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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AMELIA,
OF THE LOUISVILLE JOURNAL.

We clip the following notice of Mrs Amelia B. Welby from a Kentucky paper.—This, sweetest of all poetesses, was born in Talbot county on the Eastern Shore of Maryland—her maiden name was Coppuck, and she now probably is not more than twenty five years of age. Following the sketch, we give the latest production from her pen, with which we have met, written for the Louisville Journal, and called by Prentice, whose judgment in such matters no one will call in question, "a beautiful & powerful production."—*Cecil Whig.*

Upon visiting the studio of Spence, an artist of celebrity, at Louisville, my attention was directed to a portrait in the room, which he informed me was Amelia, the Poetess of the Louisville Journal. Having perused her productions with infinite delight I became interested in the features of one whose soul seemed almost to dissolve itself in song, and I gazed at the counterfeit presentment, with more than regard which was noticed by my friend, LIMNER, who promised me an introduction forthwith. This I at once embraced, and was introduced to her the subsequent day.—Shortly after our arrival at the residence of this gifted young lady, she made her appearance in the room, and I was surprised at her youthful form and features, presenting one whose years did not exceed sixteen: and with a corresponding innocent and confiding address.

The first interview was brief, but availing myself of a kind invitation to call again I paid my second visit and had the pleasure of a *tete a tete* with the charming youthful poetess! Our conversation became unreserved, and partook of a social and friendly character, in the course of which she informed me that the making of poetry had been an early amusement, but never for an instant supposed that her pieces possessed an unusual merit, until Mr. Prentice noticed one of them in an album, and solicited from her contributions to the Journal.

It is truly astonishing in reading her poetry to reflect upon the deep philosophy which prevades it, and the almost sublime melody of her verses, for one so young.—Inspiration seems to have touched her lips with its hallowed fire and one might well imagine

'That angels would start in wild surprise,
To hear a voice so like their own.'

The reply she made to me, upon eulogizing her splendid intellectual efforts told of the yearning of her soul after immortality. Willingly she remarked, would I be content to die to-morrow provided that I should be remembered always. The aspiration was glorious, and a herald of the fame which awaits her when the voice of her melody shall go forth to the world!

I requested to see one of her MSS. to behold her writing, and to observe whether she corrected much during the progress of an article, as it has been alledged that N. P. Willis frequently re-copies his articles five or six times, to model them perfect in his own estimation.

Kindly did Amelia favor me with one written at the suggestion of a youthful friend who was in the Navy, and never were more noble sentiments dictated, than those addressed to that young officer, who should ever wear them next to his heart as a talisman whenever his country calls him forth to the field of honor and glory.

I remarked to her in admiration of the beautiful penmanship, that she certainly wrote with no ordinary degree of elegance and that it was singular, as most literary individuals wrote a bad hand. Every thing that I do jingles, she playfully replied.—For my part, she continued, I write so compositors can read, and hence there are but few typographical errors in my articles.

In reply to the questions as to the place of her nativity, she informed me that it was the Eastern Shore of Maryland, within sight and hearing of the deep blue ocean. In her own sweet language,

For it was on the dewy sod,
Beside the morning seas,
I learnt at first to worship God,
And sing such strains as these.

ON ENTERING the MAMMOTH CAVE.

BY MRS. AMELIA B. WELBY.

HUSH! for my heart-blood curdles as we enter
To glide in gloom these shadowy realms about;
Oh what a scene! the round globe to its centre,
To form this awful cave, seems hollowed out!
Yet pause—no mystic word hath yet been spoken,
To win us entrance to this awful sphere—
A whispered prayer must be our watch-word token,
A peace—like that around us—peace unbroken
The passport here.

And now farewell, ye birds and blossoms tender,
Ye glistening leaves by morning dews empearled;
And you, ye beams that light with softened splendor
The glimmering glories of yon outer world!
While thus we pause these silent arches under,
To you and yours a wild farewell we wave,
For oh! perhaps this awful spot may sunder
Our hearts from all we love—this world of wonder
May be our grave.

And yet farewell!—the faintly flickering torches
Light our lone footsteps o'er the silent sod;
And now all hail, ye everlasting arches,
Ye dark dominions of an unseen God!
Who would not for this sight the bliss surrender
Of all the beauties of yon sunny sphere,
And break the sweetest ties, however tender,
To be the witness of the silent splendor,
That greets us here!

Ye glittering caves, ye high o'erhanging arches,
A pilgrim-band we glide amid your gloom,
With breathless lips and high uplifted torches,
All fancifully decked in cave-costume;
Far from the day's glad beams, and songs, and flowers,
We've come with spell-touched hearts, ye countless caves;
To glide enchanted, for a few brief hours,
Though the calm beauty of your awful bowers
And o'er your waves.

Beautiful cave! that all my soul entrances,
Known as the Wonder of the West so long,
Oh 'twere a fate beyond my wildest fancies,
Could I but shrine you now as such in song!
But 'tis in vain—the untaught child of Nature,
I cannot vent the thoughts that through me flow
Yet none the less is graved thine every feature
Upon the wild imaginative creature
That hails you now!

Palace of Nature! with a poet's fancies
I've oftimes pictured thee in dreams of bliss, [cies,
And glorious scenes were given to my fan-
But never gazed I on a scene like this!
Compared with thine, what are the awful wonders
Of the deep, fathomless, unbounded sea?
Or the storm-cloud whose lance of lightning sunders
The solid oak?—or even thine awful thunders,
Niagara!

Hark! here ye not those echoes ringing after
Our gliding steps?—my spirit faints with fear;
Those mocking tones, like subteranean laughter—
Or does the brain grow wild with wandering here
There may be spectres wild and forms appalling
Our wandering eyes, where'er we rove, to greet—
Methinks I hear their low, sad voices calling
Upon us now, and far away the falling
Of phantom feet.

The glittering dome, the arch, the towering column,
Are sights that greet us now on every hand,
And all so wild—so strange—so sweetly solemn;
So like one's fancies formed of fairy land!
And these, then, are your works, mysterious powers!
Your spells are o'er, around us, and beneath,
These opening aisles, these chrystal fruits and flowers,
And glittering grots and high-arched beauteous bowers,
As still as death!

But yet lead on! perhaps than this fair vision
Some lovelier yet in darkling distance lies—
Some cave of beauty, like those realms elysian
That oft times open on poetic eyes!
Some spot where led by Fancy's sweet assistance,
Our wandering feet o'er silvery sands may stray,
Where prattling waters urge with soft resistance
Their wavelets on, till lost in airy distance,
And far away!

Oft the lone Indian o'er these low-toned waters
Has bent, perhaps, his swarthy brow to lave;
It seems the requiem of their dark-eyed daughters—
Those sweet wild notes that wander o'er the wave:
Hast thou no relic of their ancient glory,
No legend, lonely cavern! linked with thine?
No tale of love—no wild romantic story
Of some warm heart whose dreams were transitory,
And sweet as mine?

It must be so the thought your spell enhances—
Yet why pursue this wild romantic dream?
The heart, afloat upon its fluttering fancies,
Would lose itself in the bewildering theme!
And yet, ye waters! still I list your surging,
And ever and anon I seem to view,
In fancy's eye, some Indian maid emerging
Through the deep gloom, and o'er your waters urging
Her light canoe.

Oh silent cave! amid the elevation
Of lofty thought could I abide with thee,
My soul's sad shrine, my heart's lone habitation,
Forever and forever thou shouldst be!
Here into song my every thought I'd render
And thou—and thou alone—shouldst be my theme, [dor,
Far from the weary world's delusive splen-
Would not my lonely life be all one tender,
Delicious dream?

Yes! though no other form save mine might hover
In these lone hills, no other whisper roll
Along those airy domes that arch me over,
Save gentle Echo, sister of my soul!
Yet, 'neath these domes whose spell of beauty weighs me,
My heart would evermore in bliss abide;
No sorrow to depress—no hope to raise me
Here would I ever dwell—with none to praise me,
And none to chide.

Region of caves and streams! and must I sever
My spirit from your spell? 'Twere bliss to stray
The happy rover of your realms forever,
And yet, farewell forever and for aye!
I leave you now, yet many a sparkling token
Within your cool recesses I have sought
To treasure up with fancies still unspoken—
Till from these quivering heart-strings,
Death hath broken
The thread of thought!

AGRICULTURE.

SMUT IN WHEAT.

A gentleman who resides near the city of Washington, and is engaged in agricultural pursuits, has furnished to the editors of the National Intelligencer an interesting communication on the subject of preventing smut in wheat, a portion of which we annex.

I purchased last autumn of one of my neighbors a portion of my seed wheat, whose crop I afterwards learned had been injured by that species of smut that is called *uredo fatida*, dust brand, or pepper brand, the wheat looked clean and fine, and clear of any foreign mixture. Previous to commencing the seeding of this grain I had been seeding some of another kind, in which there was a mixture of garlic; and I had given orders to my seedsman to pass it through a brine strong enough to bear an egg, to skim off all the trash that might rise to the surface, and then remove the grain to a plank floor and dry it, by stirring it in air slacked lime. When he commenced seeding the wheat I had bought finding it perfectly clean, and supposing that my object in steeping the other was to get clear of filth, without consulting me began to sow it, without the use of the brine and lime, and had strewed about a bushel before I discovered it.

As soon as I had made the discovery, I had it treated precisely as the other. When I came to harvest my wheat this season this circumstance had passed from my memory, and I was much surprised to find that in one small corner of the field the smut had destroyed the wheat, while the rest was completely exempt from it, under pretty much the same circumstances of soil and exposure. I should have been exceedingly puzzled to have assigned a cause for this difference in the crop, had I not been reminded by my seedsman of the fact of his having seeded a portion of the undoctored wheat the previous autumn; and he stated that it was on the spot where the smut existed that he strewed it. It seems to me there can be no stronger evidence than this accidental circumstance has afforded for the benefit of brining and liming our seed wheat; and I strongly recommend the use of the process to my brother farmers.

Yours, respectfully
C. B. HAMILTON.

SCOUR YOUR PLOUGHS BRIGHT.—Farmers may be surprised to know that their crops will depend a good deal on the color of the ploughs! yet so it is.—Bright ploughs! are found to produce much better crops than any other. It may be electricity, or magic, for aught we know, we merely state the fact, leaving others to account for it. But very much depends upon the manner of doing it; merely scrubbing it by hand with emery or sand is not the thing—it must be scoured by the soil. It is found that the sub-soil scours it better for wheat, than the top soil—for a plough kept bright by very deep ploughing affords better wheat than a plough brightened by the surface of the soil. It is the same with corn, in respect to this last crop if you will keep your plough bright as a mirror until the corn is in the milk, you will find that it will have a wonderful effect. I appeal to every good farmer if he ever knew a rusty plough to be accompanied with good crops. Iron-rust on a plough-share is poisonous to corn.

A young farmer of about twenty years of age said to us the other day:—'If any body wants me, he must come to my corn field I live there—I am at it all the time.—I have harrowed my corn once, ploughed five times, and gone over it with the hoe once.' 'Yes,' said his old father who seemed, justly, quite proud of his son—keep your ploughs a going if you want to fetch corn. I never let the ground settle on the top; if it is beaten down by rain, or begins to look a kind of rusty on the surface I pitch into it, and keep it as mealy as flour. The fact is, our farmers raise more corn than they can tend; they can't go over the corn more than once or twice, and that'll never do, and I guess I'll show old Billy R ——— that it's so.'

Some ambitious farmers are pleased to lay by the corn very early; but it is not wise; for the grass is always more forward to grow about this season than any other:—and the ground will become very foul where corn is too early laid by, and what is more to the purpose a great deal of the nourishment of a crop is derived from the air and dew conveyed to the roots. This can be done only when the surface is kept thoroughly open.—*Indian Farmer and Gardiner.*

COUNTRY NEWSPAPERS.—Let no farmer—and no other man—[says the Family Visitor] relinquish the newspaper published in his own neighborhood, for the sake of taking some other larger, cheaper or more popular paper published abroad.—The newspaper published in his own county is always, as a general rule, more valuable than any other—if it be for nothing but the advertisements; ave the somewhat abused and neglected advertisements, are a thermometer of the business of the place and often the key which opens the door to excellent bargains. It is of no little consequence for the farmer to know what is going on in his market town—the competition in selling, & the competition in buying produce—the changes in business operations—the settlement of estates—the sale of farms, stock &c. We venture to say that there is no man who has not every year, which alone would save the price of subscription to his neighborhood paper, from its advertising columns alone, and on this ground we expect all to patronize their own newspapers. This should be made so for weightier reasons, one of which we will name; the monthly or weekly sheets of the cities being furnished at a price with which no country printer can compete, for one reason, because made up generally from the matter once used and paid for in the daily papers, are encroaching largely upon the country newspapers, thus discouraging improvements and enterprise, and gradually bringing the whole country under the influence, and in some sense, the *control* of the leading cliques in the cities. Thus a tone is giving to the morals, the politics and the habits of the country—and, we hesitate not to say, that the preponderence of this influence is bad. The people of the country get full enough of this influence through their own papers; and if they would not see complete moral supremacy of the cities over the moral and political destiny of the country let them support the country newspapers. Take the city papers if you can afford it, and as many as you please; but first see to it that you have your own home papers as a regular visitor to your fireside. Support them first and liberally, and they will hardly fail to support your interest.

PIOUS POLICY.—A cobbler and his wife having removed from the country to this city, were overheard holding the following conversation together upon religious expediency, 'now they have got to Cincinnati.'

Husband. Since we have got here to live, it is necessary that we should join ourselves to some church, 'cause 'twill bring in custom—ye know!—Which sect will be the most advantageous to us in that respect? The great folks wont want much work in our line. The denomination where there is the greatest number of common poor people. Now, for my part, I think the Methodist Church is the one—they are wonderful plain sort'r Christians.

Wife. Now, husband, I think the Baptist people are more kind'r like our sort of folks, them 'ere what'll deal with us—I think we'd better join them.

Husband, I wish we could manage to contrive so's to get the custom of both these numerous classes. I'm sure they're the people for us—we must be mighty religious.

Wife. Husband, I tell you—you join the Methodists, and I'll join the Baptists. So, as you bring custom from them 'ere, I'll bring work from 'tothers; then we'll have two strings to our bow, you know—there can be no harm in't. Try and keep it sly—shine dark!

Husband. Well said—that's the plan—give me what you contrives. So, I'll soon have cobbling enough to engage a jour.—*Cin. Sen.*

The above story, although evidently not told by a Walter Scott, has its moral.

12,878 passengers arrived at the port of New York from foreign ports, during the month of August.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ARRIVAL OF THE STEAM SHIP BRITANNIA.

10 *Days later from Europe.*

Improvement in the Weather and in the cotton Market—Riots at Madrid, Defeat of the French in Algiers—A terrible conflict at Madagascar, &c.

The steamer Britannia arrived at Boston on Friday morning, in 14¼ days from Liverpool, with dates to the 14th inst. She brought out 92 passengers to Halifax, landed 18 and took on board 18, making 92 to Boston, among whom were the Hon. Edward Everett, late Minister to London, and family. We make up the following summary of News from Extras of the New York Herald, Sun, Boston Advertiser, and the European Times, received by the unrivaled express of Messrs. Adams & Co.

The Hon. Louis McLane, the American Minister at the British Court, had taken up his residence at 38 Hasley street, Cavendish, Square.

The Acadia arrived out in 11 1-2 days from Boston—one of the shortest voyages ever made.

Cotton—Crops—the weather &c.—The Cotton market had improved, and the prices were partially 1-8d higher than at the close of last month. The European Times says:

The fine weather has had material influence in strengthening this feeling, and in dispelling the melancholy foreboding about the harvest that had taken possession of the public mind. The sales up to the end of the week exceeded 48,000 bags—a daily average of more than 8,000. In the four days since nearly 10,000 have been sold, and prices are very evidently getting up.—It is true that speculators have bought freely, but this is only a natural course, to be expected now that the harvest is considered secure.

The weather during the last few days has been nearly all that can be desired.—The change seems miraculous. The warm weather we rejoice to say, has set in with every prospect of continuance, and just in time to secure a good harvest. During the last ten days the mercury has become steady, the sun has shone out gaily, there has been considerable warmth, and, at the time we write, these appearances continue, with every prospect of permanency.'

In many parts of the country—in the southern districts especially—reaping is general, and in the course of the present week the sickle will be more or less in operation over these islands. That some damage has been done to the crops from the continuous wet and the want of warm weather all the accounts admit, but it is not of a nature to cause much anxiety.—The fear, a short time back, was that the injury would prove irreparable—part praying it. The crops that have been cut, although not so good as could be wished, are better than was expected. The Corn markets generally exhibit the absence of that feverish excitement that has been more less manifest during the last month or six weeks. In despite, however, of all this, a considerable importation of foreign grain will be necessary, to mix with the soft and inferior qualities of the present year, and those who have speculated early will find a good account in their enterprise.

That no great amount of speculation has been going forward, in the corn trade with our more immediate neighbors in the Baltic, is evident from the unexcited state of the money market, which has hardly been ruffled of late. Whatever is brought from the Continent must be paid for in hard gold, as the demand is irregular, and confined to seasons of uncertainty like the present. The Bank of returns, the rate of interest on the best bills at 2 1-2 to 3 per ct., and the abundance of money, even in the face of the gigantic railway speculations and investments, show that the corn factors have been looking further than Germany for their supplies. This year the utility of the law which admits Canadian wheat and flour at a nominal duty, combined with the law of that province for the admission of United States flour at a low fixed duty will be fairly tested; and, as we before remarked, those who are early in the field, and have anticipated the threatening appearances that recently alarmed Great Britain, will find themselves favored by that most fickle and best-woed of the deities—Fortune.

State of Trade in the Manufacturing Districts. There is still a good and prosperous business doing in the several Woollen markets throughout England. At Leeds they are busily engaged, whilst they obtain remunerating prices for their labour. The same remark applies to Huddersfield and Rochdale. In Worsteds there is an active trade; designs for the ensuing winter season meet a good demand; indeed, the weather has exercised a considerable influence upon these and the cotton trades.—The late change to dry, warm, autumnal weather has proved favorable to both manufacturers and merchants. At Manchester both Goods and Yarn are now in better request and price very firm.

The state of trade is in most respects satisfactory. The demand for all the leading staples whether sugar, coffee, wool or cotton, is so steady as to indicate a healthy consumption, and the supplies are sufficient to check any exhorbitant advance.

There is a complete famine in Poland, so that no supplies of wheat can be expected from that quarter.

The Parliament session being over, the Queen being on a tour of pleasure in Germany, O'Connell in retirement at Derrynare, and the Ministers and other Legislators being on the moors shooting grouse, or in fields popping at partridges, there is little of incident to record in the political world. There are some reports of changes in the Ministry. Lord Lyndhurst, it is said, is desirous of retiring, and the question was who would succeed him?

There has been a terrific whirlwind on the continent. Its effects in Holland were almost as severely felt as in France. At Rouen however, it seems to have expended its greatest violence. In that city three extensive manufactories were destroyed by the whirlwind, while all hands were at work; not less than 60 persons of all ages perished in the ruins, and 126 were thereby wounded.

QUEEN VICTORIA.—Several hints have recently been thrown out in the periodicals of the day, that fears were entertained in reference to the sanity of Queen Victoria and we observe that the Paris correspondent of Livingston and Well's Express, intimates that rumours are afloat on that subject in the Parisian circles. It has been supposed that the succession of journeyings, fetes, royal visits, &c., which are constantly kept up, are intended to occupy the queen's mind, least the hereditary malady of her family should be induced by rest and want of occupation. That she has a tendency towards aberration of intellect, cannot be doubted. This is unfortunate, for she seems to be lovingly cherished by her people.—*Weal's Gazette.*

A Boston letter published in the Richmond Whig says that the Middlesex Manufactory at Lowell turns out each week 2,200 yards of broad cloth and 12,000 yards of Cassimere, the latter comprising the greatest variety of plaid & fancy goods. The manufactures of this establishment are in great demand and are disposed of as soon as finished.

The same letter speaks of two ready-made clothing stores in Boston, each of which pays to sempstresses, on an average from $1000 to $1500 per week. One of these stores pays to the Boston Atlas alone upwards of $6000 a year for advertising.—There are many similar establishments in Boston doing a large and profitable business.

OHIO CONFERENCE. The Methodist Episcopal Conference of Ohio has adjourned. The proceedings of the General Conference on the subject of ministers holding slaves, were approved with only six or seven dissenting voices.

It was well said by a sagacious observer that "mankind might do without physicians; if they would observe the laws of health, without lawyers, if they would keep their tempers; without soldiers, if they would observe the laws of peace; but there is no doing without *farmers.*"

More Territory.—Pichlyn, the elective chief of 25,000 civilized Choctaws, beyond the Mississippi, says the *Mississippi Free Trader*, will probably visit Washington this winter for the purpose of applying to Congress for the admission of his nation, as a territory into the United States with a delegate in Congress.

The census of New York has been taken recently in accordance with an Act passed by the last Legislature of that State. In fifty-four cities and towns the increase of population during the last five years has been nearly 23 per cent. If the increase throughout the rest of the State has been in proportion to the increase of these cities and towns the population of New York is half a million greater than it was in 1840

The True Spirit.—Six hundred Irishmen in New Orleans assembled in public meeting on the demand for troops, and with the greatest enthusiasm declared their readiness to enroll themselves for the defence of their adopted country. The German Yagers also volunteered to a man.—Indeed, the enthusiasm of the citizens of foreign birth was not a whit less than the true native feeling manifested on this occasion.

PRINTERS.—The United States Journal says that there are more than twenty printers who are performing the duties of clerks in the Departments at Washington, and that they are equal, if not superior to others, who had the advantages of a collegiate education. We have no doubt about it.—Half the college fledglings don't know a comma from the fluke of an anchor.—*Albany Evening Int.*

"Halloo! my dear, exclaimed a newly married man to his wife, "what are you fumbling about your mouth there for?"

"Just taken out my teeth, love."

"The deuce! well you can't talk, what's the matter now?"

"Oh that's only my palate dropped out. I'll soon fix that."

"Thunder and blazes! Why—why, why where's your hair?"

"On the table. Isn't it pretty? It bought it the other day of the hair dresser."

The man took to his heels, and has not been heard of since, though a man resembling him was seen not long afterwards inquiring the way to Texas.

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