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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THE VOICE OF THE GRASS.

Here I come creeping, creeping every where,
By the dusty road-side,
On the sunny hill-side,
Close by the noisy brook,
In every shady nook,
I come creeping, creeping every where.

Here I come creeping, smiling every where,
All around the open door,
Where sit the aged poor,
Here where the children play,
In the bright and merry May,
I come creeping, creeping every where.

Here I come creeping, creeping every where,
In the noisy city street
My pleasant face you'll meet,
Cheering the sick at heart,
Toiling his busy part,
Silently creeping, creeping, every where.

Here I come creeping, creeping every where,
You cannot see me coming,
Nor hear my low, sweet humming;
For in the starry night,
And the glad morning light,
I come quietly creeping every where.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere,
More welcome than the flowers,
In summer's pleasant hours.
The gentle cow is glad,
And the merry bird not sad
To see me creeping, creeping every where.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
When you're numbered with the dead,
In your still and narrow bed,
In the happy spring I'll come
And deck your silent home.
Creeping, silently creeping every where.

Here I come creeping, creeping every where.
My humble song of praise
Most gratefully I raise
To Him at whose command
I beautify the land,
Creeping, silently creeping every where

THE BABY-JUMPER.

BY HANNAH HEMPHILL.

I had a baby ten months old.
I had no "baby-jumper."

Talk of infant loveliness, of childish grace and beauty as they will, most people know what a torment, what a never ending, still beginning torment, a baby ten months old is.

Very few people know, what a blessing beyond all description, a "baby-jumper" is.

Perhaps a history of two weeks of my life may serve to exemplify these two facts.

It was Monday morning; my husband was to leave home at a very early hour for a fortnight's visit to Washington.—Over a hurried breakfast, two hours earlier than usual, we arranged many plans for the ensuing time of separation. He gave me many commissions to execute, and talked of many *little things* that he would like to have done in his absence.—I was to look over and mend all possible articles of man's clothing; to renew buttons and strings; to sew up innumerable button-holes that had become too large; to hem nine pocket handkerchiefs and mark them with indelible ink; and more than all, to put the finishing touches to six shirts, that were already in progress. I was to go to the utmost extremity of the town to make inquiries respecting one John Green.

"You cannot be aware," said my husband, "of the importance to me of finding out this man. To a man of business, when hurried, these little matters are troublesome in the extreme; but, if you could find it convenient to go up there, some day soon and find out if he is living yet, it will be of great service to me."

"Certainly," replied I, and added in my zeal, "I will try to go this afternoon."

He departed, and I was left alone—alone with the baby. I must remark, that motives of economy had, a few days before induced us to dismiss one servant. I had therefore, but one now. It was washing-day, and she, of course, was engaged in that operation. All other acts of household labour fell to my share, which I performed in haste anxious to get to work at my sewing. Whenever I approached the stair case, an upward floating scent of soap suds regaled me. After my active duties were concluded, I took my seat, and began to look over the different piles of clothing, sorting them into smaller heaps, according to what they required. The baby crept round me. Before long I began to feel a twitching at the legs and arms of articles I held in my hands. Next they were forcibly drawn from me, and every attempt on my part to regain possession of them was the precursor of a short and angry scream. With reluctance, for I was beginning to feel interested in my task, I abandoned it removed the clothing to another room and began to hem one of the hankerchiefs, hoping vainly to be able to retain it in my power. After an outburst of rage at the sudden disappearance of his new toys, the baby next attacked my work-basket. Spool after spool rolled to the farthest corners, sewing-silk was entangled to a hopeless degree; all my marking cotton and a box of buttons emptied out of the window. In vain I scolded. Job was said to be a patient man. I should like to know if he was ever tried with a baby ten months old. Meanwhile the morning passed on. It is useless to state that I did but little work. I became very impatient, and putting away my sewing implements, I took a book, and endeavored to read, a short time. But the baby took a fancy to my book. To be sure I had taken a fancy, to it, too. The contest was unequal; the baby, as usual, was the victor. He sat down an instant to turn its leaves, and taking advantage of my being absorbed in melancholy reflections, conveyed it across the room and dropped it into a wide-mouthed pitcher of water.

"You naughty little monkey!" exclaimed I.

Well for me if it had been a monkey.—A monkey can be turned out of doors when you are tired of him or chained to a tree. Not so, alas! with a baby ten months old.

Much time was spent in drying the book, whose stiffened and shapeless binding is now before me, a memorial, in happier days of my once dreary lot.

My dinner was most frugal, my solitary servant could not wash and cook both; but simplicity of fare I should not have regarded, if I had been able to retain my seat for three consecutive moments; but two tumblers, seized with a convulsive grasp and dashed to the ground, materially interfered with my comfort, and I fear with my digestion.

In the afternoon, I put a clean white frock on him and took my baby to the front parlour window, but the blinds were so violently slapped to and fro, that I relinquish this station and retired to the sofa. So I spent my time until dark, dragging the baby away from what he should not touch, and by various jinglings of keys, and other similar stratagems, endeavoring to induce him to relinquish his hold upon my china ornaments.

After tea, my evening was spent in putting him to sleep, and afterwards to bed; whither I went myself, with a heavy heart.

Tuesday, being ironing day, was but a repetition of Monday. I was again left alone with the merciless baby, who, although unable to walk, went all over the house, on all fours, with an agility which eluded my frequent grasp. It is needless to say, that violent and frequent screams attended all my efforts to withhold anything whatever from him. Reasoning we may disregard, persuation may not move our hardened hearts, but who can withstand the shrill screaming of a baby ten months old? So I gave up all attempts at every occupation but that of amusing him. So ended my second weary day.

On Wednesday I awoke with the feelings of a prisoner set free.

"Now," thought I, "I shall be able to make up for lost time. Eliza can spend much of her time up stairs, and take charge of the baby. Meanwhile I shall do a vast amount of sewing.

I was mistaken. Eliza's various duties left her but little time to devote to the baby, and moreover she was not to his taste. He had found me always so complying, that he was by no means disposed to moderate his claims. I was every moment interrupted with—

"Ma'am, will you just step here a moment. I do believe the baby has swallowed a pin." Or, "If you please, ma'm, he's turning every thing out of the bureau drawers."

I found by sad experience that it took up all my time, as well as Eliza's, to restrain the exhuberance of his mischievousness. I determined to go after John Green that afternoon, but Eliza said "she must go get her clothes." What could I do but submit. Thursday afternoon was "her afternoon out." So I continued a prisoner. The week was passing on.—Friday and Saturday it rained furiously, so this errand was forsaken. On one of these days the baby fell off the bed, on another, he upset and broke a fine lamp.—These accidents materially interfered with my sewing. Saturday night came, and when the baby was asleep, I sat down, wearied and sad, to reflect upon the events of the past week. My memory took a hasty survey of it all—the hours I had spent in yielding up my avocations to the caprices of a baby ten months old, and yet how was I to do better? There was the rub.

The child had toys in abundance, but they were of no avail to amuse him, if I had a book or a piece of work in my hand Everything is grist to the mill of a baby ten months old. Half of my husband's absence had elapsed, and what had I done? The work was almost untouched. John Green might be alive—he might be dead. And why had I not enquired? The baby .... How I envied the Indian Squaw, of whom I had so often seen, pictures, sauntering lazily across a meadow, the baby fastened in a sort of basket on her back; or the Sandwich Island woman, who kneads her bread on the stones in peace, whilst the baby is tied to a stake, or a bush or buried up to the neck in a hole in the mud. There was rest, there was quiet for these women—why was there none for me? I had not even had time to answer my husband's letter. Answer it! I had scarcely been able to read it. It became, almost as soon as opened the prey of the baby. Tears filled my eyes—bitter tears of disappointment. I looked down upon my dress. It bore the marks of greasy little fingers. My dejection increased.

Suddenly, a bright idea entered my head. A baby-jumper! Why should not I have a baby-jumper? I had so often passed and re-passed that store in Chesnut street, in front of Peale's Museum, where baby-jumpers hang, without casting more than a passing glance. Nevertheless, their light and graceful form, their mysterious construction, had made an impression on me. The rosy cheeked cheerful dolls, that are placed in them in the window (apparently about ten months old) had caught my eye. The alluring thought quickly caused my tears to dry. A baby-jumper!—better than a wicker basket, or a hole in the mud. And the expence! it would soon save itself (as the saying is) in broken tumblers broken plates, demolished lamps, torn dresses, tumbles down stairs, and from the bed, and all the innumerable evils, inseparable from the maintenance of a baby ten months old. The prospect made Sunday a short and happy day, although the baby upset a bucket of ashes over himself and a pot of boiling tea over me. I was too happy to be under his influence any longer.

Early on Monday morning, I astonished Eliza by imploring her to defer the washing for about an hour and to take charge of the baby meanwhile, as I was obliged to go out. In less than hour, I returned a happy woman. The baby-jumper soon arrived, and was fastened to the ceiling. The baby was placed in it. His delight was equal to mine. Fancy, now the week of quiet enjoyment I passed. How different from the last one. I dressed myself neatly every day. I hemmed the nine pocket handkerchief, and marked them too. I made all the necessary inquiries about John Green. I wrote three letters to my husband; I finished the six shirts; I read every day, without interruption; whilst the baby swung to and fro, and nodded at me and clapped his hands for joy. The crimson and silver cords were a pretty contrast to his brown hair.

Saturday, two days sooner than I expected him, I welcomed my husband to his happy home. His surprise was great to behold his son swinging from the ceiling, like a cocoon from a maple tree!

DEATH.

It is a mighty change that is made by the death of every person, and it is visible to us who are alive. Reckon but from the sprightliness of youth, and the fair cheeks and full eyes of childhood; from the vigorousness and strong flexture of the joints of five and twenty, to the hollowness and deadly paleness, to the loathsomeness and horror of a three days' burial, and we shall perceive the distance to be very great and very strange. But so have I seen a rose newly springing from the clefts of its hood, and, at first, it was fair as the morning and full with the dew of heaven as a lamb's fleece; but when a ruder breath had forced open its virgin modesty, dismantled its too youthful and unripe retirements, it began to put on darkness, and to decline to softness and to the symptoms of a sickly age; it bowed the head, and broke its stalk; and at night, having lost some of its leaves, and all its beauty, it fell into the portion of weeds and out worn faces. The same is the portion of every woman; the heritage of worms and serpents rottenness and cold dishonor, and our beauty so changed, that our acquaintance quickly knew us not; and that change mingled with so much horror, or else meets so with our fears and weak discoursings, that they who six hours ago, tended upon us either with charitable or ambitious services cannot, without some regret, stay in the room alone where the body lies stripped of its life and honor. I have read of a fair young German gentleman, when living, often refused to be pictured, but put off the importunity of his friends' desire, by giving way, that after a few days' burial, they might send a painter to his vault, and if they saw cause for it, draw the image of his death unto the life. They did so, and found his face half eaten, and his midriff and back-bone full of serpents, and so he stands pictured among his armed ancestors. So does the fairest beauty change; and it will be as bad with you and me; and then what servants shall we have to wait upon us in the grave? what friends to visit us? what officious people to cleans away the moist and unwholesome cloud reflected upon our faces from the sides of the weeping vaults which are the longest weepers for our funeral.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

AUSTRIAN DESPOTISM.

Every man in Austria pays an income tax of seventeen per cent, which must all come from the industry of the country, and go into the pocket of the Emperor.—For what purpose? To enable him to establish schools and provide the people with facilities for cheap and speedy intercourse and trade? No; but chiefly for the maintenance of an army for their destruction, if they attempt to improve their condition by remodelling their social institutions; and for the support of agents who enter their social and domestic circles to listen to their most secret words and watch their most secret actions. No trade can be carried on in Austria without a license from government, for which from five to ten shillings per annum are paid, according to the nature of the trade and the advantages of the situations. If to-day a man take out a baker's or tailor's license to work in Freiwaldau, and, in a week, he finds a better opening in Lindewiesse, and determines to remove thither, he must take out anew license for the latter place, which is but two miles distant, at the same rate as before. As those licenses cannot be had at all without the recommendation of one of the local magistracy, these ten thousand petty tools of despotism, for there are ten thousands of them, are empowered to decide who and how many may work at each trade. A man cannot kill a lamb for his neighbor without a license. A poor tailor, who came as a patient to Graefenberg, and had not the means to pay his expenses, wished to work at his trade, in order to earn the means of support. One of the guests gave him employment; the poor fellow was delighted to have something to do. But the tailors of Freiwaldau, hearing that the man was exercising his trade without license, instantly interfered, and threatened to have him arrested if he did not desist. He dared not set another stitch, and many times afterwards a collection-plate was handed round to the guests in the saloon on his behalf.

SHORT PATENT SERMON.

BY DOW, JR.

My text this morning is contained in the following words:

How solveless is woman!
How tender is woman!
How lofty is woman!
How loving is woman!
How childlike is woman!

My hearers—sure enough, how solveless is woman! She is an unguessable riddle—a most intricate enigma; a flower which by analysing, no one can tell to a certainty whether it be poisonous or innoxious—not always. She has been with man from the beginning, and he hasn't found her out yet. She is comparatively an unexplored country—an alphabet of hieroglyphics—a magnetic mystery. Nobody knows what her heart contains—sometimes it seems stuffed with love, tenderness, and sympathy; and at others filled with nothing but grit and gravel. It wont answer to shake her, if you do, it causes the acids and alkalies in her nature to come in contact; and then such an effervescence takes place as might lower the ambition of pearlash and cider. Like the month of April, she is all sunshine and showers. Many a tear-drop of hers dries and evaporates in the warm light of a smile, ere it has a chance to fall; and many a bright smile is suddenly quenched by a sprinkle from some passing cloud of sorrow about the size of a bed blanket.—Griefs bubble up from her bosom, to burst in an atmosphere of joy, and joys, like autumnal flowers, spring from the warm beds of her heart, to be cut down by the sudden frost of grief. A queer compound is woman! She is made up of modesty, boldness, beauty, silks, satins, jealousy, love, hatred, horsehair, whalebone, piety, paint, gaiety, gum-elastic, bear's grease, sympathy, tears, smiles, affections, and kindness. She talks with her tongue, speaks with her eyes, is eloquent with her actions, and yet I can't understand her.

My friends—how tender is woman!—She is as tender as a chicken, and as tough as an old gobbler. She must be screened from the hot summer's sun, sheltered from storms, and protected from the blast of winter—and yet, if she makes up her mind to it, she can out-sweat the sun, face a north-easter, and be a match for the devil. But inwardly she is as tender as the mercies of heaven; the heart is as much softer than the humans as beeswax is softer than a brick-bat. Her sympathies are as delicate as the down under an angel's wing, and her love appears as fresh and unfading amid the sorrows of adversity, as the evergreen wreath that encircled the bald brow of winter. Her tenderness is too tough to be destroyed by whatever chance, fortune, or time, may bring; tough as tripe, and twice as common.

My dear friends—how lofty is woman! No matter whether born in a cellar, she can sometimes be as lofty as a garret.—When she once gets her back up, O cats and broomsticks! look out for yourselves! she is as high as Olympus and as savage as a sausage machine. In her wrath she is as crazy as a bed-bug, as strong as a tiger, and as terrible as a tornado. She can blaze away as though hell, heaven, and earth were coming to close quarters; but in a few minutes it's all over—and nobody killed. Then she comes down from the mountains, whence she has been rolling big stones upon people below—softens down to a jelly, and becomes as quiescent as a goose-pond after a tempest. The breeches won't fit—she must resume the petticoat and be a woman after all.

My hearers—how loving is woman!—Ay, she is amazingly sticky in her attachments. She will cling to the chosen object of her heart like a 'possum to a gum tree, and you can't separate her without snapping strings that no art can mend, and leaving a portion of her soul upon the upper leather of her affections. She will sometimes see something to love, where others can see nothing even to admire and when her fondness is once fastened upon a fellow, it stays there like glue and molasses in a bushy head of hair.

My hearers—how childlike, withal, is woman! A plaything herself, she is fond of every plaything in the world's great toy-shop. Her home is in the realm of fancy—her existence is a kind of ideal reality—her very miseries are mingled with a pleasing romance—her present is always bright and future still brighter. Would that I were a woman, to be pleased with every posey that pops its head above the weeds of a wicked world, and to have no thorns to molest me while gathering the wild flowers of imagination! Childlike, woman is ever happy. Tickled by the straw of flattery, delighted with every rainbow tinted bubble that floats upon the wave of time—as antic as a young coon in the moonlight, and as merry as a cricket, she dances in the sunlight of joy, and seems to use every endeavor to coax us, male, moody mortals, into brighter and happier paths. So mote it be.

MAKING PREMIUM BUTTER.

SIR,—The Philadelphia Agricultural Society having awarded me their first premiums for the best butter, for the last two or three years successively, persons are continually applying to me for information as to my method of producing it, its manufacture, &c.

The Philadelphia market is, you know full well, most highly celebrated for the excellence of its butter, so that the obtaining of this premium every year for the best of the best, is naturally a matter of no small gratification to me; but my real motive in sending this communication for your journal is to get rid of the trouble of writing long letters to *gentlemen and ladies* I never heard of, before they took it into their wise heads to make me pay postage for the honor of answering their queries.

I am not aware of anything new or uncommon in my formula, and perhaps my success is more attributable to a well founded system and entire cleanliness than to any other cause; but however that may be, here it follows:

About one week before the day of exhibition, I turn all hands that can be spared from other work to wash, to scrub, to whitewash, &c., in short to purify and clean the floor, the walls, the shelves, the doors, &c., as perfectly as human means can prevail in extinguishing everything of a filthy nature or unpleasant smell. Do not suppose from this, that my spring house is neglected during other portions of the year; on the contrary it is kept in more cleanliness than any other one I know of. The *tin* pans are then put into a large boiler, and *boiled* for an hour, then taken out and scoured with *white silver sand and pure hard soap*, then rinsed off in pure clean water and put away for use. Three days before the exhibition, the cows are brought into a clean pen near the spring house, at day break, their udders are washed with plenty of clean water and wiped with a clean towel quite dry. The milk is then drawn into a *tin* pail that has been cleansed as the pans were. The milk is then strained through a perfectly clean muslin strainer into the pans, and placed in the spring house. The same process is to be gone through at night, the next morning and evening, which will make four milkings—on the next morning, the whole of the contents of the pans, *milk and cream, unskimmed*, is thrown into a churn; (this churn is one of the common barrel kind, it has been rinsed out with boiling water, with about 1-4 of a peck of *hickory* ashes and *live* coals, taken directly from a burning fire; this was stirred about for some time by turning the crank—after which the ashes and water were thrown out and the churn rinsed with boiling water;) the cows are then to be washed and milked as before, and *this* milk strained and poured warm into the churn—the operation of churning is then commenced; it must be performed very, very slowly, the tenacity and hardness of the butter depends entirely upon the slowness in churning, to produce a first rate article, it should take at least three hours; when the butter has thoroughly come, it should be collected together with a clean wooden ladle and laid upon a clean linen cloth, spread out as flat as possible and not more than two inches thick; then take a *clean* coarse cotton bag, large enough to hold a half peck or more, fill it with ice, and with a mallet smash it down flat, and about four inches thick; upon this, place the linen cloth, the butter on top, let it remain until quite hard, then place it if possible, upon a clean white marble slab, and very finely pulverized salt to taste, and then work out the butter milk with a spoon or ladle, spreading the butter milk with the linen cloth. This operation must also be performed very slowly; when divested of all butter milk, make it up in forms or pounds or half pounds.

I am well aware that all this is very troublesome, but what good thing can we have in this world without care and attention?

As regards the best kind of cows. I am sorry to differ with most of my agricultural friends inasmuch as that after an experience of more than twenty years, I find that the beautiful and stately Durhams, do not produce butter or cream to compare at all in quality with the humble, and I must admit, very mis-shapen and ugly Alderneys. I have had no personal knowledge of Devons or Ayrshires, never having owned one. My Alderneys were imported some years ago by Mr. Sarchette from the Island of Guernsey,—a different animal altogether from the English Alderney, or rather from the Alderneys that have been imported from England. I have frequently had sweet cream upon my table from these Alderneys, so thick or rich, or whatever you please to call it, that it could not be poured from a small-mouth pitcher without the aid of a spoon. The milk of one good cow of this breed, will impart a most beautiful yellow color to the milk of four or five cows; they are exceedingly hardy, and stand our climate better than any other imported breed. Should you deem this communication of sufficient interest to publish it, please correct any inaccuracies, as I have not time to write it over. I am very truly yours,

PHILIP PHYSICK.

Germantown, Pa.

N. B. New milk is the most effectual absorbent of sulphuretted hydrogen gas, "*id omne genus*" that I am acquainted with, which can be added to old milk and cream for the purpose of purifying it without injury to the butter; this is my reason for adding the last milking quite warm from the cows to the old milk in the churn. I do not require my people to skim our milk, because it is a waste of time, for one reason, and for another, because I think the milk washes all offensive matter out of the butter; besides the butter milk is sweet and not sour as is usual, for I maintain that perfectly pure and sweet butter, (let the test be a chemical one,) cannot be made from sour cream.—*American Farmer.*

BATHING.

Nothing tends more to preservation of health, as well cleanliness, than frequent bathing.

We have often called the attention of the public to the important subject, and now on the opening of the spring, when the functions of human body undergo a considerable change, especially those of the skin, we would again advert to it.

During the winter the pores of the skin have been more locked up than during summer, when spontaneous perspiration is more free and frequent, and therefore have become more dry, hardened and less active. This is the case with all, but more especially with the sedentary, or those not engaged in hard manual labor.

Health cannot be preserved any length of time unless the numerous pores upon the surface of the body be kept clean and free to perform their several important duties. Frequent bathing the body all over in warm or cold water for some thirty or forty minutes, will mainly effect this object.

Those persons of a temperament whose reaction is speedily produced, and can bear it, would be most benefited by the cold baths; those of a different or more delicate temperament, as the nervous, bilious, or those whose lungs or sthomach are liable to be easily effected may use the warm baths.

In fact, using a common bathing tub with soft water a little warmer than the blood, a flesh brush and soap, thoroughly, while the body is entirely immersed, for half or three quarters of an hour, is the best means to cleanse, open and aid the action of the pores of the skin, and thereby equalize the circulation of the blood and all the functions—relieve the head—quiet the nerves—remove fatigue—aid digestion, and produce an agreeable state of both body and mind.

Not half of the people of the world are aware of the material benefits resulting from this process, and none can be fully able to appreciate it unless they have been in the constant use it for some time.

It should be used, if possible, every day, but at least twice a week if no more.

Every village should have a convenient bathing house or two. Indeed every family should have a bathing apparatus, which could be procured for a trifling sum, and mayhap would be the means of saving a doctor's fee of five times the amount, and producing health and comfort beyond the power of calculation.

Bathing at all seasons is conductive to the health of body and mind, but more especially in the spring.—*Dover Gazette.*

An Irishman once riding to market with a sack of potatoes, before him, discovered that his horse was getting tired, whereupon he dismounted, put the potatoes on his shoulders and again mounted, saying, it was better that he should carry the praties, as he was fresher than the poor baste'

On a fish woman's stall a few live lobsters were exposed for sale. A stranger, unacquainted with icthology, came along, and turning over the dormant 'animals,' asked the price, at the same time raising one of them to a close proximity of his nose. 'Whew!' said the fellow, 'I'll have you prosecuted, mum—it *smells!*' At this instant the lobster's claw, closing with a 'whack,' fastened itself firmly upon the gentleman's nose. The old woman placed her arms a-kimbo, in triumph, and asked the gentleman with a chuckle, '*Who smells now, mister.*"

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