EASTON GAZETTE.

WHERE THE PRESS IS FREE—"Literature well or ill-conducted, is a Great Engine by which all Popular States must ultimately be supported or overthrown
RELIGION purifies the Heart and teaches us our Duty—Morality reg— —Agriculture makes us Rich, and Politics provides for the enjoyment of all.

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From the American Messenger

ORIGINAL REMINISCENCES OF WASHINGTON.

And of the Congress which sat in Philadelphia while he was President.

After a great deal of talking & writing & controversy, about the permanent seat of Congress under the present constitution, it was determined that Philadelphia should be honored with its presence for ten years, and that afterwards its permanent location should be in the city of Washington, where it now is. In the meantime, the federal city was in building, and the legislature of Pennsylvania voted a sum of money to build a house for the President, perhaps with some hopes that this might help to keep the seat of the general government in the capital—for Philadelphia was then considered the capital of the state. What was lately the University of Pennsylvania, was the structure erected for this purpose. But as soon as General Washington saw its dimensions, and a good while before it was finished, he let it be known that he would not occupy it—that he should certainly not [illegible] the expense of purchasing furniture for such a dwelling. For it is to be understood, that in those days of stern republicanism nobody thought of Congress *furnishing* the President's house; or if perchance such a thought did enter into some aristocratic head, it was too unpopular to be uttered.

President Washington, therefore, rented a house of Mr Robert Morris, in Market street, between Fifth and Sixth streets, on the south side, and furnished it handsomely, but not gorgeously. There he lived with Mrs. Washington.—Mr. Lear, his private secretary, and his wife, and Mrs Washington's grandson, Custis, making a part of the family. Young Custis had a private tutor employed by the President, who was engaged to attend on his pupil one hour in the winter mornings, before breakfast; and who then commonly breakfasted with the President & his family. The President ate Indian cakes for breakfast, after the Virginian fashion, although buck-wheat cakes were generally on the table.

Washington's dinner parties were entertained in a very handsome style.—His weekly dining day for company was Tuesday, and his dining hour was always four o'clock in the afternoon.—His rule was to allow five minutes for the variation of clocks and watches, and then go to the table, be present or absent whoever might. He kept his own clock in the hall just within the outward door, and always exactly regulated.—When lagging members of Congress came in, as they often did after the guests had sat down to dinner, the President's only apology was, 'Gentlemen,' or 'sir, we are too punctual for you. I have a cook who never asks whether the company has come, but whether the hour has come.'

The company usually assembled in the drawing room, about fifteen or twenty minutes before dinner, and the President spoke to every guest personally on entering the room. He always dressed in a suit of black, his hair powdered, and tied in a black bag behind, with a very elegant dress sword, which he wore with inimitable grace.

Mrs. Washington often, but not always, dined with the company, sat at the head of the table, and it as was occasionally the case, there were other ladies present, they sat on each side of her.—The private secretary sat at the foot of the table, and was expected to be specially attentive to all the guests. The President himself sat half way from the head to the foot of the table, and on that side which would place Mrs Washington, though some distance from him, on his right hand. He always, unless a clergyman was present, asked a blessing at his own table, in a standing posture. If a clergyman was present, he was requested both to ask a blessing before, and return thanks after dinner.

The centre of the table contained five or six large silver or plated waiters—those at the ends circular or rather oval at one side, so as to make the arrangement correspond with the oval shape of the table. The waiters between the end pieces were in the form of parallelograms, the ends about one-third part of the length of the sides; and the whole of these waiters were filled with elaborate figures, about two feet high, taken from the ancient mythology, but none of them such as to offend in the smallest degree against delicacy. On the outside of the oval formed by the waiters, were placed the various dishes, always without covers; and outside the dishes were the plates.—A small roll of bread, enclosed in a napkin, was laid on the side of each plate.

The president, it is believed, generally dined on one dish, and that of a very simple kind. If offered something, either in the first or second course, which was very rich, his usual reply was, 'that is too good for me.' He had a silver pint cup or mug of beer placed by his plate, which he drank out of while dining.

[illegible] number, and in [illegible] uses of Congress [illegible] his speeches [illegible] them by his Secretary, in the form of a message. This was a practice introduced by Mr. Jefferson, and has been continued ever since. But Washington made his communications at every opening of Congress in person.—When informed that the houses were in session and ready to receive his communications, he replied to the committee that waited on him, that he would meet Congress the next day at 12 o'clock. And his punctuality was such, that he never varied one minute from the time that he named. He generally entered [illegible] ward door of the building [illegible] town clock was striking [illegible]

[illegible] he came into the Senate Chamber the members all rose, and bowing to them gracefully he took his seat, and at the same time the members resumed their seats. He commonly sat about three or four minutes, during which time he took his spectacles from the side pocket of his coat, and his speech from another pocket, and placed both on his knee, casting his eyes over the audience. He then put on his spectacles took his speech in his left hand, rose, and immediately began to read, the members remaining seated. He read his speech audibly, distinctly, and without hesitation; but he was not what would be called an accomplished reader. He occasionally, in an interesting part of his speech, enforced what he said, by a motion with his right hand—the gesture was not violent, or even what is called bold; but it indicated earnestness, and was gracefully made. When he had finished his speech, he bowed to the Congress and the members rose while he retired.

GRATEST FARM IN ENGLAND.

The correspondence of the Boston Transcript furnishes the following interesting account of the manor of Mr. Coke, in Norfolk, recently elevated to the peerage by Queen Victoria:

HOLKHAM HALL, Norfolk, June, 1837.

This place is renowned throughout England at least as the seat, and especially as the farm, of old Mr. Coke, the father of the farmers of Norfolk, and I am happy, therefore, to have enjoyed an excellent opportunity of seeing the estate: I shall not probably find in Great Britain a better specimen either of the style of life of a 'good old country gentleman' of this realm, and of he ancient school, or of the management of a first rate practical proprietor's estate. Let me begin by giving you some idea of the latter; presuming that this is the same Mr. Coke who moved in the *House* of Commons, the discontinuance of the American war of '75, and who, having carried it in that great and excited body by a majority of one, was himself, at the suggestion of his friend Mr. Fox, appointed at the head of a committee to take up an address to his Majesty George III in pursuance of the vote—This he did in his farmer's dress, with his white topped boots and frock on, for that was the custome.—Every American must respect the old man for this achievement, and they will not like him less to know that, every day at his table during that barbarous war, he was accustomed, as he often declares now, to drink the health of Gen. Washington, as the greatest man in existence. This liberal spirit has always distinguished Mr. Coke, and he began his career in Parliament with the war itself, and remained in it near 60 years. Were he still a member, which his age 82 now prevents, he would be by many years the 'Father of the House.'

Well! Now for the estate; and first, merely as a farmer's. The land here is about 3300 acres, nearly the whole of it is enclosed by a neat, high, brick wall, extending about a circut of 10 miles. This comprises the plantations of wood, and a beautiful 'lake,' as they call it, both of which are wholly artificial. The latter is the finest artificial water that I ever saw, and quite deceived me. Nothing could appear more originally rural than its borders which are completely overshadowed with forests, and as wild altogether as if I had discovered them and the lake itself in the depth of some solitude of Michigan. All these woods have been planted. The estate is plentifully sprinkled over with various species of trees, in copses, in acres of forest, and in avenues; and all is artificial work, and yet that art so perfect that the warmest lover of nature cannot desire more. Instead of a mere park, in one body, it is as one wants it—every where an ornament and shelter—over hill and dale but no where in excess, or yet in the way of the farmer. Immediately around the mansion, (of which more hereafter,) indeed, are only gar- walks, and a wide extent of velve- ns on every side; but even these lat- er are marked with their owner's heme of the practical. It is not only e pheasant I see shuffling about in these cool shades. It is not alone the graceful deer that browse and bound a long these soft lawns. These are a charm to the eye, and I like the taste which allows them this sweet free range, and which saves the poor beautiful creatures from all harm. Here are the woods too. As I rode through their long winding lanes to-day on horseback, the air was filled with the chirping and fluttering of birds. The yellow hammer whirred away on his gay speckled wings, as we trotted up to him; the shining blue jay glanced like a javelin by;' and 'the wood pecker tapped at the hallow beach tree.'

The remoter lawns are spotted with little flocks of sheep, of which over 8,000 are kept on the place, of the famous South Devon breed. One meets also in the pastures these fine, sleek bright looking Devon cattle, browsing in herds.—There are more than 300 of them, including an immense dairy, besides Scotch cattle. Beyond the lawns, one gets at once into the cultivation, and a ring of this, skirted and sheltered here and there with avenues and copses of trees, encircles the whole estate. I rode along the edge of a field of 130 acres of barley in one place. In another were 60 acres of wheat; and there were two fields of 25 and 27 acres. The arable land is divided about equally between these grains, turnips and grass, which four crops, sometimes having grass for two seasons constitute the routine of the succession of tillage on the same ground. There are in cultivation at present about 430 acres of wheat and barley each, and in fine condition. The head farmer told me that 30 bushels an acre is rather an indifferent crop, and that 40 and 50 are more 'the right thing.' It must be borne in mind, when I say this, that Holkham has been completely *made over* by Mr. Coke. When he succeeded to the estate, it was a mere desert. There were no trees here even, and it was hardly believed the land would let them grow, Mr Coke says the rabbits were the only creatures who *could* live on it, and they were starving! Now what a [illegible] this!—*Go with me to day into this village of Holkham, which all belongs virtually to the estate, and lives by it one way or another. Here are 500 persons, probably, besides those sent off, well provided for elsewhere. Their cottages are a curiosity of rural neatness and comfort. Little gardens surround them and flowers hang out of the windows and climb over the door ways. Some 150 persons are employed on the farm alone. Then in the gardens, the light acres of which are surrounded with a wall 1400 yards long and 14 feet high, are perhaps 40 more; in the brick yard, 20, in the blacksmith's shop, 10; and some wheelrights and gamekeepers I dare say; and a little army of servants, of course, for in the mansion, when the family is here, 20 females alone are employed. The woman do some work also on the farm, such as weeding the grain, which, as well as the peas, and, in fact, all the crops, is drilled. I saw 20 women in one field weeding. Beyond that, and outside of the walls or the regular estate, we came to a 'little bit' of a plantation, of only 600 more. Here they were hard at work. In one field, where turnips were sowing, all the processes went on at once. There were 20 men and boys spreading manure out of five or six carts drawn by three horses each (of which there are a hundred on the place;) five or six ploughs, drawn by two, who ploughed without a driver; then two cast iron round rolls, by two, three or four harrows, by one; and two drill machines, self sowing, by two; and then the harrow again brought up the rear. I ought to speak of the almshouse for the old, and the schools for the young, and of the farming system more in detail, but there is no room. I will only add that young farmers come from all quarters to learn the science. I saw four of them riding over the grounds this morning, who are under the care of the manager. The whole place is considered a model of both the science and the art of learning.*

From the New York Star.

The cultivation of Sugar Beets in Ohio.

When the maple forests bow to the axe of the wodman, as they must, in the tide of emigration flooding to the West, Ohio must look to the Beet if she wishes a domestic substitute for sugar, and cannot get return cargoes of the article cheap enough for the produce she ships to Louisiana. A Mr. Pugh, according to the Cincinnati Gazette, has already anticipated this culture on his farm, a few miles north of that city. He has raised this year sugar beets 30 inches in circumference, and weighing 22lbs. from seed procured in France, and Mangel Wirtzel of nearly the same dimensions, also from French seed. Mr. Pugh thinks it as easy to raise 50 tons of these beets from an acre as 50 bushels of corn. They are capital for cattle and stock hogs, and young sucking calves prefer them to milk when properly prepared with milk. Among the 56 head of his Durham breeds, those that had fed on beets could readily be distinguished by their fat and sleek appearance; the beets are infinitely better when boiled.

The apparatus and fixtures used by Mr Pugh for boiling, or rather steaming, food for 300 hogs and 40 or 50 cows with other stock, cost about $150, and consumes a quarter of a cord of wood per day.

Among the Durham cattle on the farm of Mr. Pugh was observed some very fine young mules, and among them Lebanon, an animal of superior growth and figure.

Mr. P. has not attempted to make sugar from his beets, but if its manufacture is profitable any where from this article, it would certainly be so here, for no soil can produce a better growth.—Two hands can prepare the ground, plant and cultivate 5 acres of beets in a season, and the product would doubtless yield many tons of saccharine matter.

Culture and Manufacture of Silk.

In the cultivation of Mulberry and the rearing of the silk worm, there are no difficulties which cannot be overcome with very little study and observation. So simple and easy is the mamegement of this worm, that children can readily be taught to give it all the assistance and attention necessary to its comfort and the completion of its labors. We reared the silk worm ourselves for three years when a boy, and we can truly say that it was the most amusing employment we were ever engaged in. We have reverted to the time, as the most pleasant of our childhood,—From two trees that were planted when the Mulberry was first introduced into New England, we reared from five to six thousand worms of a season, and without any of the knowledge which is to be obtained from books of foreign writers on the subject, or of the practical information which has been sent forth to the American public within the past few years.—Our own experience induces us to advise all those who are fond of innocent, pleasant, and at the same time profitable employment, to turn their attention to the culture of the Mulbury and the rearing of the Silkworm. Our climate and soil are well adapted to the business, and those who engage in it will be abundantly rewarded for their labors.—*Calhoun comdy Patriot.*

Potatoes Food for Horses.—An Irish writer on husbandry, whose name is Martin Doyle, and whose works were published in Dublin in 1830, has the following remarks.

With respect to potatoe-feeding for horses, I recommend it from an experience of some years. My horses are old, (one of them at least 20 years of age,) but they are in high spirits and condition, from having every evening after work, excepting during the soiling months, (when grass, &c. was cut and carried to them) an abundant supply of boiled potatoes (warm) regularly given to them; but as the authority of T. C. Curwen, Esq. M P. of Workington Hall, Cumberland, is infinitely more valuable than mine on this subject, I shall quote the following passage from his 'Agricultural Hints:'

'It requires from 5 to 6 hours for a horse to masticate a stone [14 lbs.] of hay, while he will eat a stone of potatoes in twenty minutes or less. The saving of 4 hours for rest, is alone sufficient to produce the greatest difference in the health and condition of the animal.—After great fatigue also; a horse would be tempted to take warm food when he would not eat hay. I have at this time my work horses which were purchased six years ago of a farmer, who was selling off his stock as worn out, & of little value, which are yet able to do their work with the best horses I have. I think there is little doubt of the life of this valuable animal being considerbly prolonged by this mode of feeding. I have begun to mix an equal quantity of cut straw and potatoes; racks are according to this mode of feeding, as unnecessary as they are productive of waste; for to save trouble, they are always filled; and what is not eaten is always so tainted with the breath of the animal, as to be washed.'—Probably steamed mangel wurtzel and other roots would be valuable as food for horses.—*N. E. Farmer.*

Abscence of Mind.—The last instance on record occurred on Tuesday night at the Quackingbog hotel, and was attended with melancholy consequence. C—— B——, Esq. one of the boarders, on retiring to rest in a state of betweenity, put his boots to bed, and placing his neck in the jaws [illegible] his head off!—*Bost. Trans.*

Caution.—We regret to learn that a young gentleman of this town was severely injured a few days since by a fall received in consequence of the heels of his boots being so high as to throw him off his perpendicular, and cause him to measure his length on the pavement. His organ of smell suffered very materially, and when he was placed upon his feet again, it appeared that his whole face was literally bathed in a gore of claret. He was entitled and received the warmest sympathies of his fellow-citizens.—*Columbia Spy.*

Something for the curious.—The following combination of letters, from the Massilon Gazette, contains an important moral precept, which will repay the curious in such matters, the labor of discovery, if they practice the lesson it teaches.

'RETNIRP EHT YAP!'

Melancholy Lodgings.—A brace of 'loafers in high life' met each other near the Market this morning, where the following dialogue ensued: 'Why, Sam, how comes it that you're up so early this morning—you're out of fashion.' 'Why,' was the languid reply, 'I would have indulged a little longer, but a brute of a fellow took the water-melon that I had used for a pillow from under my head.' 'That comes from not using door steps as I do.' The loafer that had lost his melon pillow, was seen about five minutes afterwards performing ablution under a pump, scrubbing his hands with a brickbat and wiping them on a canvass awning.—*Balt Trans.*

From the Rochester Daily Advertiser.

A PHENOMENON.

A Kentuckian.—Rochester is now honoured with the presence of one whom all parties unite in pronouncing 'a great man,' if not 'godlike' one—whether seen by dim twilight or the broad day.

Col. Porter, the young American giant is a rare specimen of Kentucky growth. He is now, at the age of 22, *seven feet and six inch high*'—and competent judges express opinion, that he will attain EIGHT FEET plump!

He is now on a tour to Europe, to 'astonish the natives' of the Old World with some specimens of the vegetable as well as animal growth of the American continent—for that country a portion of a mammoth sycamore tree, raised, like himself in 'Old Kentucky,' which tree was SEVENTY FOUR FEET in circumference! It is said that it was used as a boarding house, and afterwards as a barn.

Mr. Porter, or 'Colonel, as he is dubbed (for military titles are democratically abundant in Kentucky, is good humoured as well as great—and relates some capital jokes illustrative of the difference in standing between himself and common men.' The tallest men in Rochester, upwards of six feet may walk under his arm when it is placed horizontally. Like most other large men, he is amazingly good natured, and looks laughingly upon the troubles of the times; and he feels himself wholly 'above the pressure.'

When we first saw Col. Porter at Louisville, about 18 months ago, he was three inches lower than he is now; and the Kentucky friend who accompanied us, was himself another specimen of mammoth size—a small tough of a fellow nomenon,' as the boat men said—near six feet seven! Both of these worthies were more remarkable for length than rotundity—and though their 'hog and hominy'-raised them above the common level,' it did not remarkably enlarge the circumference of their corporations both being rather spare in flesh.

Uncommon Trial:—At the Goshen (N. Y.) Circuit Court, last week the following trial took place.

James Decker was tried on an indictment for enticing from her parents without their consent, and marrying her, a girl under fourteen years of age, named Margaret Relyea.

This offence is punishable by imprisonment in the States Prison for a term not exceeding three years, or confinement in the county jail for a term not exceeding one year or by a fine not exceeding one thousand dollars, or by both of the latter. The prisoner is a young man of about nineteen years of age, and probably was not aware of the nature of the offence and the punishment prescribed for it in the statute. He appeared very much affected and wept freely while the jury were out deliberating upon his case. The parties reside in the village of Warwick, and from the testimony it appeared that the young bride was a willing victim. On the morning of the elopement she proceeded on foot with her intended and his sister from Warwick to Edenville, a distance of several miles, with a view of having the marriage solemnised before Esquire Houston. That gentleman being absent, from home, the bride suggested the propriety of going on to Amity, declaring, that *if it was not fixed now it never would be fixed.*" The jury returned a verdict of guilty.

The Wheeling Gazette states that the product of the crop of wheat realised this year from the farm of Mr. Daniel Steenrod, near that city, averaged sixty-six dollars per acre when manufactured into flour.

A Mrs. *Bank* of Tennessee, has recently presented her husband with five little *branches*.—Balt. Sun.

We hope they may prove a *golden treasury* to their mother.—Focus.

RAT SOUP.

A work has been just published in Paris, containing many amusing accounts of incidents connected with military life. The following is an extract.

Our troops were in bivouac one beautiful night, but I could not sleep. Seated near the fire, I smoked my pipe by the side of the soldier, who acting the part of cook to the company, was charged with the duty of making soup. On peering into the pot as it was boiling, I remarked that from time to time, something of a dark colour and suspicious appearance frequently bubbled up, showed itself, and immediately disappeared. My curiosity was considerably excited to know the nature of these mysterious looking materials. I took my sword and after many vain attempts, succeeded in transfixing and bringing out of the pot, not merely one, but two, three, four well grown mice! I awoke the cook without more ado.—'Well,' said I, 'my friend, it appears to me you have chosen a singular material to season your soup.'

'The same as usual, Lieutenant, turnips, potatoes, cabbages, pepper and salt.'

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