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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THE AGRICULTURAL RESOURCES of the West, so vast and so constantly increasing, are often regarded with some alarm by the grain growers of the Atlantic States, under the fear that the immense crops of the West poured into our market must keep down the prices of grain to a ruinous standard. Every year not only adds to the agricultural production of the West. but it also witnesses the increase of facilities for bringing its products to market. How are our farmers to be protected from the overwhelming avalanche of bread stuffs which threaten to glut the markets from the bursting granaries of the great West?

The operation of the Tariff, in extending domestic manufactures and increasing the number of home consumers of bread stuffs and provisions, presents the only means by which the prostration of the Eastern agriculturist can be averted. We find some remarks by a correspondent of the N. York Courier, which may be here quoted:

The great wealth of the West, for the present, lies unquestionably in its *agricultural* resources. The unbounded fertility of the soil; the vast extent of its tillable land; the perfect ease with which it can all be brought into the highest state of cultivation; the heavy crop it invariably produces; the ready access of almost every section to a market; these are some of the elements which will make the West the greatest agricultural region on the face of the earth. The unrivalled fertility of the soil has been frequently attributed to the fact that it is entirely *new* and has never yet been *worn out* by incessant tillage.

It is quite probable that culture for a succession of years, especially if it be indiscreet, will diminish somewhat the productiveness of Western lands; and yet I found tracts of land in the neighborhood of Napierville, upon which the experiment had been very fully and thoroughly tried, and which, after *seven years constant culture*, yielded as heavy crops as at the first. At all events, for many years to come the soil of this great region will be far more productive than that of any other portion of our country. An immense amount of grain grown upon these great prairies, is consumed in the cities and large towns which have already grown up in their immediate neighborhood.—The city of Chicago, for example, containing twelve thousand inhabitants, requires for their consumption a very large share of the wheat and other grains produced by the farmers in its immediate vicinity. We are apt to look at the West as pouring already a vast and constantly increasing stream of edible grains into our Eastern market for consumption or exportation: and yet the last Report of the Canal Commissioners of New York shows, that the aggregate amount of products sent from all the Western States and Canada through our Canals to tide water in 1844, was only a little over 300,000 tons, while from Western New York alone the exportation to Eastern markets fell but a little short of 500,000 tons! A large amount undoubtedly reaches the seaboard by way of the Mississippi; but an immense proportion of the productions of the West —a proportion in my opinion far greater than is generally supposed—is consumed by the Western people themselves.

Inland towns, some of them very populous, are rising up in the Western States.—Onio abounds in them. The basis of almost every one of them is manufacturing industry. Wherever there is an available water power the nucleus of a town is soon formed; and in many places the use of steam as a manufacturing agent is substituted for the facilities of water power. It is evident then that the operation of the Tariff, by encouraging the establishment of manufactories, tends powerfully to enlarge the home market for the agriculturist. And the great advantage of this home market consists in its being so near at hand, whereby the cost of transportation is saved.

Whether manufactures flourish most in the East or in the West, the result is the same. Cincinnati, with her eighty thousand people, requires a large quantity of corn and flour and provisions for her consumption; so, of the other cities and towns of the West where manufactures flourish. So much as is thus consumed in the West, to find a manufacturing population on the spot, so much is kept back from the markets of the East. Every manufacturing town, no matter in what part of the Union it may be situated, is, to the extent of its consumption, a benefit to the grain grower, the grower of wool, the grower of cotton and of every other agricultural product which may form the staple of the manufacturer there, or be required for the subsistence of the population. Lands in the immediate neighborhood of large manufacturing towns, of course, are most enhanced in value—but the benefit, directly or indirectly, extends to the whole agricultural interest.

MR. WEBSTER'S FARM.

Mr. Webster's farm contains abuot 1500 acres, which is divided into mowing, tillage, pasturage, woodland and salt marsh.—We learned that the original purchase, which included the homestead; comprised about 300 acres. This was the Thomas estate. The homestead was built two years before the Revolution broke out, by Mr. Thomas, who was highly respected in the old colony times, and was a member of the Council. When the war broke out he sided with the mother country, while nearly all of his neighbors took side with the patriots. The Governor sent a guard of sixty men from Boston to protect him and his property. This exasperated the people so that Mr. Thomas had the guard sent back to Boston, to which place he soon followed. He afterwards went to the British settlements in Nova Scotia. His wife and son remained at Marshfield during the war, neither taking an active part for or against the country, though the son rather favored the cause of the Colonies. After the war the Legislature passed a Confiscation Act. By this act it was decreed that all of those who had assisted the mother country and had fled the country, should have their property taken from them; but in cases where the wife had remained in the country she should have of the property the portion which would have fallen to her in the event of her husband's decease. The wife therefore of Mr. Thomas who was then a refugee, had the homestead and three hundred acres of land given to her out of the estate of her husband, the whole of which estate comprised some twelve or fifteen hundred acres. By a subsequent act of the Legislature, the son who had remained with his mother, was made the legal heir to the property. As soon as this act was passed she bade adieu to the estate and joined her husband in the British Provinces, where they lived and died, and the son came in possession of the property. He married and reared a large family of children, and was a worthy and respected citizen. He held possession of the property till abont fifteen years ago, when he sold it to Mr. Webster; who has by subsequent purchases added to the original, until now the estate numbers about 1500 acres.

The farm has been greatly improved under Mr. Webster's care, who is one of the best farmers in the Union. The present season he has cut 200 tons of Englsh hay, and about the same quantity of salt hay.—His stock of cattle, sheep and hogs, is of the very best breeds, and bring high prices. He prefers the Ayrshire breed of cows to any other, and he has a large number of the finest two-year-old heifers we have ever seen.

After dinner he took us in his vehicle around the whole of his fine farm. In one field of about fifteen acres he is trying this season which kind of manure is the best suited to corn. He had the whole fifteen acres planted at one time with corn, on which he has tried four kinds of manure, viz: guano, stable manure, kelp and fish (menhadens.) The stall manure, the kelp and the fish were spread upon the land and ploughed in. The guano was put on the hills after the corn was through. At present it is impossible to say which kind of manure will produce the best crop. We have not seen a corn field this season which looks so fine. The corn on which the guano was put is as yet not so high or so stout as that on the other parts of the field, but it is improving rapidly and may yet produce the heaviest crop.

Passing on we came to the old Governor Winslow house, which was built 180 years ago, and is without doubt the oldest house in the State. The house and estate remained in the Winslow family until within a few years. It is now included in Mr. Webster's estate. It is a large square frame house, with a chimney in the centre, the top of which is ornamented with a sort of cornice work. The corners of the house also have wood-work ornaments which were designed, we presume, to imitate blocks of stone. Otherwise, it has no peculiarities which distinguish it from other large old-fashioned houses. In a field of rich grass immediately in the rear of the old mansion were a number of cows and calves of the Ayrshire breed. The field had not been broken up for many years, and produced scarcely anything. By spreading upon it fish it has become completely renovated, and the present season two tons of hay to the acre had been taken from it.

Turning round, we took another road which led towards the sea. Opening a gate we entered a large field in which some twenty or thirty head of two-year-old Ayrshire heifers and steers were feeding. This field has not had a plough put in it for perhaps half a century. It was large and contained at least one hundred acres, thirty of which are now being broke up, the furrows being about a half mile in length. In the middle of the field, the ground rises to an elevation of about sixty or seventy feet. The cattle were fat, and their smooth glossy sides almost reflected the rays of the departing sun. From the top of the hill we had a view of the whole farm, the sea and the surrounding country. Away to the South lay the towns of Duxbury and old Plymouth, with the bay and harbor, into which glided, 225 years ago, the little May Flower with its precious band of pilgrims, the founders of one of the noblest Commonwealths the world ever saw. Looking in another direction we had the open sea before us. We also got a glimpse of Cape Cod, which lay thirty miles across the water. Turning round we had a fine view of Mr. Webster's house, the extensive marshes, and the main land beyond. Near where we stood was a small inclosure of about a rod square, in which were four graves, in which were buried two favorite cows and two dogs.

From this eminence we saw a field of a few acres about half a mile distant. From its fresh verdant appearance we thought it was a field of young wheat or rye. Mr. Webster said that a fortnight before it was in appearance precisely the same as the field in which we stood, but it had become so astonishingly changed by merely spreading fish upon it. He thinks very highly of fish and kelp for manures, both of which being the products of the sea, are easily obtained at Marshfield. Passing from this field, we made for the beach, about three quarters of a mile distant, and the tide being low we had a good view of it. It extends for seven miles along the Duxbury shore, and forms a natural breakwater and defence to the harbor inside. We rode a short distance upon its smooth surface, the waves of the broad Atlantic breaking at our feet. After a stay of about a quarter of an hour we returned to the house where we arrived a little before sundown.

Mr. Webster has three or four fine barns near his house, and there are others in different parts of the estate. We should judge there were also over half a dozen dwelling houses on the estate. He has a large flock of geese, a large share of them wild geese; he has two Chinese geese, which were brought from China by his son, Mr. Fletcher Webster. They are much more beautiful than either our common breed, or the wild; they are of a gray color, with long black necks and black bills, and stand very erect; their chests are very full and in this respect resemble a duck more than a goose.

We find it will take up more room in our paper than we can conveniently spare to go into a minute description of all we have seen, and we must therefore be brief. Mr. Webster's house is a few hundred yards from the main road; the approach to it from the road is up a smooth gravel way, bordered on each side with a thorn hedge. The house is painted white, with green blinds, and has a green lawn in front, studded here and there with trees. To the main building there have been made two additions, in sort of half gothic style, in one of which is Mr. Webster's study and library. The improvements on the estate have all been made by its present noble proprietor. We think he told us that he had planted upwards of 50,000 trees on the farm since he purchased it. He had tried to raise the live oak, but our winters proved too severe for it. Near the house is a large vegetable garden and some fine fruit trees. Close to the house is a large elm, one of the finest we have seen; it has stood there some 70 years, and its lower branches trail upon the ground and bend down like a weeping willow.

There are many things about which we should like to write but we find our room wholly occupied. We break off thus abruptly! Perhaps we may refer to our Marshfield tour again. To see such a scenery, and to converse with the first man of the age, are sources of enjoyment to us which we feel unable to describe.—*Lowell Courier.*

From the Pennsylvania Inquirer.

OUR NAVY.

The Washington United States Journal is again attacking our gallant Navy. It says that our country depends upon the unpurchasable Democratic members of the West to knock over at a single blow, our present Navy, which they style an accursed despotism. It is somewhat singular that a certain portion of our honorable representatives in Congress are constantly preaching about the romance of a naval officer's life, and the prodigality of his pay. I wish those members who think the officers of the navy sufficiently compensated for their hardship and sufferings, would just take one voyage to sea. It is an easy thing for a man to rock on to Washington, getting fifty cents a mile for his smooth circuitous passage—to take there a snug room, with its cheerful fire, easy chair and sofa—to retire to rest at what hour he pleases, without even a mouse to disturb his repose—to rise sometime along in the morning, and in gown and slippers, sip a bowl of coffee covered with rich cream—to ride up to the Capital at eleven o'clock, and take his armed chair, in a hall warmed to a mild and congenial temperature—to open his mail, and peruse a sweet letter from his affectionate wife, then unfold a newspaper and read the compliments of its editor on his last speech—to ambulate in the lobby, while some younker is addressing the House about the complexion of the inhabitants in the moon—to ride home to his quarters, and dine on viands and vegetables, warm and rich, with a bottle of old wine to mellow them down—to take a quiet siesta, and in the evening go to the drawing-room, and exchange smiles with the ladies—and when the session is over to draw eight dollars per day for services thus rendered the country!

All this is very easy—very comfortable—quite a desirable situation, and I would not disturb its sweetness and serenity by one unnecessary care. But suppose this individual exchange situations with one of us, and ascertain what our amply compensated life of gaiety and romance really is.—Before he dreams of it, he is ordered off to sea so peremptorily that even a new married wife, or one that is dying, cannot plead him off an hour. He hastens on board his ship, looks back from the hurrying wave to his native shore, perhaps for the last time—begins to feel the deck of his vessel spinning around him, and then enters on the agonies of sea-sickness—lifts his faint and drooping head from this rack of straining torture and hears a thunder gale roaring through his shrouds like the summons of the last trump—draws his nerveless form upon deck, and sees the tattered fragments of a top sail fluttering on the distant wind or a broken spar scudding away from his ship, like a thief from the gallows,—through night, and tempest, and torrents from the clouds, he must ever keep his regular watch and feel in all his weariness and exhaustion that the safety of the ship, and the preservation of the lives on board, are at issue upon the wisdom and vigor of his conduct. He is thirsty, calls for a cup of water, and strains a liquid through his teeth, which has the name only of that pure element; he is faint, requires sustenance, and thinks of a bowl of milk, so soothing and innocent; but it is far off, in some farmer's dairy. He thinks of fruits and vegetables, those fresh things of earth which seen through sea atmosphere, appear still more fresh and tempting; but they too are far away in some market, which he may never see again,—and so he sits down with a dry crust, and hacks away at a piece of salt junk, at which a shark in any remarkable degree fastidious, would turn up his nose and pass on. While cruising around, he falls in with a vessel from his own country, and boards her with the eager expectation of finding letters from home, but he finds only a newspaper or two, containing a brief notice of the death of some esteemed friend or relation, and the remarks of some member of Congress, on the romance of his life, and the prodigality of his pay. At length, from some less healthy clime he enters a salubrious port; but is put under quarantine of forty days, and cannot even get a note to the town, without having it first steeped in fire and brimstone.—This is intolerable, he weighs anchor, puts to sea, and in his cruise reaches another port, and enters, but the yellow *fever* or cholera enters his ship. It is now too late to fly, and death to remain. Through the weariness night, he can hear only the moaning of the sick, and the passage of the dead over his ship's side—the fatal symptoms are upon him, he orders his coffin to be made—dictates a brief letter to his wife bids his messmates adieu and dies. If there be romance in such a life as this, it is not that kind of romance which takes one away from the toils and troubles of a real world, into a fairy region of perpetual smiles and sunshine; and if there be a prodigal compensation allowed to such a life, it is not that prodigality of reward, which enables one to provide for the wants of his widow and orphans. The testament of an officer in the Navy, who has no means of accumulation except his pay, has usually as little gold at its disposal, as the last article in the will of a Palestine pilgrim. He can bequeath his good name—the memory of his virtues; and it is only to be regretted that these cannot contain the essential elements of life.

Ye that are on land, leave not the safe, substantial earth, and when the pitiless storm raves round your snug dwelling, turn a thought to the poor sailor, tossed on this howling waste, with only a plank between him and eternity; and in your evening devotions, commend him to the protection of that Being, who "rides on the tempest, and directs the storm," and who can say to the chainless ocean, "Hitherto shalt thou come, and no further, and here shalt thy proud waves be staid." L.

TROUBLES IN THE CATHOLIC COLLEGE AT GEORGETOWN.—Washington is usually the centre of attraction as well as of excitement for the ten miles square, but within the last fortnight Georgetown has rather carried the day. The immediate cause of this is the trouble at the Georgetown College, some allusion to which has already found its way into the public press.

Some considerable time since, a priest by the name of Verhagen, from Belgium, arrived in the United States, and took up his residence at St. Louis, Missouri, being provincial of the Western United States.—He was of the order of Jesuits. For some time past he has been removed from the west, and stationed at Georgetown, in connexion with the College. The object of his mission to the United States is said to be, amongst other things, to report to his Holiness, the Pope, on the state of things in this College; although at first he was stationed at a considerable distance from its location.

Last winter, President Rider, then at the head of the institution; received sudden and unexpected orders to repair to Rome. It has since been ascertained that the cause of this order was the presentation of certain charges relating to the administration of the affairs of the College.

It appeared by the accounts of his friends and those of the institution that the College had become remarkably popular for the last 6 or 8 years, and that at the present time it numbers one hundred and fifty scholars, and about fifty noviciates. This popularity was owing to the confidence of the public, which the character of the President had inspired. It appears that President Rider kept everything open for public inspection, that he was remarkable polite to strangers, and that he exhibited this in such ways as not to give offence even to the rigid Catholics. He and his associates have been in the habit of giving public entertainments, at which distinguished strangers in Washington were invited to be present. Sometimes on the Fourth of July, a good dinnner, accompanied with good toasts, and probably good songs made up a part of the entertainments. In short, the Catholics about Georgetown and in other places of the United States, always boasted that things were conducted on a truly liberal, democratic scale. Thus things went until Mr. Rider went to Europe.

After he had been abroad some time, and his absence had created a good deal of feeling, the above mentioned Father Verhagen appeared at the College, having superseded by order of the Pope, President Rider, as provincial of the Jesuits at the east. In order to make clean work and on the Democratic principle of rotation, he scattered all the priests and professors to the four winds, and the forty noviciates, who have been sent to Frederick. Not even one was left, except the important superintendent of the observatory, Father Curley, who was spared because he could not be spared. Priest Milady was sent to Philadelphia—Fenwick, brother of the Bishop of that name, was sent to Worcester—Barber was sent to Frederick—Combs to Alexandria—and Black to St. Louis.—Forty or fifty of the brotherhood have been sent to different places. In short this Belgian, who appears to be a giant in his way, although not the giant himself, has rooted up the whole concern.

The Catholics here are not only very indignant at the dismissal of these men, but they are equally so at some of their successors, who have been appointed by Father Verhagen. The Arch-bishop, who lives at Baltimore, and Bishop Fenwick of Boston, have remonstrated against the continued absence of Mr. Rider and have expressed the wish to have him reinstated in his former position.

New rules as well as new men are now in vogue at the college. The doors are not open except on application. Permission must be obtained for admittance to the library. The Catholics denounce the new officers. They charge Verhagen with attempting to introduce the worn out nonsense of the old country into this democratic region.

They say that the Catholic religion must adapt itself to the notions of the people and the government, or it cannot thrive. They say this attempt upon their liberties must be put down, and they intend to give Father Verhagen, the Belgian, to understand that if he comes to this democratic country, he must democratize himself or let them alone. The controversy seems to be of the Puseyite kind. One party are for keeping up the old forms and ceremonies, & the other are for proper modern improvements.

All the priests and professors who have been changed are Americans. The Catholics here say it is hard to make this kind of men submit. They have too much democracy about them. The foregoing account is derived from one of them, who is is an educated and intelligent man, and an American, and the statement may be relied on.

Mr. Rider, the former President, is now at Palermo, preaching. His friends think that this movement will not succeed, that he will be allowed to return—and that things will be put in their former position at the College.—*N. York Express.*

LAWLESS PROCEEDINGS.—The Alexandria (La.) Democrat of the 23d ultimo, contains the particulars of a strange affair which recently occurred in that neighborhood. It seems that in November last a man by the name of James Spurlock and his overseer (William Norton) run off about seventy negroes to Gasper county, in Texas, on which property liens were held by persons in New Orleans and elsewhere. Rewards were offered for their recovery, and a young man volunteered to fetch them back. He succeeded in securing five, and re-crossed the Sabine, when he was overtaken, and the negroes captured. The young man raised fifteen armed men and again reached Spurlock's residence, fifty miles in the interior of Texas when he captured Spurlock's overseers (Norton and Kirkland) and fifty six negroes. When about forty five miles from Alexandria, the party, overpowered by fatigue, stopped, and sunk into slumber, from which they were awakened by the whistling of bullets through their tents. All but the leader and two of his men took to their heels and fled for life. The assailants numbered about forty men. The two who stood by their leader were shot dead. The principal in the enterprise and another young man who came up afterwards succeeded in killing two of their opponents, and wounding another, and then made good their retreat. The slaves were re-taken and carried back to Texas. The affray took place on the United States side of the boundary.

Another Company of Oregon Emigrants in Distress. The St. Joseph Gazette, published in Missouri, has news from the Oregon emigrants. Another company is lost, which contains fifteen men and thirty five women. They were about 800 miles above Council Bluffs on the Missouri River, they had despaired of getting on this season, and are planting buckweat with the expectation of obtaining provisions on which they may resume their journey next Spring.

WILLIS'S LETTERS FROM LONDON.

July weather in London.—Present wearables of the thorough bred men of England. French and English fashions.—Morier, the author of Hajji Baba.—Copyright law.—American writers.—National Literature.—The exhibition of Cartoons.—Effects of a moist climate.—British and Foreign Institute.—The Countess Calabrella, &c.

MY DEAR MORRIS—The summer is with you, I hope. With me in England, there has been little sign of it, except the very elegant white hat from Beebe & Costar, which with a continuance of the present weather, is not likely to fulfil its destiny. It is too cold for white hats or white trowsers, and half the men in the streets of London, have worn overcoats through these two weeks of July. I, for one, go about in double flannels, and keep a fire for my companion in my solitary room—not sorry to have an excuse for profiting by its companionableness.

And, talking of hats, suppose I cater for our dressy friends, by sending you a letter on the present *wearables* of the thorough bred men of London! They will regret to know, for one thing, that *white cravats*, at dinner and evening parties are as indispensable as they were fifteen years ago—quite as few people as then, looking tolerably in them, or knowing how to tie them. I dined out in one yesterday, and, (till I forgot it in the conversation of a newly celebrated authoress who sat on my left,) I felt as if I had exchanged cravats with one of the footmen. For a man who wears the whole of his beard, they are becoming and therefore look well on foreigners in London, but the English still persist in clean mouths and chins, and wear high shirt collars, which, with white cravats, are execrable.

Hats are no longer carried into the drawing room at parties, but delivered to a servant below stairs, who tickets them, and gives the owners numbers by which they are to be called for. Hat making is curiously deteriorated in England. The best dressed men wear abominably ill looking ones, both as to shape and quality. I am cherishing my black Beebe & Costar very carefully, but what with being caught every day in the rain, and [illegible] about in hacks and omnibusses I shall soon want another, and I commission you to send me, from aboriginal America, a hat to wear in highly civilized London! And I should certainly send home for American clothes, were my wardrobe deficient. You would hardly get a clerk in Pearl street, to wear the scant short-waisted, tight-sleeved coat worn by the mounted dandy in Hyde Park. Jennings should set up a branch of his Broadway shop in London, and send out that one of his many cutters who makes your coat *as large as you want it*—a miracle never done, I believe, till the advent of Carpenter in Philadelphia.

If Englishmen were not so much the finest figures of men in the world, they would certainly pass for the most ill-dressed. It is strange how they stick to their defective fashions. Twelve years ago I marvelled at the scant coats, scant waiscoats and tight-legged trowsers of Englishmen, and they are worn just so now. Happily this conservation is a type of their character, and they are just as constant to their friendships. I doubt whether there is another country in the world where the stranger goes back, after years of absence, & finds his welcome so completely unaltered.—(Please not to smile at my premises and deductions!)

I fancy that the extravagance of canes and fancy cravats of expensive satin, which prevailed in America the last year or two, were borrowed by us from the French, and never "obtained" in England. At least, I see no signs of them now. A gentleman, to be sure, has always need of an umbrella, in this climate and few people are to be seen without one, any day in the year; but, if he carries a stick, it is a short common twig of white wood that costs a shilling, and no such thing as a cane is now seen in an evening party.

I doubt also whether our late fashion of long hair is not copied from the French, or exclusively American. You can hardly see a young man in Broadway whose head is not skirted by a single hem around the neck, made by the curling tongs of the hair-dresser, but this effeminacy would be looked on as rather "tigerish" in London. Short hair, with a very short whisker, both very much brushed, is still the fashion here as it was years ago, though I see *imperials* (which your country readers may require explaining as a *tuft on the under lip*) becoming prevalent among the most fashionable of the street dandies.

I breakfasted, or rather lunched this morning, at a very celebrated table with some very charming and celebrated people. One of the guests was Morier the author "Hiji Baba," a writer who delights me exceedingly in a book, and whose lips and manners are as graphic as his pen. He is a stout, bald man, hale and ruddy, perfectly at his ease in all society, and *ready to supply the topic, or listen, as the occasion calls for either.* This is a kind of a man, by the way, much prized in London—wholly unrecognized (as to value) in America. I have often picked out one of the kind in New York, and smiled inwardly to see how his gold passed for copper—but it is of no use to hurry civilization. Our society, to use a homely figure, is a pudding as well mixed as that of England, only England's pudding is *quite* baked, ours *only half*. I like to

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