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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THE LIP AND THE HEART.

BY J. Q. ADAMS.

One day between the Lip and the Heart
A wordless strife arose,
Which was expertest in the art
His purpose to disclose.

The lip called forth his vassal Tongue,
And made him vouch—a lie!
The slave his servile anthem sung,
And brav'd the listening sky.

The heart to speak, in vain essay'd.
Nor could his purpose reach—
His will nor voice nor tongue obeyed,
His silence was his speech.

Mark thou their difference, child of earth!
While each performs his part,
Not all the lip can speak, is worth
The silence of the Heart.

EXPOSITION OF SANTA ANNA'S VIEWS.

The New Orleans Picayune of the 17th ult. publishes the following Circular, addressed by the Mexican Secretary of State, Senor Pacheco, to the Governors of the different States, throwing further light upon his motives for abandoning the capital, and unfolding his views as to the Government lately installed by him, and his own personal designs. There are many passages in it of notable import. It was originally published in the Diario del Gobierno, printed at Toluca.

TOLUCA, Sept. 18, 1847.

Circular by Don Jose Rymon Pacheco, Secretary of State, to the Governors of the different States:

Your Excellency—After having sent to your Excellency from the city of Guadalupe Hidalgo the manuscript decree issued from that city under yesterday's date, by his Excellency the President *ad interim*, I have now the honor of sending you (blank) copies printed in this city, in order that your Excellency may circulate them in the State which you so worthily govern, and that the nation may be informed that it is not left without a head, as his Excellency, General Don Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, previous to his march to commence his military movements against the base of the enemy's operations, has devolved the Government upon the authority designed by the constitution.

* * * * *

Impartial history will some day record whether fate Providence may have decreed the causes which brought about the events which have just occurred in the capital, in consequence of which it is now to our astonishment, indignation and grief, in the power of the enemy. These causes are known to thousands of witnesses, and well understood by those only who truly feel its immense loss to their country. The fact is that one of the points which defended the entries to the city having been abandoned without any orders, and another point having been taken at the end of the day on the 13th, after a combat of fifteen hours, it was decided by a meeting of the generals held that night in the citadel, that a continued resistance would only expose the city to pillage, and to all the acts of immorality to which a savage enemy abandons himself. This latter was a misfortune which his Excellency wished to avoid at all hazards; and with a view to which he had at the very commencement caused the fortifications to be made at far advanced points. In order to retain on the other hand all his armament and the necessary means to continue the war, without owing them to a humiliating capitulation, it was resolved to evacuate the city that very night, conducting the whole army to the city of Guadalupe de Hidalgo, in order to take the next day, according to the intentions of his Excellency, the road to Puebla, to redeem that city out of the power of the enemy, cutting off at the same time all communication with Vera Cruz.

The troops having already commenced the march, and having made some progress on the road, it became known, as much to our satisfaction as surprise, that the people, who the day before, although supported by the army, and the valiant National Guards, had taken no part in the struggle, had undertaken on their own account the extermination of the invaders. Immediately the army was countermarched, and two columns, one under the command of his Excellency, and the other under Gen. Don Juan Alvarez, penetrated as far as the streets of Santo Domingo and La Cerca, lancing some of the Americans.* Subsequently, after some measures and other circumstances which it is unnecessary to mention, the heroic people of the capital were disarmed.

In undertaking to carry out his first intent, the most formidable obstacle to be encountered was the want of means. The troops had been five days without any support. His Excellency the President had exhausted all his personal resources. From the 19th of August, the date of the misfortune at Padierna, to which our present situation is to be ascribed, up to that day—that is, in twenty-six days—not a man nor a dollar had been sent from any part. How could it be exacted, or even expected, that the city of Mexico, which had already made so many sacrifices, should alone carry on the war and bear the weight of the burdens which are destroying the nation? To the evils of the war, caused by the invaders, it would not have become the Government to add those of making the army live at the expense of the people; and yet to disband the troops, in order that they might devastate the roads and villages, would have been a still greater evil. The difficulty was insuperable, as there was no food on that day for the soldiers, and the situation was dreadful.—His Excellency, the President, since his return to the Republic, has above all had to contend with difficulties of this nature, and to them is to be attributed the greater part of our misfortunes; but rather than destroy a force which, after being purified and organized in a different manner, could still be rendered serviceable to the nation, he embraced the middle course, of dividing the army into sections, under the command of tried officers, giving them instructions as to the roads they were to take, his Excellency reserving for himself a part of the cavalry. In this manner were obviated the great evils of a disbandment of the army; the burden was distributed so as not to weigh on a single district, and above all it furnished to the States of the Interior a nucleus which they could increase or shape as they might like, in order to carry on the war, which they have all demanded, without listening to any propositions of peace from the enemy.

* * * * *

The Government has not taken a step, nor has it had a single communication with the enemy but what is within the reach of all his compatriots, nor has it been bound by any compromise past, present or future. If in the publications which have been made it may have excited surprise, and not without reason, not to have found the discussions which were expected from the general and the commissioner of the Government of the United States, it was that the contempt with which they treat us, and the unblushing determination which they have taken to carry on a war the most infamous and sanguinary for their simple diversion and pleasure, no other answer could be given, except through the cannon's mouth and death.

His Excellency, the President *ad interem*, orders the undersigned to communicate to your Excellency the preceding exposition; at the same time transmitting to you the decree of his resignation, reserving to himself to give at a proper time to his fellow-citizens a circumstantial manifesto: he has also enjoined him particularly to state in his name to the new Constitutional Government, that he will not lay down his arms against the enemy of his country until this Government, or whatever government may be nominated by the nation or Congress, shall order him to lay them down; that he will be its firmest support against any revolution, as also in every matter which may be determined as to the American question, be it peace or war; that he will comply in his quality of subject with the national will legitimately expressed as he always has done in his capacity of First Magistrate, and that his Excellency wishes to be the first to give an example of submission to the authority of the laws. God and liberty!

I have the honor to be, with distinguished consideration, PACHECO.

His Excellency, the Governor of ——.

*The Monitor Republicano peremptorily denies this statement of Pacheco about the two columns countermarched upon the city. It states that on the 14th, some of Santa Anna's troops re-entered the city, and that on the 15th about 10 o'clock in the evening, a small body of cavalry entered in disorder, inflicting great injuries upon the peaceable population which had suffered so much the day previous.

ENORMOUS FORTUNES.

Sir Robert Peel is said to possess an estate valued at ninety millions of dollars. His grandfather was in quite ordinary circumstances. His father was a cotton spinner, and accumulated a portion of this immense estate, which the son has increased by judicious investments. Only three generations have sufficed to raise a comparatively obscure family to rank, opulence and power. Other examples of what industry and merit can achieve might be quoted. But in all these instances of success we shall find that the rewards of life have only attended those who have been men of probity, economy and enterprise. Your villian, though he may succeed for awhile, is sure at last to be found out.—The spendthrift dissipates a fortune, but never acquires one. Indolence is the agent of poverty, and never fails to make good returns. To be successful in life, we have only to do right and remain true to ourselves, and victory, in general, is certain. If a rebuff meets us, we must not be disheartened, but try again. These are the secrets of the wealth of all the Peels, Girards, and Astors that ever lived.—*Neal's Gaz.*

A LADYS STRATAGEM.

The Boston Atlas translates the following story from the Paris *Siecle.* It is a good story enough, but we would not advise the reader to be very pertinacious in believing it:

One of the dangers at Ostend most to be guarded against are the professed gamblers. During the season of the carnival and lent, these knights of the green cloth keep themselves at Paris; but when Summer comes they scatter themselves all over Europe. They follow the fashion, and tread in the footsteps of its gilded votaries; they navigate, at full sail, in all the maritime and mineral waters of Europe. This year these birds of prey have spread in large numbers over Belgium. They have already made some great strokes; they speak of a Russian who was pillaged, in a single night, of two hundred thousand francs and who paid it the next day, apologizing for having made them wait. In these watering places, where the hells are under no regulations, the inexperienced are necessarily exposed to being plundered by sharpers. Two or three have been taken this year in the very act. They have been driven away, but there are enough left to hover over the shipwrecked in the stormy nights of lansquenet. One of these Greeks has recently been the hero, or rather the instrument, in a recent adventure at Ostend. Just at the commencement of the bathing season there arrived an English lady, mature in age, and possessed of a great fortune.

Her wealth had come to her late, and that explains how it chanced she was not married. But she sought to make up for lost time by marrying according to the wishes of her heart, which had inclined toward a young gentleman of twenty five. All the other aspirants had been discarded—thanked, but dismissed. The mature *young* lady was only willing to listen to the youthful and handsome Sir Edward.—But, unfortunately, the youthful and handsome Sir Edward would have nothing to say to her, and little suspected the flame he had kindled. How could he suppose that a miss of forty-five wished to have him for a husband? The fortune of the lady did not tempt him, for he had recently inherited ten thousand pounds sterling, and he felt himself rich enough to pass his youth in gaiety and freedom, prepared to enlist only under the banners of Hymen when he reached the age of reason, or the end of his ten thousand pounds. His frugal and economical habits drove the aged Miss Anna to despair—for she would have been glad to see him ruined and poor, as in that case more likely to be tempted by her wealth She had come to Ostend because she knew that Sir Edward was there. Her attacks, however, met with no more success than they had at London, Bath, Newmarket, Brighton, and all the other places where she had followed the indifferent youth. She could obtain nothing from him but cold politeness. She in vain displayed before his eyes the riches she possessed. His manner seemed to say, what do I care—I am satisfied with my present case.

Seeing that ordinary means met with no success, Miss Anna resolved to have recourse to a somewhat eccentric expedient. She was a lady of spirit; she was possessed both of audacity and imagination. The expedient could not fail.

These things took place a month ago. There chanced then to be a Greek here in Ostend, one of the heroes of that nation—a clever chief of the Hallenic confederation. He was a master of masters, an irresistable player, winning whenever and whatever he choose. Nothing had occurred to betray his true character, and Ostend considered him as an honest player, when our English lady found him and said to him: "I know who you are; I have received positive letters in regard to you.—Here are copies of them. You see I can ruin you" The blanket turned pale—he saw that he was at the mercy of the lady, but at the same time, the cunning knave saw that she had something to demand of him, and was only trying to frighten him into granting it. "I can ruin you," continued the marrying lady, "but I will spare you if you will consent to do me a service." The fellow had expected this, but he was delighted with the commencement. "Speak; madame," said he, "I await your orders." "Do you know Sir Edward?" "Yes, madame." "He does not often play, but he does not dislike it—you must make him play." "I should like nothing better." "Will you then go to the *Hotel des Bains*, where he dines; there get up a discussion wherein you shall be in the wrong, propose a wager of some bottles of champagne, which you shall lose; make Sir Edward drink, and when his head is heated, you shall lead him off to a game." "That is our usual way of proceeding," replied the sharper. "You must then win all his money; you must induce him to play upon his word of honor, and lead him on until he has lost his whole fortune, ten thousand pounds." The blackleg was stupified. He reflected a moment and said: "I understand, I will win his ten thousand and then share them with you." The haughty English woman repressed a motion of indignation, and replied in a disdainful tone: "No, you will keep it yourself." "And is this the condition upon which you consent not to ruin me?"—"Yes, but reflect well upon it. I insist that Sir Edward shall be completely stripped. If you leave him the smallest balance, these letters concerning you shall be made public." "You shall have no reason to complain of me."

On the following day the dinner came off. The champagne was drunk; the parties engaged in the game; and before night was over, Sir Edward had lost everything. It was then that our English lady appeared to advantage; the young man, now ruined, opened both eyes and ears. The first, it is true, were not charmed by the personal attractions of Miss Anna, but he listened with complaisance to the detail and amount of her wealth, which she offered with her hand. It was an affair of three millions. The age of the bride disappeared, and the absence of personal charms was amply atoned by such a fortune. Sir Edward accepted, and the wedding has just been celebrated.

From the New Orleans Delta.

SAM SANDON—THE UNIVERSAL VOTER.

In the group of characters which the picture of the Recorder's office presented yesterday, there was one of so marked a contour & tout ensemble, that a connoisseur could not fail to select him an object for contemplative study. His hair grew sparse and was of a wiry texture—deep, lateral furrows traversed his forehead; his eyes were like glass balls, dimly lit by weak rush lights, his nose was like a mound of semi-ripe raspberries, and his mouth partook of the characteristics of the genuine catfish. He held in his hand a hat which was not all a hat, for it had been divested of a portion of the leaf, and his entire toggery proved to an ocular demonstration, that whatever might have been the state of his morals, he was literally and decidedly a man of bad habits.

"Sam Sandon!"

At the sound of his name, the prisoner, whose daguerreotype we have just endeavored to give above, scratched with his left hand that part of his scalp where once grew hair. This must have been meant for an answer to the call of the Court—for he made no other.

"Sandon," said the Recorder, what do you do for a living?"

Sandon—"I used to follow the hoyster business, but I found it wasn't respectable so, findin' an openin' in another line, instead of shelling out myself, I now makes other folks shell out."

Recorder—"Then what do you follow now?"

Sandon—"Wotin'—I follows wotin,' your honor."

Recorder—"You follow what?"

Sandon—"'Lection business, your honor."

Recorder—"I understand you're a candidate for office."

Sandon—"No I aint, but I patronizes them as is. I'm a horator, as Brutus was."

Recorder—"And pray, Mr. Sandon, since as you say, you devote your entire mighty genius to election purposes; may I ask what party has the advantage of your powerful support?"

Sandon—"Which party? All parties, your honor—all parsies. Sam Sandon ain't the man to limit his vote, or the influence of his eloquence, to any one party. Like that 'ere French politicianer Guizot, he goes in for the balance of power, if he makes a speech for democracy, he, to carry out his theory, makes a speech for whiggery next; if he votes for a whig he next as a matter of course, turns round and votes for a democrat.

Recorder—"Your course, I must confess, Mr. Sandon, is remarkably impartial in this party-governing age. But how do you do when there is a number of men running for the same office, as is the case at present for the office of Justice of the Peace and Constable in the same district?"

Sandon—"Votes for them all, of course—carries out my principle."

Recorder—"Now, since you have enenlightened me as to your peculiar political system, which, if I understood you rightly, is no more than an exposition of your public life, how do you live? What supports you?

Sandon—"Why, the candidates support me, of course. I s'pose I ain't fool enough to support myself in times of political excitement like these."

Recorder—"Ah, you live on them day about, I suppose?"

Recorder—"No I duesn't, your honor. I'd scorn the hact. I regulates the scale of the society with which I favors them, on graduated principles of justice."

Recorder—"I don't understand you."

Sandon—"I means this, your honor—that I always makes a candidate for sheriff good to me for three days livin', and five nights' drinks, within a given time, mind me. A member of the Legislature is good for two. Coroners I ain't particular about. Justices of the Peace I come on for two days' livin' and extra drinks. From candidates for Constable, I take miscellaneous treats.

Recorder—"Your system seems to be for one too idle to work, a most admirable one. It is living made easy reduced to a science. I cannot say that you have no visible means of support, for those on whom you rely for a support, are necessarily among the most public men in the community. I shall let you go."

"Why, Sandon," said a friend, when he got outside the door, "he let you off easy."

"Was obliged to," said Sandon, "he knows how I wotes."

NOVEL SWINDLE.

Several of the fashionable novelists of Paris have recently had a laugh together—for which, however, they had pre-paid rather a high price. A chance inquiry, by one author into the cause of another's unwonted depression of spirits, exposed a mutual experience, which was found afterwards to be the exact counterpart of the experience of half a dozen others. Eugene Sue was one of the sufferers, and his account of it, given at some length in the French journal, is briefly as follows: He was called upon one morning after breakfast, by a person who begged a private interview on a matter of some importance.—The stranger was a melancholy, but rather fine looking man of forty-five or fifty, of prepossessing manners and very simple dress, who, after some preliminary embarrassment, told his story. He had once been the possessor of a fortune, had wasted the greater portion in the excesses of youth, and finally, sick of the world, had given the remainder of his means to the convent of La Trappe, and entered the cloister of the speechless brotherhood. Here he was at last content. Years rolled on, and he grew happier and happier in his seclusion, till, one fatal day, changing his cell to one which had been occupied by a passing traveller, he found——a copy of one of the novels of the author he was now addressing! In the fascination of this intoxicating cup of genius—by its bewildering and vivid pictures of life—by its adorable potraits of women and wild passions—the dormant nerve of his turbulent soul was electrified anew! His brain was fired as he read.—His blood kindled to a fever. He lost his control over his thoughts and limbs, and in frantic thirst for life once more in a world so bewilderingly pictured, he tore off his monkish cowl and rosary, dashed his missal into the corner of his cell, and fled by night to Paris. He had revelled here for weeks—he knew not how long—when his strength gave way—illness followed, and he was just now creeping forth from a hospital. Sick and in want, he had come to the author of all this evil—sure that in the genius where resided this wondrous power, there must be also a feeling of justice and compassion, to which he could look for a partial reparation. The *victim needed money*—he required means to return to the convent he had deserted, and something to present to the treasury of the brotherhood as an expiatory peacemaker to ensure his reception.

Such an appeal, of course, was not to be resisted. The convicted and *flattered* launcher of the thunderbolt pulled out his purse in pity—gave the scathed sufferer a handful of gold—and grew (not unpleasurably) pensive over the new view of his responsibility as a possessor of appalling power! Called upon by a brother author, during his contite reveric, he disclosed the cause of his sadness—which was received with a roar of laughter. The listener had just been 'done brown' by the same eloquent impostor, only it was *his* book, and not Monsieur Sue's, that had convulsed the soul of the apostate Trappist! As the story got about, there was a general confession—every man in Paris who had written a tale paid handsomely to undo the fatal mischief of its fascination! The melancholy monk, it need hardly be said, turned out to be one of the most accomplished swindlers of the continent.—*Home Journal.*

ANECDOTE OF SANTA ANNA.

The following is copied from the Diario, the official paper of the Mexican Government: "During the action of the 20th instant, while our troops were retiring from the bridge of Churubusco to Candelarie, still combating with the forces that charged after them, four dragoons & a captain of the enemy threw themselves forward in our column with such rapidity, that they were not observed till they arrived at the works of Candelarie. They were there first recognised as enemies, and fired on by the garrison, by which the four dragoons and the captain's horse were killed The captain, on regaining his feet, was surrounded by some of the President's aids, and other officers, who came with his column. They were about to kill him when the President interposed, and ordered them only to disarm him. His excellency after taking a turn along the embattled ranks, returned to the place where they had the prisoner, when one of the officers said to him, "General, this man ought to be shot; he has himself confessed that he came here for the purpose of killing your excellency."

"How so; what says he?" inquired the President. "He says, was the reply, "that learning in Churubusco from one of our prisoners that your excellency was with this column, he with the four soldiers who followed him, took the resolution of reaching and slaying your excellency, for if they accomplished this it would be a most glorious act, and still more so, if they should perish in doing it." Admiring their daring bravery, the President replied: "Now, less than ever, will I allow any harm to be done. He is a prisoner of war; and let him who lays a hand on him beware. Alas! if I had many officers like him, Scott would not now be so near us." He then placed, the officer in charge of young Don Augustin Tornel, with whom he was seen entering the palace last evening."

The above extract (says the Washington Union) from the Diario Official, of Mexico, is translated from the La Patria o. New Orleans. We trust the story is true not only because it is pleasing to meet with as rare instances of generosity from so unexpected a source as the breast of Santa Anna; but, also because the daring act of the American captain and his four dragoons, reflect honor on the country, if the incident really occurred, the names of the heroic five, it is to be hoped, will ere long be known. But we are compelled to say that we attach little credibility to any report which appears in the La Patria.—*Phila. Bul.*

THE POPE.

The editor of the New York Courier and Enquirer gives the following description of a portrait of the present liberal Pope, Pius IX., now being exhibited in that city:

"The face is expressive of strong common sense, benevolence, firmness, and quick perceptive power; the eye bright and intelligent, the mouth well formed, and the forhead well developed, though seeming not very high to the superficial observer, owing to the great development of the perceptive organs. Unless the artist has flattered, the Pope does not appear as old as might be expected. This portrait represents him with iron gray hair, and is in the full maturity of manhood, with twenty years at least of working life before him. For the sake of Italy we hope it is so."

FICKLENESS OF THE PUBLIC.

It appears that Jenny Lind is already likely to be superseded by a new musical favorite. Alboni—the "Superb Alboni," as the Court Journal calls her, is fast usurping the throne in public estimation, till now exclusively occupied by the incomparable Jenny. "The success achieved by Alboni," says the same authority, "is one of the most legitimate, as well as one of the most complete and triumphant in our recollection of the opera. The instant her luscious tones fell upon the ear of the crowd—the instant Alboni's honey notes were heard, Alboni's reputation was made. She arrived unheralded, unrumpeted, unprophecied, but her triumph was greater and more real."

From the Germantown Telegraph.

ECONOMY OF FODDER.

"A penny saved is two pence earned."—Franklin.

Too many Farmers, I fear, are obnoxious to the charge of being "penny wise and pound foolish" in some of their affairs. In the feeding of stock, for instance, farmers who are scrupulously vigilant in applying the most rigid principles of prudence in other matters, are shockingly remiss. My object in the present communication is not so much, however, to censure, as to offer a word of advice to those whom I can but regard as negligently inattentive to their own interests, and to whom, consequently, a few kindly and timely suggestions may be beneficial. The subject to which I wish at present more particularly to solicit attention, is the economisation of fodder—a subject certainly in this climate, of transcendent importance; and to which every one who has the care and management of a stock of cattle, ought watchfully to attend. It has been repeatedly demonstrated by experiment, that the simple process of *cut ing* fodder for horses and neat stock, will effect a very considerable saving. This is a process easily effected. The machinery or instrument rather, used for the purpose, is extremely simple and of small cost. A simple operative will cut a sufficiency of straw, hay, butts or topstalks, in an hour, for a dozen or fifteen head of cattle, and this fodder so cut, moistened with warm water, (if the weather be cold,) and fed out with a slight *quantum* of meal, will be twice as effectual in promoting the growth of the animals, as if fed to them in its uncut state.

No "orts" are made in this way, and the large and coarse portions are devoured instead of being rejected and thrown away.

By adopting this economical system of feeding his refuse, a farmer may easily convert all his straw, stalks, &c., to a valuable use. If he have plenty of these materials he may, if he thinks judicious, mix hay with them in such proportions as to him may appear to be best calculated to promote the animals' health and growth; or he may mix straw, stalks and hay, and then add water, meal and salt. This I find makes a rich feed, and is excellent for milch cows, and by many is considered superior to hay and grain. In some instances I have added boiled potatoes to the above materials, which is doubtless a valuable addition, but objectionable where one has a large stock, on the score of its expense. I now prefer feeding the potatoes separate, and in their natural state—say once a week. This prevents costiveness, and as the potatoes are laxative, conduces greatly to the animal's health.

If those who have never tested this plan, will adopt it, they may rest assured of the best results. Let every farmer and stock feeder, therefore, give it a fair trial; the expense will be small, and far more refunded in the first week.

In New England—especially in all the best farming regions, the chopping of fodder, even English hay for horses and other stock, is practiced as regularly as the grinding of corn. Hay and straw cutters of superior construction, are there seen on sale in all the principal ware-houses and agricultural depots, and are found in most of the barns and stables throughout the New England States.

A PRACTICAL FARMER.

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