THE 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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From the Dublin U. Magazine.

THE QLD OAK TREE.

I would I were a child again,
As when I sported free
Upon the greensward through the glen
Beneath the old oak tree.
My father's calm and thoughtful brow
In memory still I see;
My mother's smile shines on me now,
Beneath the old oak tree.

The sunshine falls as warm and bright,
As freshly breathes the air;
The stream still dances down as light,
The flowers still bloom as fair.
Where'er my tearful eyes may range,
Familiar spots I see;
The scenes I loved seem slow to change
Around the old oak tree.

But gone are all those cherished forms
I gazed on when a child,
Like autumn's leaves when early storms
Sweep through the woodlands wild.
And all alone within the glen
I linger musingly,
And wish I were a child again
Beneath the old oak tree.

From Chambers' Journal.

THE POISON-EATERS.

A very interesting trial for murder took place lately in Austria. The prisoner, Anna Alexander, was acquitted by the jury, who, in the various questions put to the witnesses, in order to discover whether the murdered man, Lieutenant Mathew Wurzel, was a poison-eater or not, educed some very curious evidence relating to this class of persons.

As it is not generally known that eating poison is actually practised in more countries than one, the following account of the custom, given by a physician, Dr. T. von Tschudi, will not be without interest.

In some districts of Lower Austria and in Styria, especially in those mountainous parts bordering on Hungary, there prevails the strange habit of eating arsenic. The peasantry in particular are given to it.—They obtain it under the name of hedri from the travelling hucksters and gatherers of herbs, who, on their side, get it from the glass-blowers, or purchase it from the cow-doctors, quacks, or mountebanks.

The poison-eaters have a twofold aim in their dangerous enjoyment; one of which is to obtain a fresh, healthy appearance, and acquire a certain degree of *embonpoint*. On this account, therefore, gay village lads and lasses employ the dangerous agent, that they may become more attractive to each other; and it is really astonishing with what favorable results their endeavors are attended, for it is just the youthful poison-eaters that are, generally speaking, distinguished by a blooming complexion, and an appearance of exhuberant health. Out of many examples I select the following:—

A farm servant who worked in the cow-house belonging to —— was thin and pale, but nevertheless well and healthy. This girl had a lover whom she wished to enchain still more firmly; and in order to obtain a more pleasing exterior she had recourse to the well-known means, and swallowed every week several doses of arsenic. The desired result was obtained; and in a few months she was much fuller in the figure, rosy-cheeked, and in short, quite according to her lover's taste. In order to increase the effect, she was so rash as to increase the dose of arsenic, and fell a victim to her vanity; she was poisoned, and died an agonizing death.

The number of deaths in consequence of the immoderate enjoyment of arsenic is not inconsiderable, especially among the young. Every priest who has the cure of souls in those districts where the abuse prevails could tell of such tragedies; and the inquiries I have myself made on the subject have opened out very singular details.—Whether it arise from fear of the law, which forbids the unauthorized possession of arsenic, or whether it be that an inner voice proclaims to him his sins, the arsenic-eater always conceals as much as possible the employment of these dangerous means. Generally speaking, it is only the confessional or the deathbed that raises the veil from the terrible secret.

The second object the poison-eaters have in view is to make them, as they express it, "better-winded"—that is, to make their respiration easier when ascending the mountains. Whenever they have far to go and to mount a considerable height, they take a minute morsel of arsenic and allow it gradually to dissolve. The effect is surprising; and they ascend with ease heights which otherwise they could climb only with distress to the chest.

The dose of arsenic with which the poison-eaters begin, consists, according to the confession of some of them, of a piece the size of a lentil, which in weight would be rather less than half a grain. To this quantity; which they take fasting several mornings in the week, they confine themselves for a considerable time; and then gradually, and very carefully, they increase the dose according to the effect produced.—The peasant R——, living in the parish of A——g, a strong, hale man upwards of sixty, takes at present at every dose a piece of about the weight of four grains. For more than forty yeaas he has practised this habit, which he inherited from his father, and which he in his turn will bequeath to his children.

It is well to observe, that neither in these nor in other poison-eaters is there the least trace of an arsenic cachexy discernible; that the symptoms of a chronic arsenical poisoning never show themselves in individuals who adapt the dose to their constitution, even although that dose should be considerable. It is not less worthy of remark, however, that when, either from inability to obtain the acid, or from any other cause, the perilous indulgence is stopped, symptoms of illness are sure to appear, which have the closest resemblance of those produced by poisoning from arsenic. These symptoms consist principally in a feeling of general discomfort, attended by a perfect indifference to all surrounding persons and things, great personal anxiety, and various distressing sensations arising from the digestive organs, want of appetite, a constant feeling of the stomach being overloaded at early morning an unusual degree of salivation, a burning from the pylorus to the throat, a cramp-like movement in the pharynx, pains in the stomach, and especially difficulty of breathing. For all these symptoms there is but one remedy—a return to the enjoyment of arsenic.

According to inquires made on the subject, it would seem that the habit of eating poison among the inhabitants of Lower Austria has not grown into a passion, as is the case with the opium-eaters in the East, the chewers of the betel nut in India and Polynesia, and of the cocoa-tree among the natives of Peru. When once commenced, however, it becomes a necessity.

In some districts sublimate of quicksilver is used in the same way. One case in particular is mentioned by Dr. von Tschudi, a case authenticated by the English ambassador at Constantinople, of a great opium-eater at Brussa, who daily consumed the enormous quantity of forty grains of corrosive sublimate with his opium. In the mountainous parts of Peru the doctor met very frequently with eaters of corrosive sublimate; and in Bolivia the practice is still more frequent, where this poison is openly sold in the market to the Indians.

In Vienna the use of arsenic is of everyday occurrence among horse dealers, and especially with the coachmen of the nobility. They either shake it in a pulverized state among the corn, or they tie a bit the size of a pea in a piece of linen, which they fasten to the curb when the horse is harnessed, and the saliva of the animal soon dissolves it. The sleek, round, shining appearance of the carriage horses, and especially the much admired foaming at the mouth, is the result of this arsenic-feeding.* It is a common practice with the farm servants in the mountainous parts to strew a pinch of arsenic on the last feed of hay before going up a steep road. This is done for years without the least unfavorable result; but should the horse fall into the hands of another owner who withholds the arsenic, he looses flesh immediately, is no longer lively, and even with the best feeding there is no possibility of restoring him to his former sleek appearance.

The above particulars, communicated by a contributor residing in Germany, are curious only inasmuch as they refer to poisons of a peculiarly quick and deadly nature. Our ordinary "indulgences" in this country are the same in kind, though not in degree, for we are all poison eaters.—To say nothing of our opium and alcohol consumers, our teetotallers are delighted with the briskness and sparkle of spring-water, although these qualities indicate the presence of carbonic acid or fixed air. In like manner, few persons will object to a drop or two of the frightful corrosive, sulpuric acid (vitriol) in a glass of water, to which it communicates an agreeably acid taste; and most of us have, at some period or other of our lives, imbibed prussic acid, arsenic, and other deadly poisons under the orders of the physician, or the first of these in the more pleasing form of confectionary. Arsenic is said by Dr. Pearson to be as harmless as a glass of wine in the quantity of one sixteenth part of a grain; and in the cure of agues it is so certain in its effects, that the French Directory once issued an edict ordering the surgeons of the Italian army, under pain of military punishment, to banish that complaint, at two or three day's notice, from among the vast numbers of soldiers who were languishing under it in the marshes of Lombardy. It would seem that no poison taken in small and diluted doses is immediately hurtful and the same thing may be said of other agents. The tap of a fan, for instance, is a *blow*, and so is the stroke of a club; but the one gives an agreeable sensation, and the other fells the recipient to the ground. In like manner the analogy holds good between the distribution of a blow over a comparatively large portion of the surface of the body and the dilution or distribution of the particles of a poison. A smart thrust upon the breast, for instance, with a foil, does no injury; but if the button is removed, and the same momentum thus thrown to a point, the instrument enters the structures, and, perhaps, causes death.

But the misfortunes is that poisons swallowed for the sake of the agreeable sensation they occasion owe this effect to their action upon the nervous system; and the action must be kept up by a constantly increasing dose till the constitution is irremediably injured. In the case of arsenic, as we have seen, so long as the excitement is undiminished all is apparently well; but the point is at length reached when to proceed or to turn back is alike death. The moment the dose is diminished or entirely withdrawn, symptoms of poison appear, and the victim perishes because he has shrunk from killing himself. It is just so when the stimulent is alcohol. The morning experience of the drinker prophesies, on every succeeding occasion, of the fate that awaits him. It may be pleasant to get intoxicated, but to get sober is horror. The time comes, however, when the pleasure is at an end, and the horror alone remains. When the habitual stimulus reaches its highest, and the undermined constitution can stand no more, then comes the re-action. If the excitement could go on *ad infinitum*, the prognosis would be different; but the poison symptoms appear as soon as the dose can no longer be increased without producing instant death, and the drunkard dies of thy want of drink! Many persons, it cannot be denied, reach a tolerable age under this stimulus; but they do so only by taking warning in time—perhaps from some frightful illness—and carefully proportioning the dose to the sinking constitution. "I cannot drink now as formerly," is a common remark—sometimes elevated into the boast, "I *do* not drink now as formerly." But the relaxation of the habit is compulsory; and by a thousand other tokens, as well as the inability to indulge in intoxication the *cidevant* drinker is reminded of a madness which even in youth produced more misery than enjoyment, and now adds a host of discomforts to the ordinary fragility of age. As for arsenic-eating, we trust it will never be added to the madness of our own country. Think of a man deliberately condemning himself to devour this horrible poison, on an increasing scale, during his whole life, with the certainty that if at any time, through accident, necessity, or other cause, he holds his hand, he must die the most agonizing of all deaths! In so much horror do we hold the idea, that we would have refrained from mentioning the subject at all if we had not observed a paragraph making the round of the papers, and describing the agreeable phases of the practice, without mentioning its shocking results.

*Arsenic produces an increased salivation.

SHE WOULD, AND SHE WOULD NOT.

We find the following account of a singular affair matrimonial in a late English paper, the *Oxford Journal*:—

A lady and gentleman alighted at the Three Cups Hotel, and engaged apartments, the gentleman having intimated to the landlord that he was about to be married to the lady, and wished the ceremony to take place on the following morning.—With this view, the bridegroom obtained a marriage license, and it was arranged that the ceremony should take place in St. Martin's Church in the morning, and at the appointed time the rector, clerk, sexton and bell ringers were all in attendance. A gentleman came from London to officiate as father on the occasion, and to give the fair bride to her fortunate suitor, but the lady who was to attend as bridemaid was prevented by illness from fulfilling her part of the ceremony.

This difficulty, which at first appeared insurmountable, was soon removed, for a kind hearted creature was found, ready and willing to lend her aid in consummating the happiness which appeared to be within reach; and, with light hearts and happy faces, the bridal party tripped from the hotel to the church, which, be it remembered, was the very next door, and which circumstance, it is thought, has rendered that well known hotel so noted for wedding parties, and so popular to couples who come to Oxford to be united in the silken bonds of matrimony.

On this occasion, however, although the distance was short, a "great change came o'er the spirit of the dream" of the young lady who was to sustain the principal character, for, on reaching the church door, she slipped off, and, to the astonishment of the party, and of her suitor in particular, fled down High street. Away went the bridegroom and father, and away went the clerk, sexton and ringers, in pursuit of the fair one, but she dodged and doubled about in such an extraordinary manner that the clock struck twelve before she was captured, and the time had elapsed for the performance of the ceremony.

Matters, however, were ultimately arranged, and it was agreed that the wedding should take place the next morning (Saturday) Accordingly the rector, clerk, sexton and ringers were again at their post at the appointed time, and once more the bridal party started on their short way to church; but on reaching the entrance, the lady once more faltered, once more started, and once more escaped, notwithstanding the bridegroom, father, clerk, sexton and ringers were again at her heels, and continued so until the clock again struck twelve. Many would have thought that this was carrying the joke too far, and would have abandoned in despair any attempt at the conquest of a fair one so fickle, but the swain felt that "faint heart never won fair lady," and once more pressed his suit. In this he was successful, and the following morning (Sunday) was fixed for the wedding.

At the appointed hour, ten o'clock, the rector, clerk, sexton and ringers were once more in attendance, satisfied in their own minds that this, being the third and last time of asking, would be decisive. In consequence of some delay, however, they had their misgivings, and the rector repaired to the hotel and obtained an interview with the bride, from whom he found that she still objected to fulfil her part of the ceremony, on the ground that she had eloped from the residence of her mother, whose consent she had not obtained. The rector considered this to be a sufficient reason for her refusal, and declined, under any circumstances, even if both parties were willing, to perform the ceremony.—It was agreed that the young lady should remain under the paternal care of the worthy hostess of the Three Cups Hotel; and in the meantime the rector promised to write to the young lady's mother for her consent, and if it were obtained, he undertook to unite the young couple.—Upon second thoughts, however, after the rector had left, and was engaged in his Sunday ministration, the young lady resolved to save him this trouble, and, without waiting to take leave of him, took her departure with her lover in a gig, and has not since been heard of in this locality, or any other that we are aware of. This is also confirmed by an advertisement which appeared in the papers of the 21st inst., wherein a reward of £10 is offered for the apprehension of Thomas Cowell, butcher, of 22 Conduit street, Paddington, who, it states, eloped, on the 23d of November last, with Miss Mary Ann Lewis, a minor aged 18, a ward in Chancery, from her mother's house at the Kellin Llanigon, South Wales, and illegally obtained a license for their marriage at Oxford, which the Rev. W. Hayward Cox refused to act upon. The young lady possesses great personal attractions, and will succeed to considerable property. No tidings have been heard of either the bride or bridegroom

HOAXING LEARNED BODIES.—The broadest and most laughable attempt of this kind we ever heard of, is related by the venerable Matthew Carey of Judge Breckenridge, the elder. The Judge, it seems, had a mortal antipathy to philosophical societies, which was the more remarkable from his being a scientific and well-read man. But, he at length explained the mystery, by stating that he had been rejected by the American Philosophical Society, of which he was a candidate for membership, in revenge for the democratic vote he had given in the Legislature of Pennsylvania against what was termed the "province money," and resolved to be revenged in return. He not only wrote his satirical work called "Modern Chivalry," but he palmed off upon that body some ridiculous deceptions. Among other things, he took his grandfather's fan, and having ingeniously twisted, gummed and painted and repaired it, sent it to the Society as the wing of a bat! Matthew Carey says: "It was received with due solemnity, and a vote of thanks was passed to the donor. A debate arose as to the species of the bat to which it belonged; and a committee of seven was appointed to ascertain whether it was the wing of a Madagascar or Canada bat. The committee sat three weeks, and after consulting Buffon's Natural History and Goldsmith's Animated Nature, they reported that it must have belonged to a Madagascar bat. It was pronounced the greatest curiosity in the Museum, except a large sheet of brown paper which was hung in the chimney and disguised with soot and dirt, and palmed upon the Society as a part of a Brahmin's shirt!"

CHURCH DIFFICULTY.—*Trial of Another Bishop.*—A correspondence has passed between Bishop Doane, of New Jersey, and Bishops Meade, Burgess and McIlvaine, of the dioceses of Virginia; Maine and Ohio, respectively, regarding sundry charges against the good fame of the Bishop of the diocese of New Jersey. These charges—which are not made public, except in a pamphlet issued, by Bishop Doane, where they are said to be reviewed—are preferred by four citizens of New Jersey. The three Bishops demand a special diocesan convention, in accordance with the usages of the Protestant Episcopal Church, to investigate the charges. Bishop Doane declines to call the convention, denies the validity of the charges, and, in reply to the communication of the bishops, denounces their interference in the matter as uncanonical, unchristian and inhuman procedure. The New York Express, however, says—

"Since the 'Protest, Appeal and Reply' (as the pamphlet of the Bishop of New Jersey is called) was written and published, we learn that he has consented to call, and has actually called a convention of his diocese, to take into consideration the subject matter of these charges; &c. The convention will sit at Burlington, the Episcopal residence, on the 17th of March, (St Patrick's day.)"

From the Journal of Agriculture.

THOROUGH OR HIGH FARMING.

BY PROF. J. J MAPES.

This term has been generally adopted by the best European writers to express such a system of farming as would embrace the use of capital liberally, and at a maximum profit, in contradistinction to low farming, or the procuring of minimum crops, with no investments beyond the purchase of land and cheap workings.

Those who pursue high-farming argue that it is both safe and profitable, and that they use their capital liberally, to put the land in the best possible condition by under-draining, subsoil plowing, convenient arrangement of cisterns, pumps, manure houses, &c., &c., so as to have light expenses by labor-saving arrangements, at the cost, perhaps, of heavier original outlays.

The high farmer has analysis of his soils, and uses upon them all the manure they are capable of converting into plants; or, in other words, all that can be used with profit, instead of only so much as will produce a crop. For such crops as are found to pay a profit for the labor, the soil is plowed two, three, or more times before planting; and where a thorough admixture of the manure through the soil is found to be more advantageous than simply to plow or harrow it in, a large cultivator or surer is liberally used for this purpose. For crops which are advanced materially by continued irrigation, even steam-engines are kept in motion to insure the necessary supply.

Cattle on such farms are never pastured, but always fed in buildings supplied with every convenience to save manual labor.—The supply of water is always at hand, and readily led by gutters to the front of the animals. The arrangements for warming and ventilating are such as to insure a steady and healthy temperature and supply of atmosphere. The manures are rapidly removed as voided, and composted with as much inert vegetable matter as can be converted by its fermentation into useful amendments. The fluid excretiæ is led by gutters to masses of matter, which receive it and retain the volatile portions from evaporation.

If the soil is short of potash, soda, or any other constituents of the required crops, these are added; not directly to the soil, but to the compost heap, so as to advantage by their decomposing or chemical effects before going to the roots of plants. Manures are never left immersed in water, parting with gasses without undergoing proper decomposition; but the drainage of manure heaps is daily returned to them, to supply the necessary amount of moisture to insure decomposition without burning or *fire-fanging*.

If ammonia is lost by steaming or over heating of manures, the drainage cistern of the heap is immediately supplied with dilute sulphuric acid, or some soluble sulphate required by the compost, which changes the volatile carbonate of ammonia to the fixed sulphate of ammonia, and thus all the excretiæ of animals is saved in its best and most efficient form.

Some old style farmer may say, "this is all very well, but where is the money to come from, and when can you get it back?" We answer as to the latter inquiry, that many men in England and elsewhere, as tenant farmers, have made large fortunes by high farming, but while few have done so by any other style of culture. Now, while free trade is paralyzing the efforts of the farmer, those who pursue high farming alone are able to succeed. We do not assert that all who spend much money succeed as a consequence of such expenditure; but those who use their capital freely *and judiously* do succeed, and find it more to their interest than to invest on bond and mortgage at the ordinary rates of interest. Hundreds of tenant farmers in England are borrowers of capital on interest, extending the amount of their operations as their increased capital may permit.

How many farmers do we know in this country, who have hired fortunes, or become right by the rise of property, and whose farmes are of less value than their industrious neighbors, from the want of capital properly applied to them? They loan out their surplus incomes at six per cent. per annum, when a part at least could be used on their own farms at twelve per cent. with profit.

Let no man, however, attempt high faring, who thinks a fact becomes a falsehood by having been printed. He must have brains enough not to rail out indiscriminately at *book farmers*. He must even read books, until he knows how to answer the following questions, at least, and as many others appertaining to his calling as these may suggest:—

Do plants receive the whole of their nourishment from the soil, or part from the atmosphere? and what from each?

Do those received from the atmosphere enter the plants above or below the surface of the soil? and, if in part below, what conditions of the soil are necessary for their reception?

By what means are these conditions of the soil to be attained?

How does moisture effect the vegetable economy?

To what depth will the roots of plants enter the soil if properly prepared?

To what depth do the solutions of manures penetrate the soil? and if not to an indefinite depth, why?

In what manner, and from what causes, do plants receive the constituents of manures below the surface of the soil?

Of those solutions of manures which filter downwards, what portions are lost to plants? or of those which rise as gases, what portions escape into the atmosphere without being absorbed by plants? and why? What modes may be adopted to arrest them until plants can make use of them?

Let those who would censure high farming find the farmer who can answer these questions, and they will find a successful votary of our art, and one, too, who can enjoy nature as his God intended he should. Such a farmer can find delight in observing nature's laws, and "*look through nature up to nature's God.*"

All these questions may be answered; and our readers will find them answered if they will read the *Journal* with the same care they would examine a mortgage when buying it. Some may say farmers have not time to become chemists and natural philosophers; nor is it necessary that they should, but they should, for their own happiness and profit; know so much of the sciences as to be able to read them understandingly, and to apply them readily.

It is not necessary that a farmer should be capable of analyzing his own soil, but only to understand the analysis when made. Because a farmer may occasionally have a lawsuit, he need not necessarily study law, and become a lawyer; and if an analysis will cost but five dollars, he is a lucky fellow if he does not pay more money to lawyers than to chemists.

But some say, they are too old to study so much as to understand an analysis, or to learn how to apply manures in accordance with it. If so, employ a consulting agriculturists to inform you and pay him less for enabling you to double your crops than you now lose by wasting manures from bad management; and if you cannot find a more competent one, apply to us.

MR. FILLMORE IN NEW YORK.—In noticing the efforts of the abolition presses of the country to make it appear that Mr. Fillmore is not popular in his own State, the Albany *Register* remarks:

"The abolition press is attempting to prejudice Mr. Fillmore with the other States, by falsely representing that he would be badly beaten in this State if a candidate. The Auburn *Daily Advertiser* says:

"'Should Mr. Fillmore receive the nomination of the Whig Convention, would this State give less than *fifty thousand majority* AGAINST him?'

"A short time since the Le Roy *Gazette* said he would be defeated in Genesee county by 5,000 majority—being more votes than were cast by both parties; and the Utica *Herald* said the same of Oneida county by 15,000—more, by about 500, than the entire vote of the county last fall. It will be seen that these statements are made for foreign consumption, as everybody at home knows they are groundless. If any Whig candidate for the Presidency can carry New York, Mr. Fillmore can.—There may be treachery with a few abolitionists, who have cursed the party with their professed adherence, but the great mass are true, and firm in their integrity and in loyalty to their principles."

MR. WEBSTER.—A Washington letter in the Philadelphia American says—

Mr. Webster's address before the Historical Society in New York has called out a sentiment of universal admiration here, among all parties; and the noble peroration, in which he so happily applies its great instruction to the example furnished by Washington's life and to the American Union, will stand side by side with those collossal efforts of other days, which loom up against the intellectual horizon as great national promontories, marking as it were, eras in the progress and grandeur of the human mind. Mr. Webster is expected to resume his duties in the Department of State on Saturday, *malgre* the absurd publications to the contrary in some of the Northern papers. Should the time arrive when this illustrious statesman may deem it due to his own position, or to the opinions of his friends, that he should resign his present office, it will be not done by stealth, or by any "artful dodging," but openly and in the face of noonday, so that all parties may understand and appreciate the reasons which operate upon his determination.

APPOINTMENTS BY THE BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS.—The following gentlemen have been appointed by the Board of Public Works:

Directors in the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad on the Part of the State.—George Brown, Benj. C. Howard, Peter Mowell, Henry Garrett, Joshua Vansant, James J. Lawn, D. T. Foley, of Baltimore; Dr. Howard Kennedy, of Allegany county; Col. Wm. D. Bowie, of Prince George's county; Col. A. B. Hanson, of Frederick county.

Directors in the Baltimore and Susquehana Railroad—Wm. T. Walters, Moses N. Falls, Alexander Reiman, Joshua M. Bosley, Baltimore county; Joshua M. Nelson, Harford county.

Directors in the Annapolis and Elk Ridge Railroad.—John Miller, Thomas Franklin, Robert Lemmon.

BRITISH VESSEL SEIZED BY PIRATES.—The Gibraltar Chronicle gives us an account of the capture of the British Violet on the Ruff Coast, by 150 pirates, who killed one of the men and wounded the captain. The pirates subsequently sent the crew on shore, where the captain died of his wounds and Mr Cross, the owner, of cholera. The remaining four suffered severely for many weeks, but finally made their escape and reached Gibraltar.

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