# EASTON GAZETTE.

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*For the Easton Gazette.*

## CONFESSIONS OF A NEAR-SIGHTED MAN.

O mortals *short of sight*, who think the past
O'er blown misfortune shall still prove the last!
Alas! misfortunes travel in a train.—*Young.*

Reader, are you near-sighted? Did you say no? Then take your eyes away. If you read this chapter of my confessions I shall be offended—I really and seriously will, Mr. Reader. I want none of your sniggering and remarks. You cannot understand what I write; therefore, just turn over to the advertisements, marriages or deaths, and let me alone. I may give you something better adapted to your taste and intelligence hereafter. You may always know it by the caption or first line; but do not, my dear fellow, meddle with matters that dont concern you.

If, however, you answer my query in the affirmative, come hither and let me give thee a good hearty slap on the shoulder. It is for thee, aye for thee I have taken up my pen, and thee only. Now draw on thine eyes and go ahead. Friend, I have a peculiar sympathy for thee; I love thee, and would willingly part with any thing short of my life or spectacles to promote thy interest.

Be it known to you then, that although just stepped out of my teens, I have for years, in all places of my abode, at home or abroad—through all states of the atmosphere, in melting summer or in freezing winter—before all kinds of society, girls and maidens, great men and small, been forced to wear upon my beautiful grecian nose a weight of metal amounting in averdupoise to not less than 12 dwt.

I shall not stay here to recount the various casualties which have befallen me in my nocturnal ambulations through town and country. How I have been picked up, stunned by the conflict with some luckless gate swinging on its hinges, in the dark; nor how, with the best intentions in the world, I have marched with regular step over some high wharf, or plunged up to the middle in wells, ditches, mud puddles, etc. These were misfortunes indeed, and such as more than once nearly cost life; but they only injured my person. They only stirred up my choler for the moment, against the particular well, puddle, or ditch that happened to be thrown in my path. They produced none of that deep seated mortification, which fills a man's temples and cheeks with an unusual quantum of blood at the time of the occurrence, and the memory of which clings to him like glue forever after. There have been moments in the life of every near-sighted man, when such feelings have been sensibly and sorely experienced. Let these worthies however not deem themselves more unfortunate than they really are. It is with the view of dispelling the idea which it is natural for man in any misfortune of life to cherish—that of perfect isolation in the ocean of miseries; and for the purpose of saving my brethren from such deplorable fruits of this impression as melancholy and pistols that I have taken a few pages from my own bitter experience. Painful indeed is it to stir the troubled waters of the past; but, as I said, for thee, dear reader, thee of the saddled nose, I would do almost any thing.

It was in the evening of the day on which I had returned from abroad. As I entered my mother's chamber during the misty season which intervens within doors between sunset and candle light, a lady sat near the hearth with her back in the direction of the door. Supposing the person from the general character of her habiliments and the indistinct outline of the figure, to be my favourite cousin, a blooming girl of sixteen summers, I advanced cautiously for the purpose of taking her by surprise.

"My dear cousin, how in the world are you?" said I, in an abrupt voice, seizing her hand and thrusting my head under her bonnet for the kiss which I had always laid claim to after long absence. I was surprised to see her retreating in a ratio corresponding to my advance. Still however, unwilling to be frustrated I pushed on like a gallant fellow, until my mouth went smack against what I supposed to be the pretty pouting lips of my cousin. The lady shrieked—my little sisters roared—the cat, on whose tail I had trodden in the ardour of my pursuit, mewed with the most obstinate resolve not to be out done in her part of the melody; while amid all, might be heard the voice of my mother reprimanding me severely for having insulted Mrs. —— "an aged housekeeper, who had always treated me kindly, and even" she said "nursed me when I was a helpless baby." At length an explanation of the whole matter turned the old woman's shriek and my mother's scold into laughter, at the hapless blunder; but I felt not a whit the better, I can assure you.—As soon as decency would permit I made well my retreat. In rushing down stairs I encountered the attending Physician of the family, who had been called in by the servant during the scene just described, to her young master, whom she had very benevolently characterized "as crazy." The old man endeavoured to retain me, by seizing both my arms, while he mumbled over something about insanity—straight-waistcoat—phlebotomy—epispastic &c—looking me steadily in the eyes all the while.—After several fruitless struggles I at length succeeded in releasing my right arm, and dealing the pupil of Esculapius a heavy blow between his two optics, which sent his corpus in one direction, and his hat, wig, cane &c. in another. I made for the street door, and soon found myself a mile from the house, puffing and blowing in the last stage of exhaustion. From that day until this I have dreaded to meet the old lady. At my subsequent returns from college, I never forgot to enquire carefully of the servant if Mrs. —— was above; and whenever I have suspected her figure in the distance, and fancied it moving towards me in the street, I have either taken the opposite side and skulked near the houses with my eyes half shut, or shot like lightning down the first intersecting lane or alley which offered.

"How are you Ned? "said I, grasping the hand of a man moving silently down ——street, at nightfall. "How have you been my good fellow? Why did you not call last night according to engagement? "Thus I ran from one subject to another, until I had emptied my heart of all its most important secrets. The man was bewildered. Standing like a statue, he drank in with astonishment the words that fell from my lips. Confident that I was breathing my joys and troubles into the ear of Edward Preston, my tried friend, I was by no means reserved; but gave a full account of the minutest circumstances of my courtship.

After running through every thing which I could remember, I raised my eyes to say farewell, when "horrible dictu!" the light of a torch which the watchman was bearing past at that moment fell full upon the countenance of Edwin Morell, my rival! —How indescribably dreadful were my feelings! I smelt the very fire scorching my cheeks. Thrusting my hands in my pockets, I turned on my heel and marched off like a detected thief. For a long time after my head was laid on my pillow that night, could I imagine the object of my hostility snickering in his sleeve for whole squares after the strange encounter, and exulting in the knowledge of my most private affairs.

The day following, gentle reader, at the hour of visits found me before the mirror, brushing my hair and adjusting my collar, cravat, etc. for a call upon my lady love in ——square. I was just giving the last finish to my towering top knot, when a sable gentleman in coarse habiliments, peeped in at the door, and making a very polite bow, accompanied by a gracious grin, offered me a note fold of green paper. I tore away the seal and read with consternation and heart sickness, the following lines:

Sir: That you may never more have the opportunity of betraying a confidence, which no gentleman, much less a lover would dare to violate, I most earnestly request that you may not again have the assurance to darken the door of my father's house, by your presence.

EMILY WETHERSPOON.

I put my head out of the window and called at the top my voice, for the man who was retracing his steps rapidly up the street. He returned, and I sat down to answer the note. What should I say? Must I acknowledge my mistake? But then I would confess that I had a confident of some shape, and I had promised never to breathe to another the thoughts and feelings which were committed to my keeping. What a perplexing moment! At length I resolved to tell the truth, and leave the rest to chance. After communicating the whole, I put the note into the hands of the servant with strict orders to deliver it to Miss—— in person. Day after day passed slowly off, yet no reply came. I was miserable. But this state of suspense, in which hope and despair were struggling for the ascendency, was destined to be of short duration.

One evening while loitering in the beautiful gallery of the Museum, Emily brushed carelessly by me, leaning on the arm of Edwin Morell. Under feelings the most insupportable, I staggered into the street, and soon reaching home, threw myself at full length upon my bed, in the utmost wretchedness of spirits. I shall not stop here to enumerate the weary days and sleepless nights passed in thinking hopelessly of the past nor how often I was heard singing "Tell her I love her yet," when fast asleep on my pillow. At length came the climax. I had the unspeakable disquietude, a very short time after, to hear the public announcement of the marriage of Edwin Morell to Emily Wetherspoon.

I have given you two pages of a large volume, gentle reader. For the present adieu. My candle burns low in the socket. The clock is just striking twelve—again, adieu! I must take off my eyes, and court the embrace of tired nature's sweet restorer—balmy sleep."

LE-ROY.

*Irish Gallantry.*—When overcome by liquor and seeing double, Pat says to his sweetheart, 'Oh, Nelly its a trate entirely, o see two of your swat purty faces instead of one.'

## *A DEATH SCENE.*

### THE EARL OF CHATHAM.

BY T. B. MACAULEY.

Before France had taken any part in our quarrel with the colonies, Chatham had repeatedly, and with great energy of language, declared that it was impossible to conquer America; and he could not without absurdity maintain that it was easier to conquer France and America together than America alone. But his passions overpowered his judgment, and made him blind to his own inconsistency. The very circumstance which made the separation of the colonies inevitable, made it to him altogether insupportable. The dismemberment of the empire seemed to him less ruinous and humiliating, when produced by domestic dissentions, than when produced by foreign interference. His blood boiled at the degradation of his country. Whatever lowered her among the nations of the earth, he felt as a personal outrage to himself. And the feeling was natural. He had made her so great. He had been so proud of her; and she had been so proud of him. He remembered how more, than twenty years before, in a day of gloom and dismay, when her possessions were torn from her, when her flag was dishonoured, she had called on him to save her. He remembered the sudden and glorious change which his energy had wrought, the long series of triumphs, the days of thanksgiving, the nights of illumination. Fired by such recollections, he determined to separate himself from those who advised that the independence of the colonies should be acknowledged. That he was in error, will scarcely, we think, be disputed by his warmest admirers. Indeed, the treaty by which a few years later the republic of the U. States was recognised, was the work of the most attached adherents of his favourite son.

The Duke of Richmond had given notice of an address to the throne, against the further prosecution of hostilities with America. Chatham had, during some time absented himself from Parliament, in consequence of his growing infirmities. He determined to appear in his place on this occasion, and to declare that his opinions were decidedly at variance with those of the Rockingham party. He was in a state of great excitement. His medical attendants were uneasy, and strongly advised him to calm himself, and to remain at home. But he was not to be controlled. His son William, and his son in law Lord Mahon, accompanied him to Westminster. He rested himself in the chancellor's room till the debate commenced, & then, leaning on his two younger relations limped to his seat. The slightest particulars of that day were remembered, & have been carefully recorded. He bowed, it was remarked, with great courtliness to those peers who rose to make way for him and his supporters.—His crutch was in his hand. He wore, as was his fashion, a rich velvet coat. His legs were swathed in flannel. His wig was so large, and his face so emaciated that none of his features could be discerned except the high curve of nose, and his eyes, which still retained a gleam of their old fire.

When the Duke of Richmond had spoken, Chatham rose. For some time his voice was inaudible. At length his tones became distinct and his action animated.—Here & there his hearers caught a thought or an expression which reminded them of William Pitt. But it was clear that he was not himself. He lost the thread of his discourse, hesitated, repeated the same words several times, and was so confused that in speaking of the Act of Settlement he could not recall the name of the Electress Sophia. The House listened in solemn silence, and with the aspect of profound respect and compassion. The stillness was so deep that the dropping of a hankerchief would have been heard. The Duke of Richmond replied with great tenderness, and courtesy; but, while he spoke the old man was observed to be restless and irritable. The duke sat down. Chatham stood up again, pressed his hand on his breast, and sank down in an apoplectic fit. Three or four lords who sat near him caught him in his fall. The House broke up in confusion. The dying man was carried to the residence of one of the officers of Parliament, and was so far restored as to be able to bear a journey to Hayes. At Hayes, after lingering a few weeks, he expired in his seventieth year. His bed was watched to the last, with anxious tenderness, by his wife and children; and he well deserved their care. Too often haughty and wayward to others, to them he had been almost effeminately kind. He had through life been dreaded by his political opponents, and regarded with more awe than love even by his political associates But no fear seems to have mingled with the affection which his fondness, constantly overflowing in a thousand endearing forms, had inspired in the little circle at Hayes.

Chatham, at the time of his decease, had not, in both Houses of Parliament, ten personal adherents. Half the public men of the age had been estranged from him by his errors, and the other half by the exertions which he had made to repair his errors. His last speech had been an attack at once on the policy pursued by the government, and on the policy recommended by the opposition. But death at once restored him to his old place in the affection of his country. Who could hear unmoved of the fall of that which had been so great and which had stood so long?—The circumstance, too, seemed rather to belong to the tragic stage than to real life. A great statesman, full of years and honours, led forth to the senate-house, by a son of rare hopes, and stricken down in full council while straining his feeble voice to rouse the drooping spirit of his country, could but be remembered with peculiar veneration and tenderness. Detraction was overawed. The voice even of just and temperate censure was mute. Nothing was remembered but the lofty genius the unsullied probity, the undisputed services, of him who was no more. For once all parties were agreed. A public funeral a public monument, were eagerly voted. The debts of the deceased were paid. A provision was made for his family. The city of London requested that the remains of the great man whom she had so long loved and honoured might rest under the dome of her magnificent cathedral. But the petition came too late. Every thing was already prepared for the interment in Westminster Abbey.

Though men of all parties had concurred in decreeing posthumous honours to Chatham, his corpse was attended to the grave almost exclusively by the opponents of the government. The banner of the lordship of Chatham was borne by Colonel Barre, attended by the duke of Richmond and Lord Rockingham. Burke, Savile, and Dunning upheld the pall. Lord Camden was conspicuous in the procession.—The chief mourner was young William Pitt. After the lapse of more than twenty seven years, in a season as dark and perilous, his own shattered frame and broken heart were laid with the same pomp, in the same consecrated mould.

Chatham sleeps near the northern door of the church, in a spot which has ever since been appropriate to statesmen, and as the other of the same transept has long been to poets. Mansfield rests there, and the second William Pitt, and Fox, and Grattan and Canning and Wilberforce. In no other Cemetry do so many great citizens lie within so narrow a space. High over those venerable graves towers the stately monument of Chatham, and from above, his own effigy, graven by a cunning hand, seems still with eagle face and outstretched arm, to bid England be of good cheer, and to hurl defiance at her foes. The generation which reared that memorial of him has disappeared. The hour is come when the rash and indiscriminate judgments which his contemporaries passed on his character may be calmly revised by history. And history while, for the warning vehement, high, and daring natures, she notes his many errors, will yet deliberately pronounce, that among the eminent men whose bones lie near his, scarcely one has left a more stainless, and none a more splendid name.

## AMERICAN MANNERS AND BRITISH CRITICS.

BY MRS. HOUSTOUN.

*From the London Athenæum.*

The following extract we have carried to some length because of the good sense and importance of the remarks which it contains. Such friendly and reasonable estimates are the proper antidote to the rancorous feelings generated by the unphilosophic statements of writers aiming at point and attaining vulgarity. They are the more important because the charge against which they direct themselves lies, too, we are very sorry to say, at the door of writers of a far higher class, from whom more thoughtful views might have been expected. It is impossible to say what lamentable political consequences such idle throwing of paper-pellets may ultimately involve. Nations are never philosphers in their aggregate character, and our history shows that national susceptibilities cannot, for a length of time, be played on with impunity. No thinking reader can fail to see that such observations as follow contain more of the truth than reports that put the accidental for the essential; a part for the whole—the merely formal for the fundamentally true; and we are willing to give our part to the circulation of arguments that answer the trifling of those social phrenologists (so to speak) who flippantly appreciate all the moral and intellectual *status* of a people, by the casual bumps on the surface of its society of to-day.

"It struck me, however, that the manners of the Americans were deficient in that real dignity which consists in finding one's own place in society & keeping it. In such a society as exists in America, all stations are ill-defined; nor can there ever be a standard of good breeding where so many causes concur to render the grades of society forever fluctuating.—Much, therefore, is left to the intuitive tact and natural good sense of each individual; but the peculiar sensitiveness of the Americans renders them perhaps ill qualified to manage these delicate matters well.—This is particularly to be remarked when they are brought in contact with foreigners. The American who, in his own country, and towards his own people, is courteous and polite—neither vain glorious nor apt to take offence; becomes in Europe or amongst Europeans, (from his very want of knowing his station,) abrupt, rude and offensively boastful. He lives in constan fear of transgressing those rules of etiquett of which he greatly overrates the importance; and, fearful of not being enough considered, and aiming at achieving a trivia and unworthy importance, he ceases to be the manly, independent character for which Nature and education intended him. * *

'The English are too apt to assert, as an undeniable fact, that 'The Americans are ungentlemanlike;' thus arrogating to themselves the right of deciding upon the manners of a whole nation. But let us ask, on what grounds they claim this exclusive censorship? We have, I admit, set up for ourselves a standard of refinement and *savoir faire* very different from any thing we are likely to meet with in the United States; but does it, therefore, follow that we must be right; or that, allowing that our habits are more refined, there are not advantages in their democratic state of society which more than counterbalance those of which we are so proud? * *

Originality and absence of affection are the essential characteristics of American manners; I speak of the gentleman of the United States when in his own country. Whatever is original and natural carries with it a certain respectability; but directly this is lost, indifferent imitations take its place, and the imitative American, like every one else in similar circumstances, becomes ridiculous. The manners of the Americans in general, however, are not bad; and it can only be alleged against them that they have no artificial manners at all. This in our estimation, is a grievous fault; and it must be admitted that infinite pleasure is taken by our countrymen in turning into ridicule the peculiarities of a people of whose real excellencies they are too prejudiced to judge impartially. That the ridicule is returned by the Americans, and with interest, and often with as much legitimate food for its exercise, there is no doubt. The manners and habits of the English, differing so essentially from their own, are not likely to escape with impunity; and whilst the members of our aristocratic community are laughing contemptuously at the want of courtly breeding displayed by the Americans, the latter are still less lenient to our devotion to trivial etiquette, and what they consider our servile adulation of rank and station. After all, what can be the motives which induce two great nation to be constantly attacking each other in this puerile way? They are on different sides of the wide Atlantic;—surely there is room in the world for both. The hostile feeling existing between the countries is kept alive by the constant attacks of authors, many of whom are ignorant of the nature of really good society.—These people cross the Atlantic, from the east and west. A clever, but conceited underbred English writer, makes a tour of the States, sees absolutely nothing of good American society, and publishes a book criticising that of he or she is totally unqualified to give an opinion. This work is then sent across the Atlantic, as a faithful picture of the habits and national characteristics of a great nation. Upon this, there follows squib after squib from either side. The great features of national character are disregarded, and the points of attack are small personal defects, fault of language, and coarseness of behaviour. Animosity is excited in both nations—for who can deny that ridicule is harder to bear than abuse? * * One of the principal charges brought against our friends across the Atlantic is, that they are in the habit of boasting, both of themselves and their country, in an offensive and indiscriminate manner. If we were not endowed with a considerable share of pride ourselves, we should not complain so much when we meet with it in others; for that which renders the vanity of others so insupportable is that it wounds our own. The Americans are proud, and justly so, of their self-earned freedom, of the liberal constitution of their country, of the place in the scale of nations in which their own exertions have placed them. It is unfortunate, however, that they cannot bear their honors meekly, but do injury to their own and their country's cause, by their habits of exaggeration and self praise. There is a want of quiet and genuine dignity about the American's sense of freedom and equality. If he feels that the advantages he thus enjoys are great, let him value them in silence and let their fruits be seen. The Americans, however, would not be half so boastful, did they feel that they were correctly judged, & rightly appreciated by us. That they will be so in time I have little doubt but time must elapse before either party will be softened. It is a good, genuine brotherly hatred—the strongest of any when it once takes root, because, in fraternal feuds, jealously has always, more or less, a share."

POSTAGE REFORM.—It will be most acceptable news to our readers generally to know that light on this important subject has at length penetrated the darkest inner recesses of the Post Office Department. The New York Tribune says—We have authority in which we confide for stating, that Postmaster General Wickliffe will next week recommend to Congress a reduction of the Rates of Postage to *five* cents for all distances under five hundred miles, and *ten* cents for all greater distances. There can be no doubt that Congress will readily concur, though the Post Office Committee of the House will interpose every obstacle in its power.

This is a great step toward the right.—There ought to be a still lower rate for short distances, but let us take this and *then* ask for more. Of course the Franking Privilege goes overboard, if there is any idea of making the Department sustain itself.

## AGRICULTURAL

*From the Southern Planter.*

### SMALL FARMS AND THOROUGH CULTIVATION.

The anecdote of the boy carrying a stone in one end of his bag, to balance the corn in the opposite end, because his father had done so, shows in some degree the force of education and habit. This stone carrying system is of broader application than may be at first imagined. To exemplify. A father has a field of one hundred acres of land which he cultivates because he has laborers and team to do so; perhaps fifty acres of this yield something like two bushels per acre, a little more than enough to feed the laborers and team whilst engaged in the cultivation; the son inherits it, and forsooth, because his father had done so, he continues the practice, until he finds it expedient to remove to some new country. To arrest a course like this, so destructive to lands and fortunes, I propose a few remarks. All who have noticed any thing about farming operations in Eastern Virginia, cannot fail to have observed the thirst for extensive cultivation, irrespective of the quality of land and its productiveness, and those engaged in it have found at harvest time their crops have mostly been gathered from a few patches of land in tollerable heart, whilst the greater portion of the field required oxen in pretty good keep to collect a load of ears, more resembling awl handles than corn. In view of this fact and in view of the immense products of the small northern farms highly improved, it is passing strange the course should be persisted in. I suggest the following one to remedy this evil: say a man has a field of one hundred acres of land, half of which is nearly unproductive, which will require eight hands to cultivate it; let him take three of his hands from his field, and commence early in the year to haul from his woods, leaves, mould; swamp, mud, walls of ditches ent through his swamp land, and any vegetable matter he may have, and apply it to the unproductive part of his field so far as it will go; and I will venture to affirm that the product of the part of the field in cultivation, will far exceed the product of the whole field in any previous year, seasons & cultivation being alike. When these sources of improvement are exhausted, let the hands above employed in improvement, remove the ground works of fences that have been long standing for years, and take the soil from under them and apply it as manure, as it really is, and the product of this process will astonish any one who has not experimented in this way, and will leave your fences cleared of shrubs and briars, which yearly consume much time and labor in clearing, and so much injure fences by obstructing the wind and sun from them. This source of manure having been exhausted, if you have light or sandy land, take from your adhesive clay subsoil, clay to cover it, say about twenty-five or thirty loads to the acre, scatter the same as soon as it is deposited, so that it may have the frosts and breezes of the winter to pulverize it, and turn it under in the spring preparatory to planting corn. This will give tenacity and fertility to this kind of soil, and one experiment of this kind will embolden you to a continuance of the practice. As respects manuring, from repeated experiments, I am fully persuaded a surface application is the most beneficial on sward or fallow. I prefer applying it on the sward in August for the ensuing year's crops of corn. When there is great scarcity of manure, a quart of stable manure, or a pint of ashes dropped on the corn crop that no one would anticipate who had not thus experimented, and I incline to the opinion, that it will be the most speedy way to cover over a large surface, & make a good crop at the same time. It is true that this application at first is too limited for a small grain crop, nevertheless, you have applied the quantity of manure over double or treble the surface you would have done, if it had been applied broadcast; you will have obtained double the quantity of corn you would have made from a broadcast application of the same, and I believe you will make as much small grain from this extended surface. On the second cultivation of a corn crop, with the beds reversed, and a like application of manure, it will have diffused itself more generally over the surface than could be imagined. All I ask of the skeptical on this subject is, to make one experiment. I have frequently applied it in this way, and invariably have derived benefit from it, exceeding my expectation.

A few words in relation to the varieties of corn; in those I have experimented largely, and the result is decidedly in favor of the largest kind. Poor land will not bring large or small, and rich will produce much more of the large than the small. Of one of the small varieties I once obtained eleven ears well matured from one stalk. The appearance was very imposing, but lo! when I came to test the product of this variety with a larger one, I found one large ear to yield one eighth of a gill more than the eleven. When the gathering of the ten additional ears, the shucking and housing, and the deficiency in yield are taken in the estimate, I think no one will hesitate in awarding a preference to the largest kind.

BEXBURG.

SLAVERS CAPTURED. The U. S. ship Decatur has captured two Spanish brigs full of slaves and specie, on the cost of Africa, and sent them to the island of Ascension.

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