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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From the United States Gazette.

MARL IN NEW JERSEY.

MR. EDITOR:—I recently furnished you with some brief notes of a ride in West New Jersey, and lest the account of forests, swamps and wild beasts, with which they abounded may create erroneous impressions in the minds of those who are unacquainted with that part of our sister state; will you allow me space to say how much I have been delighted with a large portion of it. The land to a considerable extent is of a very superior quality, & in the counties of Cumberland and Salem, especially are farms which I have never seen excelled. They are under the most perfect state of cultivation and yielding rich crops to reward their industrious and intelligent possessors.

The marl formations which abound in some parts of the state are a subject of interest and furnish to the farmers a source of improvement almost incalculable. I have seen lands of a light unpromising soil, improved to an astonishing degree by the use of this unctuous substance; and in one instance visited an extensive field of corn, the stalks of which were strong and full, and shot up the height of twelve and thirteen feet! The best beds are rare and in much request, the marl being conveyed to a distance of fifteen and twenty miles, and in fact some years since a number of the farmers in Bucks county, Pennsylvania, associated themselves together for the purpose of supplying their lands with marl. They purchased marl beds in the upper part of Salem county, convenient to the Delaware; but after opening their pits and working them for a short period, the project was abandoned. Near Woodstown, in the above county, the pits are found very valuable and are worked to a great extent the excavations in one instance extending over three or four acres. The marl thrown out here is of two colors; that of a dark reddish hue, resembling iron ore, is filled with innumerable shells, bones of large fish and other marine remains, which soon crumble, on being exposed to the air. The other description which is the most valuable is of a very dark color, frequently of a jet black, and is entirely free from shells. It is a soft oily substance, which when brought out from a considerable depth is exceedingly salt & in some instances so strong as completely to destroy the land on which it is spread, rendering it entirely unproductive for four or five years. After that period however, the soil is strong and productive to an astonishing degree.

The marl is sold at the rate of ten dollars the square rod and excavated by the purchaser.

I have never seen this subject treated of, and yet it appears to possess a great degree of interest in connection with the numerous and striking evidences, which exist of the probability of this entire part of the state having once formed the bed of the sea. I have noticed the existence of those beds strongly impregnated with salt and abounding with sea shells and other marine substances the bones of large fish, teeth of the shark, &c. through Salem, Cumberland, Gloucester and parts of Bulington counties running a few feet below the surface of the earth, through a country remarkable for its sandy and uniformly level character, up to a distance of sixty or more miles from the sea shore.

THE WEATHER.

The following article is from the pen of the celebrated Dr. Adam Clarke. It is not unworthy of attention:—

From my earliest childhood I was bred up on a little farm, which I was taught to care for and cultivate ever since I was able to spring the rattle, use the whip, manage the sickle, or handle the spade; and as I found that much of our success depended on a proper knowledge and management of the weather, I was led to study it ever since I was eight years of age. I believe meteorology is a natural science, and one of the first that is studied; and that every child in the country makes some progress in it: at least so it was with me. I had actually learned, by silent observation, to form good conjectures concerning the coming weather, & on this head, to teach wisdom among those who were perfect, especially among such as had not been obliged, like me, to watch earnestly, that what was so necessary to the *family support* should not be spoiled by the weather before it was housed. Many a time, even in tender youth, have I watched the heavens with anxiety, examined the different appearances of the morning and evening sun, the phases of the moon, the scintillation of the stars, the course and color of the clouds, the flight of the crow and the swallow, the gambols of the colt, the fluttering of the ducks, and the loud screams of the seamew—not forgetting the hue and croaking of the frog. From the little knowledge I had derived from close observation, I often ventured to direct our agricultural operations in reference to the coming days, and was seldom much mistaken in my reckoning.

About twenty years ago, a table, purporting to be the work of the late Dr. Herschel, was variously published, professing to form prognostics of the weather, by the times of change, full and quarters of the moon. I have carefully consulted this table for several years, and was amazed at its general accuracy;—for though long, as you have seen, engaged in the study of the weather, I never thought that any rules could be devised liable to so few exceptions. I have made a little alteration in the arrangement, illustrated it with further observations, and have sent it that you may insert it, as it has hitherto been confined generally to a few almanacs.

A TABLE

For foretelling the weather through all the Lunations of each year forever.

This table and the accompanying remarks are the result of many years actual observation; the whole being constructed on a due consideration of the attraction of the sun and moon, in their several positions respecting the earth, and will, by simple inspection, show the observer what kind of weather will most probably follow the entrance of the moon into any of its quarters, and that so near the truth as to be seldom or never found to fail.

Moon.	If the New Moon—the First Quarter—the Full Moon—or the Last Quarter happens.		
TIME OF CHANGE	Between midnight and two in the morning,	IN SUMMER.	Fair.
	—— 2 and 4, morning,		Cold, with frequent showers.
	—— 4 and 6, do.		Rain.
	—— 6 and 8, do.		Wind and Rain.
	—— 8 and 10, do.		Changeable.
	—— 10 & 12, do.		Frequent Showers.
	At 12 o'clock at noon and 2 P. M.		Very Rainy.
	Between 2 and 4, afternoon,		Changeable.
	—— 4 and 6, do		Fair.
	—— 6 and 8, do.	IN WINTER.	Fair if wind northwest. Rainy if South or S. W.
	—— 8 and 10, do.		Ditto.
	—— 10 and midnight.		Fair.
			Hard Frost unless the wind be south or west.
			Snow and stormy.
			Rain.
			Stormy.
			Cold Rain if wind be at west, Snow if east.
			Cold and *High* Wind
			Snow or Rain.
			Fair and Mild.
			Fair.
			Fair and Frosty if wind N. or N. E. Rain or Snow if S. or S. W.
			Ditto.
			Fair and Frosty.

Observations. 1. The nearer the time of the Moon's Change, First Quarter, Full and Last Quarter are to *midnight*, the fairer will the weather be during the seven days following.

2. The space for this calculation occupies from ten at night till two next morning.

3. The nearer to *Mid-day* or *Noon*, the phases of the Moon happen, the more foul or wet weather may be expected during the next seven days.

4. The space for this calculation occupies from ten in the forenoon to two in the afternoon. These observations refer principally to the summer, though they affect Spring and Autumn nearly in the same ratio.

5. The Moon's change,—First Quarter, Full and Last Quarter, happening during six of the afternoon hours, i. e. from four to ten, may be followed by fair weather, but this is mostly dependent on the *wind*, as is noted in the table.

6. Though the weather, from a variety of irregular causes, is more uncertain in the latter part of Autumn, the whole of Winter, and the beginning of Spring, yet, in the main, the above observations will apply to those periods also.

7. To prognosticate correctly, especially in those cases where the *wind* is concerned, the observer should be within sight of a good *vane*, where the four cardinal points of the heavens are correctly placed. With this precaution he will scarcely ever be deceived in depending on the table.

Dutch Butter.—The superior quality of the Dutch butter may probably proceed, in part at least, from the soil and climate, and partly from the breed of cows; but most of all, from the careful and cleanly manner in which all the operations of the diary, regarding butter in particular, are conducted in that country. The soil, in all parts of Holland, is favorable to the growth of meadow grasses. And though much of the soil is too damp, yet it is also rich, and being impregnated with salt, with which the herbage is also tinged, the cows eat a large quantity of the salted herbage with impunity, and which, no doubt, enriches the quality of the milk. The climate, too, is favorable to the growth and health of cows. It has been found, from experience, that when cows are fed upon good natural herbage, the butter is richer, and has a finer flavour, than when the same cows are fed on clover, turnips, and artificial grasses. The cows in Holland give a greater quantity of butter in proportion to the quantity of milk.

The cows of the improved dairy breed in this country, that are fed on artificial herbage, give more milk and less butter, than the same do when cows are fed on natural pastures. All cows that are in good condition always give richer milk than the same cows when they are lean.

The superior quality of the butter proceeds more from the cleanly and careful manner in which it is manufactured than any other cause. The milk, when drawn from the cows; if butter is to be made, is poured into earthenware, or wooden dishes, to cool, in a well-aired milk house for twelve, eighteen or twenty four hours. The cream is either floated over the sides of the coolers, or taken off with a skimming dish and stored in a jar till as much is collected as may be convenient to be churned at one time. And to prevent decomposition of the cream it is stirred about once or twice every day with a wooden spattle. The cream is churned in an upright churn, the staff of which is moved by a gin, turned by a horse. Two hours are generally allowed for the churning process. When the cream is too cold; it is warmed by throwing some hot water into the churn, to bring it to about 70 or 75 degrees of temperature of Fahrenheit's scale. The butter, when taken out of the churn, is placed in cold water, and the milk is carefully washed out of it by kneading it with the hand or skimming dish, in renewed changes of water. The butter is then salted with the finest salt, which requires to be minutely mixed with the butter.—*London Quarterly Journal of Agriculture.*

The Duchess of Abrantes, in her Memoirs, speaking of the attachment of Napoleon to the young and promising son of his brother *Louis*, introduces upon one occasion the Emperor as telling the young Prince his nephew the following story. It is a new version of an affecting catastrophe, familiar to all our readers through the beautiful lines of Mrs. Hemans, on the death of young *Casabianca*, & is translated for our columns by literally one of our "most youthful readers."—*N. Y. American.*

CASABIANCA.

One day they were at St. Cloud, and the Emperor was telling a very interesting story, which he related with that power of voice and looks, which I have never seen, excepting in him. The young prince was at first seated on the knees of the Empress, but at length he slipped gently off, and came and placed himself before the Emperor, looking full in his face with his large blue eyes, animated with an expression truly admirable—they were sparkling sapphires. His little bosom heaved, and it was evident he suffered with emotion. The Emperor was relating a tale fitted to touch the heart of a child happily endowed. I have before noticed, I think, the talent he had for story telling, and the taste he displayed in it. He often for example altered a little the truth, to increase the interest and effect. But on that evening, it was noticed that nothing was added: it was so judged by his own emotion. He related a naval battle, and like Homer, he raised his voice above the waves; he made the cannon roar, and the dying groan. He placed you upon the deck of a vessel, the planks of which stained with blood, and covered with bodies, began to complain under the action of the fire, of which a thousand tongues of all colors, pierced through the hatches, and ascended encircling along the masts and yards. That vessel which a few hours before, lorded it royally in the harbor of Aboukir, and presented more than five hundred human beings, full of life and strength, on its deck, was deserted, and all those who had not been wounded by the bullets of the enemy, hastened to escape from certain death, by throwing themselves in the sea, and gained the shore by swimming. A single man yet stood there, his arms crossed on his broad chest. His features soiled with blood, black with powder and smoke, he looked with saddened eyes on another man still breathing, lying at his feet, having both his legs carried away, and losing both his blood and his life, without uttering a complaint.—He thanked God on the contrary, for having taken him from this world.—His dying eyes were raised to look on the flag of republican France. A few steps distant from the dying man, was a young boy of about fourteen, dressed in blue, and without any mark of distinction. A small sword was by his side, and in his sailor belt were two pistols.—He looked at the dying man with an expression of profound despair but at the same time with a resignation which indicated that he too had done with life. That vessel was L'Orient—the dying man was Casabianca, commanding the admiral vessel on the expedition to Egypt, and the young boy was the son of the veteran chief.

'Save that child!" said the Captain to Quarter Master—'save yourselves both of you. There is yet time. Leave the old sailor to die by himself. He is now no more than a damaged old cartridge.'

'Advance not!' said the Midshipman, waving his hand towards him; save yourself. For me, my place is here I will *not* leave my father.'

"My son,' said the dying father, casting a look on that noble child—a look, filled with all the joy that can animate the heart of a father—'my son, I command you to go!

At that moment a fearful crash was heard among the planks of the vessel. The flames gained the mastery—a horrible explosion announced the fate of the victim of that dreadful day, that of the L'Orient. Already the planks were burning under their feet. The Quarter Master for one moment felt an emotion of fear. His eyes glanced towards the shore, scarcely two hundred fathoms off, for said the Emperor, Admiral Brueys, the wretched man, fought where he was embayed, that emotion, so natural to every man anxious to preserve his life, was but transient. He resumed his indifferent attitude, only his eye twinkled as he looked at the young boy; and upon a sign from the dying father, he again attempted to force him away; but the youth presenting one of his pistols, threatened to lay him dead at his feet if he persisted.

'I should, and will remain,' he exclaimed.' 'Save yourself, and may Heaven preserve you—you have no time to lose."

Another crash, which burst from the bottom of the hold like a profound groan, made the sailor shudder. His eye turned to the magazine, the flames were on the point of reaching it. A few minutes more, and it would be too late. The youth felt all that that look implied, and throwing himself down by the side of his father, he encircled him in his arms—'Go,' he cried to the Quarter Master. 'Father, bless me.'

These were the last words the sailor heard. He sprang into the sea, and stretched for the shore; but he had not made many strokes before the L'Orient blew up with a fearful explosion. He was still so near that he was covered by the nails and fragments torn from the ship in her last agony. He was taken up by the people on shore, was conveyed to head quarters, and, added the Emperor, it was he that told us of the sublime devotedness of the young Casabianca.—'What should I do in the world,' said he 'when his father again pressed him to go. 'You are dying—the navy is dishonored.'

He was a noble boy, pursued the Emperor. His death is the more to be regretted, as possibly he might have surpassed the Duguay Thouins, and the Duquesnes. I always remember with pride that he was of my family.

But it was a curious spectacle to remark the countenance of the young Napoleon—his large blue eyes fixed on the Emperor with an avidity which it is impossible to describe. And when his uncle had finished he approached him, and getting on his knee, he said to him—Is it true, what you have been saying? Why do you wish to know? Because I will pray to God for that young boy and his father, answered the young Prince.

The Emperor was touched. He raised his nephew and embraced him. And you too, said he, you will be a brave and a good boy.

IS IT YOU?

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'LES DEUX DRAGONS.'

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

Chapter First.

A few years ago, I was at one of those parties where a man may be said to be perfectly at his ease, because there he does not feel the constraint of a woman's society. We were all young men, differing in tempers and pursuits, but our political opinions were the same. After having discussed the affairs and aspect of the times—we began to talk of more trivial matters.

I was calmly smoking a pipe—embrowned by age, and unable to comprehend the exact nature of the conversation for it seemed to me that my companions were all vieing with each other in speaking loud. At length one alone commanded our undivided attention. Discussing the influence of external objects, he dwelt at some length upon certain physical antipathies whose effects, even upon the most robust constitutions, it was as difficult to resist, as it was impossible to account for their causes. He related with a serious face such singular instances of this, that I began to think that he was under the influence, for the time being, of the generous wines which sparkled on the board. All his hearers were convulsed with laughter.

At length, one of the party, who had been extending his weary limbs on the bed of our host, slowly raising himself upon his elbow, interrupted the speaker.

'And what would you think, gentlemen, said he 'if I were to tell you of antipathy peculiar to your humble servant, and which, in my opinion, is far more astonishing than any of the very amusing anecdotes with which the doctor has had the kindness to entertain us?'

It must be observed that the person who last spoke, Marsin, was, among us all, the one who advanced the most intrepid claims to being a man of sense But we had always been accustomed to see him despise the most generally received opinions, and rush headlong through some of the established forms of society. We began to look at each other with uneasiness, and he could easily perceive, from the expression of our countenances, that we were expecting, ever and anon, something that might not unaptly be compared to the kick of a runaway horse.

Seriously,' resumed he, 'there are three words which I cannot hear spoken, especially when they are addressed to me without experiencing sensations very much allied to fear, I am astonished that you never noticed the circumstance.' Seeing that we still mistrusted what he was about, he continued, at the same time relapsing to his former supine position, on the bed:

'These three words, these three monasyllables, which I myself cannot repeat without an intuitive shudder, are comprised in this short phrase—IS IT YOU?'

Thinking that he was only trying to quiz us, we started up and rushed towards him. In a trice the bed was upset upon him, whilst fast and furious fell the blows we dealt him with pillow and bolster. 'Explain! explain!' shouted we, 'or you will die the death of a Desdemona!'

When Marsin had sufficiently enjoyed the joke, he yielded to our gentle entreaties, and related his mishaps. But it is not every one that is endowed like him, with the happy facility of delivering a tale.

'I had been for some time,' said he, 'at the school of St. Germain, when, about the latter part of the year 1815, I received my commission before my term of service had expired, because there was a demand for officers in the army. I was enrolled in the fifth Cuirassiers, which, at that time was attached to Grenier's *corps de armee* in Italy. I was then scarce seventeen years old.

'I joined my regiment at the distance of a few leagues from Verona. Shortly after my arrival, our division fell in with the Austrians, and attacked them, altho' they were far superior to us in point of numbers. The fifth, with three field pieces, was stationed so as to defend the passage of a ravine, through which the enemy might have fallen upon our left wing. We were about four hundred horse flanked by two companies of sharp-shooters.

It seemed that the Austrians would not condescend to notice us, and on this my first appearance in a field of battle, I took no other part in the conflict in which the main body of our army was engaged, than that of intense interest which gave me the statue-like immobility of a veteran. A few random bullets skipped along the plain, but they did not reach our ranks one or two only struck the earth before us and rebounded over our heads.

'Presently we perceived a slight commotion amongst our comrades of the artillery, but it was only momentary, and they almost immediatety resumed their scornful air and looks of unconcern and indifference. The fact is, the balls of the Austrian fusileers began to reach as far as our field pieces, and even drew blood from three or four cannoneers.

'Where can they be?' Such was the question which went through the ranks.

We saw no one; and unless some troops were stationed in the wood on our left, but which certainly was not within the range of musket-shot, the balls could have come only from the clouds.

'They soon began now to reach even us, and they rang on our breast-plates, like the beak of a bird of prey tapping on the armour of a fallen soldier; presently, here a horse fell heavily to the ground, and there a horseman dropped from his saddle, muttering an imprecation.

'All that we could as yet distinguish were a few flashes, through the curtain of the wood, and a little smoke struggling through the branches of the trees.

'None but the Wolf hunters,' said a cuirassier, behind me, 'can take such sure aim at so great a distance.

'At that moment, I was about raising my hand to my helmet for the purpose of drawing down my vizor over my forehead, when a ball whizzed between my face and wrist, and struck off the golden acorn which surmounted the hilt of my sword.

'Are we not to dislodge those rascals?' said I.

'It seemed that we were, for our sharpshooters rushed into the plain, and ran nimbly towards the wood, at the same time scattering themselves far and wide—but they had to combat under manifest disadvantages, inasmuch as the enemy gradually extended their line under shelter of the wood, and made sad havoc among our men.

'Palaut!" cried our colonel to the lieutenant of artillery, 'could'nt you give us a glimpse of those gentlemen in the wood.

'I'll try, sir, to show them the other side of the leaf,' replied the other, and the riflemen having received orders to clear the way for the artillery, a tremendous valley of grape shot was discharged from the field pieces.

'As for myself, who was a mere novice in affairs of this nature, and to whom such sights were perfectly new, I could form a very inadequate idea of the results produced by this same grape-shot, when instead of taking effect upon a wood, it strikes a solid column of infantry, and scatters around human limbs, instead of the branches and trunks of trees with which the ground was now strewed.

'Indeed, the volley had told well—the rifles in the wood were silenced for a while, and our men began to laugh; but the order which was very soon restored in our ranks, was now no longer the result solely of the rigid discipline and military gravity of the fifth—for when our foot soldiers returned to the onset, the enemy all at once appeared in the plain, and a storm of balls rattled against our cuirassess in such a way as to make our horses prick up their ears.

'Our infantry were now engaged helter-skelter, with the Tyroleans, and it was, therefore, impossible to have further recourse to the artillery. The affair was to be settled by the rifle.

'What, sir!' said our gigantic colonel with a sneer, to a captain of light-infantry, who had at that moment respectfully approached him; 'what! support sharpshooters! such duty is scarce befitting the hussars, much less the fifth cuirassiers.—However,' resumed he, changing his tone and casting his eye along his squadrons, 'who is the officer that requested permission of me this morning to charge before his turn!

'This is the custom with the lieutenants by brevet, who had come fresh from the military schools. I had resolved not to follow this fashion, for I considered it very ridiculous, especially in matters of such serious and vital importance—but a companion of mine who had been promoted from the school at the same time as myself, had that morning acted up to the general rule, by making the request. I cannot say whether it was Colonel Bouvard's intention or not to give me a lesson. His was the most crabbed countenance ever shaded by a helmet, and so just as he had finished the question, his eye fell upon me, and singling me out with the point of his sword, he said, 'IS IT YOU?'

'I hadn't the courage fo say 'no!' all eyes in my platoon were turned upon upon me, and *I* answered: 'yes'—on! in the d—l's name.'

'Ha! ha! it was you, was it! said he—"Take twenty five men, go into the plain and support the infantry, if you can. Steadily, sir, and coolly show us what you are!

'I was mounted on a very spirited mare, and we were no sooner detached from the squadron, than she began to skip about like a kid. My men followed steadily—the bullets whistled, but nevertheless we advanced in becoming order. We had now cleared a considerable por-

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