EASTON GAZETTE.

WHERE THE PRESS IS FREE—"Literature well or ill-conducted, is the Great Engine by which all Popular States must ultimately be supported or overthrown—RELIGION purifies the Heart and teaches us our Duty—Morality refines the Manners—Agriculture makes us Rich, and Politics provides for the enjoyment of all.

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ADVERTISEMENTS

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AGRICULTURAL.

[From the Farmer & Gardener.]

QUEEN ANNE'S COUNTY SILK COMPANY.

We are happy to learn, from a gentleman of Delaware, who derived his information from the best source, that this company have thus far been entirely successful. The Stockholders have already realized $100 a share on their stock, the par value of which is but $25 per share, and that it is now deemed to be worth $125 per share. Such a state of things is no less gratifying in a pecuniary point of view, than it is flattering to the sagacity of those who set the enterprise on foot. In all sincerity we wish the future progress of the members of this company, in their patriotic efforts to incite the citizens of our Eastern Peninsula, to engage in the culture, may be crowned with still greater success; for, as pioneers in the holy work on that shore, they are entitled to the gratitude of every true hearted Marylander.

AMERICAN SILK HANDKERCHIEFS.

Feeling as we do a sincere interest in the success of the Silk Culture in America, we copy the subjoined article with feelings of pride and pleasure, as it demonstrates, not only the practicability of profitably manufacturing the raw material: but the existence of that generous spirit of enterprise which will ultimately lead our citizens into the adoption of the culture of silk as an important branch of husbandry. We have for several years made it the subject of our study, and after the maturest consideration which we have been able to give to it, we have no hesitation in declaring, that it is susceptible of being made the most profitable of all human employments.—*Ib.*

Silk.—The West Chester Silk Company had a sale of handkerchiefs, manufactured from their own silk, on Tuesday 19th ult. There were 85 in number—and the aggregate proceeds were $71,-05. They were knocked off in quick time at from $1,75 to $3,00 a piece, to the supporters of domestic industry.—Pretty well for Chester county—there is none of the odor of monarchy about these articles. A man with an American handkerchief in his pocket, steps prouder and quicker. There is a magic in some things at least that are American.—*West Chester (Pa.) Village Record.*

[From the Farmer and Gardener.]

GRAZING OF SHEEP IN CORN FIELDS.

BALTIMORE, June 21, 1838.

Mr. Roberts.—A few days since while riding in the country with a friend, about 12 miles from this city, we observed a flock of sheep deliberately *feeding in a corn field.* Supposing they were trespassers, we lost no time in informing the proprietor of the circumstance; when to our surprise he laughed and said they would do no harm, that they were put in the field for the purpose of destroying the blue grass, &c., and further, that sheep would never touch growing corn! Nothing but the sight of the experiment with my own eyes would have made me believe this statement; but having seen it and observed also the manner in which, our information that the sheep were in his corn field, was received by him, I was obliged to yield my belief. You will readily see the importance, in various bearings, of this information to our farmers, without a special detail or reference,

Yours &c.

GIDEON B. SMITH.

USE OF LIME FOR PRESERVING FENCES AND BUILDINGS.

Mr. Editor.—Calling some time since on a friend of mine, who is a curious observer of things, he communicated to me, among other items of information, his method of painting, or rather white-washing his buildings, to preserve them from decay. I was so much interested by its simplicity, as well as cheapness, that I took a memorandum at the time of the materials used, expense, &c.

The materials are common salt and lime. Put about a quart of salt to a pail full of water, or rather as much as the water will dissolve. Then add fresh slackened lime—enough to give the proper consistency to apply with a brush. It should not be too thick, as that will cause it to peel off—and it will be necessary to put on two coats. He says you may add paints, if you please, to give it a different color. The whole expense of the materials, and putting on the same, would not exceed two dollars and fifty cents, for a house 36 feet long, 18 wide, and 18 high.

I find also, in looking over my papers in the New York Farmer for April, 1836, the following recipe for an 'incombustible wash for buildings,' to render them fire-proof; and also a coating for brick work, to render it impervious to water.

Proportion for five gallons. The basis is lime, which must be first slacked with hot water in a tub, and covered to keep in the steam; it then should be passed in a fluid form through a fine seive to obtain the flour of the same. Six quarts of lime, and one quart of clean rock salt for each gallon of water, to be dissolved by boiling, and skimmed clean;—then add to the five gallons, one pound of alum, half a pound copperas, three-fourths of a pound of potash,—the last to be gradually added.—four quarts of fine sand, or hard woodashes, say hickory. You may add any colouring matter that your taste may dictate. It should then be applied with a brush; and it will, it is said, look better than paint, and be as lasting as slate. It will stop the small leaks, prevent the moss from growing, and render the parts painted with it incombustible.

J. H. J.

Peru, Jan. 1838.

P. S. The 6 quarts of lime, I suppose, is for five gallons.

Maine Farmer.

RUTA BAGA.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

What is the average crop of Ruta Baga, to the acre, on land well manured and taken care of, in Maine?

Answer. Six hundred bushels—each bushel weighing 64 pounds, after being well cleared of tops, dirt, and small roots. Much greater crops have often been produced, say from one to two thousand bushels to the acre, or at that rate on smaller roots.

What are they worth, ton for ton, or pound for pound, for stock compared with good English hay, corn, potatoes, apples, &c.

Ans. When properly fed out, they may save hay pound for pound; because if kept in any considerable quantities, stock may be kept in good condition, if poor hay, or even straw be added.—They are worth more than potatoes in equal weight; and as much as apples, and less liable to decay. To keep a creature in decent flesh, with hay, 5 bushels of Ruta Baga, are equal to a bushel of meal.

What kind of stock is best and most profitable to feed them to?

Ans. All kinds: horses and swine not excepted. If they refuse them at first, let them become hungry, and they will soon eat them well. I have wintered swine on them in a raw state. They are worth for them certainly as much as potatoes—and are most excellent for sheep.

What is the cost to raise them per bushel, compared with potatoes?

Ans. Much less; as they yield much more on a given quantity of land; their seed and planting cost less; their hoeing more; and their leaves pay the harvesting.

Are they not more exhausting to the land than potatoes, or most other crops?

Ans. They are: as much more weight is taken from the soil than by any other crops. I think no one ought to object to having a large crop, because it takes more from the soil than an inferior one: but it should be known that Indian Corn will not grow well the next year after a large crop of Ruta Baga, as each require from the soil similar quantities.

Maine Farmer.

According to the New York Commercial Advertiser the entertainment given by the Prince de Joinville on board the French ship of the line Hercule, at Newport, must have been a splendid affair. The editors say—

The getting to it, indeed, was a sore trial of patience, as any one may imagine when informed that more than 700 ladies and gentlemen of New York were packed on board the steamboat Cleopatra—at an expense to the Prince of *only* $3000. The entertainments on board the Hercule consisted of a ball and supper, preceded by a fine display of nautical evolutions.

The state of the ship and of her crew—all picked men, between the ages of 20 and 40, and in the highest state of discipline—elicited universal admiration; nor was less bestowed upon the sedulous attention displayed in providing for their comfort, and the air of cheerful enjoyment which they all exhibited. The ladies were not less favorably impressed with the courtesy of the Prince and his brother officers. The 'creature comforts' provided, under the superintendence of Mr. Delmonico, whom the Prince had engaged as purveyor, were on the largest and most liberal scale of hospitality, guided by the proverbial taste and elegance of the French.

The Philadelphia National Gazette says truly that during the year 1836, upwards of three hundred and fifty lives were destroyed by steamboat accidents: in 1837, six or seven hundred were cut off in the same way; and for the year 1838 we may already count nearly or quite a thousand persons killed thus, & a prospect of having to witness at the end of the year, if the evil be not arrested, a proportionable increase to this hideous list.

From the New York Age.

HENRY SOMERS THE NERVELESS MAN.

In the world thou livest,
Be thy nerves unstrung—
To the world thou givest,
Thy heart to be wrung;
Exposing it where weapons fly,
Wounding it until it die.

All the hopes you cherish,
Be thy courage faint,
One by one shall perish,
Leaving but the faint;
Which ascends from all things dead,
Howso' sweet ere life had fled.

Then how sadly painful,
To review the past,
And the weakness baneful,
Grief o'er life hath cast;
Making for thyself a tomb—
Earth's thee living in its gloom.

Nevertheless, thou canst never
Claim high fortune's dower!
Nevertheless, thou shalt wither
Like a summer's flower!
Not like shrubs of sterner cast,
Brave the frosts and dare the blast.

Some years since there came to New-York a poor, friendless boy. He obtained a situation in a store. He was active and willing, and, easily moulded into business habits. He advanced step by step, until he obtained the situation of the head clerk in the mercantile house that had first received him. He here formed a number of acquaintances, and was looked up to as a remarkably smart young man. This was not his character. He was rather obtuse than otherwise, but he had risen gradually and under such a perfect system that it was almost impossible for him to run out of his course. In the transactions that dealers and others had with him, they gave him credit for that perfect system which belonged to another. They saw the automaton which worked so well; but they saw not the hand that set it in motion, guided and directed it. Want of nerve; want of confidence in himself, was the chief evil from which he seemed likely to suffer for hitherto he had been so completely under the direction of others, that its weakness had not developed itself. He was like those who swim with bladders, and who strike out boldly and fearlessly, knowing they have a sufficient support; but who, should any accident or calamity happen to these frail stays, would at once be paralyzed and sink to the bottom.

The merchant, whom we shall call Mr. Roberts, had a ship freighted for China, and he gave Henry an opportunity of realizing by the speculation in which he anticipated making a good round sum. This was at first highly pleasing to him. He had saved a small sum by frugality and attention, and he already saw it more than doubled. None could be more sanguine of success than he, while the affair was in circulation. Time rolled on. The moment came for shipment. Then he wavered. The dangers of Shipwreck, the possibility of loss, at all events the loss of the amount of insurance, preyed heavily upon his spirits. He at length shipped his commodities, but heartily repented that he had ever been so imprudent as to do so.

'You seem concerned, Henry," one day a fortnight after the sailing of the vessel, said his fellow clerk. 'You don't repent that consignment, do you?'

'I do indeed: and wish I could recall it,' said Henry; who, in addition to his other fears, now surmised the possibility of the speculation's not turning out so well as he at first expected.

'Well,' said his companion, 'I have a relation who will advance me the money. So, if you are inclined, I will take it off your hands: but I must tell you in friendship that I think you are foolish to let such an opportunity pass. The risk is but small: the prospect, the almost certainty of an emolument, large. Hundreds would be elated at the opportunity which you now propose to forego.'

'No matter, my dear William. I will gladly give you all my prospect of advantage for what I gave for my chance.'

So the bargain was struck. Henry, who had not nerve enough to bear to contemplate the possibility of his money's not turning out profitably, was satisfied and happy. He, however, exacted a promise from William Begby, his friend and companion, that Mr. Roberts should not know any thing of the change, lest he should think he had not proper confidence in him.

Some time after this, Henry was introduced by a Mr. Wilson, a gentleman who transacted a great deal of business with Mr. Roberts through the head clerk, to his house. None could have a more exalted opinion of Henry than Mr. Wilson.

This was a fortunate circumstance for the hero of our tale. It formed an era in his life. The family of Mr. Wilson consisted of an only daughter, a young girl at this period, of that sweet, freshest and most blooming age, sixteen. She was one of those bright creatures that we see sometimes dimly shadowed in the glorious visions of a poet's teeming fancy, and rarely any where else. She was beautiful, and did not know it—accomplished, and without pride or ostentation. She was in the innocence of her nature, a child, whom to see was to admire and to love.

The day after Henry's first introduction, he was seated in the counting room with William.

'Oh, William,' said he, 'I cannot believe that there ever was such another being on this earth as Miss Wilson.'

'Is she so beautiful?'

'Beautiful—she is angelic—she is' 'Divine.'

'She is, indeed. If you had but seen her. If you had but heard her play the overture to Fra Diavolo.'

'It played the *devil* with you, I see.'

'Or heard her singing, as she accompanied herself on the harp, that beautiful melody wedded to those beautiful words of More's—

'Child of earth with the golden hair.'

Her hair is golden. It seemed of herself she was singing; and as she turned her sweet blue eyes upwards, it seemed as if they were looking to———,

'Their native heaven, so I suppose. Well, I see that you are over head and ears in love with her. Introduce me, and then I will tell you what I think of your goddess.'

William Begby was introduced, and sceptical no more to the graces and virtues of Miss Wilson, he only wondered how it was that his friend could have painted them so coldly.

'Well, Emily what do you think of the two young gentlemen,' said her papa after they had returned with her from the theatre, and retired, each having vied, according to custom, to please her to the utmost.

'I really don't know, papa; they are both very agreeable.

'Henry, love, Henry is the man. I have watched his conduct for the last five years. He is all that I could wish a son of mine to be.

'There is one thing I think he wants papa, that his friend possesses.'

'What is that?'

'That which I have often heard you say is of paramount importance to a young man upon entering upon life—decision of character.

'A serious want, indeed, if it be true; but how do you judge?'

'He has a timid eye—retiring, if I may use the expression—which seems, at times to shrink from those who gaze into it: and becomes, as it were, clouded behind the lashes and the lies which hide it; but William's is open, full and clear, and looks like the sun in the bright ether when not a cloud is nigh to shadow or to sully its brightness.'

'You do not judge well, my love, especially for a woman, as which, in such matters, you should be more learned. Do you not see that Henry loves you, while William but respects. Hence, one is timid and bashful in your presence. The other, who is agitated by no such soft emotions, cool and at his ease. Have you any other visible sign?'

'To-night, at the theatre, the place which had been taken for us were filled before we got there by some gentlemen notwithstanding we were in good time Henry looked very angry and vexed; but William instantly called the box-keeper, and compelled him to restore to us those seats which we had engaged.'

'I must give you the same answer as before. In your presence the one is confused, the other collected. Had the affair happened with any other lady, Henry would have done precisely as William did.

Notwithstanding these remarks of Emily's some short time after this interesting conversation, Henry was the declared lover. The nuptials only awaited Henry's establishment in business on his own account, a measure which met both Mr Wilson and Mr. Roberts' entire approbation. With the two great auxiliaries that he would have in possession, confidence and credit, besides a small quantity of friends, there could not be a doubt of his succeeding.

'You understand well, the routine of the business,' one day said Mr. Roberts to him 'as it is established: you are perhaps not cognizant of the establishing a house of this kind. There are many drawbacks likely to make one who has not the means that you possess, grow faint of heart. Should such ever come on fear nothing—keep your eye to the goal and press onward. You must succeed. He now proceeded to make extensive preparations for commencing business, upon the success of which Emily was to become his own.

In the meantime William, despite his natural buoyancy of spirits, become abstracted, pale and dejected. He loved Emily with a passion, the strongest that the heart can possibly conceive. He became neglectful of his business. This Mr. Roberts attributed to indisposition.

'You see, dear,' said Mr. Wilson to Emily, one evening, 'how truly I guessed the characters of these young men. Henry is steady, as at first, but William has become idle, listless and good for nothing.'

'There is some concealed sorrow in his heart papa, I am sure which distresses him, and makes him insensible of, and indifferent to surrounding objects. It makes my heart ache to see him. Once when I was at work opposite a glass, I saw him standing behind my chair; he remained in that position for half an hour, eyes fixed intently on me; when I moved to turn towards him he started, sighed heavily, and left the room. It seemed to me as if he had something to tell me.—What can it be?

Mr. Wilson shifted his chair, and his brow seemed clouded. A new light with her own question seemed to break upon Emily's mind. She turned on the instant, with her own blushes, red as the carnation blossom, and then suddenly the heart's blood which had been called up into her cheeks retreated to its sanctuary, as pale as marble. She sighed and left the room.

The time now arrived for Henry to commence business. Never did young man start into life with fairer prospects or more fervent aspirations of sucess than attended him.

But he disappointed every body. Taken off the track of his usual routine—becoming himself the responsible person in an establishment, instead of having himself to look up to another, every thing went wrong with him. He felt his weakness and he trembled for the result of his undertaking. He was on the point of giving up his business, after having laid out a considerable sum upon it, when one morning Mr. Roberts suddenly entered his store.

'I have good news for you, Henry, good news,' said the good gentleman.

'What is it, sir?

'The ship has returned, your speculation has yielded more than two hundred per cent.

'Has it indeed!'

'Yes. You don't seem rejoiced.'

'I—I——It is not mine. I sold my chance to William. I was fearful and—'

'Young man I am mistaken in you.—With such timidity of character you can never prosper.'

Mr. Roberts left Henry's store to congratulate William, sorely disappointed at Henry's conduct.

'You are an excellent judge of character, Emily,' said Mr. Wilson some months after this event. 'I was never more deceived than in respect to Henry. He has a want of nerves that I could not have anticipated. I have told him that after what has taken place I could not trust the protection of my child to one who himself requires a protector, and he is reconciled to his fate. I see you are not broken hearted, Emily.'

'No, papa. You know what I always said of him. It was in accordance with your wishes that I received him as a suitor.'

'Ah, you gypsy, and would you receive another if I were to present him?

'If he had——.'

'An eye open full and clear, which looks like the sun in the bright ether, when no cloud is nigh to shadow or to sully its brightness.'

'Spare me.'

In one month after this event, William and Emily were married. William carried on the business successfully by that Henry had mismanaged and Henry returned to his old station,—his bright and golden prospects crushed by his timidity of character: a lamentable instance of the evil effects consequent upon being a *nerveless man.*

[From Bently's Miscellany.]

THE SNUFF BOX.

A TALE OF WALES.

Mr. George Hampden was a man who, in the early prime of life—for he was little more than thirty—had seen a great deal of the world. His fund of information was prodigous; yet so simple was he in speech and manners, and so readily did he lend his year to what others might truly think the insignificance of common place intelligence that no one could suspect his depth or fancy that he was aught above those easy, good-humored listeners, who, destitute of any precise object of their own, are readily seduced into a passing interest in the concerns of the communicative who choose to make every body that comes near them a confidant in their bosom's business and secrets. Quiet, unobtrusive, gentlemanly and withal good-looking, such was the hero of our tale, Mr. George Hampden. He had travelled far, as we have hinted; but so modest was his nature, that he never intruded the circumstances of his journeys upon society. He had ample materials for the publication of a tour; but he never wrote one. With the views to which we have alluded, he proceeded by the Quicksilver coach to Exeter; and thence, by the branch, to Truro, where he begun his explorations of the rich mines, which since the days when the Carthagenians used to trade with the natives at Market Jew, *alias* Marazion, were never examined with more philosophical acumen and sagacity. From Falmouth to the Land's End, and from the Land's End whither nobody could tell, he descended every shaft and tried every lode. A dozen of hampers filled with arranged specimens, and a dozen of bags containing the more recent discoveries, vouched for the diligence of his labor, and the extent of his research.

Thus laden and accomplished, Mr. Hampden at length reached Swansea, where he took up his quarters for a season to observe the nature of the valuable ores which are stamped and sold there from every quarter of the globe—from Chili and from Norway, Copiapo and Treloweth, West Cork and Cobie, Ballymurtagh and Cuba, Carn Brea and Valparaiso. With his usual modesty he took genteel and retired lodgings, and by no means pressed himself upon public notice. He watchfully attended the mart, to be sure; and, like any other common stranger, pretty constantly frequented the news room. Here by degrees, he grew into a slight and partial acquaintance with that class of the inhabitants whose habits led them to a similar mode of passing the time, and in a few weeks, conversation produced invitations, and he was asked to dine with several of the respectable citizens of the place.—Simple in his manners, well informed and unostentatious, he rose into general favor; and, as familiarty increased; he gradually let out a portion of his history and present views. One day, after dinner, at Mr. Dobbe's, he first exhibited the snuff box which gives a title to our tale, and upon which hinged an event very important to his future destiny.—It was indeed a splendid article, shaped like a crest was of the finest gold and so richly chased that the eye would have delighted in tracing the fanciful arabesques which as it were, flowed over the shining metal, had it not been prevented by the dazzling enrichment of precious stones which nearly covered the ample surface. On the lid a very bank of large diamonds was surmounted by a regal crown, sapphires, amethysts, emeralds and rubies, of almost inestimable size and value, alternated round the coronet; whilst the centre top displayed a chrysolite hardly to be matched among the royal jewels of Europe. The touch, by the pressure of which the box opened, was a turquoise of nearly equal rarity: and below it, as if forming part of a lock, was a pearl of price. From this, all about the edge on a wavy circle of gems! and the bottom was embellished in a similar manner, only that the broad wreath of diamonds round the brilliant initial letters 'G. H.' were let in, and embedded more deeply in the golden phalanx. To say that no one in Swansea had ever seen such a box is to nothing. We question that Rundal and Bridge ever set eyes on its fellow, or that the Queen of England could have such a treasure made for her from all the jewels belonging to her bright inheritance: that which the Pasha of Egypt gave to Sir David Baird, and which Lady Baird, presented to Theodore Hook for his excellent Biography of her heroic husband is a mere bauble to it. No wonder that it was greatly admired, and that curiosity was excited as to what might be, its probable worth. To questions of this kind Mr. Hampden answered carlessly, that it had been valued in London at eight thousand guineas; but that, in fact, was a unique.—

Bursts of wonder how he could risk such a property by carrying it about him naturally followed but our hero coolly declared that he had no fears on that head, that he seldom took it from its safe repository, that he had only removed it to day, as he purposed attending the town-hall on the morrow evening, and that, after all he prized it more as a testimony of royal friends than as a thing of intrinsic value, however considerable it really was in that sordid point of view. The spring was now touched, and the lid ascended, as if moved by a gentle lever. Mr. Hampden had the kindness to hand it to Mr. Dobbes for inspection, and the following inscription on the inside was read by him, and all the guests at the table.

Presented
by his Majesty, Louis the First
King of Bavaria,
to George Hampden, Esq.
English-Man
in grateful consideration of his extraordinary service.
This token,
together with the sum of 20,000 florins,
(the same to be paid to him annually for ever,)
will remain to him and his posterity as a proof of the high esteem of his Majesty, and of his royal gratitude for the discovery of the inexhaustible Silver Mine of Kitzpuhl, the prosperous working of which commenced A. D. 1837, promises a revenue of incalculable magnitude to the Bavarian Throne.

Having amused themselves with the indifferent English in which the King of Bavaria had expressed himself, which however seemed to add a personal interest to the gift the company gathered from Mr. Hampden that the inscription was really composed by his Majesty himself, and, when the box was presented to him in full court, it was accompanied by a deed from the chancery, conveying to him and his heirs forever a well secured annuity of 20,000 florins, which indeed might be easily paid, since the Kitzpuhl had within the first three months, produced more pure silver than the Veta Madre of Guanxuato, the Real del Monte, the Balonas, the Dolores, the Gallega and Zacatecas, the richest mines in Mexico and Peru, had yielded altogether within the whole year. Mr. Hampden further explained that his tour and sojourn in Swansea were connected with the momentous subject and that from the experience he had now acquired he did not doubt but that his royal patron would be enabled to double or quadruple his immense resources by pur-

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