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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AGRICULTURAL.

From the American Farmer.

THE CULTURE OF BEETS.

Among the duties which we have assigned to ourselves, has been that of enforcing upon our agricultural readers the propriety of paying attention to the culture of *root crops* for the purpose of feeding their cattle through the fall, winter and spring, and it has not been without emotions of unaffected pleasure, that we have learned that our advice has not been lost upon those to whom it has been addressed. We have ever considered it alike the duty and interest of the husbandman, to provide liberal supplies of succulent provender for his stock, and especially for his *milch cows*; and so far as the latter are concerned, there is no truth more incontrovertible, than that without a generous allowance of such food they cannot be kept profitably to their milk during the winter months as milk cannot be secreted, to any extent, unless the substance on which the cow may feed be of a character at once juicy and rich. One might as well think of converting iron into gold, by the agency of the blow-pipe and the crucible, as to expect that his cow can extract milk and cream from dry corn blades and tops, or hay. If she support life with tolerable appearance of health and vigor, by the most liberal allowance of any of these, it is as much as her owner can reasonably expect.

We would ask the experienced farmer, who may have from ten to a dozen cows at the pail through the winter, which are thus fed, whether it is not quite as much as his lady can do, with all her care, skill and application to the duties of the dairy, to furnish cream and butter enough for his table? Why is this the case? It is because the cows have been fed upon *dry feed*. These same cows, we affirm, if fed fully upon root slops, would yield not only an ample supply for home use, but a considerable quantity of butter for market; and that, instead of not defraying their own expenses through the winter, they would be a source of profit. If this view of the case be correct—and we honestly believe it is,—we would ask, in all modesty, is it not time that our farmers, one and all, should attend to this branch of domestic economy? We say it is time, and under that impression, we shall proceed to call their attention to the propriety of making preparation during the *present fall*, for putting in a crop of *beets* next spring. To us it is immaterial whether the variety be SUGAR BEET, or MANGEL WURTZEL for they are alike nutritive and productive. All we ask is, that either the one or the kind *be put in*, in the proportion of one acre for every *ten* head of stock; and in order that each and all may not say that he is not acquainted with the mode of culture, we shall lay down a precise and accurate plan for them to carry out. Let us begin then, with the

CHOICE OF SOIL.

The most suitable soils for the culture of the beet, are, *first*, a *deep clay mould*, well charged with vegetable matter, sufficiently *friable* to not be subject to *baking*; *secondly*, a *sandy loam*, moderately intermixed with clay; and also charged with vegetable matter; *thirdly*, *alluvial* or other rich *bottoms*; *fourthly* any soil that is neither an impenetrable clay, or drifting sand, which may be naturally strong and well charged with vegetable remains, will answer, so that they are NOT TOO ADHESIVE for the penetration of the roots, and sufficiently so to receive and hold moisture. Clover-leys and grass-swards should be avoided.

PREPARATION OF THE SOIL.

Any ground which may be destined for beets next spring, should be ploughed up this fall, and, if practicable, receive a second ploughing through the winter. Previous to the *second* ploughing, let twenty double horse cart loads of stable or barn-yard manure be spread thereon, and ploughed in: the deeper the plough penetrates the earth the better. In the spring, from the 15th April to the 1st of May, in the Middle and Western States—from the 1st of March to the 1st of April, in the Southern states, let the ground be again ploughed and thoroughly harrowed and rolled. We have prescribed three ploughings as the best method of preparation; and so it is, as the better the ground be pulverised, the larger will be the yield of roots; and more luxuriant that of the leaves; but three ploughings are not indispensably necessary: *two* or even *one*, where convenience may not suit to give more, will answer: we have known an excellent yield from one ploughing alone. But whether there be one, two or three ploughings, the ground should be ploughed deep and thoroughly pulverized—without fine tilth no root will yield well. Immediately after the ground is ready the seed must be sown.

SELECTION OF, AND PUTTING IN, THE SEED.

We need not say that care should be taken to get good seed, as every agriculturist knows that his success will greatly depend upon his choice of good seed.—But to guard against mishaps of the kind we would advise every farmer, who may once chance to get the *genuine* article, to reserve a sufficient number of roots for seed, taking care to select such as are largest and least deformed by straggling branches. Each root thus selected, if planted out in the spring, in good rich earth, with a southern exposure, and kept free of weeds, will yield from 1-4 to 1-2 a pound of seed, the which, if kept dry, will keep for four years. Under the previous head we have treated of the preparation of the ground, and it is our purpose now to speak of the mode of

Putting in the Seed.—The ground having been previously ploughed, harrowed, and rolled, stretch a line across it from north to south; that done, trace a series of slight drills, two feet apart, along the line, either with a small drill hoe, or the point of a stick, about one inch deep.—As your drills are made, let a person drop in the beet seed about *six* inches asunder, cover with a garden hoe, taking care to press down the earth with the back of your instrument as you cover the seed. If you have no drilling machine to put your seed in with, a tolerable substitute may be found in a glass bottle: the mode of using it is, to fill it about half full of seed, and seizing it by the middle shake it as you go up the drill, taking care to hold the mouth of the bottle *near* to, and immediately *over*, the drill, giving the bottle a shake at each space of six inches. An industrious man, who has the knack of shaking the bottle, may thus put in and cover an acre a day.

Every one, however, who calculates upon pursuing the root culture, should procure a drilling machine, as any one after becoming conversant with its use can, with ease to himself, put in and cover four acres a day. The best kinds are those which make the drill, drop the seed, and cover them at the same operation. Should any one procure one of the smaller kind, which simply drops the seed, the same process of making the drill and covering must be observed as is done when the seed is dropt either from the hand or a bottle.

If the machine used performs all the operations before enumerated, all that is necessary to be done in the formation of the drills, is, to mark out the direction of the implement, by stakes or poles, taking care to have exactness observed in making each drill *two feet apart*.

It is recommended by many to soak the seed in warm water for twelve or even twenty-four hours before planting, as it induces earlier vegetation than when put in without it. If soaked it would be proper after draining to dry them with plaster or ashes.

CULTURE

In about ten or twelve days from the time of sowing the seed, they will come up. Most if not all of the seeds which vegetate, will have from two to four tops; all of these, except the *most vigorous one*, must be pinched or pulled off as soon as they show their fourth leaf. Without this be done, the roots will prove crooked and defective.

When this is done, if the beets be too thick, or may have come up irregularly, let careful hands be employed to thin them out to the distance of 12 inches apart in the rows, and to transplant in the vacant spaces. In transplanting, care must be taken to make the holes, into which the plants are to be placed, sufficiently deep to admit the tap roots without their being crooked. In inserting them the earth must be pressed firmly around the plants by dibble sticks and the finger and thumb. The persons engaged in thinning and transplanting, must draw out the weeds and grass by the hand; those that grow between the rows can be eradicated with the hoe or cultivator.

When these processes have been performed, it will be an easy matter to attend to the after culture, as the hoe and cultivator will alone be afterwards required; the hoe between the plants, the cultivator between the rows. If, however, the ground should become baked, it may be found necessary to use a small plough, the ploughman to take care to first take the furrow from the plants, and then throw it back again, so as *not* to hill them up, as all beets grow best when not earthed up. The object to be sought in their cultivation, is, *to keep them clean of weeds and the earth open around them during their entire growing season.*—Should they be worked at the *right periods*,—*just when the grass and weeds begin to show their heads*,—the labor will be comparatively trifling, the beets will be kept in a constant growing and healthy state, and will not fail to attain a large size.

Four *thorough* workings through the season, will be amply sufficient. With these, we will warrant in good strong ground, well manured, if the plants be regularly set in the rows, one foot apart, the rows two feet, a product to the acre of 1000 bushels. To this yield an average of 3 lbs. to the beet is sufficient—they often weigh from 5 to 18 and 20 lbs.

Should not a sufficient number of plants come up at the first sowing to fill up the vacant places, let more seed be *dibbled* in, and no fears need be entertained of their attaining a good size.

PULLING THE LEAVES FOR SOILING.

If the beets be sown early, the leaves will bear being pulled, without injury, twice in the season—the first pulling to be done about the middle of July. An acre will give at least twenty double horse cart-loads of leaves, which we hazard nothing in saying will be found as good for *milch cows* and *hogs* as were ever given to either. In pulling the leaves care must be taken to break them off from around the root, with the finger and thumb, close to their insertion into the stem. As a general criterion to the puller, we will remark, that those leaves which bend to the earth should be pulled, and that those around the *crown* of the root should *never* be pulled. In two or three weeks from the time of the first pulling, the second crop of leaves will be ready.

GATHERING AND PRESERVATION OF THE ROOTS.

About the last of October choose a dry time, and dig up your beets. The most expeditious method will be to run a deep furrow on each side of the rows, close to the roots; this will loosen the earth sufficiently to allow of their being pulled up with ease. Let the tops be rung off so as to leave a small portion of them attached to, and just above, the crown. Throw the leaves and roots in separate piles; the latter in small piles to dry, and when dry they should be immediately put away, either by throwing the earth up over them, or by packing them away in a dry cellar.

With respect to the *first* method—piles of about 50 or 100 bushels should be heaped up on the surface of the earth, in a dry situation; bring the top of the heap to a point, so as to make an inclination on both sides that will carry off the water without settling; then throw earth on the pile sufficient to give the entire heap a covering of 12 inches. If there be any danger of water settling around them, trench so as to prevent it.

Some first dig a hole before covering but we think burying on the surface preferable.

If you have plenty of dry cellar room, you may pile them away there with the certainty of their keeping until May. Between the wall and roots there should be a layer of straw, and it might be well to place a slight covering of straw on the top of the heap to exclude light and air.

We have taken some pains to prepare this plan of culture for our readers; and we sincerely hope that the timely advice we have taken the liberty of giving them, may prove as acceptable as it is well intended, and we will conclude by giving the

QUANTITY OF SEED PER ACRE.

The usual quantity of Sugar Beet and Mangel Wurtzel seed sown on an acre is *four* pounds, but we are authorized to say, that *two* pounds, if skilfully put in with a drilling machine, is amply sufficient.

FOREIGN EXTRACTS.

Cabbages as food for Cattle.—We have lately shown a beautiful specimen of the early York cabbage, grown on a large scale—the weight nearly 13lbs. On inquiry, we learned that this was produced on pure moss, about three feet deep, to which were added a covering of two inches of sand, and about twenty tons of farm yard dung to the acre. The plants were laid down early in the month of April, and will now average from 10 to 13's, each. No lime was used. We believe no vegetable produces so large a portion of food for cattle on the same space as the cabbage, provided the soil suits its growth; and although it impoverishes some soils, this, in the opinion of many, ought not to prevent its being extensively cultivated, the nourishment produced amply compensating for the additional manure required. Besides the dung and urine produced from it is in larger quantity than from any other vegetable. In the present instance, as made by Mr. Baird, factor on Kintoss estate, on moss recovered by the draining of Lochleven, may be considered completely successful, so far as it goes, and we doubt not will stimulate others to a similar trial.—*Perth Advertiser.*

PLOUGHMEN IN IRELAND.—The most ludicrous of all human objects is an Irishman ploughing. A gigantic figure—a seven foot machine for turning potatoes into human nature, wrapt up in an immense great coat, and urging on two starved ponies with dreadful imprecations and uplifted shillala. The Irish crow discerns a coming perquisite, and is not inattentive to the proceedings of the steeds. The furrow which is to be the depository of the future crop is not unlike either in depth or regularity, to those domestic furrows which the nails of the meek and much injured wife plough, in some family quarrel, upon the cheeks of the deservedly punished husband.—The weeds seem to fall contentedly, knowing that they have fulfilled their destiny, and left behind them, for the resurrection of the ensuing springs; an abundant and healthy progeny. The whole is a scene of idleness, laziness, and poverty, of which it is impossible, in this active and enterprising country, to form the most distant conception; but strongly indicative of habits, whether secondary or original, which will long present a powerful impediment to the improvement of Ireland.

Rev. Sidney Smith.

From the Lady's Book.

THE THREE STORY HOUSE.

BY MISS A. M. E. BUCHANAN.

Build not your house too high.
JOHN ROGERS.

'Oh! the three story—the old three story, my dear, by all means—I have set my mind upon it! as it is known—I have come from the city, and from a fashionable circle there, it will of course, be expected that we should make something of a figure, and the three story house is the very thing.'

'But you know, Louisa the first consideration with me is comfort, and the other place, I have told you, I half engaged—the White Cottage, as the folks call it, is the snuggest, completest, little concern in the world—every thing about it is so new and clean and well finished, and the size is exactly right for us two.'

'Now, Charles, acknowledge that it is the name that has taken your fancy—'love in a cottage,' you know, all so romantic, is just like you; I admit though that under other circumstances it would be delightful—in the city where we would be lost among a crowd, or entirely in the country, but here the case is different.—As I said before, we must take a conspicuous place in society, see a great deal of company, and all that, and the White Cottage would never do. There is no breakfast room, nothing on the first floor, but the two parlors, and no folding doors between them, and the entry is so narrow, and all the rooms are so small, it would really be a pity to put such furniture as mine in a place like that. And besides, I know you will laugh at me—but I must tell you the truth, I have always wished so much to live in a three story house! Papa has such old fashioned notions about matters of that kind, that though he owned a very handsome one he would never occupy it.—He always said that our good roomy two-story was sufficient for his family, only himself and mamma and Jane and me—that he liked a house to cover as much ground as possible, and that if he could have done it, he would have built all the rooms on one floor. Now to my notion, a two story house looks insignificant, no matter how good it may be, and I made up my mind long ago, that whenever I had a choice of my own, my house should be as high as possible.'

'What an idea, my dear!—I have no objection, however, to three story houses in general, but the one in question is too large by more than half. It was intended originally for a hotel, and of course must be entirely too spacious for a bride and groom. There are four rooms in the first story, six or seven in the second, as many in the third, and finished attics. We will keep but two servants—Susan and a boy and allowing two spare rooms more than which would be unnecessary, a very limited number of chambers will be required.'

'Really, Charles, I can't see such a very great objection to the size. Mamma is going to send me furniture for five or six chambers, and we can let the third story remain empty. As to the lowest one you must agree that nothing would suit better. Such a fine wide hall, with two parlours on one side, and a dining room and an office for you on the other.'

'And then, Louisa, you can have no idea of the state the house is in. It is badly built and of poor materials, was very much abused when tenanted, as public houses often are, and has been lying vacant for I don't know how many years. Indeed, it is nearly a ruin. The paper is all black and hanging loose from the walls, the paint is all mildewed, the floors warped, and many of the boards half torn up, and the locks and hinges of the doors are so rusty as to be useless.'

'But what of that?—the owner promises to put it in repair. It can easily be painted, and he will of course, new paper the rooms down stairs—the chambers; you say, have bare walls, they can be yellow or green washed. As to the floors, a few nails will settle them—I could hammer them down myself—and the door locks can easily be oiled into order. Why, the rent itself might induce any one to take the house. Think of only a hundred and fifty dollars for it! Aunt Jane's, which you know, is pretty much the same size, cost her a thousand a year before she purchased it. Come now gratify me this once, Charles; this is the first time we have differed in our wishes, and do let me have it my own way!'

'Certainly, my dear, if I can't change your notion But your mind must be made up, immediately. There are but the two houses in town to let, and one or the other must be fixed upon.'

'Then the three story, by all means—I have decided once for all.'

The parties engaged in this colloquy were Doctor Harris, a young physician, established in good practice in a small country town, and his pretty little wife, whom he married and brought from a distant city, a few weeks before.

Agreeably to the lady's decision the three story house was taken, and the necessary repairs were made. Mrs. Harris's handsome new furniture arrived and was duly moved into it. The rooms were well planned, and showed every thing to the best advantage. The fresh paper and paint were so skilfully put on, that no one would have suspected the walls to have been cracked, and the wood worm-eaten under them. The young couple received a great many visits, and a number of complimentary remarks were made as to the fine style in which they had set up. Things went on so well for a while, that the doctor began to feel quite satisfied with his bargain.

'My head aches terribly through loss of sleep,' said Louisa, one morning, after they had been at housekeeping month a or two; 'the winds in this part of the world must be particularly violent. Did you ever hear such a noise as they kept up before the rain came on?'

'Or rather, the windows in this house must be particularly loose,' answered her husband; 'no wonder their rattling kept you awake. I expected every one on this range to fall in. I must have wedges put into them all. I can't risk my knife and pocket comb again. Upon my word, I stuck the wrong comb into this one by mistake, and here is your brother Frank's parting present broken into twenty pieces. The ivory could not bear such incessant jarring, and the gold plate with his motto has fallen into the street, I suppose. Poor Frank! I would not have had it happen for the price of two windows!"

'It is a pity, indeed, but accidents will happen,' returned Mrs. Harris, going out of the room. A loud exclamation from her brought the doctor after her to the stairs. 'My carpet! my beautiful venetian!—it is utterly ruined!' cried she. The night's rain had driven in under the door, and the handsome hall carpet, which had been so much admired for the fineness and delicacy of its texture, and the beauty and excellent contrasts of its colours, was indeed ruined. The water had been soaking in it for hours and the colours had run, one into another, till there was not a distinct hue left.

The doctor examined the door. 'There is no dasher on it,' said he; 'there are marks of one, but it must have been broken off long ago. It is strange I did not think of it before. When I looked at the White Cottage, I noticed particularly that every outside door was furnished with a good one. I must have one made for this.'

'Yes! now when the carpet is spoiled,' said Louisa; 'I am so vexed I could almost cry.'

'Spare your tears, my love,' returned her husband; 'if we can get through a year in this house without further mishaps than these of the comb and carpet, I shall be perfectly content.'

Louisa's acquaintances condoled with her very kindly on the misfortune of her carpet, and she had begun to feel reconciled to it, when a family of her city friends arrived in the village to whom it was necessary that she should show particular attention. They were very fashionable people, and she determined on doing all that was to be done in the best manner possible. By way of beginning, she projected a dinner party.

'There is some satisfaction in entertaining here,' said she to the doctor; 'every thing is so cheap that it can be done handsomely without danger of exceeding a very moderate income.'

The dinner was to be a very large one, and as it was the first of the kind Louisa had ever undertaken, she considered her credit very much concerned in its success. Contrary to the usual experience of housekeepers, when they aim at something extraordinary her preparations were got over without a single mistake or disappointment. She executed the dessert entirely herself, and was eminently successful. The custards were every thing should have been the pastry beyond praise, and the jellies a *chef d' œuvre*. At last it was time for her to go and dress, but before she went she gave minute directions for laying the table.

'The dinner set, is desperate dusty,' said Susan, her right hand woman, 'I guess it'll have to be brought into the kitchen to be cleaned.'

'The dining-room closets certainly do draw in a great deal of dust,' said Louisa: but dont take the things out. Wipe them off, and pile them upon the second and third shelves till you need them, and when you have done that, set the dessert in also. If it is left on the sideboard it will attract the flies into the room.'

The guests assembled fast, and Louisa was watching for an opportunity to go out and give her last orders to Susan, when a sudden crash that shook the house and caused half the company to start from their seats, sounded from the direction of the dining-room. In an instant, the doctor's boy appeared at the back parlour door, ejaculating, 'Mis' Harris! oh! Mis' Harris!' with his lips as bloodless as his teeth, and Louisa escaped after him. When she had reached the dining-room, she saw the former contents of the cupboard lying on the floor a heap of ruins. Her beautiful dinner-set which had caused her so many an anxious search over the city, her rich cut glass, Aunt Jane's elegant present, and her admirable dessert all crushed into one mass!

'The second shelf gave way first, and the weight of that broke down the other!' —cried Susan, wringing her hands;—'I never did see such rotten boards in all my life.'

Dr. Harris, who had come out and was trying to comfort his wife, went forward to examine; 'I am amazed they could have held up so long,' said he; 'the stays are absolutely eaten into dust, except merely on the surface. No wonder they could not support such a quantity of ware particularly of that heavy cut glass!'

But there was no time now for lamentations. The doctor was obliged to go to the stores and send home such dishes as he could find—a medley of dingy reds, greens, and browns, the uglist, vulgarest looking things imaginable; and Louisa had to smooth her face and try to relate the history of the disaster creditably to the company, and to give zest to her dessert of perserved rasberries and cream by administering them with an extra degree of grace and amiability.

Shortly after this, Susan came to Mrs. Harris one morning, with looks of great trouble and perplexity, and said, 'I'll have to move my bed out of the third story, ma'am; I can't stand it any longer.'

'Just as you please, Susan; you know it was your own choice to go there; you preferred it to sleeping over the kitchen. But what's the matter that you are tired of it?'

'Why, indeed, Mrs. Harris, as sure as the world the house is haunted.'

'Nonsense! nonsense! Susan!'

'It must be, indeed, madam; I've heard such queer noises. For several nights past there seemed to be somebody walking up and down the balcony, and the window of the room back of mine would raise and I could hear something shuffling over the floor, and now and then there would be a moan, enough

Louisa laughed at Susan, and knowing the superstition common among people of her class, she thought no more about the matter.

One evening of the same week, the doctor was called away to visit a patient at such a distance that he could not be expected to return home before morning. Louisa felt some tremors at the idea of spending the night with so many empty rooms around her, but pride would not allow her to exhibit any timidity, and though Susan offered to sleep near her, she declined, and resolutely locking the door of her chamber, she retired to bed. She was almost in a doze, when, just at the witching time of night, she was startled by a succession of noises, which must have been the very same that had frightened Susan. First, there were steps on the third story balcony, then a window was raised, and then she plainly heard some one move almost overhead. The sounds were too distinct, she could not be mistaken.—Her first impulse was to alarm the servants, but they were at such a distance off, and to run the risk of being attacked in the passage, it was not to be thought of.—She lay still and listened. Every story she had ever heard of robbery and murder came into her mind. For two or three hours at irregular intervals she heard movements on the floor above, and sounds that Susan would have called groaning, and yet there was no approach to the tenanted parts of the house. If the intruder was human, robbery certainly could not be his object, but what then could it be? In spite of established convictions, she began to question whether it might not be something supernatural. Towards dawn, she heard the window again raise, and the sound of steps on the balcony, but she was too much weakened with terror to rise, and when her husband came home, not long after she was really ill. He went at her request to examine the premises, but finding no indications of the rooms having had an occupant, he attributed the whole affair to her imagination, and was vexed that she had allowed herself to be so overcome by it.

Louisa, however, insisted on its reality, and the doctor consented to her entreaties that he would watch the next night. Much to his surprise, immediately after he had fixed himself on guard, she directed his attention to the very sounds that had caused her alarm.—When all was again hushed, he took a lamp in one hand & his pistols in the other, to mount to the third story, and Louisa, like a good wife, ready to share the dangers of her husband, stole after him.—He softly pushed open the door of the balcony room, and attempting to enter, he stumbled across the body of a man lying close to it. 'Who is there?—who are you?—what do you want?' asked the doctor, among other significant queries common on such occasions.

'Let me be!' returned a weak, squealing voice; 'Git out wi' you!—it's my room—I'll let you know it is!'

'Upon my word, it is old Billy Shikes!'

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