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 Boston Cultivator.

AUTUMNAL LIMING.

Nineteen years ago, Mr. Isaac Conrad, of Lancaster county, Pa. spread a portion of a field, from whence he had taken a crop of clover hay, with lime, early in the autumn, the remainder of the field being limed in the same proportion the next spring when the whole was turned in for corn; the land having since been worked and cropped precisely in the same manner, but every year, including the present season of unprecedented drought, the superiority in the crop in the autumn-dressed land had been conspicuous, even from the distance of miles. The venerable intelligent owner of the soil considers the cause for this lasting superiority of crop—whether of corn, oats, wheat or clover—may be traced to the circumstance of permitting the lime to lie on the surface of the land during the whole winter; its fructifying principle being carried into the earth by the rains and dews during that period; assisted also by the pulverizing and opening influences of the frosts and thaws while, on the remainder of the field, he believes that, in the first place, about one half the lime was lost by being turned down to the bottom of the furrow in the spring, and *nearly the other half* had been deprived of the power of action, by the same improper means. At all events, pre ent appearances, even after a lapse of nineteen years, are very much in favor of an autumnal dressing on clover lands, designed for breaking up for corn in the spring.

The knowledge of this fact, induced a neighbour to lime his meadow in the autumn, upon which he carried abroad a copious dressing of rich compost the following spring; the effect was surprisingly beneficial, the natural herbage, spring after, being of a different species and particularly adapted for sheep pasturage, as also for that of fattening cattle, which ate indiscriminately the whole of the crop, leaving no tufts of long grass, as is usual in fields that have been grazed the whole summer. This was several years since, but to the present day, the superiority of that meadow is the constant topic of conversation in the neighborhood, although no one thinks of going and doing likewise promise as they may.

From the Massachusetts Ploughman.

THE BEST COWS.

You cannot be absolutely certain, when you purchase heifers, that you will have good cows, but by close attention you may acquire the art pretty accurately whether they will prove good. The first point is the udder; if this is not capacious, or if it has not the power of becoming so, she never will be a great milker. Then the color of the skin there is important if you would have rich milk; it should be yellow, or rather a mahogany color; but you will want good teats too to draw the milk; large teats, not standing close together, are a good sign. These are the most important points.

As to the form of the cow, you will not choose a large head and horns, for it costs too much to support them; nor long legs, to make you hold the pail up from the ground, and to require high fences. Long legs require too much to support them; they are not good even for travelling. Choose short legged animals whenever you have the choice, whether cows, oxen, horses or hogs. Choose slender necks and tapering tails; straight backs and broad briskets. Or such feed better and are less liable to disease. The cow's *body* should be large in comparison with her head and limbs, but it is not an object to keep very large cows or oxen, or horses on our farms, as a general rule. Middle sized cows, and those below it, you almost always find better milkers than large cows are.

In regard to the color of the body, a red or yellow, or yellow brindle, is as indicative as any, of a good rich milker. You cannot always determine, by any external marks, whether your heifer will prove a good cow. After trying her one summer, you can tell better, and you can then turn her off for beef if you choose. On purchasing, you will have some regard to color as a matter of fancy. Nobody wants a black cow or a white one; and though partly colored cows are endurable, no white man buys a skunk colored horse for his own keeping.

Mild and gentle cows are better than irritable animals, and will be more ready to yield their milk. By close scrutiny you can determine in some degree by the countenance and the motions of the heifer, whether she is naturally docile; yet very much depends on her breaking, her treatment and education during the first season. Vicious treatment will make any animal vicious; still there is a difference of character independent of education. Examine the eye and the face of the heifer; a large mild eye, with a yellow circle or halo round it, is a good indication. The face should not be large, and the bones should all be small in proportion to the body. A large chest is evidence of good lungs and of a hardy animal. The hips should be well spread, for obvious reasons.

By proper attention to selecting and breeding we may just as well have a race of cows that will yield ten pounds of butter per week as five pounds. We know of no neat stock superior to our red Devon cattle; such as we meet with in all parts of New England.

Extraordinary Land Slip.—A most extraordinary land slip happened a week from Thursday last, (the 15th) near Lebanon, (N. H.)

About three miles to the eastward of the village is a high conical hill rising perpendicularly on its southern side, but on the north sloping gradually from the summit to the rich table-land below. This hill forms part of the property of Benjamin Wurtle, Esq. and the land around it is divided into three farms, each of which runs in a rectangular shape into the hill, meeting together in a point at its apex.

The following is the relation of a person on the *spot* at the time:

"With one of the tenants, Robert Gourlay, I had occasion to transact some business on Thursday last, and having called on him at his farm house, about 2 o'clock of the day, I was detained till late in the evening. About half past ten o'clock, as we were in the act of reading over some papers preparatory to their being signed by us, we were startled by a sudden explosion. Our first impression was that a piece of artillery had been discharged in the rear of the farm buildings, but after reflecting on the exceeding improbability of such an event, we referred the detonation to an earthquake or some other subterranean convulsion. For the next few minutes we sat in a state of considerable alarm, which was a good deal augmented on hearing unusual sounds from the byers and stables, as if the cattle were struggling to get loose. Just as we started from our seats by a sort of instinctive resolve to ascertain the cause of this singular occurrence, we suddenly felt the house in motion.

At first there was a violent jerk, then a movement onwards, not unlike the first starting of a ponderous railway train. Gradually the motion increased, until we found ourselves moving along at a rapidly accelerating rate. It was a clear, starry night, and I could see the boughs of trees in the distance passing the windows, just as we perceive the transit of similar objects from the window of a travelling vehicle. This continued for two or three minutes, and then there was a sudden stop, producing another violent jerk, which threw my friend and me to the opposite end of the room. We ran immediately to the door, and our astonishment may be more easily conceived than described, on discovering ourselves in an entirely new locality. I saw at once that a land slip had taken place; but although I had read of similar occurrences in the districts around the Alps, I was not prepared for so remarkable an instance as had just taken place. We found ourselves at least a quarter of a mile from the original spot. The farm-house & out-buildings were all entire. A range of populars which grew near the barn still occupied the same relative position to that building. The only change observable was, that a stream which flowed a little below the farm houses had entirely disappeared.

The most singular result of this movement is that the farm offices of my friend Mr. Gourlay are no longer upon his own farm. They have been projected upon the lands of a totally different proprietor, and it is supposed that unless he manage to rent, in addition to his old farm, the portion of land on which his steading is now located, a good deal of nice litigation will be the consequence of this sudden and unexpected freak of Nature."

Buckwheat Cakes.—As this is the season for buckwheat cakes, the following receipe will at this time be valuable to those who are fond of them; a friend who has tried the experiment, says it makes decidedly better cakes, with half the trouble necessary in the usual mode of raising them with yeast: To three pints of buckwheat flour, mixed into a batter, add one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, dissolved in water; add one ditto of tartaric acid dissolved in like manner; first apply the carbonate, stir the batter well, and then put in the acid; thus the use of yeast is entirely superseded, and cakes "as light as a feather" are insured. One great advantage is, that the batter is ready for baking as soon as it is made.

FAST GRINDING.—Beach's stone mill in this town, manufactured 2136 barrels of flour in 6 days of last week, being 356 barrels of flour per day. This is using up 10,000 bushels of wheat in about the shortest time we have heard of.—*Akron Beacon.*

Solar Eclipse.—There will be a partial eclipse of the the sun on the 9th of December visible throughout the greater part of the United States. The mean time of the beginning is 3.31, the greatest obscuration 4.5, and the sun sets eclipsed at 4,35 with 3,6 digits on its north limb obscured.

"I'LL BET YOU A HAT!"

If any one can read the following seasonable article from the last number of "Neal's Saturday Gazette," without a hearty side-shaking, we can only say that he is less easily moved than we thought he was:

"BETTING HATS.—In a recent number we had occasion to speak of the multitudinous uses to which the hat is converted in this enterprising, utilitarian, and extensive country, where even a man's beaver can claim no exemption from toil, but is condemned to do all sorts of over-work, rendering the article a means of transporting goods as well as a place of storage for such odds and ends as are likely to come in play during the day's progress. Ask a child any thing and he forthwith takes off his hat to find it and the child, as Wordsworth has it, is, in this respect as in others, 'farther to the man.' But, in addition to these services on the part of the hat—Gesler was not so unreasonable, then, in requiring homage to be paid to so useful a member of society—besides being employed as a receptacle for cigars, newspapers, collars, apples, ground nuts, unpaid bills, and so forth—besides being a means of salutation and a method of giving emphasis to a hurrah—the hat has one purpose more, which was omitted strangely enough too, at the present moment, when the fact is so continually in evidence, and we therefore, hasten to correct the error. The hat may be regarded as a test of sincerity in assertion, and as the clincher to an argument. If a man will not be convinced by words that he is wrong—if he is obstinate & will not defer to your opinion; what's the use of disputing any longer? Bet him a hat. 'Pooh! nonsense—why, how you talk—I'll bet you a hat,' which being done the heat of controversy is at once abated. The hat comes down upon the flame of discord like an extinguisher to the rushlight. If he is unwilling to bet a hat it is the immediate inference that he dreads losing a hat, and has no faith in his own positions. If he does bet a hat, there is, for the present nothing more to be said. The hat is a peace-maker. "When a crowd gathers at a corner in high party times, and controversy waxes fierce, do not be alarmed; there will be no violence, except in words. Instead of an assault and battery it results in a general betting of hats. There is no necessity for calling on the police. Bet him a hat. Hercules, in big whiskers and with ponderous fists, rushes savagely at his opponent. Will murder be committed?—Not at all—homicide is out of fashion.—Herculus bets him a hat. 'Ha, ha!' says Hercules I've settled that fellow—he's afraid to bet a dollar hat.'

"The hat, then, is a new principle in the contentions of men, acting as a sedative, and, as of late years the violence which formerly marked elections has to a very considerable extent disappeared, the fact is possibly to be attributed to the growing fondness for betting hats. Perhaps as a matter of important statistics, it would be as well to provide that, in taking the census diligent inquiry should be made into the number of hats which are thus brought into the field at every Presidential contest.—It must certainly give a great impulse every four years to the manufacture of the article; and the hatters themselves have solid reasons to rejoice that "I'll bet you a hat has' become a national phrase and a popular practice; while the philosophers, from Plato down to Adam Smith; who have so long been puzzled to give a succint definition of man, & have wandered in their description from a two legged animal without feathers' to 'a creature who makes bargains,' have the work done to their hands in setting down human nature as 'a being that bets hats.'"

FEMALE CURIOSITY.

A naval officer, who some time ago come to reside in Edinburgh, having previously engaged a large mansion on a short lease, despatched his butler to receive his furniture, and have the house put in order. The butler engaged a young woman, residing in the neighborhood, to clean out the rooms and arrange part of the furniture, and he assissted her himself to carry up a large chest of rather singular appearance. This gigantic box his master had purchased as a curiosity; but unlike that described in the song of the "Misletoe Bough," it did not shut, but opened with a spring attached to the lock, which being touched, the lid flew open, and a tall brawney Highland man, in full costume, stood erect and struck out his right arm, in which was a wooden sword.

The gentleman had purchased it as curious piece of mechanism, and was wont to amuse his children with it.

"That's a heavy chest said the woman, as they placed it on the floor.

"Yes," answered the butler, who was a wag of the first water," "There's something heavy in it, that's certain; but there's something mysterious about it also, for although the key hangs at the end of it, no one is allowed to open it."

"Did you ever see the inside of it?" replied she walking around it.

"Never," said he, "it's as much as any of our places is worth even to speak about it."

So saying, the knight of the corkscrew looked first at the woman then at the chest, then on the floor, and then retired slowly down the stairs whistling to work on the ground flat. The girl proceeded to put things to rights in the room; but every time she passed the chest she thought it looked more odd. "Frailty thy name is woman." She rapped on the lid with her knuckles—it had a curious, hollow sound—very! And none of the servants had dared to open it! What on earth could it contain?—Well, it was none of her business; so she went diligently to work for five minutes, at the end of which time she saw herself standing with her arms akimbo gazing on the chest. "It cant do no harm to look into it, thought she; so she quietly took the key from the nail and applied it to the lock. Of course she heard footsteps on the stairs; as everyone will do when afraid of detection in the commission of some act they wish to keep secret. Again she regained confidence, and returned to the chest; she stooped, and turned the key. Up flew the lid; and the wooden Highlandman, kilt, and, philapeg, sprang on his legs with more than human agility, and fetched the petrified girl a sharp whack across the shoulders with the flat of his "And-rea-Ferrara." A prolonged shriek, ending in a moan of despair indicated that the poor woman had sought relief in a swoon.

In the course of a few moments the woman rose on her elbow, looking wildly around the room, till her eyes caught the Highlandman bending over her. Seeing nothing but destruction awaiting her, two springs took her to the door, down stairs she went; nor did she slacken her pace till she found herself standing in the house of a lady in the neighborhood. The poor woman did not recover from her fright for several days.

From the Boston Traveller.

REMARKABLE NARRATION.

The expedition of Lewis and Clarke to the Rocky Mountains is a work well known throughout the United States. These two individuals were employed by the General Government to explore the North West Territory from the Mississippi across the Rocky Mountains, down the Columbia river to the Pacific. A correspondent of the North Arkansas, a paper published in Batesville, Ark. gives an interesting narration of the fate of Captain George Merriwether Lewis, one of the persons employed in the expedition, whose fate has hitherto been shrouded in mystery. The writer of the narration is at present a teacher in the Cherokee nation, and assures the editor of the Arkansas that the facts set forth are substantially true; that he became acquainted with Mrs. Grinder—a person who is referred to in the narration—while stationed for several months in the neighborhood.

The writer goes on to say that Lewis and Clarke accompanied by from seventy to a hundred others, commenced their expediton about the year 1803 or 1804, and completed it in about three years. They were men of great enterprise, bravery and usefulness. He then calls attention to Capt. Lewis, and the question is asked, where is he? and he replies, his mortal remains are deposited in the Southwest corner of Maury county, Tennessee, near Grinder's old stand, on the Natchez trace, where Lawrence, Maury and Nickman counties corner together.

When I visited the grave, says the writer, in 1838, I could scarcely distinguish it from the common ground, it being grown over with shrubbery of different kinds and no stone, no pailings, no monument to tell whose grave it was. Grinder's old stand had long been consumed to ashes, and there was no house within several miles. The old field was grown up with bushes and briars, and it was lately a dreary, solitary looking place.

There is something very mysterious connected with the death of Capt. Lewis which in all probability will never be developed until "the dead small and great shall stand before God." He gives the following particulars as he received them from Mrs. Grinder, the lady at whose house he terminated his mortal career.—She said that Mr. Lewis was on his way to the city of Washington, accompanied by a Mr. Pyrna & a servant belonging to a Major Neely.

One evening a little before sundown, Mr. Lewis called at her house and asked for lodgings Mr. Grinder not being at home she hesitated to take him in. Mr Lewis informed her that two other men would be along presently, who also wished to spend the night at her house, and as they were all civil men, he did not think there would be any impropriety in her giving them accommodations for the night. Accordingly she consented to let them stay. Mr. Lewis dismounted, fastened his horse took a seat by the side of the house, and appeared quite sociable. In a few minutes Mr. Pyrna and the servant rode up, and seeing Mr. Lewis, they also dismounted and put up their horses. About dark two or three other men rode up and called for lodgings. Mr. Lewis immediately drew a brace of pistols, stepped toward them and challenged them to fight a duel. They, not liking this salutation, rode on to the next house, five miles. This alarmed Mrs. Grinder

Supper, however, was ready in a few minutes—Mr. Lewis ate but little. He would stop eating, and sit as if in a deep study, and several times exclaimed. "If they do prove any thing on me, they will have to do it by letter." Supper being over and Mrs. Grinder seeing that Mr. Lewis was mentally deranged, requested Mr. Pyrna to get his pistols from him. Mr. P. replied,' he has no amunition and if he does any mischief it will be to himself, and not to you or any body else." In a short time all retired to bed; the travellers in one room, as Mrs. Grinder thought, and she & her children in another. Two or three hours before day, Mrs. Grinder was alarmed by the report of a pistol and quickly after two other reports in the room where the travellers were. At the report of the third, she heard some one fall and exclaim, "O Lord! Congress relieve me!"

"In a few minutes she heard some person at the door of the room where she lay. She inquired, "Who is there?" Mr. Lewis spoke and said, "Dear Madam, be so good as to give me a little water." Being afraid to open the door she did not give him any. Presently she heard him fall, and soon after, looking through a crack in the wall she saw him scrambling across the road on his hands and knees. After daylight Mr. Pyrna and his servant made their appearance, and it appeard they had not slept in the house, but in the stable.—Mr. P. had on the clothes Mr. L. wore when they came to Mrs. Grinders' the evening before and Mr. L.'s gold watch in his pocket. Mrs. G. asked him what he was doing with Mr. L. clothes on. Mr. P. replied, "He gave them to me."

Mr. P. and the servant then searched for Mr. L., found him and brought him to the house and though he had on a full suit of clothes they were old & tattered, but not the same he had on the evening before; and though Mr. P. had said that Lewis had no ammunition, Mrs. G. found several balls, and a considerable quantity of powder scattered over the floor of the room occupied by Lewis; also a canister with several pounds in it. When Mr. L. was brought to the house he opened his shirt bosom and said to Mrs. G. "Dear Madam, look at my wounds." She asked him what made him do so. He replied, "If I had not done it, somebody else would." He frequently asked for water, which was given to him. He was asked if he would have a doctor sent for; he answered no. A messenger, however, went for one, but did not get him. He attempted to cut his throat, but was prevented. Some of the neighbors were called in. He frequently cried out, "O how hard it is to die, I am so strong."

He however soon expired. Major Neely was sent for, and he and Mr. P. buried him, and took possession of his effects. Mrs. G. heard that Pyrna went to Mr. Lewis's mother, and that she accused him of murdering her son—that he finally cut his own throat, and thus put an end to his existence.

I make, says the writer, no comment on the above—it is all wrapped up in mystery. I have heard that Capt. Clark, the worthy colleague of Capt. Lewis and others who were with them in their tour, were highly honored and handsomely rewarded by the Government, while Lewis was neglected, and that this had an effect to produce alienation of mind. If this be true, are there not yet some living who are acquainted with the fact?

Letter from Patrick McNoggin in Danvers America.—to Michael O'Flanagan, Kilmore, Ireland.

Michael my Deary.—The top o' the morning to you Micheal, and can't you pick up your little bit things, and be after coming over to this blessed counthry; and bring Sawney and Bridget, and the twins, and Patrick, and little Michael, and the other twins, and the baby and the rest of 'em? And if you'll be afther coming, you can live on the best of paraties, that can be had for the digging, and then you have coffee & paraties in the morning, and paraties and tay at night, and mate and paraties for dinner seven days in the week besides Fridays, when you know the Praste won't let us have any mate. It's a land o' liberty Michael, and we want the sons of the Grane Isle to come over and help us make a Praisident—and what's that Pathrick? says you. I'll tell you Michael. It's the man that rules the Yankees, & gives the offices to the Irishmen. I want you to come this blessed month, and help us choose Jemmy O'Poke for Praisident; and he's as gude an Irishman as any of us, only he was not born in his own native counthry. It's he that was spaker of the House when they wouldn't let him spake at all, at all.

Now, when you come over here Michael, my honey, and the big-bellied man from the Custom House tells you to hurrah for Young Hickery, he manes Jemmy O'Poke, that's the Son of Zakiel O'Poke his grandfather.—But afther all, Jemmy ain't the son of his own father, he's the darlin't child of Ould Hackery Jackson, and ould Hackery's mother, you know, was an Irishman. I tell ye, Mike, this is a great counthry, where you can dig on the rail-road in summer, and live in the Workhouse all winter for nothing at all, and nothing to pay.

The Impatient Professor.—The following is given as an illustration of the inability to the American mind to comprehend the mysticisms of the Germans. Professor Stowe, in his late address at Bowdin College, told an amusing story of an interview between a Yankee Professor and one holding the same the rank in a German university. The former had been listening for some time to the discourse of the latter, and continually interrupted him for explanations. These were given, but they were more difficult to understand than the original expositions. At last the German loosing all patience lifted up both his hands & exclaimed with solemn emphasis: "Mein Got! forgif Christopher Columbus for ever discovering America."

THE VOICE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

From the Albany Evening Journal.

New Hampshire is frequently pointed to by the Argus here, and the Locofoco organs every where, as the "pattern State" of the Union. These eulogists of the Granite State have a great deal to say in commendation of her intelligent and reliable "Democracy." If "Democracy" consists in giving a round majority for "Polk and Dallas," New Hampshire is undoubtedly entitled to all the praise that the Argus is fond of bestowing upon her. But there are one or two facts connected with the recent election in the Granite State which furnish very good grounds for disputing her claim to "Democracy," as we understand it.

There were three questions submitted to the people of New Hampshire at the recent election. The first was, whether they would take Polk, Free Trade, Texas, and Slavery, in preference to Clay, the Tariff, and the Union. To this question they responded by their votes as follows:

For Polk, Slavery & Co.	26,554
For Clay and the Country.	17,532
Majority for Polk	9,022

The next question was, whether they should abolish capital punishment, and here again they replied as follows:

For abolishing	10,379
Against do	20,106
Majority in favor of hanging	9,727

The third question related to a proposed alteration of their Constitution. It is perhaps known to our readers that "Democratic" New Hampshire exacts a high PROPERTY QUALIFICATION of her Governor, State officers, and members of the Legislature, and imposes, moreover, a RELIGIOUS TEST. No man can be Governor of that State unless he is seised and possessed of property to the value of *five hundred pounds*, and no man can be Governor, Senator, or Representative, unless he belongs to the Protestant denomination. Catholics are rigidly excluded from office by this *tolerant* feature in the Constitution of "Democratic" New Hampshire. An effort has lately been made to expunge from the Constitution of that State these two obnoxious and anti-republican provisions. For this purpose a proposition was submitted to the people at the recent election for a revision of their Constitution in these two particulars. This was the third question on which they voted a few days since, and here is their verdict:

For revising the Constitution	10,087
Against do	20,568
Majority against any change	9,881

The result in New Hampshire, then the pattern State of modern Democracy may be briefly summed up as follows:

Ten thousand majority for Polk & Dallas. Ten thousand majority for Hanging and the Gallows. Ten thousand majority for a religious test and a property qualification.

This is the popular verdict in the "banner State" of Locofocoism. We wonder that the result has not yet been announced with appropriate flourishes in the columns of the Albany Argus.

More of Governor Porter's Notions about the Pardoning Power.—The Editor of the Shippensburg (Pa) Weekly News having given offence to John Piper, described as 'a notorious Locofoco Blackguard,' was assaulted by him. Piper being indicted for the assault, the following scene, as reported in the News, occurred in Court:

Commonwealth vs. John Piper, indicted for an assault and battery.

Called up by the Court.

Court—Call a Jury in the case of the Commonwealth vs. John Piper.

Sam Hammill—You needn't call a Jury.

Prosecuting Attorney—Will there be a submission?

Sam Hammill, (with a grinning smile and quivering lip)—No there won't.

Prosecuting Atorney—Well.

Sam Hammill—If the Court please I should like to have an opportunity to make a speech in this case, and lash the dastardly coward that brought it into Court.

Court—Mr. Hammill, we dont want to hear—

Sam Hammill—I have here a previous pardon (unfolding the paper) from Governor Porter, (handing the pardon to the Court,) got on the petition of 300 *good* Democrats of Cumberland County, under the broad seal, too. (This was said as Sam sat down with a most hyena grin.)

The court was astounded, the bar woke up from its slumbers, jurors, witnesses and spectators all were surprised at this new and speedy mode of disposing of criminal cases. And then the means by which the previous pardon had been obtained, the petition of three hundred good Democrats of Cumberland County! Verily, verily, Democracy is not what we took it to be; we knew it to be bad enough in all conscience but this new movement 'caps the climax.'

MRS. POLK.—The Washington Correspondent of the New York Express says: "I have seen it stated in some of the public prints, that the lady of the President elect was a Miss Easton, who once was an inmate of President Jackson's house at this place. It is not so. I have known the aimable and accomplished lady of Mr. Polk for many years. She was the niece of the late distinguished Judge White, of Tennessee, and was married to her husband several years before Gen. Jackson was President."

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