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

Not exceeding a square inserted three times or ONE DOLLAR; and TWENTY-FIVE CENTS for every subsequent insertion.

A Sea Serpent in the Prairie Lakes. Old Nahant and Cape Ann have realized so much rhino out of the 'Sarpent' that a Yankee of the west, imbued with some of the imagination of his ancestry, has invented a counterfeit to draw attention, in these dull times of land speculation, towards the green fields of Indiana. The story has rather too much of the old twang, but as it is quite as good as a Cape Cod certificate, we give it as we find it in the Logansport (Indiana) Telegraph:—*N. Y. Star.*

THE DEVIL'S LAKE.

In the Northern portion of Indiana there are many beautiful little lakes, which give great interest to a country somewhat open. About 25 miles from Logansport, and in the vicinity of Rochester, there is one of these lakes about two miles in length, half a mile in width, and of unknown depth. Soundings were once tried with a line of 13 fathoms, but with no effect.

There is an ancient tradition of the Pottawattamie Indians relative to this lake, which has been handed down from generation to generation, and is now received by the white man with confirmed credence. The precise time at which the tradition was first received among the Indians cannot be determined—probably not a long time after the emigration of the Pottawattamies across the hard waters of the north, some centuries since, to this district of country, which was then occupied by the Miamies, by whose grant the Pottawattamies became possessed of the lands. It appears that the tradition does not owe its origin to the superstitious fears of the red men; but that some gigantic creature inhabited the lake, and does at the present time, is beyond the probability of doubt.

This lake is called by the Indians 'Lake Man-i-too,' or the devil's lake; and such is the terror in which it is held, that but few Indians would even dare to venture in a canoe upon its surface. The Indians will neither fish nor bathe in the lake; such is the powerful conviction that Man-i-too' or the Evil Spirit, dwells in its chrystal waters. It may elicit a smile from the incredulous to assert gravely the fact that some very extraordinary creature claims monarchy of this beautiful lake. But the existence of a monster in this lake is not an object of more surprise to us than the remains of the Mastodon, whose teeth measures 18 inches—and which were found but two miles fromtown, in a prairie through which the canal runs. Were there not assurances from men entitled to credibility that a monster has been seen within a few days in the lake Man-i-too, it might be supposed the strange story originated in the superstitious fears of the Aboriginies.

When the Pottawattamie Mills were erecting some ten years since, at what is called the outlet of the lake, the monster was seen by those men known to Gen. Milroy, under whose direction the Mills, I believe, were erected. There are persons in Logansport who questioned closely those who lately saw the mysterious occupant of the lake, and are now convinced of this tradition of Man-i-too being founded upon something more substantial than the basis of fish and snake stories generally.

But two weeks since some men by the name of Robinson were fishing in the lake, when they beheld with surprise the even surface of the water ruffled by something swimming rapidly, and which they suppose must have measured 60 feet. The Robinsons are respectable men, whose fears are not easily excited; yet such was the terror that this nondescript caused that they made a hasty retreat to the shore, much alarmed. Since this circumstance took place, and but a few days since, Mr. Lindsey, who is well known here, was riding near the margin of the Lake, when he saw, at the distance of 200 feet from him, some animal raise its head three or four feet above the surface of the water. He felt the security of the shore, and viewed the mysterious creature many minutes, when it disappeared and re-appeared three times in succession. The head he described about three feet across the frontal bone, and having something of the contour of a 'beef's head,' but the neck tapering, and having the character of the serpent; colour dingey, with large yellow spots. It turned its head from side to side with an easy motion, in apparent survey of the surrounding objects. Mr. L. is entitled to credibility. So convinced are many of the existence of the Monster, that some gentlemen in town have proposed an expedition to the lake and by the aid of rafts to make an effort to capture the mysterious being which is a terror to the superstitious, but which becomes an object of interest to science, the naturalist and philosopher.

A VISITER TO THE LAKE.

PERILOUS DESCENT IN A BALLOON.

The Easton, (Penn.) Argus gives the following account of a perilous descent in a balloon, by Mr. Wise, the æronaut. On Saturday last, 11th instant, at ten minutes before two o'clock, I ascended with my Parachute balloon, accompanied with two small parachutes and animals, from the spacious yard of the Washington Hotel, kept by Mr. Connor, and as soon as it attained the height of 2 000 feet I detached the conical parachute with its occupant, which landed near the Lafayette College: by that time I rose several thousand feet more when I detached my oil silk parachute which experiment was to decide the certainty and safety of my parachute Balloon—it did not descend with that uniform velocity as the first. I however concluded that the experiment would not be hazardous if not disagreeable. I also was satisfied by former descents, that a balloon as soon as it became flaccid, would invert in a rapid descent.

When I attained an altitude of about 13,000 feet, the balloon became fearfully expanded, causing a loud hissing from the small tube at the bottom, through which the valve rope passed, giving me warning that unless I opened my safety valve, the balloon must rupture; at this critical moment I became somewhat excited as I looked over the side of my car and saw the vivid flashes of lightning passing from one cloud to another. A thunder-gust was moving from southwest to north east, and my vessel, at this time, was sailing swifily from north-west toward south-east, passing New Village and Asbury. I looked at my time-piece, and found it twenty minutes past two, and as I was returning it to my pocket, the balloon exploded! Although I had confidence in the apparatus, I must admit that it was a moment of awful suspense, for in the space of ten seconds the gas rushed from the balloon, with a noise resembling the approach of a hurricane, and as I fell through the air it whistled through the net work like unto a strong north wester, through the rigging of a ship; I cast my eyes to the balloon, and found my expectations realized; it assumed the form of a concave hemisphere, falling rapidly without any vibratory motion, until I reached the lower stratra of air, which was blowing a sharp gale from the South. When the parachute commenced its first vibrations, drifting me northward, making a vibration about every ten seconds, which now made the descent very unpleasant, every motion causing a sensation similar to that of a person dreaming of falling. I make the comparison because I consider it a general affliction, as it frequently occurs to myself. The wind from the South drifted me about three miles before I approached the earth, and made my landing much harder than it would have been in a calm atmosphere.

As I neared the earth, I threw over all my ballast, which put me off my guard, and as my car struck the earth obliquely it bounced me out about ten feet, slightly bruising my shoulder. I sprang on my feet quickly, to see it collapse, but it had fell along side of me. I now stood gazing with astonishment, first at the parachute, then at the Car, which had turned bottom upwards; I next cast my eyes to fleeting clouds through which I was sailing but three minutes before, and I was standing on terra firma, congratulating myself on the result of my experiment, which I intend soon to repeat. I landed on the farm of Mr. Elijah Warne, about ten miles from Easton, and got the assistance of Mr. Warne and his neighbors, who were watching the descent of the parachute, little thinking that a human being accompanied it.

J. WISE.

Easton, August 11, 1838.

LOWELL.

The intelligent correspondent of the Philadelphia U. S. Gazette, in his last published letter, furnishes the following interesting notice of the manufacturing capabilities of Lowell:

'There are ten principal establishments, with an aggregate capital of $8,250,000. These employ in their operations 28 mills, exclusive of printiries, &c. The whole number of looms is 4861, and of spindlers 160 404. Of females employed there are 6295; of males 2017. The annual product of all the mills, in yards, is 51,147,200. The annual consumption of cotton is 16,161,600 lbs. or 44,769 bales; of wool, 600,000 lbs. The kinds of goods manufactured are calicoes, sheetings, shirtings, drillings, carpeting, rugs, negro cloth, broad cloth, cassimeres, and machinery of various sorts. The consumption of anthracite coal per annum is 11,009 tons; of charcoal 500,000 bushels, of wood, 4,810 cords; of oil, (sperm. and olive) 63,489 gallons; of starch 510,000 lbs. and of flour for starch, 3,800 lbs. The average wages of females per week, clear of board, is $1 75; of males, clear of board, 80 cents per day. Persons employed by the companies are paid at the close of each month; the average amount of wages per month is $106,000. A very considerable portion of the earnings is said to be deposited in the Savings Bank. "As regards the health of persons employed," says the paper from which the above facts are gleaned, "great numbers have been interrogated, and the result shows that six of the females out of ten enjoy better health than before being employed in the mills; of males, one half derive the same advantages. As regards their moral condition and character, they are not inferior to any portion of the community." There is an important omission in this statement. To enable us to form an intelligent opinion of the healthfulness of the occupation, we should be informed whether or not the health of any employed is injured.

Lowell is one of the most extraordinary phenomena of this most extraordinary country. It is just sixteen years since the first factory was erected there, and since, of course, it was merely an obscure country village, in nothing distinguished from the common herd except in its latent capabilities. Now it counts its 20,000 inhabitants, and presents to the admiration of the thousands who annually visit it, its thirty vast piles of buildings, in which the sound of the anvil, the loom and the spindle, never ceases through the live-long day. And this is but a specimen, though undoubtedly one of the most extraordinary, of the mode in which towns spring up and reach their maturity, as it were, in a night, where the principle practically obtains, of letting men alone. How prophetically did the Bishop of Cloyne, (was it not he) more than a century ago, sing,

"Times's noblest empire is the last."

Lowell is is 25 miles from Boston. The country through which you pass the first half of that distance, is rich in every thing that can interest and gratify the traveller. It is in a high state of cultivation: it is watered by two beautifully winding streams, the Mystic and Charles Rivers; it is adorned with many elegant mansions, surrounded by picturesque grounds; it has a due intermixture of hill and valley, woodland and cultivated field; and it is enlivened by numerous villages, embosomed in thick foliage, and full of that sweet, quiet beauty, which tells at once of virtue and of thrift. I could not, in the course of my morning's flight, (for we went by steam) help contrasting the villages of stern, puritan New England, with those of the land of statues and of songbright, classic Italy. The latter show picturesquely in the distance, and appear well in painted landscapes; but a near approach to the reality breaks the charm, and filth, squalor and beggary then becomes the chief ingredients of the view. But here, thanks to a kind providence and a constitutional government, the promise and the reality are in perfect harmony.—While our villages are not less attractive in the distant view than those of Italy, no sudden and painful revulsion of feeling awaits you on a nearer inspection. Verily we have a "goodly heritage," and the lines has fallen to us in pleasant places. Let us take care that our "candlestick be not removed out of its place" —that our "bow abide in strength.

[From the National Gazette.]

ATTITUDES.—Lord Chesterfield says, 'nothing adds so much to success in life as an engaging first appearance.' The truth of this remark must be manifest to every one, who adverts to the impression made upon his mind, on his first meeting in company with a man of vulgar or unpolished deportment. The writer of this, desirous to assist in the making gentlemen of those who have no friends who dare to take the liberty of pointing out their true aberrations from the true standard of polite life, offers the following rules, which cannot fail, if duly adhered to, to render the practioner a finished gentleman.

When you pay a visit at the house of a friend, and get fairly seated, let one of the first things you do, be, to lean back in your chair, and particularly if you are near a clean wall. I say 'clean,' because otherwise you might get your head soiled A wall newly papered with a light ground, is the safest to lean against and I would recommend a little change in position in order that by constantly rubbing your head on the same spot, you may not make the mark of it too plain, which probably the lady of the house, if she was over nice, might not admire. As to the sort of chair which is best suited for the feet, I would prefer a mahogany one, particularly if the hind legs were made so as to require a considerable effort to tilt it back.

The cane and rush bottom are best for a small man, for they generally have a bar in front, upon which he can place his feet, which will enable him to wipe the dirt off his boots, in case he got into the mud on his way, and forgot to wipe them at the door on the mat. The custom of leaning back on one's chair, is purely American, and by rigidly observing it abroad as well as home, it speaks one's nationality. The people of no other polished nation lean back in their chairs. All Europeans have a silly notion that it indicates a want of respect for those in whose company you are, and that what they call unseemly postures, shows even a man's want of self respect. But this is all affectation. 'Free and Easy' is the true doctrine, whether alone or in society, whether in your place of business, or in a drawing room. I recollect once hearing a foreigner say, 'I am told the art of leaning back is so well understood, by some persons, that they can balance themselves upon one leg only of the chair.' But I looked upon this as a mere display of wit, at the expense of an American *gentleman* who was indulging himself in the favorite American attitude at the expense of the foreigner's satin wood chair and orange colored wall.

After you have sufficiently indulged in this elegant accomplishment, the next sitting attitude I would recommend, is to rest your right foot on your left knee, or, vice versa, and take the wrinkles out of your boots with your hands. This elevation of the foot to a level with the hands, is particularly advisable, if any lady or gentlemen is close by, and it shows that you have as much respect for one limb as another. Why should not the foot be as highly honored in society as the hand? Why should not the boot be brought in contact with the glove. I have seen people shove off when a gentleman had thus introduced his foot into company, as if they thought their dignity offended; but I thought it quite as silly as I did the conduct of a friend, one day, who dined with a family of fashion, and was quite provoked to see the lady feed a huge pointer dog from the table, by putting pieces of bread and meat in his mouth from her own plate.

After you get tired sitting, I would advise you to stand up, and if you do not know what to do with your hands, I would recommend you to hang them by the thumbs at the armholes of your vest, or deposit them in the pockets of your pantaloons. An occasional thrusting them into your hair, with fingers expanded like the teeth of a comb, can be practised with advantage. If you should be walking up & down the room with a lady or gentleman, you should always turn back to your companion. Some people think this rude, but that is because they have heard that at court no one turns his back upon the King.

To conclude: when you get tired of walking, sit down and lean back in your chair, or if the sofa be vacant, take a loll upon it, and be careful to rub your head against the wall as before. If the sofa be covered with damask and your boots be clean, you might safely put up your feet, as some of the members of Congress at Washington have been known to do, at the house of one of the foreign ministers.

From the N. York Spirit of the Times.

I send you a letter from a Postmaster in Alston to an editor there, which explains itself. Amos has not been successful in inculcating into his body-guard the *'immortal principles of Lindley Murray and Noah Webster.'*

Yours, N.

The letter referred to is thus addressed, crossways of the sheet:—

To the Preating office
at florence Ala
the man that
does prent

Postmaster sir pleese
to sent or let him
nowe this letter
is here for him

free
Lowery ville
14 June

Here is the letter itself, verbatim et literatum et punctuatim, the name of the writer only, being suppressed:

this the 14th June 1838

Dear sir I rite to you for the purpose of gitting you to Prent me some of these tinketts for the purpose of Aball I want you to prent them like this or if you think thare are any thing lackin in hit you put it in I want you to prent them red if you can dew so I want you to prent the Nomber of 35 or 40 and wrap them up Nicely and put them in the mail like Aletter and back them to ——— at Lowery ville I want them the next male if Possible and make out your Bill and put it in two and I will send you the money the next male

oblige yours if you please

J—— T——

to J—— T——
Hardin County
Lowery ville Post office
tennessee

Here is the original copy of *'the ticketts'* wanted:—

Madam I dwo with all Politeness I Cau to invite you here on wednesday the 4th of July 1838 for the purpose of Aball to Dance Commence at 4 in evening and end at 8 in the morning

THE BITER BIT.

'I say, neighbor Snobb, if you don't keep your hens out of my garden, I'll shoot them.'

'Very well, Doolittle, shoot away; only if you kill any of my hens, throw them over into my yard.'

Crack went the old fowling piece, morning after morning, and the large fat hens were pitched into neighbor Snobb's yard like rein. After a fortnight or more, Doolittle discovered that Snobb's never had any hens, and that he had been shooting his own, they having broken out of his own henroop.—N. O. Pic.

'The Globe's ungracious attack upon the Navy has drawn out a well informed writer, probably an officer, in the National Gazette. We quote what follows:—

The editor of the Globe says, "our navy must become the scorn and contempt of the world," It would, under its present management, and we the people are therefore called upon to make the change and save it. "Or, if it exists at all, it must dwindle out a life of contempt and insignificance." It is true, its best hopes have been blasted, its fairest blossoms have been nipped, it is true, the brilliancy of its crest has been tarnished by falling into improper hands. Congress has done every thing for it; the appropriations have been liberal to profusion; the people love it as their 'pride in peace and hope in war.' They are aware that our ships are rotting at the wharves, that our officers have been unemployed, that our commerce is unprotected, that our citizens are unsafe! At this moment our combined naval force on the coast of Europe, Asia and Africa, including the Mediterranean squadron, consists of *two vessels*, the United States and John Adams. The squadron for the East Indies, under Capt. Read, consisting of two ships, required nearly *one year* to get ready for sea, the time of her crew expiring in our own ports.

During the session of Congress, Secretary Dickerson transferred several millions to the Treasury Department, which had been appropriated for the naval service, but which he would not expend as the law required; and in the words of the Hon. member from Michigan, "the country was convinced that the late Head of the Navy Department had no head;" his days were passed in reading papers, and his nights in receiving entertainments —*he lived on the department, and did not serve in it.*

The Globe asserts that the officers of the Navy are suffering from an alarming epidemic, which is only relieved by a visit to the White Sulpher Springs. We have just seen a gentleman from there, and the facts are these.

There are four naval officers there at this time—one is well known in our country, an invalid, as one of the best Surgeons of the age, and a jewel to the service and the country, the second, Lieut ———, is so an entirely an invalid that he can scarcely leave his chamber; the third, Lieut. ———, has just returned from an 18 months' campaign with the army against the Seminoles; and the fourth, Lieut.———, is suffering from neuralgia. May the Editor of the Globe, in the hardness and bitterness of his heart be ever preserved, himself and family, from having occasion to visit the White Sulphur, as our unfortunate officers are now doing.

Officers whose homes are a short distance from the seaboard, cannot get orders to sea, in consequence of the travelling expenses; and we know personally, such is the desire to get to sea that no sooner is it known here that a ship is to be commissioned, than crowds of officers go on to Washington to urge their claims to get on board ship.

We know that Com. Hull has gone on time after time in hopes to obtain a ship, and although the first American to whom the proud flag of England was lowered, he has thus far been unsuccessful. And again, we are well informed that those officess who will go obsequiously and cringingly to Mr. Boyle, the chief clerk, will seldom come away disappointed, while the high minded and honorable spirits who disdain and abhor such proceedings, are passed over in neglect.

'Credit,' as defined and understood by Mr. Webster:

'What I understand by credit is, that which thus connects labour and capital, by giving to labor the use of the capital. In other words, intelligence, good character, and good morals bestow on in those who have not capital, a power, a trust, a confidence, which enables them to attain it and employ it usefully for themselves & others. These acuve men of business buil l their hopes of success on their attentiveness, their economy and their integrity. A wider theatre for useful activity is under their feet and around them, than was ever spread before the eyes of the young and enterprising generations of men, on any spot enlightened by the sun. Before them is the ocean. Every thing in that direction invites them to efforts of enterprise and industry in the pursuits of commerce & the fisheries. Around them, on all hands, are thriving an! prosperous manufactures; an improving agriculture, and the daily presentation of new objects of internal improvement, while behind them is half a continent of the richest land, at the cheapest prices, under healthful climates, and washed by the most magnificent rivers that on any part of the Globe pay their homage to the sea. In the midst of all these glowing and glorious prospects, they are neither restrained by ignorance, nor smitten down by the penury of personal circumstances. They are not compelled to contemplate in helplessness and despair, all the advantages thus bestowed on their condition by providence. Capital, though they may have little or none CREDIT supplies its place; not as the refuge of the prodigal and the reckless; not as gratifying present wants with the certainty of future abso[illegible] ruin; but as the genius of [illegible] honorable trust and confidence, as the blessing, voluntarily offered to good conduct; as the beneficent agent which assists honesty and enterprize in obtaining comfort and independence.'

The utterer of these sentiments is dubbed an 'aristocrat,' in the party nomenclature of the day. For ourselves, we are compelled by the force of truth to express our profound regard for just such sentiments, and our wishes that the country might be filled by just such 'aristocrats.'

The Editor of the New York Herald, who is in London, indulges his very liberal fancy in the following amusing speculations:

I alluded in a former letter to the arrival of John Van Buren. I have learned a good deal more concerning his important mission—for a mission it is—which will astonish the democrats as much as it will amuse the Whigs of New York.

It is an absolute fact that young Van Buren arrived here on a congratulatory mission to the young Queen on her approaching coronation. On the accession of Victoria the young and fair, President Van Buren wrote her, with his own hand, a long letter, which was characterized here at the soirees of the embassy, as being the 'most beautiful composition every written by Van Buren.' 'The devil,' said I, when I was told of it, 'I wonder who corrected the grammer and punctuation. A few years ago I once did the job when he wanted to publish a newspaper article.' The matter, of course, stood there until the arrival of Young John. It seems he brought another lette. from his President and pa to the young queen, constituting him his representative to congratulate the sweet young girl on her coronation. The letter was written with the same beauty as the former one—and such was the effect produced in her soft bosom, that she actually waived all etiquette, and directed an invitation for her late ball to be sent to young John, without going through the forms of a previous presentation.

It seems, however, that young John's mission, not being authorised by the laws and constitution of United States, is kept a secret here. This matter has been fully explained to the Queen's court, and John figures in the newspapers, balls, &c. principally on his own responsibility. On the evening of the ball, the beautiful Queen expressed a wish to talk to him, and John, I am told, acquitted himself very well, and made a great impression on her Majesty.

Now all this I like very well. I am myself and so is every sensible rascal, a great admirer and adorer of female youth and beauty. Victoria—I have seen her several times—is really an interesting looking young maiden. That old Martin and young John should take such steps to create an interest in her youthful heart, is by no means strange. It shows their good taste, and I approve it as such. Besides the young Queen can marry whom she pleases, be he democrat, aristocrat, prince or king. John is a good looking young dog—rather long in the legs to be sure—but the Queen is very short, and who knows what may be the consequence? But the most amusing thing is, what will the loco-focos of Tammany say to all this? Is this republican? Is this democratic? Is it agreeable to the usages of the party? The coronation of the sovereign here is an old feudal ceremony, entirely at variance with republican principles. It is attended by ambassadors from all the Kings and Emperors of Europe. A President of the United States, has under the constitution nothing further to do with the British sovereign than to settle the boundary question, or put down the frontier agitation, or any other great question of national interest. He has no right to avail himself of his contingent elevation to power in the White House, by sending letters or missions to the sovereigns of Europe, unauthorised by the laws, and contrary to the constitution. Now all there points I leave the loco-focos to settle. It is the prettiest piece of imbroglio I have yet seen. As there will be a great deal of amusement in the further movements of Prince John in high society, here, I shall walk in his footsteps a little more closely than his 'PA' has marched in the footsteps of his venerable predecessor. So much for this.

Yesterday the Queen held a splendid drawing. It was attended by an immense concourse of the highest rank and fashion. Mrs. Stevenson, the lady of our minister, introduced to her Majesty three ladies from Boston, Mrs. Cabot, and the Misses Warren. Mrs. C. is the lady of Mr. Cabot, the son of the late celebrated George Cabot, of Boston, one of the principal politicians and financiers of the old federal party in the east. I lean from the Court Newsman that they were very beautifully dressed, but somewhat in the simple style. This, however pleases the Queen most, for she is very chaste and simple in her tastes. One of the Miss Warrens is an extremely beautiful girl, and has attracted much attention.

VAN BUREN'S H[illegible]STORY.

The editor of the New York Star, in an article addressed to his 'old democratic friends in Tammany,' gives the

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