# 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 toverbthrown—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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## TALES OF THE SEA.

### THE PIRATE.

By the time the several dispositions ordered by the captain had been made, a stranger, a beautiful brig, had approached within gunshot.—We (that is, officers and passengers,) were congregated upon the poop deck in anticipation of momentarily receiving an iron summons to round to. This, how ever, did not appear to be a part of the unknown's policy; and whilst he was fast drawing ahead, Macsawney, who carried on the duties of the ship as if she floated unquestionably in stress of the blue expanse, ordered eight bells (having taken the sun) to be struck and invited his passengers to partake their customary meridian. They were in the act of descending, when Bosy reported that the brig, having given a broad yaw to leeward, showed Spanish colors at her peak. These were scarcely set ere they were dipped, an indication that it was their wish to speak to us. The atrocities which have degraded Spain's once imperial banner, coupled with the rakish loom of the stranger, and our proximity with the Cape de Verd Islands, the favorite resort of the lawless, caused us to survey him with a curiosity in which apprehension was not slightly mingled.

Our doubts and fears were in course of speedy solution, for the self-styled Spaniard had now lessened his distance to a couple of miles. A more exquisite hull it was impossible to look upon—long, low and of exceeding beauty—bow round as an apple, with a cut-water sharp as a wedge, from which projected a female figure-head of the most graceful proportions. Every line was symmetry itself—her bosom beautifully moulded, her copper bright as burnished gold, and her run clean and fine as the heels of a racer; in short, the very model of what an English noble's yacht should be. The capacity might amount to some three hundred tons. The beauty of the hull was fully equalled by the gear aloft, which was taunt, tapering, and well set up; the lower mast was clean scraped and bright varnished, with long heads painted white. He carried courses, topsails, with a slab of reef to make them stand better; topgallant sails, foretop-mast staysail, jibboom, mainsail, a thundering ringtail, foretopmast and foretopgallant studding sails; his royal yards were sent down, and his flying jibboom housed. All his yards were remarkably square; his canvass well cut, and it was impossible to surpass the light airy tracery of his taper masts with their mazy lines of superincumbent cordage: As we approximated, we gave our meteor flag to the breeze—his Spanish ensign still floating at its peak. His lovely craft was in perfect command, and having drawn a little before our lee beam, he immediately hailed—

"Sup ahoy!"

"Hallo!" responded Macsawney.

"What ship's that?"

"The Saucy Sally; what brig's that?"

"The Vomito Pietro," was the answer.

"Where are you from?"

"The Cape of Good Hope."

"Heave to—heave to! I have intelligence to communicate."

"Ay, ay" sung out Mac. "Cheerily, my lads—round in the weather main and topsail braces. Foretop there! down topgallant stun'sail—in with big Ben—clap on the topmast stun'sail bownballo! That's it—with a will, men. So—o! Man the royal and skysail clue lines!'

In a surprising short space of time the Saucy Sally was reduced to top and topgallant sails, jib and spanker, the fore and main courses hanging in the brails. The Vomito Pietro was still under sail, & although while our ship was obeying the injunctions, she had hauled up so sharp in the wind as not only to deaden her way, but to drop a short distance astern. Perceiving her maintopsail to the mast he once more ranged within hailing distance.

'Ship ahoy; send a boat aboard of me, d'ye hear?'

'Brig ahoy!' shouted Mac. 'No boat of mine leaves the ship. If you have any thing to communicate, send your own boat.'

'Send your boat this instant, sir, or I'll fire into you.'

'Blaze away,' sang out the impertarable Scotchman. 'Down on the deck, lads—you shall peper him by and by.'

A pause ensued—the vessels gradually separated;—the Vomito Pietro hove to some sixty yards forward of the Sally's lee beam, and without farther ceremony exchanged the Spanish ensign for the skull and marrow bones. At this moment both vessels had lost steerage way, the wind having fallen a dead calm.

'We must be guided by circumstances,' said the captain, addressing us, 'but in no case must we allow them to obtain a footing upon our decks. Better to go to the bottom like men than to be flung into the sea like dogs. He will, no doubt, seek to board under the cover of his long guns. Let him try; but do not, I implore you, throw away a shot until each of you is sure of his man; every one they lose adds to our chance of escape.'

The captain was wright in his conjecture, for scarcely had he ceased speaking ere the Vomito, apparently satisfied with reconnoitering, launched both her boats full of men. No sooner had they touched the water than they sent forth a wild yell to which, as a fitting accompaniment, the roar of their long eighteen pounder opened its deadly throat—happily without any material injury resulting. Emboldened by the no return of fire, the boats, after a brief conference under the Vomito's stern commenced pulling, making somewhat of a sweep, apparently with the design of assailing the Saucy Sally on either quarter.

'Divide yourselves' continued the watchful & indefatigible Mac: 'but above all be cool—be steady. Ah!' he exclaimed, rubbing his hands with great delight, 'it would be a noble chance. I'll try it by George!—at the worst it can but fail. Look aloft, a hand or two; ease off the weather and haul in the lee main braces; there's a catspaw aloft; the ship already feels it, and there will be more ere long Jump aft, O Denoghue; take the wheel; run the pirate alongside; and, d'ye mind me, let every mother's son of ye, as he wishes to see kith and kin again, pay the strictest attention to my command.'

Circumstances had indeed altered the Scotchmans plans. At the very moment he was endeavoring to give a warm reception to the five and twenty or thirty wretches, armed to the teeth, fast approaching in the pirate's cutters—at that very moment a light air swelled the Saucy Sally's sails. Like other tropical flaws, this air was extremely partial, and did not yet extend to the Vomito, which lay a motionless log on the water. Freshening in its course, at length it struck the guilty brig, but too late to save her from the grapple of the Saucy Sally, who was already speeding under its full influence.

Two minutes sufficed to lay her alongside, but few more to pour her resistless crew upon the corsair's decks; and, whilst the main body battled the astonished ruffians, one or two secured the helm, and got the brig before the wind—Saucy Sally bearing her faithful company, her passenger riflemen picking up the banditti with surprising accuracy. Discomforted on every hand, the survivors hurried below leaving their trophy in the Sally's power. The boats meanwhile foiled almost in the moment of possession, rowed with all the energy of despair; but the breeze had once more set in strong and steady, and both the Saucy Sally and the Vomito were dropping them fast.

The maniac yells rent the air—the water flashed under the fury of their strokes and the boats was urged onwards with strength almost superhuman. At the moment when hope must have been all but dead within them, the Vomito suddenly hove up in the wind's eye. Could it be? Had the merchantman failed, and were their comrades victors? They paused upon their oars, joining company, as if to ponder the course proper to be pursued.

Brief was the space permitted for consideration. A splash, a stunning report and an iron shower sped its fatal flight, scattering with one crash, the dying and the dead, with the skiffs that bore them in ruined fragments upon the devouring deep, Their own trusted weapons had been turned upon themselves; and O'Donoghue, by the mouth of their boasted Long Tom, had sped them unannealed to their account.

### FRIGHTFUL SNAKE STORY.

The following incident was related to us the other day, by one whose veracity is unquestioned, and who was an eye witness of the fact. It is more appalling than any we recollect to have ever read in the history of these reptiles.

Some time last summer, the inhabitants of Manchester, Mississippi, gave a barbecue, which was attended by most of the fashion and beauty of the town and surrounding country. It happened that among the guests there was a young lady, Miss M., recently from one of the Eastern cities, who was on a visit to her relations in the neighbourhood of the town. Miss M. was a gay and extremely fashionable young lady, and withal possessed an uncommon share of spirit and courage, except in the matter of snakes—of these she had so great a dread that she scarcely dared to walk any where except in the most frequented places; for fear of encountering them. Every effort was used but without avail, to rid her of her childish fears. They haunted her continually, until at last it became the settled conviction of her mind, that she was destined to fall a victim to the fangs of a rattlesnake. The sequel will show how soon her terrible presentment was fulfilled.

Towards the close of the day, while scores of fairy feet were keeping time in the dance to the music, and the whole company were in the full tide of enjoyment, a scream was heard from Miss M. followed by the most agonizing cries for help. The crowd gathered around her instantly, and beheld her standing, the perfect image of despair, with her hands grasping a portion of her dress with the tenacity of a vice. It was sometime before she could be rendered sufficiently calm to tell the cause of her alarm, and then they gathered from her broken exclamations that she was grasping the head of a snake among the folds of her dress, and dreaded to let go her hold for fear of receiving the fatal blow! This intelligence caused many to shrink from her, but the most of the ladies, to their honor be it told, remained with her, determined not to leave her in her direful extremity. They besought her not to relax her hold, as safety depended upon it, until some one could be found who had the courage to seize and remove the terrible animal. There were none of the ladies, however, who had the courage to perform the act, and the condition of Miss M. was becoming more and more critical every moment. It was evident that her strength was failing very fast, and that she could not maintain her hold many minutes longer.

A hasty consultation among the calmest of the ladies was held, when it was determined that Dr. Tisan, who was present, should be called to their assistance. He was quickly on the spot, and being a man of uncommon courage, he was not many moments within the circle of the weeping and half fainting females, until he had caught the tail of the snake, and wound it firmly round his hand to make sure his hold. He then told Miss M. that she must let go at the moment he jerked it away and to make the act as instantaneous as possible, he told her that he would pronounce the words one, two, three, and that at the moment he pronounced the last word she must let go her hold, and he doubted not that he could withdraw the snake before it could have time to strike. All stood in breathless horror, awaiting the act of life or death, and at the moment the word three was pronounced the Doctor jerked out the largest and most diabolical looking BUSTLE that was ever seen in Missi-sippi. The whole affair was at once explained. The fastening of the machine had become loose during the dancing, and it had shifted its position in such a way that it dangled about the lady's limbs, and induced the belief that it was a snake with an enormous head.

The Doctor fell right down in his tracks, and fainted—he did.—Mississippi Journal.

### DYSPEPSY BREAD, &c.

Mr. Editor, Sir:—As I am often called upon to furnish receipts for making my medical or 'Dyspepsia Bread,' for the benefit of the public and to save myself the labor of writing receipts, I have thought fit to lay the recipe before the numerous readers of your valuable paper, hoping that some good may accrue therefrom, at least to the afflicted portion of the community.

Take the best quality of white western wheat, ground a little coarser than usual, and sift it through a texture as nearly as may be like a common meal sive, causing all to pass through which will, taking out only the coarse hulls. Take of this flour one quart—of saleratus one even teaspoonful—and the usual amount of salt for the quantity of flour—wet it up with warm water or milk, (the latter being preferable) and knead it into small loaves, or cut it into sea biscuit form, and put it into the oven immediately after it is prepared, without using, and bake it somewhat longer than other bread of the same size. In the process of forming it into loaves, the dough should not be rolled out with a roller, as this will cause the bread to be heavy, but should be made into loaves or biscuit with the hands in the usual way of making biscuit.

A spoonful and a half or so of lard, a little of molasses, and a trifle of ginger added to the above compound, makes a very plain but palatable 'Dyspepsy Cake,' which will be found congenial to most weak and delicate stomachs. Invalids in general will find this bread and cake of great service to them, but more especially in all cases of Dyspepsy, Sour Stomachs, Jaundice, Habitual Costiveness, &c. &c., and in fact in all chronic derangements of the Liver and Bowels.

A. H. PLATT.

Newburgh, Jan 25, 1843.

*The U. S Brig Somers.*—The N. Y. Post says:—'This vessel is one hundred & twenty tons burthen, she measures over two hundred. Her length one hundred feet; her breadth of beam is twenty five feet, and her depth of hold eleven feet. The berth deck is fifty feet long, and seventeen wide. The steerage is fourteen feet in breadth, and four feet in length—Seven midshipmen occupied this apartment. The wardroom is ten feet in breadth, by six in length, and was occupied by four officers. The cabin is eight in breadth at the broader end, and four feet at the other, and eight feet in length. It was occupied by the commander.—The number of the crew was one hundred and twenty.'

I'm within the pail of temperance, as the loafer said when he fell into the water bucket.

## AGRICULTURAL.

From the Pennsylvania Inquirer.

### TREES AND BIRDS.

I used, occasionally, in olden time, to give you a chapter on *Trees*; and as this is the very best time of year for setting them out, I hope your readers will avail themselves of this lovely weather, and select the best varieties. Happily, the vile paper mulberry—the Lombardy—& the Ailan thus have had their day. The noble plane tree is now an object of distrust, from its liability to blight; while that wretched unsightly mop, the cut leaf maple (acir dasicarpum,) from being frequently palmed off upon the unwary as the sugar maple, has greatly injured the fair fame of that beautiful and available tree. The linden & ash, although otherwise highly desirable, have been so cruelly treated by vermin that the sugar maple stands unrivalled for form, foliage & freedom from worms; and in the New England towns, where the cruelty of the boys is restrained, they abound with Birds. Indeed there is every reason to believe that if these appropriate tenants and best safe guards of the trees were unmolested, many of our trees, now destroyed, might have been preserved.—That our shady streets add greatly to the charms of our beautiful city in the eyes of foreigners of taste and judgment, the reference to this striking feature of Philadelphia, often heard abroad, will testify. We now sadly need *something* to bring us occupants for our empty mansions, when the dearness of living and the weight of taxation are driving thousands of English to the Continent in pursuit of economy. Our summer heat operates as much against this species of colonization perhaps, as any one physical cause.—This evil would be best guarded against by protecting all our streets with shady and beautiful trees;—and in behalf of their best protectors—*the birds*—I must beg you to transfer to your columns the accompanying article, from that excellent paper the N. E. Farmer. I am sure it will delight many of your readers; its cogent and merciful positions having greatly interested your old friend,

VIATOR.

### A PLEA FOR BIRDS.

The season is now come when the birds begin their labors in the fields and orchard. Many amongst us are well satisfied of the usefulness of these little fellow laborers, whilst some are not aware of their value, and permit them to be disturbed or destroyed. For the benefit of such the following facts are stated, and *every one is urged, as he values his* fruit trees and looks for a plentiful harvest, to extend to the birds the protection which they so richly merit. Let those who may still doubt, compare the orchards in Medford, Cambridge, &c. in Jane, with those in West Cambridge and Lexington where shooting and bird's nesting are not permitted. Our most intelligent orchardists are satisfied that the absence, in these last named towns, of the canker worm, that pest which has cost so much labour and expense, and has ruined so many trees, is owing mainly to the great number of birds which breed, undisturbed, in our fields and orchards.

Let the mischievous loafers, of whatever age, size, condition, or colour, who roam about our fields with a musket in their hands, be dealt with according to law, or driven out like vermin, and we shall hear no more complaints that orchards are laid waste by insects, and trees destroyed by mice.

FACTS.—'The common Cuckoo is almost the only bird which feeds on the caterpillar: he destroys them in great numbers, eating them voraciously when they are full grown. The numbers of these destructive insects that a few Cuckoos, with their young, will destroy, is incredible."—*Conn. Herald.*

"When the Martins and Swallows were protected,' says a Herefordshire farmer, 'the hops blossomed in great beauty, & the crop was abundant, whils' there was a general failure with my neighbours, who allowed these birds to be shot, and their nests destroyed."—*Jesse*

"Every Crow requires at least one pound of food a week, and nine tenths of their food consist of worms and insects; one hundred Crows then in one season destroy four thousand seven hundred and eighty ,pounds of worms, insects, and larvæ from this fact some slight idea may be formed of the benefit of this much persecuted bird, to the farmer."—Magazine of Natural History.

The Blackbird destroys great numbers of grubs, &c. &c. 'Last August, I observed eight or ten Blackbirds busily engaged in the grass plat front of my house, and the grass where they were, seemed dying, as was hinted, from their mischievous operations—and the gun was suggested as the remedy. Suspecting the object of the birds' search, I turned up a piece of turf with the spade, and found it literally swarming with grubs of various sizes. I need not say that they were allowed to pursue their game undisturbed, and that the grass plat soon regained its verdure. This is another instance of the utility of preserving birds on farms, and in orchards and gardens.'—*Ibid.*

'The Owl renders essential service to the farmer, by destroying mice, rats and shrews, which infest houses and barns; it also catches bats and beetles.

'To those who seem inclined to extirpate the Blackbird, Wilson justly remarks, as a balance against the damage they commit, the service they perform in the spring season, by the immense number of insects and their larvæ which they destroy, as their principal food, and which are of kinds most injurious to the husbandman. Indeed Kalm remarked, that after a great destruction made among these and the common blackbids for the legal reward of three pence a dozen, the Northern States, in 1749, experienced a complete loss of the grass & grain crops, which were now devoured by insects.'

'Up to the time of harvest, I have uniformly, on dissection, found their food to consist of these larvæ, caterpillars, moths, and beetles, of which they devour such numbers, that but for this providential economy, the whole crop of grain, in many places, would probably be destroyed by the time it began to germinate. . . At this season, to repay the gardener for the tithe of his crop, their natural due, they fail not to assist in ridding his trees of more deadly enemies which infest them, and the small caterpillars, beetles, and various insects now constitute their only food; and for hours at a time they may be seen feeding on the all despoiling canker worms, which infest our apple trees and elms.'—Nuttal's Ornithology.

The Bobolincoln is perhaps next to the Cedar bird or Canada Robin, the greatest destroyer of the canker worm. Building her nest and rearing her young under the apple trees, as this bird often does, she requires an immense number of worms for their sustenance just at the time that they are most destructive. 'I have observed one of these birds' says a neighbor, 'go round the limbs of an apple tree in a spiral direction, and destroy in this way every worm on the tree, in an incredibly small time. No man, 'added he, 'can calculate the value of buds on a farm. I have no doubt but they save me equal to the labor of one man for the season, besides preserving my trees from destruction.'

It may be safely said, that in a county so thickly settled as this, there are no birds, not excepting the hawks & owls, but are vastly more useful than injurious to man. None of them should, under any pretence, be destroyed.

It is not generally known, that a few only of the hawks and owls destroy poultry. The rough legged falcon may be observed the whole winter long seated on some small trees watching for mice, of which he destroys great numbers. Those who shoot him, or suffer him to be shot, *deserve to have their trees 'girdled'* by these vermin. The marsh hawk, the common Harrier, and indeed of all this family of birds that come so fearlessly to our fields & meadows, are equally harmless and useful.

'Utility of preserving Birds on Farms and in Orchards.—An expensive experiment appears to have been made in some of the agricultural districts on the continent, the result of which has been the opinion that farmers do wrong in destroying rooks, jays, sparrows, and indeed birds in general, on their farms, particularly where there are orchards.—That birds do mischief occasionally among ripe corn, there can be no doubt; but the harm they do in autumn is amply compensated by the good they do in spring, by the destructive havoc they make among the insect tribes. The quantity of grubs destroyed by crows, and of caterpillars and their grubs by the various small birds must be annually immense. Other tribes of birds, which feed on the wing, as swallows, swifts, and martins, destroy millions of winged insects, which would otherwise infest the air, and become insupportably troublesome. Even the titmouse and bullfinch, usually supposed to be so mischievous in gardens, have actually been proved only to destroy those buds which contain a destructive insect. Ornithologists have of late determined these facts to be true. On some very large farms in Devonshire, the proprietors determined, a few summers ago, to try the result of offering a great reward for the heads of crows; but the issue proved destructive to the farms, for nearly the whole of the crops failed for three succeeding years, and they have since been forced to import birds to re-stock their farms.—N. E. Farmer.

GUANO MANURE.—From a tabular statement, published in the Bristol Gazette, relative to the effects of this manure, we take in round numbers, the following results: The experiment was made with regard to turnips, and three species of manure were used. Five cwt. of guano produced a crop weighing seventeen tons per acre, at a cost (for manure) of 2*s* 1*d*. per ton of produce.—Twenty tons of stable dung produced a crop of sixteen tons weight, at an expense of 5*s*. 11*d*. per ton; and thirty two bushels of bones produced a crop of fifteen tons weight, at a cost of 5*s*. 9*d*.

English paper.

GREAT DISCOVERY—Doctor Van Horn, a celebrated physician in New York has recently discovered that the night-mare is produced, in nine cases out ten, from *owing a bill to a newspaper-man.*

[We hope our friends will avail themselves of the remedy, by "planking up" the "ready?"

SPECIMEN OF A SENATOR.

I shall add nothing at present to my journal but the summary of a conversation I have had with Colonel Manners, who at our last excursion, was here without any other gentleman. Knowing that he likes to be considered as a Senator, I thought the best subject for our discussion would be the House of Commons; I therefore made sundry political inquiries, so foreign to my usual mode that you would not a little have smiled to have heard them. I had been informed he had once made an attempt to speak, during the Regency business last winter; I begged to know how the matter stood, and he made a most frank display of its whole circumstances. "Why, they were speaking away," he cried; "upon the Regency, and so—and they were saying the King could not reign, and recover; and Burke was making some of his eloquence, and talking; and says he, 'hurled from his throne,' —and so I put out my finger in this manner, as if I was in a great passion, for I felt myself very red, and I was in a monstrous passion I suppose, but I was only going to say 'Hear! Hear!' but I happened to lean one hand down upon my knee in this way, just as Mr Pitt does when he wants to speak; and I stooped forward, just as if I was going to rise up and begin; but just then I caught Mr. Pitt's eye, looking at me so pitifully; he thought I was going to speak, and he was frightened to death, for he thought—for the thing was he got up himself, and he said over all I wanted to say; and the thing is he almost always does; for just as I have something particular to say, Mr. Pitt begins, and goes through it all, so that he don't leave any thing more to be said about it: and so I suppose, as he looked at me so pitifully, he thought I should say it first, or else that I should get into some scrape, because I was so warm and looking so red." Any comment would disgrace this; I will therefore only tell you his opinion, in his own words, of one of our late taxes. "There's only one tax, ma'am, that ever I voted for against my conscience, for I've always been very particular about that; but that is the *bachelor's* tax, and that I hold to be very unconstitutional, and I am very sorry I voted for it, because its very unfair; for how can a man help being a *bachelor*, if nobody will have him? and besides, it's not any fault to be taxed for, because we did not make ourselves *bachelor's*, for we were made so by God, for nobody was born married, and so I think it's a very unconstitutional tax.'—*Madame D'Arblay's Memoirs.*

ON THE EXTERNAL USE OF TOBACCO IN CROUP.

BY JOHN D. GODMAN, M. D.

During my residence in New York, where my children were very frequently attacked with severe and dangerous fits of croup, to which they had always been particularly liable, I was informed by my friend, Dr. F. Vanderburg, of a very simple and efficacious method of arresting at once all the symptoms of this distressing and frequently fatal disease. Whenever children are threatened with an attack of eynanche trachealis, he directs a plaster of dry Scotch snuff, varying in size according to the age of the patient, to be applied directly across the top of the thorax, and retained there until all the symptoms disappear. He stated that he found the remedy to be always effectual when applied in the first or second stages of the malady.

This mode of treatment was from prejudice or scepticism neglected by me, and in one instance, in which, with very considerable difficulty, one of my children was rescued by the ordinary treatment. But on being again urged to make trial of the snuff plaster; I determined to make the experiment whenever opportunity presented. This was not long wanting, and when called to a child labouring under all the symptoms of the early stage of croup, such a plaster (made by greasing a piece of linen, and covering it well with Scotch snuff) was directly applied to the chest. The event was most happy; the symptoms of tracheal irritation and harsh crouping cough ceased shortly after, the child fell into a profound sleep with gentle perspiration, and by next morning was free from all distressing symptoms. The plaster was re-applied for a night or two following, and then discontinued, as the disease had entirely disappeared. Since that time my family have been saved from a great deal of anxiety and alarm, to which previously they were subject, as we were obliged to to keep Coxe's hive syrup, tartar emetic, and all the other articles usually resorted to, constantly ready to meet the attacks of croup, which were very sudden and frequent in cold and wet seasons. Since then, we have found nothing necessary but the snuff plaster. If a child is heard to breathe hoarsely, or cough, with any thing of the dreaded ringing sound of croup, it is only necessary to apply the snuff plaster and we feel under no farther anxiety. Instead of being obliged to watch with the child all the rest of the night, when once the snuff is applied, we go to rest again, with a feeling of entire security, which we have never had the least cause to regret.

The intelligent physician above named is in the practice of deriving great advantage from the external use of tobacco in various cases, in which it is by no means generally employed, if its use be

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