EASTON GAZETTE.

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

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ADVERTISEMENTS

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AGRICULTURAL.

WORTH TRYING.

An experienced writer says that one bushel of flaxseed ground with eight bushels of oats, is better for horses than sixteen bushels of oats alone, and will effectually cure the bots. If this really be the case, the mixture would be much cheaper food for horses than oats by themselves, for one bushel of flax-seed, would not generally cost more than four bushels of oats, leaving a saving of 4 bushels in every 16. It is worth a trial.

RAISING POTATOES.

A correspondent says:—I will barely, state a fact, or rather an experiment in the agricultural line. I planted in my garden in 1836, one potatoe, from which I raised ninety-six potatoes. In 1837, I planted the ninety-six, and raised from them eighteen and a half bushels of as large and handsome potatoes as I ever saw. Thus in two years I raised from one potatoe eighteen and a half bushels.—The only secret is, I cut out the eyes, and put one eye in the hill. I deem it important for farmers to know this, as there is great saving in seed.

THE POLE EVIL.—The following receipt for the cure of that formidable disease of the horse is from the New York Cultivator.

As soon as the tumor appears make a strong decoction of the root of the meadow plant or vine known by the name of *poison ivy*, and sometimes by that of murcury, bathe the tumor with this decoction every day, as hot as the horse will bare it, and rub it with a hot iron.—In a short time it will begin to diminish and in six weeks it will wholly subside. —A very valuable horse of mine was attacked with this disease last summer, and two months after we first discovered it were consumed in experiments of various kinds when I became discouraged and gave up the horse as lost. The tumor became appalling, so much so that the best of our farriers declined to undertake a cure and advised me to sell my horse for the best price that I could get and shortly after I accidentally heard of the above remedy. I tried it and with complete success. No trace of this remains although when I commenced the application the horse was so bad that he could not drop his head low enough to drink unless he was driven into deep water. I have no doubt the remedy is specific, if applied in time.—How long before the tumor breaks, the application to be successful must be made, I am not able to say—but the tumor on my horse must have been three months advancing, before we commenced our application.

As I am ignorant of veterinary nosology I hope you will give technical name to the disease, and for the same reason I hope you will give the botanic name of the plant which effected a cure.

I have the honor to be
your ob't. servant.
IRA CLIZBE.

From the Lutheran Observer.

THE NOTE BOOK OF A NATURALIST.

"Father," said my little daughter the other day—"father, what is the reason that my little bantum hen keeps picking at the white wash on the fence? It can't be because she is hungry, there is plenty of corn lying about!" This question may perhaps perplex many who have advanced some years beyond those of childhood. The circumstances that they attracted the observation of my daughter, has probably been witnessed by most of my readers, & it may be that some of them have not been able to explain it. Wherever hens are kept some may be seen going along the walls or whitewashed fences, picking off the lime and swallowing it. The roosters never partake of this calcareous fare,—why the hens only? It is not to cleanse their stomachs and promote digestion; for these purposes they swallow sand. It is not for want of more delectable food, for they do it when up to their knees in corn. How will you account for it?—on the same grounds that they sometimes destroy they own eggs, not for the purpose of eating the internal parts, for those they reject, but the shell is the matter of their choice. It is not all hens which do it, but only those which *feel* that they have not a sufficient quantity of calcareous matter within them necessary to constitute a shell of proper consistence for the egg; for an egg shell is nothing but lime. If this fail the eggs are imperfect, without shells, and the internal substance covered only with a thin skin.—The chickens know this, and hence when they perceive that their charical apparatus within is out of order and will not elaborate a sufficient quantity of the necessary material, they make up the deficiency in the manner above stated.—What an extraordinary instinct to lead them to eat lime, and nothing else! how do they know that it is precisely the substance required? They do not judge from the color, for other white substances, they will not touch; but select a piece of old mortar or a scale of whitewash from a heap of other matters of similar color and appearance.

This subject has brought to my recollection some curious facts which are perhaps not generally known. It has been well established that some birds have the exuaordinary faculty of laying a much greater number of eggs than they are usually content to hatch. Thus those which generally lay four or five and then cease for the purpose of hatching them, will continue to lay ten or twelve days if any number short of the usual complinment are removed, whereas if the nest is undisturbed, they are satisfied with a few. Some will lay as high as thirty eggs before they begin to sit, if they are taken away as fast as they are laid. A lark will not sit as long as two eggs are suffered to remain in the nest, but continue laying for an indefinite time but if she has three she will sit, and her usual number is five. This is very wonderful and hard to explain. If a lark is permitted to retain five eggs, she will cease laying, but if you leave only two each day she will lay forty. This shows that these birds have the power of laying or not at their pleasure, after a certain period, which is a very remarkable fact in their history.

When hens which have commenced laying are removed to a strange place they will cease for a while, but this may be accounted for from the fact that they do not know at first where to find the material necessary to bring the egg to perfection. If the leg of a hen be broken after she has laid some eggs, she will cease until the wounded limb is healed and she is able to go about and lay in the proper quantum of time to form the shell. She then begins again, but does not go on indefinitely, as the birds mentioned above, nor does she seem so particular about the number of eggs to sit on, for when that inclination seizes her, she is as well satisfied with one as with twenty, and a turkey has even less sensibility on this point, for she will sit for months on a buck bat with a great deal of maternal solicitude, subjecting herself to the most torturing abstinence in hope of hatching a brood of young from a piece of burnt clay.

MR. SAMUEL SLICK OF SLICKVILLE.

THE CLOCKMAKER QUILTS A BLUE NOSE.

The decendants of Eve have profited little by her example. The curiosity of the fair sex is still insatiable, and, as it is often ill directed, it frequently terminates in error. In the country this feminine propensity is troublesome to a traveller, and he who would avoid importunities, would do well to announce at once, on his arrival at a Cumberland Inn, his name and his business, the place of his abode, and length of his visit.

Our beautiful hostess, Mrs. Pugwash, as she took her seat at the breakfast table this morning, exhibited the example that suggested these reflections. She was struck with horror at our conversation, the latter part only of which she heard, and of course misapplied and misunderstood.

She was run down by the President, said I, and has been laid up for some time. Gulard's people have stripped her, in consequence of her making water so fast. Stripped whom? said Mrs. Pugwash, as she suddenly dropped the teapot from her hand; stripped whom,—for heaven's sake tell me who it is? The Lady Ogle said I. Lady Ogle, said she, how horrid! Two of her ribs were so broken as to require to be replaced with new ones.—Two new ribs, said she, well I never heered the beat of that in all my born days; poor critter, how she must have suffered. On examining her below the waist they found—Examining her still lower, said she, (all the pride of her sex revolting at the idea of such an indecent exhibition,) you don't pretend to say they stripped her below the waist; what did the Admiral say? Did he stand by and see her handled in that way? The Admiral, madam, said I, did not trouble his head about it. They found her extremely unsound there, and much worm eaten. Worm eaten, she continued, how awful! it must have been them nasty jiggers, that got there; they tell me they are dreadful thick in the West Indies; Joe Crow had them in his feet, and lost two of his toes. Worm eaten, dear! dear!! but still that aint so bad as having them great he fellows strip one. I promise you if them Gulards had undertaken to strip me, I'd taught them different guess manners; I'd died first before I'd submitted to it. I always heerd tell the English quality ladies were awful bold, but I never heerd the like o'that.

What on airth are you drivin at? said Mr. Slick, I never seed you so much out in your latitude afore, marm, I vow. We were talking of repairin a vessel, not strippin' a woman; what under the sun could have put that are crotchet into your head? She looked mortified and humbled at the result of her own absurd curiosity, and soon quitted the room. I thought I should have snorted right out two or three times, said the Clockmaker; I had to pucker up my mouth like the upper eend of a silk pus, to keep from yawhawin in her face, to hear the critter let her clapper run that fashion. She is not the first hand that has caught a lobster, by puttin in her oar afore her turn, I guess. She'll mind her stops next hitch, I reckon. This was our last breakfast at Amherts.

An early frost that smote the potatoe fields, and changed the beautiful green colour of the Indian corn into shades of light yellow and dark brown, reminded me of the presence of autumn—of the season of short days and bad roads. I determined to proceed at once to Parrsboro, and thence by the Windsor and Kentville route to Annapolis, Yarmouth, and Shelburne, and to return by the shore road, through Liverpool and Lunenburg to Halifax. I therefore took leave (though not without much reluctance) of the Clockmaker, whose intention had been to go to Fort Lawrence. Well, said he, I vow I am sorry to part company along with you; a considerable long journey like ourn, is like sitting up late with the galls, a body knows its getting on pretty well toward mornin, and yet feels loth to go to bed, for its just the time folks grow sociable.

I got a scheme in my head, said he, that I think will answer both on us; I got debts due to me in all them are places for Clocks sold by the concarn; now suppose you leave your horse on these marshes this fall, he'll get as fat as a fool, he won't be able to see out of his eyes in a month, and I'll put *'Old Clay,'* (I call him Clay after our senator, who is a prime bit o stuff into a Yankee waggon I have here, and drive you all round the coast.

This was too good an offer to be declined. A run at grass for my horse, an easy and comfortable waggon, and a guide so original and amusing as Mr. Slick, were either of them enough to induce my acquiescence.

As soon as we had taken our seats in the waggon, he observed, We shall progress real handsum now; that are horse goes eternal fast, he near about set my axle on fire twice. He's a spanker, you may depend on it. He's a two-year old, all legs and tail, like a devil's darnin needle, an had him broke on purpose by father's old nigger, January Snow. He knows English real well and can do near about any thing but speak it. He helped me once toginn a blue nose a proper handsum quiltin. He must have stood a poor chance indeed, said I, a horse kickin and a man strikin him at the same time. Oh! not after that pattern all, said he; Lord, if Old Clay had kicked him, he'd a smashed him like that are saucer you broke at Pugwash's inn, into ten hundred thousand million finders. Oh! no, if I didn't fix his flint for him in fair play it's a pity. I'll tell you how it was. I was up to Truro, at Ezra Whitter's Inn. There was an arbitration there atween Deacon Text and Deacon Faithful. Well, there was a nation sight of folks there, for they said it was a biter bit, and they came to witness the sport, and to see which critter would get the ear mark.

Well, I'd been doing a little business there among the folks, and had just set off for the river, mounted on Old Clay, arter takin a glass of Ezra's most particular handsum brandy, and was trotten off pretty slick, when who should I run agin but Tim Bradley. He is a dreadful ugly, cross-grained critter, as you ever seed, when he is about half-shaved. Well I stopped short, and says I, Mr. Bradley, I hope you beant hurt; I'm proper sorry I run agin you, you can't feel uglier than I do about it, I do assure you. He called me a Yankee pedlar, a cheatin vagabond, a wooden nutmeg, and threw a good deal of assorted hardware of that kind at me; and the crowd of folk cried out, Down with the Yankee, let him have it, Tim, teach him better manners; and they carried on pretty high, I tell you. Well, I got my dander up too, I felt all up on an eend like, and thinks I to myself, my lad, if I get a clever chance I'll give you such a quiltin as you never had since you were raised from a seedling I vow. So, says I, Mr. Bradley, I guess you had better let me be; you know I can't fight no more than a cow—I never was brought up to wranglin and I don't like it. Haul off the cowardly rascal, they all bawled out, haul him off and lay it into him. So he lays right hold of me by the collar, and gives me a pull, and I lets on as if I'd lost my balance and fell right down. Then I jumps up on an eend, and says I, 'go ahead Clay,' and the old horse he sets off ahead, so I knew I had him when I wanted him.—Then, says, I hope you are satisfied now Mr. Bradley, with that are ungenteel fall you gin me. Well, he makes a blow at me, and I dodged it; now, says I, you'll be sorry for this, I tell you: I wont be treated this way for nothin, I'll go right off and swear my life agin you, I'm most afeered you'll murder me. Well, he strikes at me agin, (thinkin he had a genuine soft horn to deal with,) and hits me in the shoulder. Now, says I, I wont stand here to be lathered like a dog all day long this fashion, it taste pretty at all, I guess. I sets after me (I did that to get clear of the crowd, so that I might have fair play at him,) and could play him as I liked. Then I slackened up a little, and when he came close up to me, so as nearly to lay his hand upon me, I squatted right down, all short, and he pitched over me near about a rod or so, I guess on his head, and ploughed up the ground with his nose, the matter of a foot or two. If he didn't polish up the coulter and both mould boards of his face, its a pity. Now, says I, you had better lay where you be and let me go, for I am properly tired; I blow like a horse that's got the heaves; and besides, says I, I guess you had better wash your face, for I am most afeared you hurt yourself.—That riled him properly: I meant that it should; so he ups and at me awful spiteful, like a bull; then I lets him have it right, left, right, jist three corkers, beginning with the right hand, shifting to the left, and then with the right hand again. This way I did it, said the Clockmaker, (and he showed me the manner in which it was done) its a beautiful way of hitting, and always does the business—a blow for each eye, and one for the mouth. It sounds like ten pounds ten on a blacksmith's anvil; I bunged up both eyes for him, and put in the dead lights in two tu's, and drew three of his teeth, quicker a plaguy sight than the Truro doctor could, to save his soul alive. Now says I, my friend, when you recover your eye-sight, I guess you'll see your mistake—I warnt born in the woods to be scared by an owl. The next time you feel in a most particular elegant good humour, come to me, and I'll play you the second part of that identical same tune, that's a fact.

With that I whistled for Old Clay, and back he comes, and I mounted and off, just as the crowd came up. The folks looked staggered, and wondered a little how it was done so cleverly in short metre. If I did'nt quilt him in no time, you may depend; I went right slap into him, like a dish of lightning into a gooseberry bush. He found his suit ready made and fitted afore he thought he was half measured. Thinks I, friend Bradley, I hope you know yourself now, for I vow no livin soul would; you swallowed and you're near about a pint and a half nearer ervin than larfin.

Yes, as I was sayin, this 'Old Clay' is a real known one, he's as spry as a colt yet, clear grit, ginger to the back-bone; I can't help a thinkin sometimes the breed must have come from old Kentuck, half horse and half alligator, with a cross of the airthquake.

I hope I may be tee-totally ruinated if I'd take eight hundred dollars for him. Go ahead, you old clinker built villian, said he, and show the gentlemen how masterful handsum you can travel. Give him the real Connecticut quick step.—That's it—that's the way to carry the President's message to Congress, from Washington to New York, in no time—that's the go to carry a gall from Boston to Rhode Island, and trice her up to a Justice to be married, afore her father's out of bed of a summer's mornin. Ain't he a beauty? a real doll? none of your Cumberland critters, that the more you quilt them, the more they wont go; but a proper one, that will go free gratis for nothin, all out of his own head voluntarily. Yes, a horse like 'Old Clay,' is worth the whole seed breed and generation, of them Amherst beasts put together. He's a horse every inch of him, stock, lock and barrel, is *Old Clay*.

From the Illinois Backwoodsman.

A BRAVE GIRL.—In this State, no minor can obtain from the county commissioners' courts a license, without first obtaining the consent of his or her parent or guardian, and without such license, cannot marry in this State. Young couples frequently fly to the opposite side of the Mississippi, where no license is required.

"These "runaway matches," as they are called, are very frequent. A laughable occurrence of that kind happened a few weeks ago, which has made much sport in this region.

A Miss ——, about 17 years of age, who is the heiress to an estate valued at $10,000, lately ran away in company with a bridesmaid and her lover, who was nearly thirty. Her guardian believing the man totally unworthy of her, had refused his consent. When they reached the bank of the Mississippi, the ice was running furiously in the river; but the young lady expecting every moment her guardian would arrive there in pursuit, urged her lover to lose not an instant in pushing the boat from the shore. His courage seemed to have a good deal abated; but he, with the owner of a large skiff, and the bridesmaid, embarked with his intended bride. They had nearly reached the head of an island, about a third of the distance from the opposite shore, when the current became more rapid, the cakes of ice very large, and their situation extremely dangerous. The lover, excessively frightened, and forgetful of every body but *his own dear self*, bawled out in the most piteous accents, "Oh! I shall be drowned!—I shall be drowned!" and bitterly reproached his lady-love as the cause of his probable death. She uttered not a word, but her courage and presence of mind seemed to increase with the peril. A tremendous cake of ice fairly capsized the boat, but it was so large that all got on it, the lover rendering her no assistance at all. It bore them to the head of the island, and, as good fortune would have it, the chute between it and the Missouri shore was frozen over, and they crossed it without difficulty. They reached a tavern near the river, and after changing their wet garments and becoming warm at a good fire, the lover hinted to the young lady that it was time now for them to have the knot tied, as the magistrate had arrived for that purpose, and was in the next room. She gave him a most withering look of contempt and declared she would never unite her destiny with one who was so selfish and cowardly. It was in vain that he attempted by entreaty and argument to change her resolution. She was immoveable; and replied to him with scorn.

A few days afterwards, she returned to the house of her guardian, thankful that she had escaped marrying a man whose only object was her fortune.

Her lover returned to this side of the river also, but such showers of ridicule and contempt were bestowed upon him that he found it best to decamp, which he did a few nights ago, leaving behind him a host of unpaid demands.

A MONSTER.—We learn that a few days since the engineer on the Norriston Railroad fortunately perceived in time, when nearly opposite the Falls, a bundle lying directly athwart one of the rails; and, on stopping to remove it, discovered it to be a very young *child* rolled up in some cloths, and *alive!* where it doubtless had been placed by its inhuman mother. The little innocent was properly taken care of, but no clue has yet been discovered of the monster who thus sought to destroy her offspring.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

GENEROUS PROMPTITUDE.—The following incident is related in the Philadelphia U. S. Gazette:

About eight miles below Harrisburg, while the rail road train was going at the rate of about twenty miles an hour, the firemen discovered, some yards ahead, a man lying on the tract, with his legs [illegible] immediately set back, but there was no the least hope of stopping the train before it should pass over and far beyond him. In this dilemma the fireman, at the peril of his life, leaped from near the front of his engine, and kicked the man entirely into the track; so that the engine and the whole train of cars passed *over* him without doing him the least injury. Had the fireman attempted, in the second of time allowed him to act and think, to drag the man from his perilous situation, the wheels of the engine and train must have passed over the body. The man was, of course, *drunk*.

A lady by the name of Bills, in New Jersey, recently presented her husband with three 'little responsibilities' We thought there was a law against issuing *small bills* in that State.—*Port. Trans.*

Unfortunately, my dear sir, the law has been recently repealed, and we see the "consequences."

A fire occurred in *Chepagket*, Rhode Island, a few days ago, which destroyed property to the amount of $500. We are not astonished, and have little doubt that it was caused by spontaneous combustion. People should be careful of laying in heaps, and especially in such peculiar order, such letters as *Chepaghet*.—Nothing better could be expected.
U. S. Gazette.

The Frederick (Md.) Herald says, that at the last session of Frederick county court, a suit was brought against a clergyman for marrying a couple who had not attained the age of majority. The court awarded damages at $500, but afterwards relinquished the share that falls to the State. The case was a hard one, as the clergyman was not aware of the extreme youth of the parties, but 'ignorance of the law excuseth no man.'

A new Orleans paper tells of a man who has worn out four pair of boots in two months, all in trying to collect the money to pay for them! Really, these are the "times that try men's soles."

[From the National Intelligencer of Thursday of the 5th inst.

THE MANDAMUS.—In conformity with the decision of the Supreme Court of the U. States in the case of Stockton & Stokes *Relators*, against the Postmaster-General, a writ of *Mandamus* was on Friday last, issued by the Circuit Court for the District of Columbia, returnable on Tuesday the 3d inst. To that writ, return was made to the Court on Tuesday, by the following endorsment upon the copy of the writ served upon the Post-master-General:

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
April 3, 1838.

Having communicated the awards of the Solicitor of the Treasury, referred to in the within writ, to the Auditor of the Treasury, for the Post Office Department, who has the legal custody of the books in which the accounts of this Department are kept, I have received from him official information that the balance of said awards, viz: thirty-nine thousand four hundred and seventy-two dollars and forty-seven cents, ($39,472 47,) has been entered to the credit of the claimants on said books.
AMOS KENDALL, *Postmaster Gen.*

This being read in Court—

Mr. R. S. Coxe, for the plaintiffs, gave notice that he should on the following day move to quash the return as unsatisfactory and insufficient.

[In the course of the day the plaintiffs received at the treasury the principal amount of the award made under the act of Congress, by the Solicitor of the Treasury. So, to this extent, the Act of Congress, and the degree of the Circuit Court, affirmed by the Supreme Court, have at length been carried into effect, though not *respected*, as it was the duty of the Postmaster-General, in common with all other good and orderly citizens of the United States, to have respected, first the act of Congress; secondly; the Mandamus of the Circuit Court; and, thirdly, the decision of the highest judicial tribunal.]

Yesterday, in accordance with the notice given, Mr. Coxe made a motion to *quash* the return upon the writ of Mandamus against the Postmaster-General. The manner of the return, Mr. C. argued (in supporting this motion) was a gross contempt of Court; for the Postmaster-General puts himself, in his reply to the writ on the very ground over-ruled by this Court, and abandoned by his own counsel before the Supreme Court. The court he said, could hardly consider the return sufficient, without admitting that the Post-master-General was right in his original ground, and that the Court was wrong in deciding against it. That the tenor of this reply on the part of the Postmaster General was entirely inconsistent with his own previous action; for that when the award of the Solicitor of the Treasury, under the act of Congress, first came into his hands, he undertook to give instructions how, and to what extent, the award should be executed by the Auditor, and it was not until a fortnight after the decision of the Supreme Court in the case, that he found out he had nothing to do with it, and that the Auditor had exclusive control over it. Mr C further suggested that, with regard to this matter, the Postmaster General had not complied any one thing which the writ of Mandamus required him to certify. This, however he said, was a matter for the Court itself to decide upon, in which the Relators had no interest, further than to see the dignity of the court sustained.

On the part of the Relators, he maintained that in point of substance the return was wholly insufficient because, it had been now only certified that a balance was due which had been reported to be due sixteen or seventeen months ago, say in November, 1836. The award made by the Solicitor comprehended the interest due on the balance up to the date of the award. The Postmaster General objected to the award of the Solicitor that he had transcended the authority of the act of Congress, and one of the specific objections was the allowing of interest on these claims. This Court, by deciding that the Solicitor had not transcended his jurisdiction, and the Supreme Court by the unanimous adoption of the same doctrine, had decided that the Plaintiffs were entitled to interest, and consequently the payments that have been made, including interest only to November, 1836, are payments on account, and not in full compliance with the writ of Mandamus.

For these and other reasons, Mr. Coxe moved to quash the return as insufficient.

The Court took time to consider the motion.

Senate of Maryland March 28th, 1838.

MR. LEE, FROM THE SELECT COMMITTEE ON THE RETROCESSION OF GEORGETOWN TO MARYLAND, PRESENTED THE FOLLOWING REPORT:

The select committee, to whom was referred the memorial of the city of Georgetown and that portion of Washington county which lies without its limits and west of Rock Creek, all of the District of Columbia, have had the same under consideration, and beg leave unanimously to submit the following report thereon:—The object of the memorialists, necessarily contemplates for its accomplishments, the action of the National Legislature as well as that of this State; and to each body it will present in some respects different questions. Your committee have however deemed it proper to limit their examination to those considerations that appear properly to address themselves to the latter body. The territory represented in the memorial, it is known, formerly constituted a part of the county of Montgomery, in this State, and was ceded to the United States for the accomplishment of an object of national importance. In reviewing the history of this cession, your committee can discover in it no valid objection on the part of the State to accept a retrocession of the territory, *provided*, that the Congress of the United States shall be willing to surrender their peculiar jurisdiction over it. The memorial offers a considerable accession of territory, population and wealth; that can be annexed to the

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