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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ADVERTISEMENTS

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From the Casket for November.

CRUIZING IN THE LAST WAR.

"Once more upon the waters! yet once more!
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
That knows his rider. Welcome to their roar!"
Childe Harold.

THE SHIP ON FIRE.

"Fierce and high,
The death-fire blazed into the sky"
Lalla Rookh.

(*Concluded.*)

But swift as was our progress that of the destroying element was still more so. The fire had spread with such frightful rapidity as to wrap the whole fore part of the ship in flames, and threatened to consume her before we could arrive. Since it had found vent it had raged with redoubled fury, until now the shrouds, the foremast, the bowsprit, the yards every thing was sheeted with fire, which, whirling round and round ascended spirally to the mast-head; shooting its forky tongues out on every hand, and streaming like a meteor away up into the calm blue sky. Meanwhile the flames had broken out from the after hatch, and catching at once to the ratlins, leaped from rope to rope, ran wildly up the rigging, spread almost instantly to the huge lower sails, hissing, flashing and roaring as they went, until at length the whole ship seemed a mass of lurid fire, and nothing was left untouched but the narrow quarter deck, on which the now despairing crew had gathered in crowds, some eagerly endeavouring to lower the only boat that had escaped the flames, some frantically crying out for mercy, some cursing and blaspheming awfully in their agony, and some stretching out their hands imploringly for help.

"Give way, my men, give way,—will you see them miserably burned to death before your eyes?" I shouted, rising in the boat and waving my hat to the sufferers forgetting in the excitement of the moment the imminency of our own danger in case of an explosion. The poor wretches on the quarter of the burning ship answered back with a hysteric shout. Our gallant tars strained, like arrested hounds at the cry, and with a few vigorous strokes we dashed up to the quarter.

"Keep her off there," I shouted, seeing that we should be swamped by the eagerness of the sufferers to escape, "keep her off—jump overboard, and we'll pick you up." I continued, as we fell off from her quarter again: and in less than three minutes the deck was bare and our boats full of the rescued crew.

"Mr. Danforth," at this moment, shouted Jack, from the other boat ahead, "there's a lady and her father, they say here,—still on board, for Heaven's sake let us try to save them."

For one moment as I remembered my orders, and the extremity of our danger I paused; but when I reflected that by departing we should abandon two human beings to a horrid death, I hesitated no longer. Hastily learning from the mate of the vessel that they were their only passengers, & having taken refuge in the hold during the late conflict, had been forgotten,—and not feeling warranted in ordering any one on so dangerous a service, I gave the boat in charge to Irvine, who had luckily smuggled himself on board sternly bid one or two of my crew who attempted to follow to keep their stations, mounted her side by a rope that hung over the quarter, rapidly traversed the deck in the midst of a tremendous heat, and darted down the companion way, leaving the flames roaring not five feet from its entrance.

The cabin was a large one, and fitted up with extraordinary taste. The decorations were even luxurious, and such as I had at that time rarely seen in merchantmen. The state rooms were of mahogany, inlaid with a still darker wood, which I knew not the name of, and finished off with the greatest elegance.—Curtains, apparently of damask hung around, and the show of silver and cut glass by the companion way was even brilliant. The cabin, was, however, still as death. A lady's glove lay on an Ottoman, and beside it was an open book: but no other traces of a human being were discernable around. Where could the owner of that small, delicate French glove be? Was she already a victim to the frightful element?—had the mate deceived himself in supposing she had been removed from the hold?—was there no hope, if she still lived, of reaching her in time to save her from a horrid death? All these questions flashed rapidly across my mind, and my heart sickened as I owned I could not answer them. The danger, meanwhile, grew more and more imminent. I was standing, as it were, above a mine that had been sprung, for should the flames reach the magazine inevitable destruction must ensue. Nor could that catastrophe be much longer postponed. The devouring element had already gained possession of all around, and even now might be eating its way ravenously toward it. Besides if I paused a moment longer the fire would reach the companion way, and all hope of escape from the cabin be cut off. Had it been only my own life that was endangered, I would not have hesitated in perilling it to the utmost, but when I remembered that a dozen gallant fellows of my crew, as well as a score of others from the rescued sufferers, would be involved in my own fate, I could not doubt as to my duty. These reflections, however had not occupied more than the instant in which I had been throwing open successively the doors of the various state rooms. Alas! all were empty.—With a heavy heart I was about to mount the companion way, when I noticed that a massy curtain at the farther end seemed to divide off a smaller cabin aft of the one I was in. Without a moment's delay I rushed toward it, hastily lifted it aside, and there beheld a sight I shall never forget.

This after cabin was much smaller, but far more luxurious than the other. It was adorned with every thing that taste could suggest, or wealth afford. Ottomans ran completely around it forming a kind of divan. At one side was a harp, and beside it some music was scattered on the floor. But after the first hasty survey I saw nothing but a group of two beings before me. One of them was a grey haired man, apparently about SIXTY five, dressed in the gentlemanly costume of a former day. He was bending wildly over the almost inanimate form of a fair girl, reclining on the cushions. Never had I seen a being who looked more beautiful than that pale, half fainting creature, seemed at that moment. One arm supported her on the divan, and the other was thrown around her father's neck, the blue veins just discernable as they stole along beneath the ivory skin. Her head rested on the bosom of her parent, and the hair, loose and unbound, streamed in dark, glossy ringlets over her snowy shoulders. At the noise made by my entrance she started, raised her head, and I could see through the tears that glistened on her lashes one of the sweetest hazel eyes I had ever looked upon. A quick flush shot over her face, enhancing it like a rose leaf, as she beheld a stranger, and half starting to her feet, she essayed a moment to speak, and then stood with half opened lips, gazing almost wildly upon me.

'For God's sake fly,' I cried, 'the ship is on fire in every part,—we can barely escape by the companion—in an other instant she will blow up—why hesitate? For heaven's sake come.'

'O! sir, God bless you for this kindness—there is then hope,' exclaimed the old man,—'but Isabel has fainted,' he continued—'go fly, I will die with her,' he added, in a tone of agony, vainly essaying to raise in his enfeebled arms, the seemingly lifeless form of his daughter. I looked into her face. The transition from calm despair to hope had been too great, and she had indeed fainted—It was no time to hesitate. Hastily raising the beautiful stranger in my arms, I called upon the old man to follow, dashed into the front cabin, hurried up the companion way and to my utter horror, found the flames had just crossed the entrance. For but a second I paused.—Death was behind, destruction perhaps before. Laying my hand upon the old man's shoulder I urged him ahead, hurriedly threw the shawl of the fair girl around her face and form, made a bold, desperate push for life, and in another instant, amid the cheers of my men, had gained the quarter deck. The boat shot to the side, a dozen arms were extended to receive my burthen, I carefully gave it in charge to the nearest, almost slung the old man after, and bounded into the stern sheets, waved my arm and shouted

'Shove off—board—give way—and if ever you pulled before, pull now, for your lives my men!'

I was obeyed. With one soul they bent their brawny arms to the task, and while the ash almost snapped beneath them, made the boat whirl from the quarter, and then sent her with the velocity of a sea-gull over the deep. Not a word was spoken. The old man sat beside me in the bewilderment of gratitude, astonishment, and only half dissipated fright,—while the form of his still inanimate child was extended unaided, for the moment, by his side. It was indeed no time for delay. Every man knew we were pulling for life or death. The other boat was nearly a mile ahead, skimming swiftly along from the devoted ship. Far off on the moonlight horizon lay the schooner, with all her exquiste tracery reflected in the wave beneath, and seeming with her thin, raking masts, like some ærial vessel floating half way between sea and sky. Down to the right was the burning ship, presenting a vast body of lurid fire, that roared along her sides, streamed out her ports, edged spirally up the masts, and leaped in huge masses straight out into the sky. Now and then as her guns became heated, they went off with a roar like thunder. Meantime, the dense smoke, gathering in a thick cloud above, hung like a pall over the consuming ship. For some moments the flames appeared to die in part away; but all at once a stream of intense fire, that almost blinded the eyes, leaped perpendicularly upward from her decks; the horizon, for miles around was illuminated with a light more vivid than that of the brightest noonday; a part of the foremast, lifted bodily out, shot like an arrow almost a cable-length on high: a concussion ensued that made the boat shiver like a reed, and rock a moment frightfully about, and then a stunning roar followed, shaking the firmament to its centre, and sounding as if a thousand broadsides had been discharged at once. For a moment as the burning fragments sailed aloft, falling on every hand about, while the boat rolled wildly to and fro upon the agitated swell, we held our breaths in momentary expectation of death, and I involuntarily ejaculated,

"The Lord have mercy on us all!"

'Amen!' said the rescued father at my side.

But we were again almost miraculously preserved. The offing we had gained, though not sufficient to ensure safety, proved great enough to relieve us from inevitable destruction. Had any of the falling timbers, struck us, we should have all gone down together. As it was, it was one of the narrowest escapes I ever made, and when I gave the command to the crew to give way again—for at that terrible explosion they had as one man paused—a gush of thankfulness and devotion went up from my heart to the great author of my being, who had thus preserved a second time my life. A sensation swept through my bosom which no language can express. Those only who, like me, have been saved from almost certain death, can understand my feelings. It was a moment of thanksgiving to all.

The deafening uproar, however, recalled the senses of the fair girl at my side. But I will not describe her gratitude, and that of her parent to myself, whom they persisted in considering the preserver of their lives. Suffice it to say we were soon on board, the captain delicately resigned his own cabin to the strangers, and I then had leisure to learn some particulars concerning their history. They were Mr. Thornton, the father of Isabel, was a wealthy West Indian, and was just returning from Great Britain, with his daughter, who had been there for several years completing her education. Before the Letter of Marque sailed, she had been lifted up by Mr. Thornton, in a style bordering on eastern magnificence, with furniture intended principally for his mansion house in Jamaica. But at this moment a message arrived sobering my presence with Mr. Thornton. As I entered the cabin, he manfully extended his hand and presented me to his now blushing daughter,—for what woman, be she who she may, can stand unembarassed in the presence of one to whom she fancies she owes her life? I have had many moments of pleasure but I never felt as I then felt, when Isabel Thornton, expending her delicate hand to me, with her sweetest smile uttered her thanks. Sailors are proverbially frank, and there is nothing like companionship in danger to break down the formalities of society.

'You are scarcely a sailor's sister, Miss Thornton,' said I, 'or you would not pour out thanks for what is a matter of duty.'

'Mr. Danforth,' said a musical voice, while the owner colored again,—'as if I had said any thing to cause it!—we must not let your modesty blind us to your noble exertions—had it not been for your daring and courage, we had not been here now.'

'But how,' said I, to change the subject, 'did it happen, my dear Miss Thornton, that you were in the cabin, when the rest had escaped.'

'In the general alarm we were forgotten, for we had been hurried to the hold during the conflict, and when the fire broke out were overlooked. We found our own way back, but only when the weole ship was in flames. We had but reached the cabin through a forward door below, and believing the ship destroyed, had despaired of all escape, when you—you—appeared.'

'I had forgot till this moment we were foes,' said I gaily, determined to avoid the coming thanks.

'And we are your prisoners too,' archly said the smiling girl as she held her father's and my hand between her own.

Many a sweet night afterward, did I stand with Isabel leaning on my arm, wrapt in the sunny dreams of youth, as we gazed together out upon the moonlight sea. But sailors, however romantic in fact, are little given to expressing it to others. Perhaps it was that Isabel had few rivals, perhaps it was that I felt a deeper interest in her from the manner in which we first met, and perhaps it was that the heart of a young midshipman is of all hearts the most susceptible; but so it was before a fortnight had elapsed I never came on deck without looking to see if Isabel was there, and if the sea was at all rough I was the first one to offer her my arm, or to hand her to a seat.—I thought of her by day, and dreamed of her by night. Nor did she shrink from my attentions. Her father either did not notice this bye-play, or was wholly careless of its tendency. And so passed another fortnight, diversified only with one or two prizes, which we blew up after removing whatever was valuable.

Philadelphia, October, 1839.

TAILORS DEFENDED.

A Tailor instead of being the 9th part of a man, possesses the qualities of nine men combined as follows:

1st. As an economist, he cuts his garments according to his cloth.

2nd. As a gardner he is careful of his cabbage.

3rd. As cook he provides himself with a hot goose.

4th. As a sheriff's officer he does much at sponging.

5th. As an executioner, he furnishes many gallowses.

6th. As a general, he brandishes not a sword, but a bare bodkin.

7th. As a sailor he shares off whenever he thinks necessary.

8th. As a lawyer he attends to many suits.

9th. As a christain and divine, it is his chief aim to form good habits for himself and others.

I think enough has been said to do away with the opprobium so often cast upon the knights of the thimble and needle, to induce the fraternity to unite and contribute a suit of clothes to their friend and humble servant.

BIDDINGS AND WEDDINGS IN WALES.

[From the Notes to Mrs. Bowen's new Poem, 'Ystradlin.']

When two persons have agreed to enter into the state of wedlock, a person who performs the office of Gwahoddwr, (bidder,) goes round, and repeats in a kind of chant, a poetical invitation to all their neighbours to attend the wedding. Formerly this was the only mode of invitation, but of late years a printed circular, a specimen of which follows, has also been used for the purpose, and is usually circulated amongst the friends and acquaintances of the young couple, some weeks previous to the Bidding.—Other quaint forms of Bidding Letters are occasionally made use of, but the following is the most approved:—

'March 5, 1839.

'As we intend to enter the Matrimonial State, we are encouraged by our Friends to make a BIDDING on the occasion, on Tuesday, the 26th of March instant: a Young Man at his Father's House, called Tycoch, and the Young Woman at her Father's House, called Melinrhos, both in the Parish of Clyro; where the favour of your good & agreeable company is most humbly solicited, and whatever donation you may be pleased to bestow on us then, will be thankfully received, and warmly acknowledged, and most cheerfully and readily repaid, whenever called for on a similar occasion by

'Your most obedient Servant,
'DAVID DAVIES,
'CATHERINE DAVIES.

'The Young Man, with his Father, David Davies, and his Brother John Davies, desire that all debts of the above nature due to them be returned on the said day, and will be thankful for all favors granted.

'Also, the young woman, with her Father and Mother, Isaac and Mary Davies, and her Uncle, David Edwards, desire that all debts of the above nature due to them be returned on the said day, and will be thankful for all favors conferred.'

This is intended as a general and particular invitation to all friends of both sides and every person is expected to contribute a small sum towards making a purse for the young pair to begin with. Strangers, of course, are welcome.—There is always a person attending, who writes down the gifts, which account is taken care of as these gifts can be required upon a like occasion, as the bidding letter sets forth; but there are usually many contributors, such as rich and friendly neighbors, masters and mistresses, &c., that require no repayment, and those returnable are called for at distant periods, and in small portions, so that it may be well considered as an useful and well-timed benefit. This custom is called *Purs y Gwregys*, and the present is termed paying *Pwython*.'

HANDS OFF.

In the following extract (says the Boston Transcript) from Poole's 'Little Pedlington,' we have a capital hit at that nervous race of mortals—who are never satisfied with the evidence of the sight, until it is fortified by the proof of touch:

'But what about the kangaroo?' said I. 'Is it possible you did not hear of it?—The town talk! Chickney, the poulterer, who has naturally been keeper of our Zoological Gardens, and honorary secretary, has presented us with a stuffed kangaroo. Yesterday there was a private view of it. Interesting sight! Subdued, *quiet* interest, though—not of an *exciting* interest, like the monkeys on the ladies' days. Sundays, you know. Interest creature though, Paper pasted on—'Visiters are requested not to touch!' Very foolish—gave great offence: How can any one tell what kangaroos are made of, if one is'nt allowed to tuch; and the moment Chickney's back was turned, people *did* touch. And what harm did they do! Nothing but a little bit of its tail, one fore-paw, and two claws of the other, broken off. Chickney angry—very foolish to be angry—told him so Easy to glue the pieces on again, if ever he should get them back. If not, what then? What is that in comparison with the rights of the people? I don't know how the case may be with you Londoners, but this I can tell you my dear fellow, no free born Pedlingtonian will relinquish his right at an exhibition, of touching whatever he can lay his hands upon.'

As I thought the tone in which Mr. Hobbleday uttered this last remark was intended to convey an offensive doubt of the patriotism of my dear fellow Londoners, I replied to him somewhat sharply: 'Mr. Hobbleday, allow me to tell you, sir, that the London public are as well acquainted with their rights, and as jealous of them, as the Little Pedlingtonians, sir, are of theirs. And sir.'—(I was vexed, and could not help *Sir*-ing him a little)—'and, sir, if in a picture gallery one entertains a doubt as to whether the varnish on a picture be dry, he will satisfy his very laudable curiosity by rubbing his hand over it; if, as to what it may be painted he will prove it with his finger; & to point out its beauties, he, like a free born Londoner, will use the end of his stick or his umbrella. In a museum sir, doubting as to whether a statue be of marble or stone, or plaster, he will exercise his right of twitching it by a finger, or any part most easily fractured, in order to inform himself; and in all places, sir, he will scribble or chop his name (and, for the information of posterity, the date of his visit, too) upon the most prominent object within his reach, no matter how much it may be disfigured by his handiwork: always taking care, sir, to assert these unquestionable rights when the persons who might perhaps oppose them—those instruments of tyranny and oppression, the keepers or guardians—are absent.'

PUMPKIN PIE.—The Cincinnati Republican copies from a useful volume entitled the Practical Farmer, the subjoined bill of particulars, as to the most approved mode of making pumpkin pie, 'for the information of all those ladies who have not yet learned the process.

PUMPKIN PIE.—For common family pumpkin pie, three eggs do very well to a quart of milk. Stew your pumpkin and strain it through a sieve, or colander. Take out the seeds, and pare the pumpkin or squash. Stir in the stewed pumpkin, till it is as thick as you can stir it round rapidly and easily. If you want to make your pie richer, make it thinner, and add another egg. One egg to a quart of milk makes very decent pies. Sweeten it to your taste, with molasses or sugar: some pumkins require more sweetening than others. Two tea-spoonfuls of salt; two great spoonfuls of ground cinnamon; one great spoonful of ginger. Ginger will answer very well alone for spice, if you use enough of it. The outside of a lemon grated in is nice. The more eggs the better the pie; as we put an egg to a gill of milk.—They should bake from forty to fifty minutes, and even ten minutes longer, if very deep.

ILLINOIS PORK.

The St. Louis Republican contains the following observations in relation to one of the leading staples of the South West:—

PORK.—A very just and lively sensibility is felt by the farming community upon the prospects of the fall purchases of this article. This item is one of the heaviest products of our western farmers, and its market price has more influence upon the country generally, than any other. The reason of this is obvious. There is no other article which is produced for market by so many persons as pork. There are very few farmers, however small their operations may be, who have not a few hogs at killing time, which they intend selling. A late trip through some parts of Illinois, as well as conversations with many perrons from different parts of that and this State, assure us that the number of hogs fit for market this fall will be very large. The crop of corn has been large, and the wild food in many parts has been abundant. Every thing conspires to induce the belief that pork this fall will be more plenty and of a better quality than it has been before for years.

In the face of this abundance there is almost as great a drawback as if the quantity was less: there are no *purchasers*. The season is now rapidly approaching for selling, and yet we know of but few who are engaged in purchasing, and those few purchase very sparingly, only the largest and best hogs, and at such prices as but few farmers are willing to contract at. We have not heard of any offer to contract at a rate above $2.50 per hundred for the heaviest hogs. This is a price so much below what the article has heretofore been readily sold for, many will not be willing to take it.

In many sections we learn that there are no buyers at any price. In some of the large counties in Illinois, which always produce a very large amount, there is no one as yet disposed to contract, and, we have heard farmers talk of turning out their hogs, now partly fattened, because they feared they would not find sales, and if they did, it would be at such prices as they could not stand.—Such is the condition of the monetary affairs of the country, that nothing else can expected. Men dare not, in the present unsettled state of affairs, if disposed, venture on large purchases for there is an evident downward tendency in prices, the end of which, is not easily seen But there are few in the country who have the means or can produce them for this purpose. Money is too scarce, and there is every prospect that it will be scarcer before it is more plenty. The banks are so paralized that they are not able to assist much. The Bank of the State of Illinois, we learn by the Springfield Journal, has offered to buy bills, drawn at four months time, the proceeds to be applied to this business. This, however, is an arrangement which but few can avail themselves of, and we presume but very few will. The Illinois Bank at Shawneetown, it is said, intends furnishing something for this purpose, but the whole amount she can give will fall far short of the value of the produce seeking a market. Whether the Bank of Missouri intends extending her discounts to aid in this, we have no information; but from the fact that there is no one here purchasing extensively, and from the cramped manner in which she is compelled, from the want of means and her connexion with the United States Government to do business, we have no expectation she will aid much, if any.

Every indication now is that the farmers will have to either cure their pork themselves, or turn their hogs out again. The former is much the better policy, for the absence of the usual large operations is some earnest that the article will bear a good price next spring and summer. In the mean time, many will, for want of a market, be greatly pressed to meet debts already-incurred, and to purchase their needful supplies for the coming season.

CURING HAMS.

I beg leave to present to the public my manner of preserving hams. I turn my barrel over a pan or kettle, in which I burn hard wood for seven or eight days; keeping a little water on the head of the barrel, to prevent it from drying. I then pack two hundred weight of ham in my barrel, and prepare a pickle, by putting six gallons of water in a boiler, with twelve pounds of salt, twelve ounces of salt petre, and two quarts of molasses. This I stir sufficiently to dissolve the salt, &c., and let it boil and skim it. I then let it cool and pour it on my ham and in one week I have smoked ham, very tender, of an excellent flavour, and well smoked. When the weather becomes warm, there will be a scum raise on the pickle. By keeping my ham under pickle it will keep the year round.

It is better to have a good white oak barrel than any other. Try it, and if you ever had meat smoked early after killing and more palatable, please inform the public through the columns of your paper.

Yours, &c.
H. FOWLER.
Hanaver, Mich. March 7, 1839.

The Lottery System.—The State of Maryland has, says Lyford's Price Current of Saturday, derived a revenue of upwards of twenty five thousand dollars, the present year, which will terminate with the present month, by virtue of her Lottery System. Messrs. D. S. Gregory & Co. of the State of New York, having taken all the contracts, for which they have hitherto paid $15.000 per annum, and by their agents, through the country, disposed of tickets. There are forty three lottery offices within the state of Maryland, forty of which are located in Baltimore, which are licensed by the Lottery Commissioners, and for each license $250 are paid; exhibiting an aggregate of $10.750, which, added to the previous $15,000, presents the total revenue for the year, of $25.750. The contract for the coming year will be at an advance of 15 per cent. on the last, making the amount $17,500
Assuming the same number of licences to continue, 10.750

Revenue from Lotteries for 1840 $28,250

From the Baltimore Chronicle.

RIGHTS OF SLAVE STATES.

It will be recollected that some two years since, it was charged in Georgia that certain citizens of Maine, while in a commercial pursuit, did admit upon a vessel and secret slaves belonging to a gentleman of Georgia, and finally carried them away. This transaction led to some correspondence between the Governors of Georgia and Maine; in which the former demanded the citizens of Maine as fugitives from justice; charged with the crime of violating the laws of Georgia for the protection of slave property. The Governor of Maine has, up to this day, refused to deliver them up. Referring to this fact, Governor Gilmer, in his late message to the Georgia Legislature, says:—

"This State must therefore protect, by its own authority, the rights of its citi-

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