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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From the American Farmer.

WHEAT.

Talbot county, July 17, 1826.

Mr. Skinner,

Further in relation to wheat:—Most of the different kinds of wheat, such as the Lawler, the keggy, and New York white flint, have been supposed and reported to resist the ravages of the Hessian fly, by some peculiar inherent quality. This notion is, I believe, now satisfactorily exploded, as experience has taught us that there is no wheat that *resists* the Hessian fly. Under circumstances favourable to the fly, it will destroy every branch of wheat in which it is deposited. Some kinds of wheat have a greater recuperative power than others; and of these the Lawler is most remarkable. After the fly has appeared to have destroyed every shoot above ground, if the season will aid it at all, it will put forth fresh shoots which will bear grain; but the Lawler is the latest of all wheat, and takes longest to mature. Of course, as we have all found, it is most subject to rust and disaster. Lawler wheat should never be fed down. The same remarks apply to the keggy wheat, and in a great degree to the New York white flint, except that this last does not possess the recuperative power of the Lawler, and is not quite so late a wheat. It branches at first as finely as any wheat. The opinion that any wheat has the faculty to *resist* the fly either by the solidity of its stalk, the roughness of its blade, or the incompressibility of the stalk, or any other quality peculiar to itself, is a fallacy, dangerous to be entertained, because not founded in fact. There is a difference in the stalk of different kinds of wheat, but it is unimportant as to the fly.

The early or "rare ripe wheat," is not *supposed* to have any quality of this kind. It has a soft straw, delicate for food, shorter than other straw, and is as easily destroyed by the fly in autumn, if seeded early, as any wheat that is known. Neither has it any of the recuperative power of the Lawler, nor does it branch equal to the New York white flint. Its power to *elude* the fly consists in its early maturity alone, which causes it to do well after late seeding, so as to be certainly exempt from autumn fly, and to be so forward in spring as to be jointed before the fly ordinarily commences its injurious attacks, and therefore it is out of danger. It owes its greater security against fly and disaster, altogether to its early maturity. The early wheat has a plump and white grain, and is uniformly the heaviest wheat that we have grown. It scarcely ever averages less than sixty pounds to the bushel, and has frequently been known to go to sixty-four and five; sixty-one and two pounds per bushel is its usual weight.

I do not remember what estimate the millers set on this wheat in comparison with other kinds; but this we all know, that millers are a little astute as well as capricious. It is an absurdity for farmers to be guided by millers as to the particular kind of wheat they shall grow. Millers will always crack up that sort of wheat on which they think they can make the greatest gain, either by the fact of the smaller offal, or by the fiction which they may have it in their power to create in relation to any thing else. But the farmer should understand his soil, his climate, the ordinary accidents to which different wheat is liable, and the character of the different kinds of wheat: then he will be enabled to form some judgment as to the wheat that will produce in his own lands the greatest number of pounds weight to the acre; and that is the mode to draw the greatest number of dollars to his pocket—which is, after all, the "*valde optatum.*"

Nothing can be more ridiculous than to see farmers every where buying up nice white wheat for seed, without ascertaining whether their lands will grow it or not; supposing, I presume, that the produce must of course be as white as the seed. They spend their money in buying this seed at extravagant prices, and are mortified to find that the product is greatly inferior; in which case they sometimes accuse the seller of the seed wheat of not doing them justice, and desperately try somewhere else another expensive purchase, until they pay very dear for the knowledge, that their lands will not produce the fine white wheat, and that there are other kinds of wheat much better adapted to them, that they will produce more certainly and more abundantly.

There is another consideration too, sir, that may not be without its influence. We never see hung up in that excellent and highly useful gallery of agricultural portraits, the "American Farmer," the name of a farmer for his growing many pounds of wheat to the acre, until he gets up to some thirty or forty bushels; whilst those farmers who own the fine white wheat lands,

O fortunatos nimium! soliginis arva
Colintes——

if they only grow from ten to fifteen bushels to the acre, are annually celebrated as the very nobility of agriculturists, (I use the term in no unkind sense,) and are mentioned by name as getting eight or 10 cents a bushel more than the growers of red or brown wheat get for theirs. This is a stimulating excitement—and it ought to excite, not to error, but to exertion. A vast proportion of that land that will not grow the white wheat, will grow the heaviest crops of other wheat; and their proprietors ought to yield up the hope of the white coloured grain, (pardon the inaccuracy of the phrase,) for the more solid advantage of weight and quantity. Let these farmers be content to seek what is attainable; to improve their lands so as to produce such an average per acre as will entitle them to a place in the gallery of agricultural worthies. They cannot hope for fame in violation of the laws of nature. If lands are not natively of the peculiar texture of soil to grow the white wheat, no human art can supply the deficiency.

If it should be asked, if it is not equally strange that men on stiff soils and flat lands, should be inquiring for the seed of the bright tobacco to plant in those soils which every body knows will not produce the same sort?—I reply, I think not; and for this reason, founded upon this fact, that tobacco will retain more of its quality *for one year* than any other plant in an uncongenial soil: but, after the first year, it will deteriorate so as to be totally unlike the plant from which it sprung. But what a great difference there is between the trouble and expense of procuring seed wheat and tobacco seed every year. A half pint of tobacco seed is more than enough for any man's use, except for those most extensively engaged in planting. This half pint can be procured, I suppose, for a dollar, if there were not a thousand planters who would take pleasure in presenting a friend with that quantity out of their own stock; but the frequent purchases of seed wheat are very troublesome and very onerous. We must submit to see these two orders of agricultural knighthood, the one decked with the plant of the golden leaf tobacco, the other with the full-eared sheaf of white wheat, without repining at their good fortune; and if their fame kindles the fire of ambition in our hearts, let us endeavour to rival them in taste, in judgment, in industry, and in exertion.

Agricultor.

From the Boston Patriot.

Inscriptions on monuments and grave stones are in ordinary cases objects of interest to the general reader, but when they relate to important events or to individuals who have been instrumental in bringing about those events, or who have otherwise occupied much of the public attention, they become objects of increased interest to all. A friend who recently visited Quincy, and was led by a patriotic zeal to the burial place where rest the remains of the revered ADAMS transcribed with a pencil from the grave-stones, the following inscriptions, which furnish the parentage of him whom to honor should be, as we believe it is, every one's sense of duty:

IN MEMORY OF
HENRY ADAMS,

who took his flight from the Dragon persecution, in Devonshire, England, and alighted with eight sons, near Mount Wollaston. One of the sons returned to England, and after taking some time to explore the country, four removed to Medfield, and the neighboring towns, two to Chelmsford. One only, Joseph, who lies here at his left hand, remained here, who was an original proprietor in the township of Braintree, incorporated in the year 1639.

This stone and several others have been placed in this yard by a great-great grand-son from a veneration of the piety, humility, simplicity, prudence, patience, temperance, frugality, industry, and perseverance of his ancestors, in hopes of recommending an imitation of their virtues to their

POSTERITY.

DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF
JOSEPH ADAMS, Senior,

who died December 6th 1697, and of Abigail, his wife, whose first name was Baxter, who died August 27th, 1692, by a great-grand son, in 1817.

IN MEMORY OF
JOSEPH ADAMS,

son of Joseph Adams, Senior, and grandson of Henry and Hannah, his wife, whose maiden name was Bass, a daughter of Thomas Bass & Ruth Alden, parents of John Adams & grandparents of the lawyer John Adams.

Erected, December, 1823.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
Mr. JOHN ADAMS,

who died May 25th, A. D. 1761, aged 70, and of Susannah, his consort, born Boylston, who died April 17th, A. D. 1797. Aged 88

The sweet remembrance of the just,
Should flourish when they sleep in dust.

The last named were the parents of the late John Adams. This record unfolds another coincidence, incident to the more memorable events which have been noticed. The mother of John Adams survived, a widow, to see her son President of the United States, and that son lived a widower, to behold his son John Quincy Adams, elevated to the same high and honorable trust.

No greater curse can be entailed upon a country than a general use of ardent spirits. The following paragraph taken from a Boston paper of Wednesday, is a melancholy instance in support of this position:

On Monday last, four lads, from ten to fifteen years of age, were examined on the charges of being common drunkards and vagabonds. The case was clearly proved. Three of them were sentenced to the house of correction for four months and one for six months.

Moore's Life of Sheridan.—The last number of the Quarterly Review contains a caustic review of this interesting work, which has had such a popular run in both hemispheres; at least the political character of the work is handled with great severity, while a liberal share of praise is allowed to that part of the work which treats of Sheridan as a dramatist. The principal design of the reviewer, is to vindicate the King from the charges of Mr. Moore, of having suffered Sheridan, who was for half his life time his intimate, political and personal friend and associate—to die in poverty and wretchedness, harrassed by bailiffs and importunate creditors, and destitute even of the common comforts necessary on a sick bed. And we think the vindication is completely successful. It is proved that in 1812, the King, (then Prince Regent,) learning that Sheridan was again ambitious of coming into Parliament, after he had 'by his own unconquerable negligence and indolence,' lost the opportunity of being returned by the whigs of Westminster, 'prompted by feelings which it is impossible not to honor, did give Mr. Sheridan direct assistance.' Mr. Moore makes the Prince Regent proffer a seat to Mr. Sheridan, which the latter declined, from the repugnance which he felt against 'returning to that scene of his triumphs and his freedom, with the royal owner's mark as it were, upon him.' But the reviewer asserts—and he speaks like one having authority—that his Royal Highness did proffer his assistance, and 'on Mr. Sheridan's own earnest statement;' and that the latter 'accepted a considerable sum of money on the distinct understanding that it was to be applied to the purpose in question' And it was a *whig seat*, too, which the Prince had it in contemplation to help him to. But the money thus furnished him was appropriated to his private purposes.

And, it is added, 'so conscious was the unfortunate and fallen man how egregiously he had on this occasion deceived all his friends and abused the kindness of his royal patron, that a feeling of shame and remorse seemed ever after to weigh upon his mind, and it was observed that he from that hour avoided, with a pertinacity which, in one point of view does him credit, every opportunity—for opportunities were offered—of coming into the presence of his royal highness.' When Sheridan was imprisoned for debt, Mr. Moore attributes his release to Mr. Whitbread—but the reviewer asserts positively, that although Mr. W. left his dinner table to relieve his unfortunate friend, before he reached his place of confinement "Sheridan was already at liberty, in consequence of the unsolicited and instantaneous interference of the Prince to whose ear a report of the transaction had by some accident been conveyed." The reviewer admits, however, that Mr. Whitbread might have released Sheridan from prison at some other time, though the fact is not known. In regard to Sheridan's miserable situation, from want, during his last sickness, it is very satisfactorily shown, that from the moment the Prince was apprised of his illness and poverty, his wants were very liberally provided by the royal bounty, from the privy purse, and the necessary sums were conveyed to his family in the most delicate manner possible. Indeed, Mr. Vaughan was directed to supply such sums as were necessary, "without any other limit or instruction, than that he was not to disclose the source of a benefaction which, it was apprehended, Sheridan's consciousness of having so lately abused the Prince's generosity might have rendered painful to his feelings." Of his death, the reviewers remark:—"Thus closed in darkness and degradation the career of a man who, had his principles been as fixed as his original feelings were exquisite, and his talents splendid, might have bequeathed to posterity one of the noblest of English names. That Sheridan was at heart a bad man, we shall never believe, but, on the contrary, have no doubt that his history might be terminated not unsuitably in the words with which Johnson sums up the life of Savage; 'negligence and irregularity long continued to make wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible.' The reviewers condemn both Dr. Watkins', (who is a tory, and wrote soon after Sheridan's death,) and Mr. Moore's lives of this eminent man, and prefer the anecdotes contained in Kelley's Reminiscences to both of these ponderous works. An adequate, and even a tolerably faithful life of Sheridan, in the whole scope and combination of his character, the reviewers say is still, and may probably long continue to be, a *desideratum.*

Touches of terrible sublimity.—The Cahawba Press, of Alabama, says, that the moschetoes are so numerous and voracious on Indian Key, an island off the coast of Florida, that they keep the hogs squeaking, the dogs barking, and the fowls cackling all night. Why really this description of these 'winged members,' almost equals that given by Dr. Heustis, in his topography of Louisiana. In his remarks about them, he says, 'blood is their cry; nothing but blood can quench their thirst and satisfy their sanguinary appetites. Compared with them, the moschetoes of the northern states are mere gnats. Furnished with a bill like iron, they perforate the toughest hide, and drink the crimson blood of men and beast.'

A REVOLUTIONARY MEMENTO.

We copy the following article from the *Troy Sentinel*, it speaks volumes in favor of those patriots to whom we are indebted for every thing connected with our liberty, and furnishes a severe commentary upon the heartless meanness of that special pleading, by which the soldiers, of the revolution are called upon, after a lapse of half a century, to furnish 'legal testimony' in support of their claims when they prefer them to Congress.

The very money which was paid in the bill below, was, no doubt, received at par, and we find that $672 was paid for goods which at the present day would not cost more than $5. Who would think of asking such a man to furnish legal testimony, should he think proper to prefer his claim? We are sorry to be compelled by a sense of candor to say, the Congress of that country who was saved by his valor, has done so in numerous instances.

The pension law which passed immediately after the peace is disreputable to the nation. Its provisions exact an oath from the applicant for a pension, that he cannot live without it, before he can derive any benefit—such parsimonious guards might do very well as rules of action, where the parties are dealing with sharpers, but to apply them to the brave companions of Washington, is indeed, indicative of a deterioration of principle in the present generation.

Balt. Chronicle.

From the Troy Sentinel.

A MEMENTO.—Among the many difficulties with which the faithful patriots who achieved our independence had to struggle, probably the most embarrassing was the fluctuating value and enormous depreciation of the continental money, as it was called. To shew what a wretched measure of value and medium of exchange our fathers were compelled to use, we give the following items from a mess-bill, dated in 1780 and 1781. The bill, was showed to us by a soldier of the revolution, still living in respect among us, who was at the time a lieutenant in the regular service, and head of the mess referred to. We have not room for the whole bill, and therefore select the following charges as giving the general scope to the document.

Lieut, —— ——, for the Mess,
To ————, Dr.

1780—Oct. 30, 8 lb. Sugar, at	$14	$112 00
Dec. 6. 4 lb. do, at	16	64 00
1781—Feb. 1, 2 qrs. Spirits at	50	100 00
Mar. 6, 15 yds. Twist at	10	150 00
" 6, 3 Brushes & Blackball		95 00
" 15, 1 pt. Wine		40 00
" " 1 lb. Sugar		18 00
Apr. 1, 1 Black Silk Hadkf.		75 00
" 11, 1½ doz. Eggs, at	$12	18 00
		$672 00

This is but a small specimen of the embarrassments of the revolution, we confess, but it is a very decisive one, and if a man will but reflect on the train of causes which led to the depreciation of the currency of the country, he will find matter enough to occupy his thoughts and excite his wonder, even in these few items of a mess-bill.—From these charges it would seem that the paper money of the time was worth about one per cent, of its nominal value—that is $100 in paper was worth about $1 in specie. What a miserable instrument was this for providing for the wants of a struggling nation, and defending armies against the inclemencies of these northern skies. A fluctuating and depreciated currency, at any time a public grievance, in time of war when money is so indispensable for putting the public strength into battle array becomes a calamity of the most formidable nature; and to bear up under it, and in despite of its paralyzing influence to uphold and carry forward a great & glorious cause, requires the most devoted patriotism, the highest kind of courage and constancy, and constitute the most unequivocal evidence of public virtue.

Some little matters of fact, do more than the most labored description to carry the mind back to "the times that tried men's souls," and to reveal the real nature and extent of those obstacles which lay in the way to independence and freedom. It would be well to think of these things more than is customary, for it is wonderful how soon the memory of obligation which imply pecuniary responsibility passes away. The public, acting on the maxim of the law that corporations have no souls, cannot be made to feel the force of such claims, & however lavish of gratitude, are most injuriously frugal of their coin.

THE CEDAR APPLE.—A gentleman of unquestionable veracity called at our office this week, and informed us of an experiment which was made a few days ago with this apple on a coloured child about 2 years old, at his farm in this neighbourhood, the result of which was truly satisfactory. The child took the apple of last year's growth, reduced to powder, and prepared in syrup, two successive mornings, fasting; the consequence of which was, the expulsion of more than a *pint of worms.* The child though much reduced and debilitated by fevers previously to the apple being administered, is now doing well, and has had a complete return of appetite for food.

Maryland Gaz. Aug. 3.

CHAPTER OF FALSITIES.

False Collars, alias Gils.—The invention of these convenient articles is probably known but to few. Some years since, an economical bachelor, to save the expense of washing, was accustomed to wear his linen till it wore off his back. The collar of course remained, that part being less liable to wear & tear. The next suit of shirts he ordered to be made without collars—hence the fashion.

False Cravats, alias Stocks.—The name for these is a very happy one, for you feel about as comfortable encased in one of them, as if you really set in the *stocks.*—

Still they have some advantage over the cravat, for they save the trouble of facing the glass an hour or two every day to arrange a fashionable tie. The invention of a new tie, by the way is considered by the Fancy as not less difficult and more important than the discovery of the philosopher's stone. Nevertheless, I have invented one perfectly original and unique. I style it the Gordian tie, the peculiar excellence of which is, it will remain inextricable as long as worn. I took the idea from the hangman's knot.

False Hair, alias Scratches—I abominate false hair in a woman. I care not how whimsical or fantastic she dresses her hair provided it be her own—whether she constructs it in imitation of a crow's nest or a cobweb—only let it be her own. Artificial curls are in constant danger of dropping off—they remind me of so many criminals on the gallows, only a *hair's* breadth between them and eternity. Yet, bald pated ladies will insist that false scalps are better than none, and that they defend certain weak parts from the attacks of malicious young men. This last idea gave occasion for a maiden acquaintance of mine to perpetrate a most desperate pun. I paid her a visit the other evening, and found her with a lap full of hair. I half suspected that Delilah like, she had been sheering some unfortunate Sampson, twisting them into beautiful cork screws. My curiosity was excited, and I enquired what might be the use of such queer looking things." 'O!' said she, leering most knowingly at myself "they are glorious *for—tresses.*"

False Hearts.—By these I do not mean the little stone trinkets ladies sometimes wear chained round the neck. Oh no! they are an entirely different thing; not confined by chains of gold, for no bonds can hold them. I cannot tell the composition of them, for like the mind, they are known only by their effects. I have wondered how womankind, from Helen to Eliza Wharton, have been able to keep from the men this grand secret of their free masonry—the composition of a false heart.

Boston Galaxy.

THE GOOD WIFE.

That like a jewel hath hung for twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;
Of her that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with.

The good wife is one, who, ever mindful of the solemn contract which she has entered into, is strictly and conscientiously virtuous, constant and faithful to her husband; chaste, pure and unblemished in every thought, word and deed; she is humble and modest, from reason and conviction; submissive from choice, and obedient from inclination, what she acquires by love and tenderness, she preserves by prudence and discretion; she makes it her business to serve, and her pleasure to oblige her husband; as conscious that every thing which promotes his happiness must in the end contribute to her own: her tenderness relieves his cares, her affection softens his distress, her good humour and complacency lessen and subdue his afflictions; she openeth her mouth, as Solomon says, "with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness; she looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness: her children rise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her."—Lastly, as a good and pious christian, she looks up with an eye of gratitude to the great dispenser and disposer of all things, to the husband of the widow, and father of the fatherless, entreating his divine favour and assistance in this and every other moral and religious duty; well satisfied that if she duly & punctually discharge her several offices and relations in this life, she shall be blessed and rewarded for it in another.

THE GOOD HUSBAND.

The good husband is one who, wedded not by interest, but by choice, is constant as well from inclination as from principle; he treats his wife with delicacy as a woman, with tenderness as a friend; he attributes her follies to her weakness, her imprudence to her inadvertency; he passes them over therefore with good nature, and pardons them with indulgence; all his care and industry are employed for her welfare; all his strength and powers are exerted for her support and protection; he is more anxious to preserve his own character and reputation, because her's is blended with it; lastly, the good husband is pious and religious, that he may animate her faith by his practice, and enforce the precepts of christianity by his own example; that as they join to promote each other's happiness in this world, they may unite together in one eternal joy and felicity in that which is to come.

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