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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AGRICULTURE AND DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

From the American Farmer.

CULTURE OF COTTON IN MARYLAND.

[Interesting letter on the culture of Cotton in Maryland, published by permission of Doctor Muse, President of the Agricultural Society of Dorchester county.]

Eastville E. S. Virginia, 22d Nov. 1825.

Joseph E. Muse, Esq.

I have noticed your communication in the 30th number, vol. 7 of the American Farmer, and will endeavour to answer your inquiries. With respect to the Palma Christi, I am not able to give you much information. It was introduced here about two years since, and although a more profitable crop than corn or oats, the former staples of the country, it will be abandoned hereafter for cotton, as infinitely preferable to any thing we have yet tried. This is our first year of experiment in the latter article. Our crops are nearly in, and although the most unfavourable season ever known, the result has fully equalled our most sanguine expectations. It was doubted by many whether the season was not too short to mature the cotton, and liable to be cut off by the frost; but on this point we are now perfectly satisfied. Even after frost, there is sap enough in the branches to perfect all the balls. The quality of our cotton ranks equal to the best of upland, and even better. A few bales brought last week 2 cents per lb in Baltimore above the usual prices. This, I believe, must be owing to its being the product of a more northern latitude. I have no doubt, whatever, that it is the most profitable crop you can raise. The cultivation is precisely the same as corn—the drill system by all means to be preferred. The earlier you can get your crop to stand, the better, but I would not advise you to commence planting sooner than the 10th or 15th of May; we begin here about the 1st. The gust of the 4th of June nearly destroyed our cotton this year, and many ploughed up and replanted. One of my neighbours told me that he counted 110 perfect balls upon one stalk of this replanted cotton. If your field will average *ten balls* to the stalk, it is a good crop. You need not dread the labour of picking out; it is not half the trouble we expected. Some of us plant this year 10, 15, 20 or 30 acres—and expect to finish in about two weeks hence. If you go extensively into cotton, you will require seed. I have promised to furnish Mr. Sinclair, of Baltimore, with seed, which I shall select with the greatest care from a farm that has made the best crop of any in the county, and was not annoyed with rot, rust or any other calamity. And if the theory held by some, that these diseases, the rot, especially, are perpetuated through the seed, it is certainly deserving of attention, to be particular from whence you procure it. With respect to planting, I knew the following experiments made. The seed were thrown into a *loose* flour barrel, and boiling water poured on them; when cold enough to handle, they were rolled in ashes and planted. They came up in *four* days remarkably well. Other seed, soaked in *cold* water, came up in *eight* days. Other seed planted *dry*, vegetated in *twelve* days. From actual experiment, made by different persons this year, I believe that our *salt* marsh land, if not too low, is peculiarly adapted to cotton. I saw some most beautiful and flourishing last August, growing in a marsh pasture planted as late as the 20th of June, very full of blossoms, and promised well. This is very encouraging to some of us Eastern Shore farmers. I have here ventured a few hints, which, if they prove any way serviceable, will afford me much pleasure.

Very respectfully, your obd't. serv't,
F. H. SMITH.

P. S. With respect to cultivation, the main object is, to keep it clean of grass and weeds in its early stage. It is not near so liable to suffer from drought as corn, or any thing else.

From the National Journal of Dec. 10.

EXHIBITION OF DOMESTIC MANUFACTURES.

Although the influx of manufactures and goods for the exhibition of this season, has not been equal to that of last year, there was no inconsiderable display of articles deserving of great commendation for their particular excellences. The cloths exhibited, from the manufactory of Mr Wells, of Steubenville, were various in their fabric and price; but those of the finest quality would not suffer on comparison with the choicest production of foreign looms. The value attached to these beautiful specimens of domestic ingenuity and industry, was from $3 to $12 per yard. The blankets exhibited by Mr. Edgar Patterson, of this District, attracted universal admiration; both for their substance and fleecy whiteness exceeding any thing of the kind we have before witnessed. The blankets three yards square, were sold at from $12 to $15 per pair. Some fine flannels, from the manufactory of Mr Van Croft, on Brandywine, received considerable praise; as also did a specimen of flannel, and of grass plat, from the new Harmony settlement in Indiana. A considerable variety of excellent lace, bobinet and thread, from the manufactory of Dean Walker, of Medway, Massachusetts; coach binding, by Catharine Gattie of Baltimore; and some specimens of an improved hat by Mr Hamelin, of Baltimore, made of Russia or cotton Duck, and varnished, being admirably calculated, and, we understand, greatly approved by the Department, for seamen; were exhibited. Mr. M'Coy, of Baltimore, had some excellent machine cards; and Mr. Prettyman, of Alexandria, some improved saddles, of an admirable construction with the valise attached. The oil cloths of Mr. Macauly, of Philadelphia, were of great variety of patterns, some of which were of the first character for taste of design and beauty of execution. These articles must find their way into general use. The stair carpetings of Mr. Wilson, of Baltimore, were also worthy of every approbation. In hardware the shovels and spades of Mr Harvie, of Richmond, Virginia, were of the finest workmanship and material, as were also the axe heads brought from Baltimore by Mr. Kinsey. A beautiful specimen of cabinet manufacture was exhibited by Mr. Needles, of Baltimore: the articles from this manufactory always rank high. Mr. Jenckes, of Providence had his alleviator at this exhibition, invented by and for himself, while suffering under the disabilities of a fractured leg, and admirably calculated to alleviate the pain and tedium of sickness. A singular grindstone was also exhibited, on a kind of self-moving principle, which is clearly a great improvement of the common grindstone.

We hope that an arrangement will be made before the manufacturers leave the city, to repeat the exhibition at a time when the greatest influx of strangers is here; and that means will be adopted to bring together a larger collection of enterprising and ingenious artisans and manufacturers. Their productions only require to be seen, to attract the admiration and patronage of their fellow citizens.

Manufacturers' meeting.—At the meeting the several manufacturers assembled at Brown's Hotel last evening, a committee was appointed to wait upon the Columbian Institute, and request that Society to take all future exhibitions of domestic manufactures which may hereafter take place in this city under its direction.

From the Desk of poor Robert the Scribe.

What great effects from little causes spring,
What wealth does labor well directed bring!

A single stroke of an axe is of little consequence, yet by continued application of that small power, properly directed, what amazing effects are produced! The sturdy oak and lofty pine do not singly own its power but whole forests fall before it and the wilderness becomes a garden.

Industry well directed, will give any man a competence in ten years. The greatest industry misapplied is useless.

My neighbor Samuel Steady, is not only an industrious man, but his industry is applied to one object. His hammer is heard at the cock's crowing, and the fire blazes in his shop during the winter evenings from the 20th September to the 20th March, according to the old Saybrook platform. Go to his shop any time of the day, and bespeak a plane-iron or a ploughshare—a grate or a grid-iron—you are sure to be promptly supplied. The consequence is, his old purse is fill'd with dollars—and his cellar stored with beef, pork and cider—"and that's what I call comfortable."—Suitably liberal, and enjoying the good of life as he goes on; ten years of health will enable him to buy the best plantation in the country.

But there is my young friend Nathan Notional; he is the busiest and most industrious mortal in existence; but as the saying is, "he has too many irons in the fire," and with all his industry he goes behind hand.

He has a fine farm, but instead of pursuing the cultivation of it, he flies off, seeing every new project that occurs. Last year after having sowed a number of fields of grain, he resolved to let his farm—sell the grain on the ground, and buy a team and go to hauling, for by a nice calculation he has proved money could be made by it. A team was procured; but after going one or two trips, Notional concluded to sell his team—build a saw-mill and go largely into lumbering. The dam was completed the iron made, and three fourths of the expense incurred, when by nicer calculation, (for none makes a nicer calculation) he found that an oil mill would afford the best profits, and to work he went as usual building an oil mill. I happened to go there a week or two afterwards, and the whole organization of the mill was undergoing an alteration, to fit it up for a cotton and woollen manufactory. A quizzical neighbour of mine intends to morrow to propose to him to abandon his project, and to enter largely into the manufacture of flour, and I have not the least doubt but Nathan will readily accede to the proposals.

So, Sir, with all his industry and expense, he is not benefited nor the public. Such a course continued ten years would sink the best farm in the country.

If you would kill game,
It is true you must shoot;
But then you must aim,
And hold steady to boot.

ON THE USE OF CHARCOAL.

Communicated for the Boston Medical Intelligencer.

By William B. Duggan, M. D.

The medicinal virtues of charcoal have not been duly appreciated. It being an abundant article, and apparently so simple and inert it is in consequence often undeservedly neglected for remedies less efficacious. It is an incontrovertible truth, that many of the most valuable articles of the Materia *Medica*, have acquired their reputation by casualty, or forced their way into notice by gradual and progressive steps. Although Charcoal is generally known among physicians to be one of the most powerful antiseptics, yet its use is very limited. The remarkable good effects charcoal produces when mixed with emollient cataplasms, in cleansing fœtid and ill conditioned ulcers, and often in arresting the progress of mortification; its qualities of purifying various liquids, as oils, mucilages, vinegar, and particularly water, which will retain its sweetness for several months by charring the water casks just previous to filling them; its preventing fermentation in the stomach and bowels; and correcting the fetor of dejections, of the breath, and its utility in sponginess of the gums and a den rifice, are, I presume, sufficiently familiar to all.

It may be asserted with confidence, that this medicine is one of the best palliatives in dyspepsia. I have witnessed an immediate removal of all the inconveniences arising from indigestion, by a tea spoonful of pulverized charcoal. A small quantity should follow the use of every meal of the dyspeptic. Charcoal besides its absorbent and antiacid virtues is proved by Dr. Chapman to be aperient, if taken in a dose of a table-spoonful twice a day. Dr. Poor, of Castine, (Maine,) a respectable and intelligent physician informs me he has made use of charcoal for fifteen years past in dyspepsia, with most decided good effects. He has invariably palliated the distressing symptoms and often cured this disease, by a steady use of this article. Dr P. has also found charcoal an efficacious remedy in dysentary after premising evacuations, its operation immediately producing an amelioration of all the symptoms. Charcoal has acquired reputation in Sicily as a remedy in intermittents. For medical uses common charcoal may be rendered more pure by filling with it a crucible having a pierced cover, and keeping it red hot as long as a blue flame issues from the aperture in the cover. It is then to be cooled in a dry place, and kept in a close stopped bottle.

Extracts of a sermon preached at Newton, by the Rev. Jonathan Homer, on the Lord's Day, after the funeral of the late Major General WILLIAM HULL, December 4, 1825.

From Lamentations iii. 32.

[*Application, with some additions and slight variations.*]

"Have the desolations of death rushed on the families of this religious society with unusual speed within a few passed weeks? *Have two of our lovely and promising youths been suddenly and in rapid succession called into the invisible and eternal world? And now hath death rent from an affectionate, a beloved, and so lately a happy family, the Husband and the Parent in whom they delighted and gloried?

After so many years, in which they shared together the protection and the blessings of a liberal and paternal Providence, have they been called, at length, to bid their last mutual earthly adieu? Hath the Lord, who had communicated so much satisfaction to him and to them, at the result of their mutual and tender friendship, now wholly changed the scene, and caused grief—and grief, which, but for the supports of revealed Religion, and the suggestions of enlightened reason, might have sunk them by its pressure?

Let them realize, that the hand of the Lord hath done this, and for purposes of infinite wisdom, and justice, and goodness. If his desolated Partner and children, if his pious Mother, upheld to the advanced age of *Ninety six* years, and whom he so lately and so happily visited in his native State, humble themselves as creatures and as sinners before God; if they bow submissively to his perfect will; if they seek and trust in Him through Jesus Christ.—"He, who has caused grief will have compassion according to the multitude of his mercies." He will support and even cheer them, and light will arise upon their darkness.

His partner and his widowed mother, whose feelings have been so often tried in remote times, by his personal exposures, will not fail gratefully to remember, how God was his shield and protector amidst the numerous dangers which attended him in the course of the Revolutionary war.

The Pulpit is not the place, where the deeds and the hazards of the Patriot Soldier are expected to be minutely described.

But in a very active war of eight continued years with the most powerful nation on the globe, in which he was called into the field on so many and brilliant occasions, and so many of his brave associates bled and died at his side, there is special cause to adore Him, who was his defence. The battle of Monmouth, without a wound, through his great bodily exertions, on a day fatal by its extreme heat to numbers put his life to imminent hazard. These exertions induced a surfeit, terminating in scrofula, which never could be eradicated, and which served to weaken and to threaten his, otherwise, athletic frame, whenever it threw itself from the exterior on the interior system. *This infirmity with other circumstances, is supposed to have led to his late death.* Omitting several instances of his valiant achievements recorded in the annals of our country I will only mention his providential preservation on the memorable nineteenth day of September 1777, at or near Stillwater. In a sharp and continued contest between the American and British forces, Major Hull was placed in the front of the Americans with a body of three hundred select troops, under his command.

These frequently checked & pursued the enemy before them; when at length, *more than half of his officers*, and half of his privates, were wounded or slain in the course of a battle which began about mid-day, and did not entirely cease but with a *late hour of the night*. His own pen at the urgent and repeated desire of his friends, hath written a part of that national military history, of which he was an immediate spectator, and in which he was so conspicuous an actor; and his extreme modesty, which could not bear the frequent allusions to himself, as historically connected with the facts before him, prevented its complete execution.—This history he had designed as an affectionate legacy to his grand children, after his death.—His family powerfully feel, as he had felt and expressed to his friends, that there was great cause to adore that providential goodness, which had protracted his life, endangered by repeated interruptions of health, until he could collect his scattered evidence. A great part of this evidence has been destroyed with his books and papers† coming from Detroit, by the burning of the *Adams*—By collecting this evidence, he was enabled to vindicate himself, as commander of the North Western army, by his own published and widely circulated Memoirs.

His mind, which has invariably discovered a satisfaction which his own procedure *under peculiar and oppressive circumstances*, which satisfaction he repeated and avowed, with Eternity in full view, had no public regrets to disturb the final scene. For that scene he hoped, that God in his infinite benignity had prepared him. He bore the exquisite pain, attending the early stage of his sickness, and which exceeded he said, any of his former endurance, with patience; and testified, that amidst his greatest anguish, his thoughts had been happily occupied by the grateful recollection of divine goodness. He said to his Pastor, soon after his disease had assumed a threatening aspect, 'My mind was never calmer on any occasion. I feel wholly resigned to the will of God, and desire him to determine whether I shall live or die. *I have no fear of death.* I trust in the unbounded goodness of God," and, hastening as he spoke, to show that he did not mean divine goodness in the abstract, added, *and in Jesus Christ, who in his infinite mercy hath given* himself *for the redemption of the world.*"

Our departed friend hath vindicated himself as a public man without malignity of feeling or expression, satisfied in his own conscience and judgment, he had never written his own Memoirs, which *must expose some*, whom he had once respected, to public censure, *but at the urgent request of others*, in whose judgment and friendship he confided.—These believed and affirmed that *he alone* could fill, for the information of posterity, an essential, but deficient page of our national history. He had fully expressed, that posterity, uninfluenced by the party views of his own period, would do justice to his calumniated memory; and he was gratefully surprised, to find his own generation disposed, *so generally*, to do this justice in his life time.

When interrogated by one, who had been long in a state of familiar friendship with him, and who from the best evidences was satisfied, for himself, that his mind was in a state of unchristian hostility with no man, he declared, "that as a dying man he heartily forgave all his enemies, and as heartily wished to every one of them, in the exercise of religious penitence necessary to all men, everlasting happiness and salvation." His reason remained to the last. His moving lips, his countenance, and his often uplifted hands, betokened a humble, an earnest and a praying frame. He was consoled, during the course of his illness, with the visits and prayers of several Clergymen of his acquaintance, besides those of his own church brethren. One church in the Capital, in particular, with which some of his family had a near connexion, repeatedly gave themselves to prayer in his behalf, upon the knowledge of his extreme illness. Their prayers, we hope, were essentially and mercifully answered. 'My children be composed,' calmly and tenderly and repeatedly said the dying veteran, to his weeping children. A little before his death, he was heard to say, "I am happy, I am happy;" and the final employment of his voice was a prayer to God for his endeared family.

"Bow then, thou lonely widow, and ye affectionate children and grand-children, to the will of God, who in his infinite wisdom appoints his own time for men and every man to die. Bless God, for the supports, and instructions, which reason and religion proffer in your season of deep sorrow; and make it the principal object of your remaining life, by habitual prayer, repentance, faith and love, to God, to Jesus Christ, and to mankind, to prepare for your own personal summons into Eternity. Remember in your humble and fervent prayers the absent children and grand-children of our deceased friend; that God, whose peculiar prerogative it is "to comfort them who are cast down," would be pleased to have compassion on them, on you, and all who weep with you, according to the multitude of his mercies." And when, you too, each in his or her appointed turn, shall fall "in that war in which there is no discharge" may the Lord receive you to his presence and kingdom, through Jesus Christ.—Amen."

TAILORS.—Sir John Hawkwood, usually styled Joannes Acutus, from the sharpness, it is said, of his needle or his sword. Fuller, the historian, says, "he turned his needle into a sword, and his thimble into a shield. He was born the son of a tanner, and was bound apprentice to a tailor, and was pressed for a soldier." He served under Edward III, and was knighted; distinguished at the battle of Poictiers, where he gained the esteem of the Black Prince, and finished his military career in the Florentines, in 1394, and his native place, Hedingham, in Essex. There is a monument to his memory in the parish church. Sir Ralph Blackwell was his fellow apprentice, knighted for his bravery by Edward III, married his master's daughter, and founded Blackwell Hall. John Speed, the historian, was a Cheshire tailor, and Stowe, the antiquary, was also a tailor; he was born in London, in 1525 and lived to the age of 80. Benjamin Robins was the son of a tailor, of Bath; he compiled Lord Anson's Voyage round the world. Elliott's regiment of Light Horse was chiefly composed of tailors; and the first man who suggested the idea of abolishing the slave trade was Thomas Woolman, a Quaker and tailor of New Jersey. He published many tracts on this species of traffic, went great distances to consult individuals on the subject, on which business he came to England, & went to York, where he caught the small pox, and died October 7 1772.

Extracts from a manuscript containing directions for the Household of Henry VIII.

His Highness's baker shall not put alum in the bread, or mix rye, oaten, or bean flour with the same, and if detected he shall be put in the stocks.

His Highness's attendants are not to steal any locks, keys, tables, forms, or other furniture, out of noblemen's or gentlemen's houses, where he goes to visit.

Master cooks shall not employ such scullions as go about in a state of nudity, or lie all night on the ground before the kitchen fire.

No dog to be kept in the Court, but only a few spaniels for the ladies.

Dinners to be at *ten*, and suppers at *four!!!*

The officers of his privy chamber shall be loving together, no grudging or grumbling, nor talking of the King's pastime.

There shall be no romping on the stairs, with which dishes and other things are often broken.

Care shall be taken of the pewter spoons, and that wooden ones, used in the kitchen, be not broken or stolen.

The pages shall not interrupt the kitchen maids, for if he leads one astray, he shall pay a fine of two marks to his Highness, and have his allowance of beer withheld for a month.

The grooms shall not steal his Highness's straw for beds, sufficient being allowed for them.

Coal only to be allowed to the King's, Queen's, and Lady Mary's chamber.

The brewers not to put any brimstone in the ale.

Twenty four loaves a day allowed to his Highness's greyhounds.

Among the fishes for the table is mentioned, "The porpoise, if too big for a boat

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* A daughter of Gen. E. Cheney, aged 16 years and 6 months, and a daughter of Col. N. Brackett, buried on her seventeenth anniversary, died in two successive days. Mrs. Sarah, wife of Mr. James Stone, aged 80, had died a little before. Thus half of our usual average of deaths have taken place in less than seven weeks.

† Those papers consumed with the vessel burnt by the Americans, in which vessel a part of his family was returning from Detroit to the bosom of their country, contained his documents of his own private moneys expended for public objects, amidst his great poverty of national means.

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