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."

VOL. XXVIII. EASTON. (MD.) SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 1, 1845. NO. 9.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY
Saturday Morning,
BY
Alexander Graham,

TERMS.

TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS Per Annum, payable half yearly in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Not exceeding a square inserted Three times for ONE DOLLAR, and TWENTY-FIVE CENTS for every subsequent insertion.

AGRICULTURAL.

FARMING IN MASSACHUSETTS.

The farm of Cheever Newhall, Esq. of Dorchester; six miles from Boston, furnish one of the best examples of productive husbandry we have any where met with. It consists of sixty acres, a few of which are still in wood. Several acres are taken up by the grounds about the house, in garden, shrubbery, &c., and there are eight or ten acres in orcharding; yet the farm supports twenty-five cows, one bull, four oxen, & 3 horses. All this stock is supported entirely from the farm, with the exception of a few oats occasionally for the carriage-horses and some wheat bran for the cows.—The soil was originally very strong, and some of it wet.

Soiling.—Mr. Newhall keeps his stock altogether on the soiling system. They are fed mostly in the barn, at all seasons of the year. The cows are turned out for a few hours in each day, when the weather will admit of it, and are driven for exercise to a small, shaded enclosure, about a quarter of a mile from the barn. They are perfectly healthy, and Mr. N. thinks give quite as much milk, in the course of the year, as they would do if grazed in summer in the ordinary way. The cows average 420 gallons per year, and the milk is sold at the farm at an average of about fourteen cents per gallon.

The principle articles for feeding, in the summer season, are rye and Indian corn, cut green. The former is sown in the fall, and is the first thing that is fit to cut in the spring. It may be commenced on as soon as it is high enough to mow, and will continue to grow till the usual time that rye matures, by which time, the corn, which is most relied on, is fit for use. Corn is the most productive of fodder of any crop which can be grown. The past season Mr. N. kept *twenty-three cows* for *eight weeks*, wholly from *two acres and a half* of corn. He is confident that *one acre* of rich land is more than sufficient to keep a cow the year round; that is, it will afford sufficient green food in summer, and leave enough to be dried to keep the cow through the winter.

In 1843, Mr. Newhall measured a square rod, being part of a lot of corn sown for fall and winter use, and carefully weighed the produce, which he found to be at the rate of more than *thirty-two tons* to the acre. It was then carefully dried, when it weighed 160 lbs. to the rod or nearly 13 tons to the acre. He prefers planting in the drill mode, three feet apart, and uses two to three bushels of seed (of the Southern corn) per acre. Large quantities of carrots, potatoes, and beets, are grown for winter feeding. The white carrot is the kind most cultivated; it is easier raised than other sorts, and generally yields better, giving from 800 to 1000 bushels per acre. Each cow is fed during winter, with from a peck to a half bushel of roots per day, with a little wheat bran, in addition to their dry fodder.

From Neal's Saturday Gazette.

NEW RECEIPTS.

BY MISS LESLIE.

STEWED WILD DUCKS.—Having parboiled the ducks for a quarter of an hour with a large carrot in each to take off the sedgy or fishy taste, remove the carrots, cut up the ducks, and put them into a stew-pan with just sufficient water to cover them. Cover the pan closely, and let them stew for a quarter of an hour or more. Have ready a mixture in the proportion of of a glass of port wine, a glass of mushroom catchup, the juice of two large lemons or oranges, a salt-spoonful of Cayenne, and a table spoonful of powdered loaf-sugar, all well stirred together. Pour this over the ducks, and let them stew in it about five minutes longer. Then serve them up in a deep dish, with this gravy about them. Eat the stewed duck on plates with heaters under them. This mode of cooking them is excellent.

Cold roast duck that has been under done, is very fine stewed as above. Venison, also, and wild geese.

Chickens Stewed Whole.—Having trussed a pair of fine fat young fowls or chickens, fill the inside with oysters, secured from falling out by fastening tape round the body of the fowl. Put the fowls into a tin kettle with a close cover. Set the kettle into a large pot or saucepan of boiling water, and place it over the fire. Keep it boiling till the fowls are well done, (about an hour,) occasionally taking off the lid of the tin kettle to remove the scum, and then observe to put it on closely.—Replenish the water pot, when necessary with boiling water from a tea-kettle kept hot for the purpose. When the fowls are stewed quite tender, take from them the gravy, put it into a small saucepan, & add to it a piece of butter rolled in flour, and some chopped oysters. Stir in, at the last, the yolks of two eggs, and give the gravy a boil up, shaking the pan all the time one way. Pour it over the fowls, or serve it up in a sauce-boat.

Stewed Lamb.—Take a quarter of lamb and cut it into steaks, removing the skin and part of the fat. Put the steaks into a large stewpot, having seasoned them with a little salt and Cayenne and a grated nutmeg, or a teaspoonful of powdered mace. Place under the steaks a lettuce split in long quarters, and then pour on just sufficient boiling water to cover the whole.—After it has stewed awhile, add a quart or more of green peas, a few sprigs of mint, and a bit of fresh butter, and let it cook about half an hour longer. Keep the stew closely covered, except when you remove the lid to take off the scum. In sending it to table, place the meat upon the lettuce, and the peas round it.

Cold ham sliced, and stewed in this manner with lettuce and peas will be found excellent.

Tongue Toast.—Take a cold smoked tongue that has been well-boiled, and grate it with a coarse grater, or mince it fine.—Mix it with cream and beaten yolk of egg, and give it a simmer over the fire. Having cut off all the crust, toast very nicely some slices of bread, and then butter them. Lay them on a dish, and cover each thickly with the tongue-mixture spread on hot.—Lay them in a flat dish, that has been heated before the fire, and send them to table covered. This is a nice breakfast dish.

For tongue, you may substitute cold ham.

From the Portland Tribune.

THE OLD BUREAU.

BY D. C. COLESWORTH.

CHAPTER I.

Where'er a single human breast
Is crushed by pain and grief,
There I would ever be a guest,
And sweetly give relief.

As we were passing down Exchange street several years ago, we stopped in front of an auction room, to examine the various articles that were exposed to be sold under the hammer. We had been there but a few moments when we heard a female voice enquiring, "Is this old bureau to be sold today?" On looking up, we perceived the question had been addressed to us, by a young lady, whose sad but pleasant countenance struck us at once. We replied that all the articles spread on the side walk would be disposed of to the highest bidder.

"I should like this bureau, if it goes low enough," she said, pointing to an old fashioned article that was standing among the other furniture, "but I never bought any thing at auction in my life, & as I see no women here, I don't know as it would be proper for me to bid.

"It would be perfectly proper," we remarked, "but if you wish it I will bid off the bureau."

"If you will, sir, I shall be greatly obliged to you."

"How high are you willing I should go?"

"I dont know exactly how much it is worth, but if it sells for three or four dollars, you may buy it."

"Shall I speak to a handcartman to leave it at your house?"

"No sir, I will call at noon and settle for it, and have it taken away. I am very much obliged to you for your kindness."

So saying the young lady went away leaving us to wonder who she was, and of what use the old piece of furniture could be to her. We examined it—took out the drawers—but saw nothing remarkable about it. At eleven o'clock, when the auction commenced we were present, and after waiting nearly an hour, the auctioneer remarked, "We will now sell the bureau.—What will you give, gentlemen?" One man offered two dollars, another three, and we bid a half dollar more. Four dollars were bid—four and a half and five dollars. We were astonished that the old thing should bring so high a price. What could we do? See it sold and disappoint the lady?" The thought struck us that it might have belonged to some friend, and she wished to purchase it on that account, and rather than disappoint her, we resolved to bid again. Six dollars were offered by another, to our utter astonishment; but when our hand is in, & we wish for an article, we seldom let another outbid us, & so we offered, until the old bureau was run up to ten dollars, and we purchased it for half a dollar more. Certainly we would not have given four dollars for it, to use ourself.—However, we bought it, and had it sent to our room, telling the auctioneer, if a lady should call for it to inform her where it might be found. We examined it again, and began to regret our purchase, feeling almost certain that the young woman would not thank us for what we had done but we never mourn over a bad bargain.—Our philosophy will not permit us to do so.

A little after dusk as we were sitting in our sanctum, the young lady came in with an apology for intruding, and remarked, "You bought the bureau—so the auctioneer informs me."

"Yes, I bought it, but at an extravagant price, I assure you."

"What did you give?"

"Ten dollars and a half."

"You astonish me. What can I do? I had no idea that it would bring over three or four dollars, and am not prepared to pay for it to-night."

"I suppose it was foolish in me to give so much for it, but I presumed you wanted it very much."

"I did, sir, and would not value paying double the amount for the bureau, if I were able, rather than not have it."

"So I apprehended. Perhaps it may have belonged to some friend of yours."

"Yes, sir, that bureau was once my mother's," and I noticed a tear came in her eye, which she endeavoured to conceal—"but she is dead now, and I wished to keep it in remembrance of her."

Thinking the lady might be poor, we told her she might take the bureau that night if she wished, and pay us for it when she found it convenient.

"I am greatly obliged to you for your kindness, but would rather that you should keep it until it is paid for."

We urged her to take it, but she refused, saying, "I will see what I can do, and call in a day or two and see you."—and bidding us good evening she left us.

There is something very mysterious about this woman, thought we. It may be that she is poor, and perhaps in very destitute circumstances. But she shows an excellent heart, and the warmest attachment to a deceased mother. Her education must have been good, and she has evidently seen better days. And we thought the next time she called upon us, we would ascertain something more of her character and circumstances—perhaps her name—which we felt deeply anxious to learn.

In a day or two the young woman called upon us again, and with tears in her eyes remarked—"I dont know what you will think of me, but all the money I have in the world is five dollars, this I have brought you toward the bureau you were so kind to purchase for me. So saying she placed the money before us in silver.

"I shall not take the money at present we remarked. "I can do without it. You may take the bureau, if you want it, and when you are able at some future time you may pay for it."

She expressed a great deal of gratitude and said, "I would rather you should take what I have," and nothing that we could say would induce her to take the money again.

"You appear to have seen some affliction," we remarked, as we saw the tears in her eyes.

"Not much, sir, I must confess that I have not always been as poor as I am at present; for I have seen better days. When my parents were living, I never knew what it was to want for any thing; now I cannot say so."

"How long have your parents been dead?"

"About six years since my father died; and it was four years ago last Saturday, when my mother was buried."

At mention of her mother's name, the tears came fast to her eyes—a tender cord was touched—we saw it and made no more inquiries—then she took her leave.

It was nearly six weeks before we saw the young lady again. She then called upon us with the remainder of the money that we had paid for the bureau.

We protested against receiving it at that time thinking it might have been inconvenient for her to pay it, but she insisted that we should have it, saying,—"I am under great obligations to you for your kindness. Had it not been for you, I should have lost the bureau—the only relic of my mother; for it was then impossible for me to raise the amount you so generously paid. I shall never forget your kindness."

"Do you wish to take the bureau away?"

"I have spoken to a cartman, who will call here in a short time and have it removed out of your way; for I suppose you will be glad to get rid of it."

"Not at all. I am pleased that I was instrumental of a little service to you, and if ever you need assistance, I shall always be as ready to render it.

"I thank you, sir, with all my heart."

At this moment the man came for the bureau, and bidding us good evening, the young lady left our room.

CHAPTER II.

I ask a lowly cot
With sweet content within,
Where Envy shall molest me not,
Nor Pride shall tempt to sin.

"Going going—will you give but two dollars for this excellent bureau?"—exclaimed Mr. Bailey, the auctioneer, a year or two since, as we were passing down Exchange street. "Here Mr. C." he said turning to us, "buy this bureau, it is cheap enough; it is worth more for kindling wood than what it is going for—just look at it—going, going—say quick or you will lose it."

Two dollars and fifty cents, we bid, as we saw that it was the very same bereau, that we had bought several years before for ten and a half dollars, and the bureau was knocked off to us.

This is singular enough, thought we, as we had the article sent to our room.—Where is the young woman who formerly owned it? Who was she.

We made several inquiries, but could not ascertain who she was or what had become of her. The bureau had been carried to the auction room by an individual whom Mr. Bailey never saw before, and all our inquiries to ascertain what became of the young lady, seemed fruitless.

Several months passed by and still we heard nothing of the young lady, when one day, not knowing but we might get some clue to the former owner, we took out all the drawers separately & examined them. We saw no writing whatever. In the back of the under drawer, we noticed that a small peace of pine had been inserted. It looked as if it had been done to stop a defect. Prying it with a knife, it came out when to our astonishment we found several gold pieces, to the value of about fifty dollars, besides a note for twenty five hundred dollars, with interest, value received, made payable to Sarah ——, when she should become of age; it was a witnessed note, and had been running about ten years, signed by a very wealthy man, whose reputation for honesty was not exceedingly good. Without mentioning to a single invidual what we had discovered, we immediately renewed our efforts to ascertain who Sarah —— was, where she could be found. We learned that a girl of this name formerly lived with a Capt. P——, and did the work of the kitchen. Of him we could obtain but little information. His wife recollected the girl and spoke of her in the highest terms. She believed she had married a Mechanic, and retired from the city, but his name she could not recollect. By repeated inquiries we ascertained that Sarah with her husband, lived on a small farm on the road that leads to Saco. Taking an early opportunity, we started for the residence of the young woman. After several inquiries upon the road, we were directed to the house. It was a pleasant situation, a little from the road, while every thing looked neat about the dwelling. As we drove up to the cottage, who should come to the door but the very woman we had been so long anxious to find. She recognized me at once.

"Why Mr. C——, how glad I am to see you! Where in the world did you come from? Walk in and take a seat."

Her husband was present—an intelligent looking man—to who she presented us.

"I have often thought of you," she remarked, "and when in Portland have been tempted to call and see you; but although I have not called, be assured I have not forgotten your kindness, and I never shall forget it."

"But you seem happier than when I last saw you."

"I'm assured, sir, I am. My husband has hired this little farm, where we have resided for the last two years, and we make a comfortable living, and are as happy as we could wish and in the course of a few years, if we have our health and prosper we are in hopes to purchase the farm."

"What does the owner value it at?"

He values it at about fifteen hundred dollars. We have had to purchase a great many farming things, or we should have made a payment towards it."

"But what has become of your bureau?

"I fear I shall never see it again," she replied, and after a pause said—"I believe I have never told you how I have been situated?"

"You never did."

"When my mother died, it was though she left some property in the hands of an uncle of mine, that would come to me when I became of age; but he said it was not the case. With him I resided a short time."

"Was your uncle's name Mr. ——," said we, mentioning the individual who had signed the note in our possession.

"Yes, sir, that was his name. He was very unkind to me—made my work so hard, and was so cross that I was obliged to leave him, and earn my living by doing the work of a kitchen girl. One day I learned that he was about to dispose of what little property my mother had left, to pay an old debt of hers. As soon as I found it was correct, I immediately went to the auction & found it too true. You know about the bureau, the only article of my mother's property I could purchase—and had it not been for your kindness it would have gone with the rest. The money I paid you was earned in the kitchen. As I found it inconvenient to carry the bureau with me, I asked my aunt's permission to put it in the garret, which permission she granted. On calling for it when I was married, I learned that my uncle had disposed of it with some other things at auction. I would rather have lost a hundred dollars, not that the furniture possessed any real value—but it belonged to my beloved mother—(a tear came in the poor woman's eye)—and on that account I did not wish to part with it—he was entirely indifferent to me and what concerned me."

"Suppose that I shall tell you that I have that bureau in my office."

"Is it possible! You astonish me, Mr. C——. Have you indeed the old bureau?"

"I have, and what is better I have something for you here"—taking out my pocket book and placing the gold and note on the table—"these are yours."

"Why, sir, you more and more astonish me."

They are yours. After I became the owner of the bureau, I found this gold and this note concealed in one of the drawers. There are nearly fifty dollars and the note is good against your uncle, for nearly three thousand dollars—every cent of which you can recover."

The astonished lady could not speak for some moments; but when she recovered from her surprise, she could only express her gratitude in tears; nay more—she offered us half the amount; but we merely told her, that it pleased us more to have justice done her, and be instrumental in adding to the happiness of those we considered so worthy as herself and husband.

When we left we promised to call on her soon again, and in the meantime to make arrangements for her to receive her just dues from her unworthy uncle.

The old man demurred a little at first; but when he found he could wrong a poor orphan girl no longer, he paid the note with interest begging us not to expose him.

Sarah's husband purchased the farm on which he resided, stocked it well, and is now an independent farmer. Two happier souls it is difficult to find, than Sarah and her husband. May prosperity attend them to the close of life.

We often call at the farm house of our friends, and spend there many happy hours. It was but a week or two since that we saw them, and they seem as cheerful and contented as it is possible for mortals to be.

A HINT FOR RE-PUBLISHERS.

The January number of the London *Art Union* contains a specimen of an engraving produced under new and peculiar circumstances of so wonderful a character that the first announcement of them, several months since, created very little interest from the apparent extreme hardihood or credulity of the statements. It was asserted that a new invention was in process of completion, by which in the time of a week or a fortnight, a copper or steel engraving could be produced from any print, capable of producing from ten to twenty thousand *fac similæ* impressions undistinguishable from the original, and at a cost of shillings where the first process of engraving cost pounds. It was, moreover, stated that a note of the Bank of England could be so accurately copied in the same manner as not to be detected, by any scrutiny, from the original. It is so much the fashion to throw out all sorts of chimerical notions of inventions, that all this was very reasonably doubted.—We have now the positive proof and confirmation of the whole statement. An engraving of great delicacy and beauty, may now be seen at the rooms of the American Art Union in Broadway, which fulfils every intimation held out by the projectors. The London Journal, the *Art Union*, promised to test the matter for its readers, and placed in the hands of an agent of the parties, a well known print of the Saviour, after a painting of Delaroche—a print the production of which required originally at least a year's labor. At the end of a fortnight, a steel engraving was returned from which four to five thousand impressions have been taken for the subscribers to the periodical, and so accurate are they that a number of English artists admit that the difference between the original print and the copies, is no greater than between two impressions taken with greater and less care from the same plate. It is asserted that this very slight difference may be overcome, and the time reduced to eight days. The original print is not even injured in the process.

This invention will create a great fluttering among connoisseurs who will be careful not to trust their *unique* engravings (for which incredible sums are paid) one moment out of their hands. The value of many of the treasures of the print rooms of the British Museum and the Royal Library of Paris will fall from hundreds to units. The people will be at once immeasurably the gainers. It is not unlikely that within a few years exact copies of the most perfect and beautiful of the old Italian prints may be circulated instead of the present washy pictures in the Annuals and Ladies' Magazines.

There is a new process, also, for the printing of books, in developement, called 'Anastatic Printing,' by which in twenty minutes a number of the *Times* newspaper may be prepared for re-printing and be worked off with the rapidity of the steam press. This appears to be nothing else than securing all the benefits of the stereotype plate from a single printing impression in about a quarter of an hour.

Think of this, ye re-publishers and pray Heaven to send into the world a new race of Walter Scotts and Byrons, and to renew the powers of the Bulwers, Dickens, Maryatts, lest the invention come too late.

It is a consolatory circumstance to authors that this invention does not provide for the writing of books, but only for the reprinting of them, tho' it is to be feared that some sort of process may yet be consummated by which the impressions' of a man of genius may be Daguereotyped away before he has time to put them to paper.

These discoveries are adding to the importance of the International Copyright Question throughout the world. It has been of some little advantage to an American author, for instance to enter the English market with a cast from his stereotype plates, or a set of costly engravings. Mr. Prescott and Mr. Stephens have, we believe possessed considerable advantages in this way, and Capt. Wilkes, doubtless expects some remuneration from the sale of the Exploring Expidition of which he has made Messrs. Wiley and Putnam the London agents. Heretofore the great expense of reproducing the costly engravings which accompany that work would have been equal to a copyright protection by law. What security is there now, if the inventors of the process of multiplying prints lay their hands upon the delicate designs of Mr. Agate, for a gratifying proof to the British public of the convenience of the new invention?—*N. Y. Morning News.*

Correspondence of the Jour. of Commerce.

A GLIMPSE AT THE SUPREME JUDGES.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 25, 1845.

A short visit to the Supreme Court since my last, gratified my curiosity a while.—Nothing strikes a visitor to the judicial department of the Capitol more forcibly than the air of quietude that prevails. So different is it from a Nisi Prius, Common Pleas or Criminal Bench. You look in vain for the jury box—the witness stand—anxious clients incessantly whispering in the advocate's ear, or accused prisoners. No question of 'guilty or not guilty' is there heard. Few spectators are seen in the Court, unless there happens to be an argument of general interest, or a speaker of extraordinary celebrity, and even he must have an important and peculiar case to manage, or his audience will be thin. There has been no very crowded Court since Webster and Binney measured dialectics last winter on the Girard Will Case. On a pleasant day, however, when squads of ladies, with their whiskered attendants, are moving about the Capital, gliding from the House to the Senate Chamber, and thence down to the Supreme Court room, which is under the Senate Chamber, the few cushioned seats are filled. Attention and politeness are here enjoyed by law or custom. Servitors employed by the Government pay special attention to the ladies, always directing them, if necessary to seats, and never failing to clear the seats of the sterner sex, if they are wanted by the ladies. Now and then a colored servant waits here & there to anticipate the wants of the Judges, or open the door for visitors to pass out.

In the appearance of the gowned gentlemen on the bench, there is much dignity without stiffness or constraint. If an acquaintance comes into the Court, whether an official character or one of the people,' he receives a bow of recognition from his friend on the bench, as if it were a source of recreation to indulge a friendly emotion amid the severe labors of the law.

In the centre, in a chair of Jay, Ellsworth and Marshall, sits Tanney a profound lawyer, it is said, but never to be forgotton as General Jackson's pliable Secretary, well rewarded for his easy submission to the commands of his Master. Who would not rather be William J. Duane, in private life with an independent soul, than—but I will not speak evil of the dignitaries. What is written, is written. Judge Tanney is tall and slender in form,—stoop shouldered, as one that has pored much over black letter, of a swarthy (tawny?) complexion his head surmounted with an uncomfortable wad of tangled black hair, and the nasal organ liberally supplied, and painfully oppressed with rappee. On his right may be seen the shorter person of Judge Story, a *story* at least shorter in statue) with a literary face, a classical air and eminent judicial qualifications. He is the oldest judge on the bench, the pride of Massachusetts and an honor to his country. No observer can fail to be favorably impressed with his appearance. Many indulge the thought that he *should* be in the Chief Seat. On the left of the Chief Justice is seen the manly form of McLean, of Ohio, who is remarkable for the graceful erectness of his position, while in his open face and expansive brow you read the lines of intelligence, that truly reflect the inward mind. A mirror is that large and expansive eye, which does not deceive. He is a man of unrelaxing entellectual energy, and deserves to be President of the Republic. Inflexible integrity is a prominent constituent of his moral composition. On the right of Story may be found the Georgia Judge—Wayne—a genteel looking man, with easy Southern manners, and in size the smallest of the judicial assemblage. He seems less intended for a Judge than for a convival *bon homme*, and one cannot help wishing him a paler face and serener brow, more scantily over-hung with hair, which if ever combed back in its luxuriance, would much improve the general impression of his face. I understand him to be a man of very respectable abilities.

Next him sits Catron, of Tennessee, whom the Yankees would call a *chanky* man, presenting nothing striking in his aspect, but seeming to bend laboriously to the duties of his arduous profession. The remaining Justices are McKinley, of Alabama, and Daniel, of Virginia, who are not considered, I believe, to have attained a very lofty height in the temple of justice though they plod along in excellent company, and no doubt are well thought of by their personal friends. Virginia has a finger in every thing, and will reluctantly yield her influence. Including the President, she had three officers in the Cabinet, and has two now. She has more feeding at the public crib, and I expect more officers and sub-officers in the Navy, than any other State in the Union. The appointees from that State draw, I think, about $200,000 annually from the national treasury.

It seems but yesterday since Marshall Thompson, Barbour and Baldwin, filled those seats now occupied or to be occupied by others. On the opposite side of the Court, facing the living judges, are three marble busts of the dead, one of Jay, representing his classical face the proportions of which are very fine, and in excellent keeping with his character. On the right of this is that of Ellsworth, a homely, but strong and expressive countenance, with a prominent, sharp nose, and hooked chin, no unmeaning indicators of his intellectual

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2940_scm11032-0625.jpg