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 Cultivator.]

DISEASE OF CATTLE.

DEAR SIR:—I have not lost, from sickness, but one horned creature for more than twenty years; yet I do not know whether I should attribute my success to good fortune, or to the manner of managing my cattle. I will give my practice and if others should be benefitted, I shall be sufficiently compensated. The first requisite I consider to be plenty of good feed. The next thing to be attended to is the tail-soak, which makes them liable to take cold, and produces the hollow horn and other diseases. The tail-soak may be known by the hair in the bush of the tail being rolled or twisted; when this is the case, the animal will not thrive or grow as well as when clear of it; it is frequently observable in calves.

Cure.—Cut off the end of the tail until you find the bone; it should be done when the weather is mild, and attend to it to prevent the too great a loss of blood. A quart or two of new chamber lye frequently given to each creature is a great preventative of diseases.

*Cure for the Foul*s—*either kind.*—Cleanse the foot by washing or with a rope, and sprinkle upon the affected part half a tea-spoonful of blue vitriol. For the peth-foul*s* put blue vitriol into the affected part on a probe or knife. Blue vitriol will also cure the hoof-ail in horses, if applied as above and a tarred rag put on to keep out the dirt.

Cure for Hoof-ail in horned Cattle. Cut off the point of the hoof until it bleeds.

Cure for Scours in cattle or horses. Boil white oak bark, white pine bark and beech bark, and give it to them in bran if they will eat it; if not, pour it down. The oak is an astringent, the pine is healing, and the beech cures the inflamation.

Cure for Garget. Give scoke, or (garget root) a piece as large as your finger, grated and given to a cow in any thing that she will eat; it is very efficacious. It grows from three to six feet high, with a purple stock, and strings of berries growing between the branches. It is said to be poison to a horse. It will cure those painful; unwelcome visitors, fellons on your fingers, in any stage of them, if grated, and put on cold and changed often. It is good for many other swellings.

Cure for a Cork in the foot of an ox. Put on British oil.

Yours with respect, &c.

PLINY L. EVANS.

P. S. If any horned creature should have a film growing on the eye, caused by a hurt, put in fine salt, it is a sure cure, but rather harsh.

Boliver, Alleghany county, N. Y.

SETTING MILK FOR CREAM.

MR. TUCKER.—I will state my plan in setting milk for cream, which I consider much more convenient than the common way. My first education in this respect, was, of course, to set the milk in broad shallow pans, so that it would stand thin as well as cool; but about ten or twelve years ago my milk became two plenteous for my pans, and I was driven to the necessity of setting my milk in high earthen pots, such as we use to keep cream in. When we commenced this operation, I told my wife that we should get but little cream from those pots; but we had no other way to save our milk. But to our surprise we found the high pots to produce as much cream in proportion to the quantity of milk as any other vessels. Encouraged by this result, we adopted the plan of setting our milk in common 8, 10 or 11 quart tin pails, which would occupy but little room even for the largest dairies. We found these pails much more convenient, being much easier skimmed, and easily removed from place to place by the bails. Ever since we commenced this practice, our butter has commanded the highest price in market, and we have proved beyond all doubt that the cream will rise as perfectly 10 or 12 inches deep as in any other way.

Another circumstance it may be proper to mention. Having found some difficulty by reason of some of my cows in the latter part of the summer refusing to give their milk freely in the morning, so that I could get their milk but once a day, which dried them up very fast. I sought for a long time for a remedy by reading and conversing with my neighbors, but no remedy could I find, until at length; instead of salting my cows twice a week, I furnished myself a box about six inches square in the clear, into which I put a handful of salt, and took it every morning with my pail, letting the cow partake of the salt while I was milking. I have continued the practice, salting all my cows every morning and besides effecting the cure of their holding up their milk, I find that they give an increased quantity, so that I consider myself fully rewarded for the extra trouble.—*Genesee Farmer.*

THE ROAD TO A WOMAN'S HEART.

As we approached the Inn at Amherst the clock maker grew uneasy. It's pretty well on in the evening, I guess, said he, and Marm Pugwash is as onsartain in her temper as a mornin in April; it's all sunshine or all clouds with her tantrums, she'll stretch out her neck and hiss like a goose with a flock of goslins. I wonder what on airth Pugwash was a thinkin on, when he signed articles of partnership with that are women; she's not a bad looking piece of furniture neither, and it's a proper pity sich a clever woman should carry sich a stiff upper lip—she reminds me of our old minister Joshua Hopewell's apple trees.

The old minister had an orchard of most particular good fruit, for he was a great hand at buddin, and graftin, and what not, and the orchard (it was on the South side of the house) stretched right to the road. Well, there were some trees hung over the fence, I never seen such beares, the apples hung in ropes, for all the world like strings of onions, and the fruit was beautiful. Nobody touched the minister's apples and when other folks lost theirn from the boys his'n always hung there like bait to a hook, but there never was so much as a nibble at 'em. So I said to him one day, Minister, said I how on airth do you manage to keep your fruit that's so exposed, when no one else can't do it nohow. Why says he, they are dreadful pretty fruit, ant they? I guess said I there ant the like on 'em in all Connecticut. Well, says he, I'll tell you the secret, but you need'nt let on to no one about it. That are row next the fence, I grafted it myself, I took great pains to get the right kind, I sent clean up to Roxbery and away down to Squashueck creek, [I was afeard he was going to give day and date for every graft, being a terrible long winded man in his stories,] so says I, I know that minister, but how do you preserve them? Why I was agoin to tell you, said he when you stopped me.—That are outward row I grafted myself with the choisest kind I could find, and succeeded, they are beautiful; but so eternal sour, no human soul can eat them. Well, the boys think the old minister's graftin has all succeeded about as well as that row, and they sarch no farther.—They snicker at my graftin, and I laugh, in my sleeve, I guess, at their penetration.

Now, Marm Pugwash is like the Minister's apples, very temptin fruit to look at, but desperate sour. If Pugwash had a watery mouth when he married, I guess it's pretty puckery by this time. However, if she goes to act ugly, I'll give her a dose of 'soft sawder,' that will take the frown out of her frontispiece, and make her dial plate as smooth as a lick of copal varnish. It's a pity she's such a kickin' devil, too, she has good points—good eye—good foot—neat pastern—fine chest—a clean set of limbs, and carries a good ——. But here we are, now you'll see what 'soft sawder' will do.

When we entered the house, the traveller's room was all in darkness, and on opening the opposite door into the sitting room, we found the female part of the family extinguishing the fire for the night. Mrs. Pugwash had a broom in her hand, & was in the act (the last act of female housewifery) of sweeping the hearth. The strong flickering light of the fire, as it fell upon her tall, fine figure, and beautiful face, revealed a creature worthy of the Clock maker's comments.

Good evening marm, said Mr. Slick, how do you do, and how's Mr. Pugwash? He, said she, why he's been abed this hour, you don't expect to disturb him this time of night I hope? Oh no said Mr. Slick, certainly not, and I am sorry to have disturbed you, but we got detained longer than we expected, I am sorry that —— So am I, said she, but if Mr. Pugwash will keep an inn when he has no occasion to, his family can't expect to rest.

Here the Clockmaker, seeing the storm gathering, stooped down suddenly, and staring intently, held out his hand and exclaimed, well, if that aint a beautiful child—come here, my little man, and shake hands along with me—well, I declare, if that are little feller aint the finest child I ever seed—what, not abed yet? Ah, you rogue where did you get them are pretty rosy cheeks; stole them from mamma, eh? Well, I wish my old mother could see that child, it is such a treat. In our country, said he, turning to me, the children are all as pale as chalk, or yaller as an orange. Lord, that are little feller would be a show in our country—come to me, my man.—Here the 'soft sawder' began to operate. Mrs. Pugwash said in a milder tone than we had yet heard, 'Go my dear to the gentleman—go dear.' Mr. Slick kissed him, asked him if he would go to the States along with him, told him all the girls there would fall in love with him, for they didn't see such a beautiful face once in a month of Sundays. Black eyes—let me see—ah mamma's eyes too, and black hair also, as I am alive; why you are mamma's own boy, the very image of mamma. Do be seated, gentlemen, said Mrs. Pugwash—Sally, make a fire in the next room. She ought to be proud of you, he continued. Well, if I live to return here, I must paint your face and have it put on my clocks, and our folks will buy the clocks for the sake of the face. Did you ever see, said he, again addressing me, such a likeness between one human and another, as between this beautiful little boy and his mother. I am sure you have had no supper, said Mrs. Pugwash to me; you must be hungry and weary, too. I will get you a cup of tea. I am sorry to give you so much trouble, said I. Not the least trouble in the world, she replied, on the contrary a pleasure.

We were then shown into the next room, where the fire was now blazing up but Mr. Slick protested he could not proceed without the little boy, and lingered behind me to ascertain his age, and concluded by asking the child if he had any aunts that looked like mamma.

As the door closed, Mr. Slick said it's a pity she don't go well in gear. The difficulty with those critters is to get them to start after that there is no trouble with them if you don't check 'em too short. If you do they'll stop again, run back and kick like mad, and then Old Nick himself wouldn't start 'em. Pugwash, I guess, don't understand the nature of the critter; she'll never go kind in harness for him. When I see a child, said the Clock maker, I always feel safe with these women folk, for I have always found that the road to a woman's heart lies through her child.—*Sam. Sly.*

THE FLOE FISHING.

It is probable that to most of my readers, the sport from which my chapter takes its title is a novel one. There are large bodies of ice which form in hard winters along the sea coast of New England, and which driven on shore by winds and waves, connect themselves with the main land and with each other, until they compose vast fields.—These are called by the fishermen, floes; and by going out upon them and cutting holes through which to fish they render the period of their continuance a season of considerable profit. These fields of ice sometimes remain steady for weeks, but are often by a sudden off shore wind and falling of tide swept out to sea at a short warning.

During the winter of ——, being exceedingly fond of fishing, and wishing to enjoy the sport in all its varieties, I removed to the shores of Scituate and Cohasset, equipped *cap-a-pie* for floe fishing. I made my arrangements with a party of villagers, and accordingly on the next day set out for the floes. The morning was one of those beautiful ones with which our winters are so delightfully decked, when the sky is pure and high as that of summer, and every object is defined with intense fineness to the mob-spracted eye. Our party consisted of five of the villagers, a singular, long-limbed being, whom they called Derk, who seemed a personage apart from the rest—'the observed of all observers,'—(he was an old whaler, I believe,) and myself.

It was early when we went out, but at our arrival on the ice, we found many persons already assembled there. A bonfire was blazing some sixty yards from the shore, and throwing up a column of white smoke, which, as it arose slowly in the air, assumed a thousand graceful curls and fantastic shapes. The scene on the ice was full of life and beauty. The forms of men and boys were seen in all directions, gliding over the vast floes in search of air holes. The noise of axes and of voices hallooing and laughing formed an assemblage of sounds in the highest degree exhilarating. Turning from this view of gaiety and life, the eye wandered far over the dark bosom of the Atlantic, the perfect serenity of which was undisturbed, save by the occasional plunge of the sea gull.

Every circumstance was favorable, and we had a capital day's sport. I like this, said Derk, as he drew in his line to which a large cod was attached; 'it's a real screamer: I see him wink his tail, and his face is for all the world a good likeness of Mr. ——.' He stopped short, with his eye riveted on a neighboring floe. There was an uneasy expression in his face, which at any other time would have excited the mirth of a bystander. He stooped down and rose again five or six times in quick succession, turned to look at the sun, rubbed his eyes, and finally gave a shout that attracted the attention of the whole widely spread party to one point. 'Boys—Mr. Arthur—Ichabod—run for your lives.'

The cause soon became apparent to all. The floe on which these individuals were engaged in their sports, was at the extreme outside of the rest. The tide in falling, had detatched it from the others, and it was now moving slowly and majestically out to sea.

'There's a breeze springing up,' said the whaler, almost at the same elevation of voice 'and they'll be among the rocks afore a soul can help them.

The lads who were upon the floe had become aware of their dangerous situation too late. The distance from the firm ice was greater than any one could clear at a leap, and, as neither knew how to swim, there was no alternative but to remain there until assistance could be afforded them. Had any boat been in readiness the accident would not have been considered in a serious light, but it happened that all belonging to the village were drawn up for the winter, in small bay more than a mile from this place; and the tide setting out rapidly, made it a matter of doubt whether one could be brought up before arsistance would be rendered unavailing.

The gaunt form of the whaler was the first seen moving in the direction of the boats, his enormous strides setting at defiance the attempts of others of the party to keep pace with him; and in a few moments, the place so lately thronged with busy and mirthful sportsmen, was silent and deserted except by a few individuals who remained watching with intense interest the fast decreasing figures of their comrades.

From a cape in view, a dangerous reef of rocks, over which in tempestuous weather, the waves beat with inconceivable fury, ran out seaward the distance of three quarters of a mile; and the wind which had changed from west to north-east, blew directly upon it. The sun in its decline, had become partially obscured by thin white clouds, and thick masses of them lay along the western horizon, with their fine sharp angles pointed out to the north. All objects gave portent of a coming storm.

Near an hour had elapsed, and yet we listened in vain for the roll of oars. I could endure it no longer and set off at top speed towards the bay. A whale boat had been launched when I arrived. a strong crew were seated at the oars; I had just time to leap into her stern sheet, and a moment after she was seen by those at the fishing place to shoot out from the covert of the bay, and make with the swiftness of a glance towards the point round which the floe had disappeared.

It was after doubling this point that the floe became visible to those in the boat, driving directly upon the reef and the long heaving swells which began to roll in and break over the rocks, gave little hope that the unfortunate youths could survive the first shock of striking. They hailed our appearance with a shriek of delight, and rushing distractedly from the margin of the ice next the danger to the side where we were approaching, watched our advance with fearful earnestness.

Pull away—for life and death, men," shouted Derk, as he bent to the stroke our with the power of an Ajax—"A dozen more such hearty sweeps, and we'll have 'em."—The exertion of the oarsmen was redoubled. The boat actually sprung from billow to billow. Her keel trembled with her intense celerity. We neared the floe. It was not three oars length from the reef. One more sweep, and the light side of the whale boat grazed the ice as she rounded gracefully to, while the exhausted lads threw themselves into the arms of their deliverers.

The instant order of 'steer all,' was obeyed with hearts abounding with thanksgiving. 'Look lads,' cried the whaler, 'and see what kind of death you were saved from.' The floe, as it rose in dark grandeur upon the bosom of a large swell—one moment it lingered upon the summit of a wave, the next, the great deep shrunk away from beneath it, and descending upon the peak of a sunken rock, with a crash like the explosion of a broad side the vast mass was shattered into a thousand fragments.

The following capital anecdote of the late Charles Mathews, is going the rounds of the newspapers, as from a London periodical. It has doubtless been much improved by the Atlantic voyage, and London transplanting, though it read quite as well where it originally appeared, a year or two since, in the 'Editor's Table' of the Knickerbocker:—

Twenty Minutes.—'When I was about leaving Liverpool for America,' said Matthews to a professional friend. 'I asked the Yankee Captain, as we were lying in the stream, what detained us, that we were not off? He answered 'the mail, Sir.' I inquired when it was expected? 'In about twenty minutes,' was the reply. In an hour or two the mail came on board: and when we had moved but a little distance, then there was another stop. 'What's this for?' said I. 'We are waiting for a pilot,' quoth the master.—'How long before he will be on board?' was my next question. 'In about twenty minutes,' was the answer again; and so it was all the way over. If there was a gale, it never was *calculated* to last more than twenty minutes, that space of time was likewise the estimated duration of a calm; and one poor fellow, blue and white, with *active* sea sickness, was told to keep good heart, for it *might* not last more than twenty minutes! When I arrived at New York, after numerous provoking delays, and had become fairly established at my lodgings, there comes me up a waiter in hot haste, with 'Mr. Matthews! Mr. Mathews! you can't stay here no longer, sa! 'What's the matter?—the reason? why can't I?' Cause, sa the Sheriff has issued his *sash a rarrar*, and the red flag is out of the winder, and they're gwyin's to sell out, sir!' 'When must I go?' 'Why, sa, I s'pect you'd better be gittin' away in about twenty minutes!' 'And thus, continued Matthews in his fretful querulous manner, 'was it from the moment I set foot in America. You'd hardly believe it, yet I had just returned from calling to see an old friend, who was very kind to me on my former visit.—'Where is Mr. B.?' said I, to the servant—'He is dead, sir!'—'Dead! dead! How long since did he deceased?' 'I should think about twenty minutes, sir!' was the answer. In short, concluded the inimitable mimic, 'there is nothing that cannot be, and is not done, in the United States, in twenty minutes!'

From the Boston Atlas.

CAPTAIN MARRYATT.

The following paragraph,—accompanied in some instances by very severe comments upon the alleged conduct of the learned and gallant captain,—is going the rounds of the papers. Where it originated, we do not know, but we suppose in some papers on the New York Canada frontier.

Capt. MARRYATT.—The late anniversary of St. George's Day was celebrated at Toronto, by the members of the St. George Society of that city, together with the St. Andrew and St. Patrick Societies. Among the guests present was Capt. Marryatt, the novelist.—Among the toasts given on the occasion, was a volunteer from this Capt. Marryatt, to the following purport, which was received with loud acclamations:—

"Capt. Drew and his comrades, who cut out the Caroline."

The allegation that such a toast had been given by Captain Marryatt, seems particularly to have stirred up the ire of the good people at Lewistown, the following witty account of whose proceedings upon the occasion, we copy from the Buffalo Advertiser:

YANKEE SPUNK.—The chaps at Lewistown have retaliated Capt. Marryatt's foolish toast given at Toronto, by making a bonfire of his works. A handbill was posted in the village asking that such citizens as had any of the novels of that author, would hand them in at the Lewistown Hotel for that purpose. A sufficient number for a respectable holocaust, having been thus collected, as soon as it was dark, they were taken down to the bank of the river, where a large fire was made with shavings, plank and rosin, and they were successively cast into the flames, their titles being announced, as they severally were consigned to the devouring element. Some radicals over in Queenston, come down to the water's edge to see the fun and huzza.

It is stated that Midshipman Easy and Snarleyyow wouldn't burn, and were found next morning unscathed—their stupidity rendering them fire-proof.

The Telegraph says that the whole affair can form a new chapter in Marryatt's 'Diary of a Blaze.'

The best of the joke is, that upon the very St. George's Day, when the noxious toast was said to have been delivered in Toronto, Capt. Marryatt was dining very quietly in Boston!

The Lewistown bonfire seems, therefore, to have been quite a matter of supererogation.

SCHOOL STATISTICS OF THE UNITED STATES.—About one third of a population of a country are between the ages of three and sixteen or eighteen; and of course are the proper subjects of school education.

In the U. States more than four millions of children ought to be under the influence of schools.

In Maine, the law requires that the inhabitants of every town pay annually for the support of schools a sum equal, at least, to 40 cents for every person living in it. That amounts to about $120,000. Their expenditures are more than $140,000.

In New Hampshire, a seperate tax of $90,000 is raised for schools, besides an annual appropriation from a tax on bank stock of $9,000 or $10,000.

In Vermont, more than $50,000 are raised for schools from a third per cent. tax on the grand list & as much more from district taxes, besides an income of nearly one thousand from banks.

In Massachusetts are nearly three thousand schools, supported by public taxes and private subscriptions. In Boston the schools contain more than 12,000 children at an expense of $200,000.

In Rhode Island are about 700 schools supported by a legislative appropriation of $10,000 annually, by taxes, and by private subscriptions.

The Connecticut school fund is about two millions, but fails of its desired objects. Children in the state, 85,000, schools about 1,500.

In New York are more than 9,000 schools, and over 500,000 children taught in them. School fund $1,700,000: distributed annually, $100,000, but on the condition that each town raise by tax, or otherwise as much as they receive from the fund. A wise provision.

New Jersey has a fund of $215,000, and an annual income of $22,000.

In Pennsylvania, during the last year, more than 250,000 children, out of 400,000, were destitute of school instruction.

Delaware has a school fund of $70 000. Maryland has a school fund of $75,000, and an income for schools from the banks, which is divided between the several counties.

Virginia has a fund of $1,533,000, the income divided among the counties according to the white population, & appropriated to paying the tuition of poor children, generally attending private schools.

North Carolina has a fund of $70,000 designed for common schools.

South Carolina appropriates $40,000 annually to free schools.

Georgia has a fund of $500,000, and more than 700 common schools.

Alabama, and most of all the western and southwestern states, are divided into townships, six miles square, and each township into sections one mile square with one section, the sixteenth, appropriated to education.

Mississippi has a fund $280,000, but is not available until it amounts to nearly $500,000.

The Legislature of Louisiana grants to each parish, or county, in that State, $2 62½ for each voter.

[*Portland Transcript.*

NOT TO BE CHEATED.—It is the boast of the hardy fisherman and coasters of the North that they can tell their whereabouts without any other instrument than lead, and no other observation than a scrutiny of the sand brought from the bottom upon it. A famous anecdote in Nantucket, is told of one Captain Bunker, a branch of the great amphibious family of Bunkers. Being sick and below, he directed that the lead should be brought down to his berth for his inspection. The craft belonged to Nantucket, and was in sand ballast. The mate of the vessel, somewhat of a wag, and a doubter of the Captain's infallibility, wet the lead, and dipping it in ballast, carried it down to the berth. Old Captain Bunker's eyes dilated with astonishment as he asked—'Do you say that you got this sand by sounding?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Then Nantucket's sunk, and we are right over Tupper's Hill.'

The mate went on deck.

[From the Cincinnati Express, May 25.]

Extraordinary instance of Gambling.—It is well known upon the western waters that the firemen and other hands employed upon the boats spend much of their idle time in playing cards. Of the passion for gaming, thus excited, an instance has been narrated to us upon most credible authority, which surpasses the highest wrought fictions of the gambler's fate. A colored fireman, on a steamboat running between this city and New Orleans, had lost all his money at *poker* with his companions. He then staked his clothing, and being still unfortunate, pledged his own freedom for a small amount, losing this: the bets were doubled, and he finally, at one desperate hazard, ventured his full value as a slave, and laid down his free papers to represent the stake. He lost, suffered his certificates to be destroyed, and was actually sold by the winner to a slave dealer, who hesitated not to take him at a small discount upon his assessed value. When last heard of by one who knows him, and who informed us of the fact, he was still paying in servitude the penalty of his criminal folly.

POETRY KEEN.—Rev. Mr. Holmes, of New Bedford, related the following anecdote at the late Anniversity of the American Seamen's Friend Society in New York.

Two sailors once met—the one looked down cast and forlorn; the other accosted him, 'Ship-mate, what's the matter?' 'Ah!' said the forlorn man, 'I am sick and destitute—I have no money to supply my wants.' The other put his hand in his pocket, and out poured his money, without weight or measure. A merchant looking on, said, 'Shipmate, now you certainly ought not to do so—you ought at least to take a note of him for your money.' 'I am no merchant,' said the sailor; 'I never take notes for my charity.'

A CAPITAL JOKE.

An Administration paper at the West, finding a Whig paper speeking of the 'British Queen' (the new English steam ship) being expected here on the 1st September, took it for granted that the pretty girl, Queen Victoria, was meant, and rails at the Whigs in a flaming article for having invited her to come among us. The sensible fellow thus sagely points out the object of her coming.

"She intends to travel through America, and advise the establishment of a United States Bank. She will then take all the stock herself, and thus this country will be under the thumb of England.

MURDER OF A MISSIONARY FAMILY.

The Southern Christian Advocate publishes the following letter, giving a moving description of a massacre by the Florida Indians. The writer is Superintendent of the Alachua Mission on the Tallahassee District:

"Dear Brother Capers—I am ruined! While engaged in my labors in the Alachua mission, I received a letter bearing awful tidings. It informed me that the Indians had murdered my family! I set out for home, hoping that it might not

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