open to the weather, &c. During the voyage the wheat sprouts and forms a thick mat or covering for the bulk. On reaching Dantzic the boat is broken up and sold, the wheat taken out and dried in the fields, then stored in the ware houses at an expense of 6 cents per bushel. From Dantzic to England the freight, &c. not including the duty, is nearly 8*d.* equal to about 15 cents per bushel, making in all about 46 cents per bushel.—From Illinois to Liverpool the whole freight would be 14*s.* per quarter, or 1*s.* 9*d.*—equal to 38 cents per bushel; being about 8 cents in favor of Illinois. There are costs and charges also, in both cases, which would probably be in favor of our export.

In this connection, it may be interesting to compare a detailed estimate of the exports of wheat from Illinois to England both by New Orleans and Canada.

Illinois wheat, via N. O. to Liverpool.

Wheat, 4⅓ bushels, at 50 cts. is	$2 37
Grinding & barrelling (with offal)	50
Freight to New Orleans	63
Freight to Liverpool	66
	4 15

which is a little less than 90 cents per bushel. Charges would be alike in both cases.

View the matter in another point of light. Suppose the wheat or flour of the Western States carried through Canada and after the fifth of July, to pay 3*s* on an imperial quarter, viz. (8 bushels) which is about 8⅓ cents per bushel: Foreign wheat would have to pay, at the present sliding rule, about 60 cents per bushel.

The United States, therefore, could succeed with the greatest competitors; but that competitor cannot supply 1.500 000 bushels—less than the surplus of some of the smaller states of this Union produce; and, indeed, all Europe could not supply England with more than 18 000,000 bushels, under the most favorable circumstance—about three-fourths as much as the state of Ohio now furnishes

It may be remarked, too that the crops on the continent are more precarious than those of the United States; and hence the continental governments find it necessary, and careful to reserve large granaries, to guard against such a misfortune as a failure of the usual harvest. Exportation thence is also forbidden in certain cases, but in the U. States no such prohibition exist.

While, therefore we may look with confidence to advantages in our favor in the British market, we must remember that we have to compete against almost unpaid labour, and cannot expect a great profit on our culture, unless the very cheapest mode of production is studied. Labour (as we have before remarked) must doubtless fall very considerably in agricultural districts, or else farmers and planters cannot hire.

THE BURIED TREASURE.—Centinella deGalicia contains the following particulars relative to the treasure buried by Marshal Ney's order near Santiago:

'It is now beyond doubt that, in 1811, several barrels, containing a sum of 18,000,-000 francs in gold, were buried in the district of Larrano, near Santiago. Two hundred French soldiers retreating from Vigo, and being afraid to enter Santiago, encamped in the neighborhood of the city where sixty of them having dug a trench ten feet deep, deposited in it the barrels by order of their Commander. During the operation one of the barrels was broken, and it was then the soldiers perceived what they were burrying, instead of amunition as they had been told. Military discipline however, prevented them from satisfying their secret desires, and they were unable to do so later, as they shortly returned to France and were marched to Russia.—It is positively known that only three of them survived that campaign One of the survivors died a short time since; another expired three years ago, and the fact above alluded to is affirmed in his will. The only one now living, having waited for the time after which no claims is legal in France, to expire, left for Spain, and having explored the spot where he supposed the treasure to lie buried, he repaired to Madrid, where through the medium of the French embassy, he signed with the minister of finance; M. Calatravn, a treaty by which he bound himself to share the sum with the Spanish government, on condition that the latter should afford him the necessary protection during the operation. The events of June last paralyzed his endeavors; but the same treaty having been signed by M. Ayllon another search was made, without success, owing, no doubt to an error respecting the position of the ground.'

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