EASTON GAZETTE.

WHERE THE PRESS IS FREE—"Literature well or ill-conducted is the Great Engine [illegible] Popular States must ultimately be supported or overthrown—Religion purifies the Heart and teaches us our Duty—Morality refines the Manners—[illegible] makes us Rich, and Politics provides for the enjoyment of all."

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WE ARE GROWING OLD.

BY FRANCES BROWN.

We are growing old; how the thought will rise
When a glance is backward cast
On some long remembered spot that lies
In the silence of the past:
It may be the shrine of our early vows,
Or the tomb of early tears;
But it seems like a far-off isle to us,
In the stormy sea of years.
Oh, wide and wild are the waves that part
Our steps from its greenness now,
And we miss the joy of many a heart,
And the light of many a brow;
For deep o'er many a stately bark
Have the whelming billows rolled,
That steered with us from that early mark—
Oh, friends, we are growing old.
Old in the dimness and the dust
Of our daily toils and cares,
Old in the wrecks of love and trust
Which our burdened memory bears.
Each form may wear to the passing gaze
The bloom of life's freshness yet,
And beams may brighten our latter days,
Which the morning never met.
But oh the changes we have seen,
In the far and winding way;
The graves in our path that have grown green,
And the locks that have grown gray!
The winter still on our own may spare
The sable or the gold:
But we saw their snows upon brighter hair—
And, friends, we are growing old.
We have gained the world's cold wisdom now,
We have learned to pause and fear;
But where are the living founts whose flow
Was a joy of heart to hear?
We have won the wealth of many a clime,
And the lore of many a page;
But where is the hope that saw in time
But its boundless heritage?
Will it come again when the violet wakes,
And the woods their youth renew?
We have stood in the light of sunny brakes,
Where the bloom was deep and blue;
And our souls might joy in the spring-time then,
But the joy was faint and cold,
For it ne'er could give us the youth again
Of hearts that are growing old.

DESPATCHES FROM MAJ. DOWNING.

City of Mexico, United States,
September 27, 1847.

MR. GALES & SEATON: My dear old friends, I'm alive yet, though I've been through showers of balls as thick as hailstones. I got your paper containing my letter that I wrote on the road to the war. The letters I wrote afterwards, the guerrillas and robbers are so thick, I think it's ten chances to one if you got'em. Some of Gineral Scott's letters is missing just in the same way. Now we've got the city of Mexico annexed, I think the Postmaster General ought to have a more regular line of stages running here, so our letters may go safe. I wish you would touch the President and Mr. Johnson up a little about this mail-stage business, so they may keep all the coachmakers at work, and see that the farmers raise horses as fast as they can, for I don't think they have any idea how long the roads is this way, nor how fast we are gaining south. If we keep on annexin as fast as we have done a year or two past, it wouldn't take much more than half a dozen years to get clear down to t'other end of South America, clear to Cape Horn, which would be a very good stopping place; for then, if our Government got into a bad sledding in North America, and found theirselves in a dilemma that hadn't no horn to suit 'em, they would have a horn in South America that they might hold on to.

I hope there aint no truth in the story that was buzz'd about here in the army, a day or two ago, that Mr. Polk had an idea when he got through annexin down this way, of trying his hand at it over in Europe and Africa and round here. And to prevent any quarrelling beforehand about it on this side of the water, he's going to agree to run the Missouri compromise line over there, and cut Europe up into free States, and Africa into slave States. Now, I think, he had better keep still about that till we get this South America business all done, and well tied up. It isn't well for a body to have too much business on his hands at once. There's no knowing what little flurries we may get into yet, and there's always danger if you have too much sail spread in a squall. However, I haven't time to talk about this now.

You will get the accounts of the battles in Gineral Scott's letters, so I needn't say a great deal about them. But it's been a hard up hill work all the way from Vera Cruz here, and I don't think my old friend Gineral Jackson himself would have worked through all the difficulties and done the business up better than Gineral Scott has. But the killed and the wounded, the dead and the dying, scattered all along the way for three hundred miles, it's a heart-aching thought. I don't love to think about it. It is too bad that we did'nt have more men, so as to march straight through without fighting, instead of having just enough to encourage the enemy to bring out their largest armies and fight their hardest battles

One of the hardest brushes we had, after I got here was the attack on Chapultepec. I had been into the city trying to bring Santa Anna to terms, but when I found it was no use, I come out and told Gineral Scott there was no way but to fight it out, and, although I was only the President's private embassador, I didn't like to stand and look on when he was so weak handed, and if he would tell me where to take hold I would give him a lift. The Gineral said he expected there would be a hard pull to take Chapultepec, and as Gineral Pillow was placed where he would be likely to have the heaviest brunt of it, I might be doing the country a great service if I would jine in with Gineral Pillow, as my experience under Gineral Jackson and insight into military affairs would no doubt be very useful to that valiant officer. So I took hold for that day as one of Gineral Pillow's aids.

When we come to march and see how strong the enemy's works was, says I, Gineral Pillow it is as much as all our lives is worth to go right straight up and storm that place in the face and eyes of their guns; I think we ought to fortify a little. Suppose we dig a ditch round here in front of the enemy's works. At that the Gineral's eyes flashed, and he swore right out.—Says he, 'No d—n the ditches, I've no opinion of 'em; they are nothing but a bother, and never ought to be used. The best way is to fight into the enemy pell mell." So, on we went, and Pillow fit like a tiger till he got wounded and then the rest of us that wasn't shot down had to finish the work up the best way we could.

The long and the short of it is, we fit our way into the city of Mexico and annexed it. Santa Anna cleared out the night afore with what troops he has left, and is scouring about the country to get some places ready for us to annex. When he gets another place all ready for the ceremony, and gets it well fortified, and has an army of twenty or thirty thousand men in the forts and behind the breastworks, we shall march down upon 'em with five thousand men and go through the flurry. After they have shot down about the half of us, the rest of us will climb in, over the mouths of their cannons, and annex that place; and so on, one after another.

It is pretty hard work annexin in this way; but that is the only way it can be done. It will be necessary for the President to keep hurrying on his men this way to keep our ranks full, for we've got a great deal of ground to go over yet. What we've annexed in Mexico so far, is'nt but a mere circumstance to what we've got to do.

Some think the business is'nt profitable but it's only because they have'nt ciphered into it fur enough to understand it. Upon an average, we get at least ten to one for our outlay, any way you can figure it up—I mean in the matter of people. Take for instance, the city of Mexico. It cost us only two or three thousand men to annex it, after we got into the neighborhood of it; and we get at least a hundred and fifty thousand people in that city, and some put it down as high as two hundred thousand. Some find fault with the quality of the people we get in this country, jest as if that had anything to do with the merits of the case. They ought to remember that in a government like ours, where the people is used for voting, and where every nose counts one, it is the *number* that we are to stand about in annexin, and not quality, by no means. So that in the matter of people we are doing a grand business. And as, to the money it is no matter what it costs us, for money grows in the ground in Mexico, and can always be had for digging.

There's a thousand things in this country that I should like to tell you about If I had time; but things is so unsettled here yet, that I have rather a confused chance to write. So I must break off here, and write a few lines to the President; but remain your old friend in all latitudes, clear down to Cape Horn.

MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

To James K. Polk, President of the U. States, and all Annexed Countries.

DEAR SIR, I've done my best according to your directions, to get round Santa Anna, but it is all no use. He's as slippery as an eel, and has as many lives as a cat. Trist and I together can't hold him and Scott and Taylor can't kill him off.—We get as fast hold of him with our diplomatics, but he slips through our fingers; and Scott and Taylor cuts his head off in every town where they can catch him, but he always comes to life in the next town, and shows as many heads as if he had never lost one. I had a long talk with him in the city, & pinned him right down to the bargain he made with you when you let him into Vera Cruz, and asked him why he did'nt stick to it. He said he did stick to it as far as circumstances rendered it prudent.

"But," says I, "Gineral Santa Anna, that aint the thing; a bargain's a bargain, and if a man has any honor he will stick to it. Now," says I, "did'nt you agree, if the President would give orders to our Commodore to let you into Vera Cruz, did'nt you agree to put your sholder to the wheel and help on this annexin business, so as to make easy work of it? And now, I ask you, as a man of honor, have you done it?"

"Circumstances alter cases, Major, says Santa Anna. "When Mr. Polk and I had that understanding he thought he needed a few more votes than he could muster in his country to bring him into the Presidency another term. So we agreed, if I would turn over the votes of Mexico to him to bring him in another term, he would afterwards turn over his part of the votes in North America, so as to bring me in next time. But I soon found it would be throwing our labor away, for Mr. Polk's part of the votes in his country was getting to be so small that they would'nt do much good to either of us. So I concluded to hold on to what I had got, and stick to the presidency of Mexico."

"Then," says I, "you aint a going to stick to your bargain, are you?"

"No," says he, circumstances alters cases."

Then I tried to *scare* him out of it. I told him our folks would whip the Mexicans all into shoe-strings in a little while And it made no odds whether he fit for annexin or against it; we should go on jest the same and before another year was out Mr. Polk would be President of every foot of Mexico; for we should get through annexin the whole of it.

"Very well," says he, "go on the Mexicans like the business; they can stand it longer than Mr. Polk can; for Mr. Polk will have all the work to do over again every year as long as he lives for there isn't a place in Mexico that will stay annexed any longer than jest while you are holding on to it."

So you see there's no doing any thing with Santa Anna. What course is it best to take now seems rather a puzzler. I havn't time to give you my views about it in this despatch, but will try to soon.—Give my love Mr. Richie. I meant to write him too, but I shall have to wait till next time.

Your faithful friend and private embassador.

MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

From the New Orleans Delta of Oct. 20.

BILLY WHITE'S PRIVATE OPINION,

OR, THE LOGIC OF A LOAFER.

Poor Billy White! He is, as he sagely remarks, "the wictim of circumstances." Billy returned here the other day, on the steamer Fashion, from Vera Cruz, where he had been employed as a mule driver. He had a dollar or two in his pocket, but soon after his arrival he found that his last picayune had been spent in a groggery on New Levee street, just above the steamboat landing. Dragging himself out from under a wood-pile the next morning after his debauch, he made his way to the place where he had spent the last of his dimes His hands trembled and his lips twitched and quivered, & indeed, to use his own eloquent expression, "he had the shakes terribly on him." He beckoned the barkeeper aside in a most mysterious manner, as though he had something of the utmost importance to communicate.

"Look here, old feller," said Bill, in a sort of a growling whisper, "I want a whiskey toddy strong, with a'leetle peppermint and a slight shake of the nutmeg into it; but I aint got the first red cent to pay you for it."

"See that sign there!" answered the barkeeper, pointing to an ornamented piece of japanned tin, on which was painted in golden letters, "Cash to-day, and credit tomorrow."

Billy gave a languishing look at a neighboring whiskey bottle, and, running his hands into his pantaloon pockets, he walked slowly and sadly out of the groggery into the street. Luck, however, did not desert Billy; for, while passing the corner near the Triangle-Buildings, a cab broke down, and the trunk of the passenger inside fell out. The gentleman told Billy that if he would carry the trunk to a ship that he pointed out he would give him fifty cents. With the alacrity and strength of a young giant Billy shouldered the load, safely deposited it at the appointed place, received his half-dollar, and went on his way as happy as a prince. At the first grog-shop Billy took what he called an "eye-opener," made of gin and bitters, then a "phlegm-splitter" of rum and water, and lastly a "nor-wester" of raw whiskey. These little creature-comforts made him feel happy, and he went out into the street in search of nothing in particular. Billy wandered about all day, calling in at this groggery and at that, and at night he found himself sitting on the edge of the wharf in front of the flatboat landing. He was in rather a sorrowful mood, and thus gave vent to his feelings:

"Yes," said he, with a whimper, "that's me. I'm jist like that flatboat floatin on the waters—rottin all my timbers, and nobody to break me for fire wood. That ere old flat is like me, too, in another way; it was a werry good boat to come down stream with corn pork, and all them sort of wegetables; but now, when all them's discharged, they don't care a tinkers damn for it! That's my case, kerzacly; I was werry good when I listed in the 'mule-drivers,' but when they discharged me, they said I wasn't worth a curse! How could I help it if the darn'd mules broke out of the pen when them fellers, the gruelkillers, or guerrillas, or some sich name fellers, come? Wasn't it a rainin cats 'n dogs, and was I a goin to get soaked in to the skin for the sake of a parcel of longeared critters like mules? I reckons not, my wallant Captain! Bill White aint the feller to lower hisself in that way, whatever he may be in other pertiklers. Then, agin was I court martialled? Did I have any boarders of ossifers to set on me, and see who was in the right.' No."

Here Billy gave a deep drawn sigh, wiped his left eye with the corner of his jacket, and proceeded:

"Either me or the mules was right; but the yel'er Mexikins took one of us, and the Merikans took the other. Then they wouldn't let me stay to fight the battles out. Oh, no! They was jealous of me, and sent me home to pine away like a dog who's made his dinner off of a pizened sassenger. Howsomnever, as I once heard a feller say on a Forth of July oration, 'Republics is ungrateful, and no mistake.' I don't know what to do: I'm too poor to work and I'm too proud to beg. I've been in the workhouse so often that they won't send me down any more; and that's what I call a wiolation of a freeman's rights. 'Spose I goes on the highway with a big hosspistol, and demand people to 'stand and deliver,' who's the lawyer as will come forred to defend me if I aint got the dimes to fee him? I'd commit sueeride, but what's the use of that? Ten chances to one my body wouldn't be found, and if it was, and an inquest was held on my smoulderin remains, what would be the consequence? Would any feller write poetry on my wirtnes and my inwaliblenéss as a member of society?—No; all my eppertaph would be that a white feller 'was found in the river with cottonade pants, a check shirt, and a pair of coarse brogans on.' And then, what would the werdict be? Why, nothin but 'found drownded.' Who's a goin to die under such circumstances? Not me, b—"

"Who's that talking so loud there!" asked a night policeman.

"It aint me!" said Bill, with a shudder: "it's a gentleman as is just gone under the wharf there. I've heard him talkin to hisself for more'n half of a hour."

The watchman left Billy to his meditations.

HENRY CLAY.

The strong hold which this great man possesses upon the hearts of his countrymen is illustrated on various occasions in a most striking manner. At the Whig mass meeting for New York City and County, held a few evenings since, one of the speakers, Mr. J. R. Ingersoll, of Philadelphia, having referred to several distinguished personages, is thus reported:

In this connexion, (the hon. gentleman then went on to remark) I may be allowed to allude to one other name, in addition to those I some time ago referred to, which I am well aware is dearly cherished. [Here the whole assembly, although no name had been mentioned, burst forth into the most enthusiastic and long protracted cheering and applause; and on its partial sub-sidence Mr. Ingersoll resumed] I had never thought until now I was in any wise connected with animal magnetism.—(Laughter.) How did you know that I meant *Henry Clay?* I need not, however, wait for your answer, for I very well know there is a secret intercourse between Whig and Whig that promptly communicates every thought and thought. (Cheering).

Aye: I mean that honored and venerable statesman—the man who has served his country during so many years and with such rare ability and fidelity, and who still possesses, to such an extraordinary degree, his vigor of intellect, his strength of body and capacity of mind—the man who has long since accomplished labors sufficient to consecrate him forever in the hearts of his countrymen, even as I see they have already done in yours! (Cheers.)

Mr. Ingersoll, in conclusion, earnestly impressed upon the assembly the necessity of harmony and cordial good feeling.—He said that the eyes of the whole nation were turned upon New York, even as, in the East, the eyes of the worshippers of Allah were turned toward Mecca; and he earnestly besought his fellow Whigs to display such unanimity and patriotism in the coming contest, that the sound of the bells on Tuesday next should serve as a warning of defeat to the enemy, but, at the same time, to their friends as an alarm bell of victory, triumph, and honorable success. [And here the honorable gentleman retired from the stand, amid most cordial cheering.]

A SPUNKY WOMAN.—An Amazon in Pittsburgh a few days since, since soundly thrashed her husband for daring to leave her and her little ones, and enlist for the war. That fellow got what he deserved It is rather a stretch of patriotism for a man to go to the wars, leaving a wife and children to be supported by public charity.—*Charleston Mercury.*

VENTILATING GLASS.—Among the inventions lately registered is a ventilating pane of glass, wherein small holes are drilled obliquely an inch or an inch and a half apart—thus giving an upward direction to the current of air.

AGRICULTURAL.

From the American Farmer.

ON THE RENOVATION OF WORN-OUT LAND.

SIR—My attention has been powerfully arrested by the communication in your last from Col. Capron, and the perusal of it has afforded me much gratification. It interested and edified me, and set me to thinking. Few men deserve more the thanks and applause of the agricultural community than the Colonel. Few, I may say none, have done, or are doing more to awaken the farmers of Maryland to a more just sense of their interests than they have heretofore displayed. I venture then to express the hope and belief that, in this field so worthy of his talents, he may find a *Laurel* less profitable, perchance, than the one which already entwines his brow; but not less honorable. The account of his onslaught upon the poverty stricken field, which he has regenerated in a manner so masterly, is graphic and exciting, and the victory achieved deserves to be classed with others of somewhat greater *present* renown, which have also been won in the *Taylor fashion.* There is, however, no pleasure without its alloy, and the pleasure afforded me in this case by the Colonel's lively recital of his exploit is materially lessened by the almost insurmountable difficulties which would attend the attempt (and I am strongly incited to make it,) to imitate him. It is easy to enumerate these difficulties; would it were as easy to remove them. In the first place, I cannot have these ashes delivered on my farm at any price. I should have to haul them with my own team from the city; this would require for 2,600 bushels 52 loads, which it would take 104 days to accomplish, and this must be done in the winter, by way of back-loading; and making the usual allowance for bad weather, roads, &c., the operation would extend over four months. Then the 50 wagon loads of manure would make 100 ox cart loads; for, alas, Mr. Editor, I have no mule teams. Nor could I spare so much, for I must reserve 40 loads for my two acres of potatoes. Then it would be impossible with ox teams to get it out in time for the oat crop. Again, my resources for extra labor are very limited, and the necessity of liming at least one twenty acre field every spring requires all the extra labor that I can command; and were I to attempt to bestow so much labor upon one field, as is contemplated by the Colonel's system, I should inevitably derange, almost incurably, the whole programme of my summer's work. This, I admit, is a somewhat selfish view of the subject, and yet I hazard little in saying that the large mass of our farmers are pretty nearly in my condition, and that very few, in favored localities and blessed with plethoric pockets, will find themselves able to follow the Colonel's most effectual prescription. I would not, however, on any account, be construed as wishing to detract from the Colonel's Buena Vista operations. I would not pluck one laurel from his brow, but would much prefer to add another wreath to those he now wears so gracefully. His is the merit, somewhat rare, of setting an example to men of abundant means, (would it were followed, Mr. Editor,) of investing their surplus change in the improvement of the soil, instead of snugging it in stocks, banks, ground rents, &c., &c.

Apart from my desire to offer to Col. Capron my thanks and congratulations as a member of the farming community, I had another object in the present communication. Whilst I regard with favor, and witness with undissembled pleasure, such bold strokes in the war of Improvement, as the one which has been considered, I very much fear that in the rage for rapid and brilliant operations, and the desire to participate in the astonishing results produced by highly concentrated and bought manures, we may temporarily neglect the slower and more tedious, but I may venture to say, surer and more legitimate means of improving the soil. It is by dogged perseverence, untiring patience and hard labor, guided by skill and judgment, that American agriculture must ultimately rise to the European level—or above it. Now it will be difficult to define what I mean by *skill;* but to attempt the definition I would say it is the art of making the soil improve itself, whilst it yields a support. Will I be pardoned for making the assertion, that it requires little agricultural skill to improve land upon the high pressure system? There is essentially very little difference between buying a highly improved farm for $50 an acre, and buying a poor one at $10, and expending $40 on it in four successive years. The advantage in profit may be found on the side of buying the highly improved farm, if the skill is possessed to turn its improved condition to account, and this amount of skill is often met with.

The advantage in gratification, and the applause of others, may remain on the side of the improver, though, after all, he merely illustrates the axiom that an abundance of manure applied to any land—improveable—will make it rich. As I have before intimated, cases will occur of the spirited and judicious application of large means to the improvement of the soil. They will generally occur in favored localities; and the operators in these cases are justly entitled to be considered public benefactors. But they can form no safe guide or rule of conduct for the many, and may indeed mislead some who may be excited by the splendor of the achievement to its imitation, and discourage others who are unable to make the attempt. It is by slower means, less showy, but not less substantial, that our agriculturists must expect to bring their lands to the highest state of productiveness, which their capacity and that of the climate will permit.—The approaches to this condition must be gradual, almost imperceptible, but continual and always progressive. The supply of Guano may fail, the supply of ashes is limited, a supply of lime may be unattainable for want of means; but the capacity of the soil for self-fertulization is unlimited; and it is upon this that we must mainly rely. How to avail ourselves of it, is the province of your spirited and useful journal, and its many talented and practical correspondents to teach. Study, observation, industry, economy, reflection, and, above all, patience, are necessary for the acquisition of this knowledge. It is by the "Limæ labor"* (no allusion to lime, Mr. Editor,) that in this as in literary pursuits, we must attain excellence. And allow me to express the opinion, that it is far easier to learn than to teach.

This communication has already reached to greater length than I intended; but, at the hazard of fatiguing your readers, I will recount, in illustration of my views, an incident of former years.

Many years ago, Mr. Editor, more years than I like to say, your present correspondent was a school boy in the Valley of Virginia. On one occasion he obtained permission of the "proper authorities" to accompany a party on an out-lying expedition, for the purpose of sport, some distance west of the place of his residence.—Near the foot of the North Mountain, our party after an enlivening day of successful sport, reached the farm of a Dutchman, of unpronounceable, unspellable name, at whose house we quartered for the night. Born and bred east of the Blue Ridge, it was my first introduction to the peculiarities of a population of whom I had heard much and desired to know more. After a hospitable reception, abundant though homely cheer, and a "*coucher,*" the singularities of which I shall pass over as not germane to the matter in hand, we prepared next morning to take up the route of our expedition, but were induced by the report of one of the party, who had heard of this man and his farm, to take a bird's-eye view of the premises; and well were we repaid for the trouble. Accustomed to the [illegible] shambling agriculture of Eastern Virginia, I had never seen *farming* or a *farm* before. It was magnificent, The fields were groaning under accumulated loads of verdure; the enclosures were straight and in perfect order; a herd of cows of enormous size, with udders like five gallon demijohns, fed in a luxuriant pasture. We questioned our host who attended us, pretty closely, to his visible annoyance, but could get very little out of him. We asked where he had got his breed of cattle. He had raised them all himself; he said they got larger every year. We went to a gigantic stone barn under laid with stabling. Such a team of horses I never saw; broad, square buttocks, round bodies, and legs like levers, and as fat as they could be; they almost rivalled the famous Flemish team which was recently exhibited in Baltimore. We learned that he had bred them himself; in fact the size of many of them was there to attest the excellence of the stock. *Hogs* of enormous size were waddling about the barn yard and lanes, also of native growth.—The farm contained about four hundred acres, every one of which seemed highly improved. In short, every thing evinced the perfection of agricultural skill and management. We got out of him that he had been living there about 20 years, that he had came there poor, and that the place was poor enough too. He had never bought manure—such an idea had apparently never entered his brain, and he could give no account whatever of his system, but seemed to think the condition of the farm, which we admired so much, the natural consequence of his residence of twenty years. He was dressed in linsey, with a red flannel shirt on, and was reputed to have hoarded much money. Now, this man was an eminent breeder, a most skilful farmer, and, according to Dean Swift, a benefactor of the human race. But he didn't know a word of it!—and so ends my story and my illustration, which I trust will be deemed apposite.

If these few hasty and disjointed reflections should be deemed worthy of a place in your valuable journal, I may trespass again upon your attention, not as one in authority, or aspiring to teach, but in my real character—that of

A LEARNER.

Baltimore County, May 17, 1847.

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* Slow process.

☞ We have some pretty *tall* officers in Mexico. Gen. Scott stands six feet, four. Generals Worth and Twiggs, Colonels Harney and May and Major Lally are all six feet and over; Col. Doniphan, six feet two, Captain Pike, him of the "lyre and sword," about the same height. These are only a few specimens of "los Yankee" boys. No wonder the Mexicans are astonished.

☞ Garbeille, the sculptor, of New Orleans, has just finished a beautiful bust of Gen. Taylor