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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AGRICULTURAL,

From the Gennessee Farmer.

VITALITY OF SEEDS—SPONTANEOUS VEGETATION.

Mr. Bateham,—I observed it stated lately, in the papers, that on opening a sarcophagus, containing a mummy, taken from the ruin of Thebes, (a city known to have been utterly destroyed more than 3000 years ago,) that among the envelopes enclosing the body, were found several grains of wheat, which were planted by a gentleman in England, and produced the Egyptian, or many headed wheat, of precisely the same form and quality as it now grows with us.

Loudon also states, that in the stomach of an embalmed ibis, (a bird which the Egyptians whorshipped,) were found some seeds, which were planted, and produced the common red raspberry.

I know an instance where a yard had been used for wood, in the rear of a house, for sixty years, and the accumulated barks, chips, and saw-dust, had never been removed during that period. On cleaning it off, it was supposed to be a good rich spot for planting onions, and clear from weeds; but, to the disappointment of the owner, all manner of foul things, of all "nations, kingdoms, and tongues," came up so quick and luxuriantly, that he never saw an onion, nor, in fact, could ever find any.

A recent case in my experience confirms the belief, that many seeds, when lying in the earth constantly wet, or beyond the reach of light and heat, are almost as imperishable as the diamond, or the precious metals.

It is said, that the marl from the Orange county beds, at a depth of fifteen or twenty feet, when freshly taken and enclosed under glass covers, and properly moistened, and exposed to light and heat, will produce several vegetable varieties, and especially white clover. Marl is undoubtedly a deposite from lakes or ponds, which, from some cause, have disappeared, but at a period so remote, that calculation is at fault in assigning it a place in our chronology. If such is the fact, to what indefinite period can the life of seeds be prolonged! What a commentary on the short space of animal, in comparison with vegetable life, when we look upon one of the monarchs of the forest, whose concentric rings count 500 or 600 years, and was a respectable fishing-rod for the Titans before the invention of gunpowder or the mariner's compass, and, in proud manhood, braving with its giant head the storms of winter, before the discovery of America! Kingdoms & nations have come and gone; conquerors and heroes have ruled and ruined, passed away, and are forgotten; while the old oak has flourished, and grown stronger and more mighty every day.

But, Mr. Editor, I have run off the track. What was I going to say: Oh, my experience of the tenacity of life in seeds.

When I took possession of the farm on which I now reside, on the north side of the Ridge-road, there was a field of rather low ground, which had eight or ten years previously been cut over and partially cleared of logs, and allowed to run into such grasses as chance produced, together with a great quantity of small brake (fern) maretail (equisetum,) and other wild affairs, that constituted the toughest sward that can be conceived of. A ditch was run through it, and ploughed in the fall with a strong team. In the spring, after it became dry enough, I attempted to cross-plough it for oats; but my hired man said it was utterly impossible, as the sward had not rotted at all, and it was so tough that it would drag before the plough in long strips; in short, the only way we could subdue it was, to *devil* it over, as the saying is, and with axes cut it up, and burn it. This turf was from four to six inches thick; and under it a quicksand subsoil, with some stone. I have been thus particular to make it apparent, that this black soil that now composed this sward, was the result of accumulation and deposite of decayed vegetables, from all time previous, since "water ran and grass grew." Well, sir, in the course of my pleasant occupation of *chopping and cording* green-sward, I observed a line of new vegetation on the line of the furrows, as they lay lapped one upon another, in a straight line about four inches from what was the original surface, in various places for many rods. On examining it closely, I was convinced it was white clover.

I have often heard farmers say that such and such land was natural to white clover—that if you should clear a spot in the wilderness, it would immediately come in—that to sow plaster would insure white clover where there was none before; but not being a believer in spontaneous vegetation or animalization, I said to myself, "Here is a case in point; if seeds are required for the production of plants, this sward must contain them, and they can be discovered by close examination." So, sir, I *toted* a piece home, cut it in slices—when, lo and behold! the fine yellow seeds, like grains of gold, were thickly scattered in a thin layer through the whole mass, and on exposure to light and heat, grew and produced white clover, and that only.

Now, what state of things could have existed, to deposit those seeds in that position? The whole country in this region has been redeemed from the wilderness, within fifteen or twenty years, and the spot I allude to within twelve of the time I am speaking of; and there is no stream of water that could possibly have brought them from any other place. White clover is undoubtedly indigenous, but does not grow in forests, or uncultivated places. Was there a period, before trees and shrubs grew, that the herbs of the field had undisputed sway over this country? and that subsequent changes, by the subsidence of inland seas, or the Noahic deluge, have disturbed the drift, and deposited the alluvial soils mixed with the seeds of a former surface, at various depths, convenient for a proper exposure to cause them to multiply and replenish the earth? I know of no other way to account for seeds at the various depths and situations in which they are found.

The commonly received opinion, that "white clover is natural to some land," as are various other plants and weeds without number—if intended to convey the idea that they are produced without seeds, is certainly a vulgar error. I cannot consent to entertain the idea one instant, that *something comes from nothing;* I want a *quid pro quo* in nature as well as in trade. There is a first cause for every thing; it is one of the unchangeable laws of the creation. If spontaneous vegetation was to be admitted, we might expect new and unknown varieties springing up every day; when it is well known, in all regions, that nothing new under the sun appears for centuries.—The supposition would conflict with the foundation of all belief; for it said, that "in the beginning the grass and herb, and fruit-tree, yielding seed after its own kind, whose seed was in itself," were created. Yours, L.

To the preceding facts, irregular and mysterious as they seem, we can add one equally as unaccountable to the ordinary observer.

Many of our readers in the city will recollect that about the year 1803 or 1804, the north side of Beacon Hill was removed, the earth being dug down to the depth of forty or fifty feet. The mass which was carried away was chiefly hard gravel and clay, and the new surface was a bed of the same material, and so hard that hardly any tool but the pick-axe could penetrate it. The very next season, this new surface produced a luxuriant crop of the thorn apple, (*stramonium.*) With the correspondent of the Genesee Farmer, we disbelieve in the doctrine of *spontaneous* vegetation, if, by that expression, he means vegetation without seed; and hence comes the inquiry, how long had the seeds of the thorn-apple lain undisturbed in the bowels of Beacon Hill?—Among other articles of the vulgar creed, is one, that the thorn-apple, which is a deadly poison, although beautiful to the eye, belongs to a race of plants which were not created, with the other tribes of the vegetable kingdom; but that their growth is the fulfilment of the primeval curse pronounced upon Adam—"Cursed be the ground for thy sake: Thorns, also, and thistles shall it bring forth," &c. If no plants but those of a noxious character were spontaneously produced, the origin of this belief might be easily accounted for; but the fact is far otherwise. In many parts of the country, the process of clearing up aged forests of Beech, Maple and Hemlock, and the burning over of the land, is followed by a prodigious growth of the High Blackberry, one of the very finest and wholesomest of our wild fruits. The shrub-oak, also, as is well known, almost invariably succeeds the forests of Pine.—These facts are curious, and strike with surprise any one, who has not been accustomed to observe the operations of nature in the vegetable world

From the American Farmer.

THE POTATO CROP.

Since our State election and its exciting scenes have passed, no topic has so engrossed the attention and conversation of every circle in our midst, as the almost entire failure of our potato crop, and, the curious disease that is its cause. During all the early part of the season, the promise of a large yield was very flattering. But within a month the vines in most of the fields have died, and on examination were found to have a slimy, rotten appearance. On digging the potatoes, quite a proportion of them are found to be rotten, and in some places they are found so putrid, and sent forth such an obnoxious effluvia, that they cannot be dug at all.

Some persons have dug their potatoes and put them in their cellars, in hopes to stop the spread of the evil, and in a few days the whole bin had become one rotten putrid mass. We hear of other farmers losing their hogs, by feeding them with potatoes partly affected. This epidemic is by no means local and confined in its operations. We hear of its ravages in every quarter, and many of our exchange papers from other States, have noticed its effects. In some places, it seems to have destroyed the entire crop, in others it has been more partial.

Many causes are assigned for the disease but none of them seem satisfactory, & like epidemics among cattle and men, we must be content to witness its ravages without knowing it cause, or discovering its remedy. The same disease prevailed extensively last year, in Southern New York, part of Pennsylvania, Connecticut & New Jersey. A full description of the disease and its extent, may be found in the invaluable report of Mr. Ellsworth of the Patent Department made to Congress in January last. We give some extracts below:

One who is esteemed high authority on this subject, speaking of the crop, says that "through nearly the entire extent of the State of New York, (and it is said also, in portions of Connecticut, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania,) it is rendered almost valueless by a disease new to farmers here, which, in most cases, attacked the potatoes before they were dug. Many crops were worthless, when dug from the ground; and almost all crops began to decay immediately after drying and rapidly decayed till they were an extremely offensive putrid mass. The diseased potatoes are said to be poisonous and to have caused the death of hogs fed upon them. In this section of the state, the disease is not as universal as it is represented to be in other places. I have heard of no injurious effect from feeding them—my hogs have eaten them freely, uncooked, down to the present time, (December, 1843,) without injury."

"In no case have we heard of an increased crop, but the language, as applied to different sections is, "nearly 50 per cent. less, owing to a rot which seized them before the time for taking them out of the ground,"—50 per cent. less owing to a rot produced by a long drought followed by heavy rains;—"75 per cent. less; they rotted in the ground when ripe, while the ground was constantly wet, from which fermentation ensued except in dry soils;"—an average crop, but a total loss, owing to rot, supposed to be caused by the excessive amount of rain, and the extreme hot weather in August; the potatoes rotted after being gathered."—*Brattleboro' Phenix.*

POTATOES IN VERMONT.—Extract of a letter to a gentleman in this town, from his brother in Windham County, Vermont.

"Our crops are all good, excepting potatoes,—there is not only a blast upon them, but a disease which renders them unfit for use, in many fields nine-tenths are rotten, or are beginning to rot. Many hogs are said to have died in consequence of eating them. Such a thing never was known here before. How many will be saved will depend upon the weather; if it continues dry, we may save some, as there is now and then a field that is injured but little, we are all busy in harvesting, but I fear they will rot in the cellars, as it is impossible to sort them properly; some being diseased on the outside, and some inside. The Millerits say its a judgment sent from God for not believing their peculiar doctrine, but it seems their potatoes don't escape, but share the same fate of the unbelievers."

THE POTATO PLAGUE.—We have seen a letter from a farmer in Vermont, which states that his potatoes, where the land was mixed with barn yard manure, are almost entirely cut off by the rot; while those on a small piece manured with muck soil, are perfectly sound and healthy.—*Mail.*

New Variety of Wheat.—Several farmers in the neighborhood of Cincinnati have cultivated a new variety of wheat, for a year or two past, with great satisfaction.—It is called Alabama wheat, from the fact that about half a pint was brought here from that state in 1839 by an observing farmer. After finding that it succeeded well in this climate he disseminated it for seed, & it is computed that this year 2,000 bushels have been raised, chiefly the Whitewater valley. It takes the preference by far over all other kinds of wheat brought to the Cincinnati market, weighing from 64 to 68 pounds to the bushel. Its yield has averaged about thirty bushels to the acre this season.

New and Interesting Discoveries in South America. The National Intelligencer contains a long letter from Mr. Pickett, at Lima, commenting upon discoveries of very extraordinary ruins, said to have been found by Judge Neito in the province of Chachapoyas, while on an exploring expedition. In making a survey of the country he found, at Culap, a building of a most extraordinary character, which he describes as a wall of hewn stone 560 feet in width 3600 feet in length, and 150 feet high.

"This edifice being solid in the interior for the whole space contained within 5,376,000 feet of circumference, which it has to the before mentioned height of 150 feet is solid and levelled, and upon it there is another wall of 300,000 feet in circumference in this form, 600 feet in length and 500 feet in breadth, with the same elevation (150 feet) of the lower wall, and like it, solid and levelled to the summit. In this elevation, and also in that of the lower wall are a great many habitations or rooms of the same hewn stone, 18 feet long and 15 wide, and in these rooms, as well as between the dividing walls of the great wall, are found neatly constructed niches, a yard or two thirds in length, and a half yard broad and deep, in which are found bones of the ancient dead, some naked and some in cotton shrouds or blankets of very firm texture, though coarse, and all worked with borders of different colors. If this discription is authentic—and we have no reason to doubt it—this must be the greatest building in the world in point of size. We know of nothing in Egypt or Persia to equal it. From the description it must have been a vast tomb, but whether erected by the Indians, before the Spanish discovery, or by remoter generations, cannot be decided; yet the Judge says that the ingenious and highly wrought specimens of workmanship, the elegance of the cutting of some of the hardest stone, the ingenuity and solidity of the gigantic work, all in stone; the elegant articles of gold and silver, & the curiously wrought stones found in the mounds, all satisfy him that that territory was occupied by an enlightened nation which declined in the same manner as others more modern, as Babylon, Balbec, and the cities of Syria; and this, he says, is evidently the work of people from the old world, as the Indians had no instruments of iron to work with."

From the N. O. Picayune.

A Sketch. "Queer True."

HAVING A HOOSIER FOR ITS HERO.

An original characteristic is your genuine hoosier. By genuine we mean such an one as has all the attributes that peculiarly belong to the backwoodsman of the West—one whose manners have suffered neither change nor modification by connexion or association with men of more conventional habits; one, in a word, who, like the trees of his native forest, had no other culture than that bestowed on him by nature. He may well be called a genuine hoosier.—There is an originality in all his phraseology, which, being the imitation of no other known idiom, by none can it be successfully imitated; and there is a primitive freshness in his manner and appearance, which show that while the fetters of fashion and etiquette enchain their millions among what is called the "enlightened classes," he, disdaining all such artificial encumberances of both limb and language, dresses as he willieth, and talks as he pleaseth. Indeed, with the future antiquarian, it must be a matter of mystery, to account for the noble stand taken by the hoosier against the effeminate frivolity of our times, when almost all of those who pique themselves on being more refined than their fellows, are the victims of its enervating embraces.

So much for the hoosier in general, and now for the hoosier in particular. One of them—a fellow with thews & sinews sufficiently strong to cope with a bear—visited the city last week, and here he still remains. As he is no bad specimen of the class, we mean to chronicle, in part his sayings and doings. But first of his appearance, as he jumped from his flatboat on to the levee when, by the way, he was heard to remark that he "didn't see the reason of folks living in a heap this way, whar they grew no corn and had no *bars* to kill."

He wore a clay-collored linsey coat and pants, neither of which was cut on the new system, or geometrical principles.—The woollen hat of opaque crown had been originally a muddy white, but from exposure to the sun it had become a clay-color too; his brogans were of a uniform color—so was his beard—and so was his hair.—Though not the "embodiment." perhaps, of "Clay principles," he was certainly the embodiment of clay coloring.

After being in the city some days; after, in looking for the "lions," having seen the "elephant," and after his funds had become nearly exhausted—or "whittled down to the small end of nothing," as he himself classically expressed it—he thought he'd look out for a job to recruit his wasted finances. With this view he was directed to an extensive contractor, and we might add, as extensive an expander; for he has men in almost all parts of the city, repairing the older streets, and re-paving and expanding the newer ones. He met this *Mc. Adam*, of the Western world on Sunday last, standing near the entrance to the St. Charles Hotel, or to use his own words "he dropped on him like a catamount on a coon." Of course the tedious formula of an introduction was dispensed with, and our Western hero bounded at once to matters of business.

He commenced—"How are you Squire—how d'ya rise?"

Contractor—"I am well, sir. Whom have I the pleasure of addressing?"

Hoosier—"Why, Squire, my name's Ruth—Ben Ruth, but you know, as I heard the player feilow say in Louisville, "there ant nothin' in a name." Now you be a tolerable slick lookin' feller yourself, but I'd have just as great a respect for you if your name was Smith—John Smith.—Names aint nothin', no how."

Contractor—"Your liberality does you great credit. But can I do anything for you?"

Hoosier—"I reckon, you see the fact is; Squire, they had an *al*-mighty deal to say up in our parts about Orleans, and how *all*-fired easy it is to make money in it, but it's no 'ham' and all 'hominy,' I reckon.—But now, to skin the *bar* at once, can you give me and five other gentlemen employment?"

Contractor—"If you and five other gentlemen will work at the labor which I am having done, and for the wages which I pay, five other gentlemen and you may go to work to-morrow."

Hoosier—"Good as pork, Squire—what do you give?"

Contractor—"T'en bits a day."

Hoosier—"Why, Squire I was told you'd give us two dollars a day and *eat us.*"

Contractor—"Two dollars a day and *eat you!* Why, zounds, man, do you take me for a cannibal? Eat you!"

Hoosier—"Oh hold your hosses, Squire. There's no use gettin' riled, no how. I meant that I heard you'd give us two dollars a day and throw in the "chicken fixins" and "corn doins." But you can't give it, you say?"

Contractor—"No, *sir.*"

Hoosier—"Well, as I aint flush in the financial way, I except. Let there be no mussing between us."

"The hoosier then learned from the contractor where his office was, and what hour he would be there next morning; and there *he* was before the appointed time. Now it happens the bed-room of the contractor is immediately over his office. He was yet in bed, and indeed asleep when the hoosier reached there, for it was not well five o'clock; but he was soon awoke by a very loud, if not a very musical matin effort of his Western employe, singing:

"Hurrah! hurrah! the country's risin'
For Henry Clay & Frelinghuysen!"

"Let the country rise and be hanged!" said the contractor, in a loud and petulent manner. "Who is that making such a confounded noise there?"

Hoosier—"A good mornin', Squire.—Why, what on airth keeps you in bed so long? It's a right nice mornin' to be about I tell you—a fust rate mornin to go on a hunt."

Contractor—"O you be shot! Are you prepared to go to work?

Hoosier—"I'm just awaitin' the word, as Sal Cummings said when she was asked why she didn't marry. You didn't know Sal, Squire—did you? She was an uncommon nasty-lookin' gal, and——"

Contractor—"O I have not time to hear her history. Have you a shovel?"

Hoosier—"No."

Contractor—"Then you can't go to work."

Hoosier—"But a'pose I buy one. What will it cost, Squire?"

Contractor—"Ten bits"

Hoosier—"Ten bits!—why that's a day Squire—ten bits—three hundred and sixty-five days—fifteen years—why, Squire, I think I ain't worth more than five thousand shovels at that kalk'lation."

Contractor—"I didn't send for you, my friend to study Cocker's arithmetic. Get a shovel and go to work, if you will, if not, go about your business."

Hoosier—"'Nuff sed."

He went, bought the shovel, and was shown the scene of his labor, which was to be rooting or ripping up the old paving stones in ——street. Before commencing operations, however, he went into a merchant's office hard by, deliberately stripped off the coat, vest and pantaloons he had on—hung them up, (giving the place the appearance of an old clothes' shop,) and taking his working suit out of his saddle-bags, put them on instead of those taken off. The owner of the office came in, and, of course, expressed his displeasure that such a liberty should be taken by a stranger in his office. The hoosier asked him if he thought him "darn'd fool enough to dirty his Sunday go-to-meetin' clothes?"—said he was a-goin to take a glass of ginger-pop, and that if he'd jine him, he'd "sport ten cents."

He is now working away—*mending our ways* daily. He complains that it don't come natural to him. "The Irishers," he says, "can beat him at it;" but at making a "clearance," chopping wood, or working a flatboat, he boasts that he could beat a dozen of them.

THE CHINA TRADE.—The late accounts from China are favorable to the extension of the American trade, and there are signs that, although slow, the growth will be large. The Hong Kong Gazette of May 15, states as follows:

"The increased consumption of goods in China must be met by a corresponding export; hitherto, with the exception of tea & silk, China has been unable to furnish other articles to any amount, suitable to the English market, and so far as is now known, it is with these commodities the enormous importations from England and India must be paid. The opium trade is draining the bullion out of the country, and the *American bills on London* which have long afforded a safe remittance, are decreasing; *the Americans, finding that their own manufactured cottons* yield a handsome profit, will send goods to procure their tea charges. That China will, in the course of time, be an outlet for a very large quantity of the staples of British manufacture is undoubted. But the question now is, how is she to pay for them? With the enormous drain upon her in the shape of compensation money, and the heavy annual burden of some twenty millions of dollars for opium, all paid in specie—unless there are mines in the interior, of which Europeans are in ignorance—a few years will drain the greater part of the silver out of the country, and raise what remains to a factitious value. Even now, in Canton, the sales are in many instances made in exchange for teas; the price of the article sold being merely nominal, as it is impossible to calculate upon what these teas may realize in the English market."

The militia force of the several States, armed and equipped for service, amounts to one million, seven hundred and forty-nine thousand and eighty-two, of which one million, three hundred & forty-seven thousand three hundred & eighty-three are infantry.

From the N. Y. Tribune.

THE STOLEN LETTER FROM MR. CLAY.

On Friday, the 28th ult., the Morning News gave token that it had been offered a private letter from Mr. Clay to Cassius M. Clay, which it had declined to publish, considering the utterance of private letters not a very creditable mode of Political warfare. The Evening Post has since said that it was also waited on with what purported to be such a letter, which it likewise declined. The News spoke of it in terms from which we inferred that it was probably a forgery. We did not doubt that such was the fact until, on returning Sunday evening from a two days' absence in Westchester, we found that this alleged Letter from Mr. Clay had on Saturday morning found a place in the *Democrat*, and had been recognized and claimed by Cassius M. Clay as, in his judgment, a genuine letter from Henry Clay to him, though *he* had never seen or heard of it till he saw it in the Democratic office. Looking at the published letter, we saw that it was just such a letter as Mr. Clay should and of course would have written, and such as no enemy would be likely to fabricate, even if he were able to conceive one so magnanimous and just. We now learned that N. B. Blunt, Esq. had received a letter for Cassius M. Clay from Hon. Willis Green at Washington, which letter he left with us to be forwarded, and that this was doubtless the letter referred to. We now recollect very well Mr. Blunt's handing us a letter for Cassius M. Clay, to be sent to him wherever we could tell where it would reach him. Never dreaming that it was any thing else than an invitation to speak at some Whig Meeting, we laid the letter on our table, in the inner Editor's room of our office, to be forwarded as soon as we could be sure of its reaching its proper destination. When we next looked for it, it had disappeared—a circumstance to which we attached no importance. The next we heard was of a letter from Henry Clay to Cassius M. Clay having been *picked up in the mud* in front of National Hall by some Loco Foco, who, after showing it round from clique to clique, and vainly attempting to get it into the Evening Post and Morning News, finally gave it publicity through the Democrat—as follows:

(Confidential.)

ASHLAND, Sept. 18th, 1844.

My Dear Sir—I received your favor of the 10th instant, in which you state that you will be in Boston on the 19th, where it is impossible this letter can reach you; and I therefore send it to the Hon. Willis Green, to be forwarded to you.

I am perfectly persuaded of your friendly intentions, & feel grateful for them. But you can have no conception, unless you had been here, of the injury which your letter to the "Tribune" was doing; and that was nothing in comparison to that which it was likely to inflict upon the Whig cause in States of Tennessee, North Carolina and Georgia. Our friend John Speed Smith, as well as others, thought it even endangered the state of Kentucky.—This effect resulted from your understanding to speak of my private feelings and those of my near and particular friends, and your statement that you had been ten years operating in the abolition cause.

Under these circumstances, there was an absolute necessity for the note which I published, although I regretted it extremely. I endeavored so to shape it as not to wound your feelings, and I hope it did not.

Had you been here, you would have concurred with myself and other friends in thinking it indispensable.

You must be well aware of the very great delicacy of my position.

At the North, I am represented as an ultra supporter of the institutions of slavery, whilst at the South I am described as an abolitionist; when I am neither the one nor the other. As we have the same surname, and are, moreover, related, great use is made at the South, against me, of whatever falls from you. There you are even misrepresented as being my son; hence the necessity of the greatest circumspection, and especially that you should avoid committing me.

You are watched wherever you go, and every word you publicly express will be tortured and perverted as my own are.

After all, I am afraid you are too sanguine in supposing that any considerable number of the Liberty men can be induced to support me. How can that be expected, after they have voted against Mr Slade!

With assurance of my thankfulness for your friendly purposes, and with my best respects to Mrs. Clay, I am truly and faithfully, Your friend,

H. CLAY.

C. M CLAY, Esq.

We cannot perceive that there is one syllable in this letter which Mr. Clay should hesitate to see written on the sky. It appears to us that theft and seal-breaking which the Democrat pronounces "Providential" is so indeed, but in a very different sense from that intended. Henry Clay has been falsely accused of dissimulation on the subject of Abolition, and many thousands have been induced to believe that he has sent his relative here to give private assurances to the Abolitionists that he was secretly one of them. We have not a doubt that every Loco Foco, on hearing of a private, confidential letter from Henry Clay in Kentucky to Cassius M. Clay at the North, has said in his heart,

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