EASTON GAZETTE.

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

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AGRICULTURAL

TO FARMERS DAUGHTERS.

This morning I take advantage of a leisure hour, to make a few more remarks to the young ladies who take an interest in the AGRICULTURIST. In the last we were talking of the importance of gaining a practical knowledge of domestic duties, of every thing that can make us useful, that we may lighten the cares of those whom we are connected, and benefit ourselves at present as well as in after life. We have heard ladies regret that they had spent so much time in what was useless, to the utter neglect of what was useful to them in their capacities as Mistresses of households. Before marriage, this time was taken up in a round of amusements, and they had no opportunity to learn anything of the duties which afterwards devolved on them—they had no time to be useful—no time for domestic education. With such habits, the duties of domestic life are often burdensome and home, instead of being the seat of comfort, is often a place of misery. Some time since, I heard a lady say of her daughter, who was gay and fashionable, (in other words idle and of little use,) "she is young, let her enjoy herself while she can, she will have to give up her freedom and happiness, intimating she was soon to be married." A good writer has observed that domestic life is the gathering place of the deepest and purest affections, the "sphere of woman's enjoyments as well as her duties;" but when a girl is taught that it is the giving up of happiness and freedom, she is not well qualified to adorn it, to render it the resting place of her husband's heart.

If a girl receive no *home* education, because it is feared it will interrupt her happiness, and be burdensome to her; when she enters a home of her own, she is often at a loss about the simplest matters, and as to good and prudent management it is a study she is obliged to commence, instead of being able to practise it.

She has spent her life without care or trouble, and when cares come, and come they must, she is often rendered petulant, and unfit for a correct discharge of duty. I have no doubt that want of early discipline in the domestic school, is one cause of so many of our sex being called soure and spiteful. They cannot govern their families with ease and pleasure, because they have not been taught to govern themselves, and a consciousness of acting incorrectly at home, makes them uncomfortable abroad. They abuse others not from a consciousness of their own perfection, but from a sense of their own ill conduct. Observe those of your acquaintances who are the most amiable, and have the best directed households, and you find they are the persons who have the least slander for their neighbors.

I have known many girls, and some of them Farmer's Daughters too, who were ashamed to say they knew how to do any thing, as if it were honorable to be useless I have heard it boasted, "I put out the making of all my dresses. I never have knit a stocking in my life.—I can't make pantaloons for my brother or father." This may be considered vastly genteel by the proud and idle, but you do not often find a gentleman of good sense and proper feeling, preferring for his companion through life, a woman who boasts of her ignorance and uselessness. I want to tell you of a family I met with in a neighboring State.

The pressure of hard times deprived them of most of their living. The mother instead of doing every thing herself, put her daughters to business, not only to assist her, but to teach them they were in a world where work was the order of the day, and that those who would not work, would not have much to eat The girls rose early, prepared breakfast, arranged the table neatly, appeared at it in good order, and I thought I had never partaken of meals, where more good feeling and enjoyment appeared to prevail. This was not all, they took in sewing, engaged in every useful employment, and from a consciousness of doing their duty, they were cheerful and happy. Every one I heard speak of them, mentioned this example as worthy of all praise, and the gentlemen shewed, by choosing them for companions through life, how much they could be influenced by a prudent and correct course of conduct. Now I do not think it necessary that every young lady should so constantly exert herself, circumstances do not demand it, but I consider it proper that every one should learn something of the duties that will in after life devolve upon her, so that she may be able to perform them with ease, to perform them gracefully.—Such knowledge need not prevent the utmost extent of intellectual culture.—Some of you will think me a most unsentimental, unfashionable sort of a woman, when I advise you to learn how good bacon, vinegar, bread, butter, coffee, puddings, pickles pies, custards and every thing else good and relishable are made. You will have to learn some time, or do worse. Better early than late.

You will find a knowledge of these matters comfortable and useful, when you will give up music, dancing painting on velvet, and all other fashionable *man traps*. After a husband is caught, it is a great deal easier to keep him caged, by having good fires and good eatables for his benefit, than by dancing gracefully or singing soft love songs to him. They do very well beforehand, but he dont care about living on them *long*. He is very apt to want something more substantial, as he trudges down the *hill* of life. I would again advise you to acquire a knowledge of business, work with your own hands sometimes, even if it should tarnish their whiteness a little. A white soft hand may be much admired, but after it is given to a gentleman for life, he does not consider its beauty a very strong recommendation when he finds it has been kept for show and is of no use. I think a young lady should be able to scour a kettle & grace a diamond. Some years since I knew a number of girls in Kentucky who dressed themselves by making jeans, domestic, nice stockings, with other such matters, and exchanged for store goods. On Sundays when they shone out in the meeting house and singing school, in their bright yellow shoes, blue stockings, and scarlet dresses, why, there was no telling how fine they did feel—and how the young country beaux would wonder and admire, thinking all the time what good *helpmates* they would make on their little farms. These girls had some reason to be proud of their high colored habiliments, when they considered them the work of their own hands, their own honest industry and not wrung from the earnings of their hard working fathers and brothers. I have in the last few years seen ladies robed in velvet; whose husbands had robbed the fatherless and widow of bread, had broken up whole families of honest, industrious people, and made them homeless and houseless wanderers. As I looked on these richly dressed robes, I thought of the pure and simple happiness of the virgin girls of Kentucky, and could not but contrast the difference between them. But to return

Among other things let me tell you to learn how to make soap. I do not know that I should have thought of naming this, if my ignorance of soap making had not troubled me so exceedingly. At first I did not know, and depended on the old woman who lived with me to make it I went to her when the soap cag was almost empty and told her, we must have some as quick as possible. Why Lor, Miss, "now dont you see it a'ant the right time of the moon." I tried to persuade her that soap making and the moon were but very slightly connected, if the other part of the business were well conducted. It was however to no purpose. I had to wait till the "right time" came around before I could get any soap. After this, when I had the superintendance of a large family I was obliged to buy it by the barrel, because I did not well understand the manufacture of the article, and I was really ashamed that such extra expense was caused by my ignorance. Sometimes there was too much lime with the ashes, then not enough; sometimes it was too greasy and sometimes any thing but what it ought to be. I tell you my experience in the matter, so you may learn from your mothers *now* and not have the trouble of *learning*, when you ought to be making it As I have given you so long a talk on the subject, I will add a receipt I found a short time since in the Cultivator, Vol. 5, page 125. It may be of use to mothers next year if not to you. Mr Tomlinson, writing to Judge Buel, says 'his wife has no trouble about soap. The grease is put into a cask and strong lye added. During the year, as the fat increases more lye is put in and all occasionally stirred with a stick which is kept in it. By the time the cask is full, the soap is made, and ready for use. It is made hard by boiling and adding one quart of fine salt to three gallons of soap. It is put in a tub to cool, and the froth scraped off. It is afterwards melted to a boiling heat, and a little rosin or turpentine given which improves the quality."

No doubt you will think I have made a soapy digression and I really did not intend it myself. If it is tiresome, do not read it, but go on to something more useful. For fear you may be tired, I quit the subject. LUCY.

Tenn. Agriculturist.

INDIAN CORN.—Indian corn it is said, is the pride of American plants.—I believe that there is no arrable crop raised in our state that will yield so large net profit as that of Indian corn. Much has been said in regard to raising bread stuffs, and it has been intimated, that we must place our main reliance upon the wheat crop. Now I will not attempt to discourage the raising of wheat, nor should the rye crop be neglected by the farmer who has suitable soil; but still I believe that the Indian corn crop will yield twice as great nett profit, acre for acre, as any other kind of grain cultivated among us. But some will complain of our cold climate—this is all "moonshine," to complain of the climate. Experience proves that the corn crop is less liable to failure than any other kind of grain. The skilful farmer has little to fear. Choose the right kind of soil, the right situation, be careful in regard to the seed corn, cultivate and manure well, and not one year of fifty will the corn crop fail.

Some situations, as on low lands or near large bodies of inland waters, or near the margins of some rivers having a swift current corn may be very liable to be stricken by the frost. The observing farmer will be careful on this point and choose a situation where the least danger is to be apprehended. When planting, cover the corn to a considerable depth, (not too deep however,) so that if the frost strike in the spring, the root of the plant being protected by earth will recover. An aged farmer told me that his corn one year was killed to the ground twice by frost, and recovered, and that the same season his corn crop was the best he ever raised. It is well if we plant pretty early in the spring—the frost often presses rather closely upon us by 1st of September, and although it must require rather a severe frost to spoil a field of corn after the ear has come, "full in the milk," still it will prevent the ear from completely filling out.

But farmers may differ in opinion in regard to modes of practice in corn growing. Experiments should certainly be tried, always carefully noting the results. And by the way I will remark, that it is often necessary to try a series of experiments in order to demonstrate a single fact, and indeed often after a series of trials and much patient research, the truth in reality lies hidden—this proves the necessity of united effort.

Some farmers practice planting pumpkins and beans among corn. I think that if these appendages of the corn field are grown in another field, we shall gain more profit.

It has often been said, that where corn is grown a number of years in succession upon the same field, the same being manured each year, the crop will grow better and better. I am inclined to think that this mode of management is the best that we can adopt in our state of Maine. If we undertake to raise corn, our cold climate admonishes us that the soil must be generously treated, or our labour is spent in vain. Manure applied to the soil will continue to yield nutriment to plants growing upon the same quite a number of years. Say a farmer in the year 1838, applied a liberal quantity of manure to a certain field, for the purpose of growing corn, and continuing the said field in corn each year, applying annually a goodly quantity of manure we are right in supposing that the manure put upon the soil four or five years ago will aid the coming year in adding strength to the corn crop.

I have intimated that by adding annually a fresh supply of manure, the corn crop will grow better and better, and I will name one more circumstance which will help to sustain the method I have recommended. Who will doubt the propriety of thoroughly pulverizing the soil for a crop of corn. What can be more mellow than a field that has been kept in corn and thoroughly tilled and hoed for a number of years—with what ease will the roots of the tender plant penetrate into every part of a soil thus pulverized? I might also name one other circumstance, the superior ease and pleasure of cultivating soil thus mellow.—But some one will rise up and say this mode is not in accordance with a good or proper rotation of crops. But I ask him how it happened that he came to a knowledge of the fact. I intend to demonstrate that the contrary is true—at least I will make an effort and try the experiment.—

I am willing to acknowledge the importance of following closely a proper rotation of crops but I will never submit to an arbitrary system. To grow some kinds of crops a number of years successively on the same field is bad farming, but I cannot believe this is true of the corn crop—But another objection, concentrating too much manure upon a single field and robbing other parts of the farm—but every farmer may double his manure by artificial means, if he will search and scrape for materials; among other things, swamp muck properly managed, makes an excellent manure for corn. J. E. R.

Rumford, January 16, 1843.

P. S. By the following the mode I have recommended, manuring in the hill may be rendered unnecessary.—Maine Cultivator.

A Novel Occurrance.—A London paper remarks, that on last New Year's Day there was a sort of family reunion which may not occur again for many years.—The first day of the week, the first day of the month, the first day of the moon, all happening at the same time. When shall these three meet again on a New Year's day?

☞PUBLIC PRINTERS.—According to a statement given at Washington, Messrs. Blair and Rives, publishers of the Globe, have been paid for public printing since 1832, the enormous sum of $813,913.

From the United States Gazette

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Washington, Jan. 31, 1843.

My Beloved Arm Chair:

Here I am in this city of wonders; and if I were writing for the edification and amusement of the multitude, I should incontinently give an account of the political plans and counterplans, of which I have heard so much since my arrival, and tell you of the talking which I have heard in the two Houses, but I know that you feel anxious to learn of my own welfare, and especially how I FARED in my progress hither.

In the first place, then, things went A L'ORDINAIRE, until we reached Baltimore. There we broke loose from the immense mass that hung around the baggage, to secure their trunks, and turned towards the gates of the depot, to find a place where we might minister to our hunger, the regular hour of dinner having passed without any departure of appetite. I thought myself and mine truly fortunate, when a colored man guessed the state of our appetites, and most politely, though rather hurriedly, proffered to us the hospitalities of the "United States House." It was a good name, we accepted the omen, and were proceeding to the house, where, among other conveniences, which our rather voluable African guide offered, was 'a parlor for the lady if she needed.' But at the gate, another Ethiopian messenger assailed us on the other side, and assured us that 'Whitman's' was the house, dinner on the table, turkey, fish and desert, and two parlors.' We looked, and the woman kind looked, first on one side, and then on the other, sorry to disappoint either, but comforted that either alternative assured us of a good dinner.

While these agents were pulling us first one way, and then the other, but at the same time both concurring to get us 'over the way,' towards their respective houses, there was a loud shout of 'take care!' 'take care!' and lo! one of the rear cars, drawn by four spirited horses dashed right at us, as we were on the track, and hemmed in by the gate. On went the car, however, and we yielded to the pressure of the crowd, and the attraction of our sable friend; but I and mine were parted, and when the car had passed, I looked, and just as the black man was dragging me into 'Whitman's,' I discovered my companion just being towed into the 'United States,' a prize to the other 'long BLACK privateer.'

"All right," said my conductor, "all right, sir; we have agreed—you dine here, and the lady is to dine there."

I saw at once that the fellow was making the best of half a loaf, & I said to myself

"'Twill make the people stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware."

So I broke away from my conductor, and became a guest of the 'U. States,' and had a good dinner, but learned afterwards that just as good a dinner was eaten at 'Whitman's.'

I spoke of omens in the preceding part of this epistle, but the best omen that I had, was on our arrival at the depot in this city, after dark. The first voice that distinctly met my ear, was that of 'John Sergent'—one always pleasant, because given to truth and honesty.

Walking out rather early this morning, I was struck with the earnestness with which certain laborers were pulling down an old fence, and opening drains. They seemed to be under the guidance of an overseer, who was also an aid, as he plied head and shoulders in the work, transferring to his coat, hat, and pantaloons, the remainder whitewash of the boards, and a sample of earth removed from the drains.

When the job was finished, the principal laborer raised himself to depart. I looked closely at him—it was the President of the United States. Long may the head of the nation be a working man and long may he aid and assist the working men.

Half a dozen witticisms suggest themselves about the whitewash, the mud, &c. but none that would repay for the pleasure I had in seeing the Chief Magistrate of the nation thus imployed in what may be called his leisure hours. Mr. Tyler, I hear, is personally popular in Washington That has nothing to do with his executive duties as President—nothing to do with his Veto, or his Exchequer—but simply with his courteous bearing as a gentleman, his personal civilities, his liberality, as a christian man, and those other qualities which go to make a good name, without reference to political relations He yields to many whom he knows to be no friends, and suffers their hypocrisy to pass unrebuked. But he can afford that; he is on the full tide of prosperity—above all, and directing all; and what has he to fear? He may well pardon much. But will he be equally yielding, equally kind, equally charitable, when time shall have sent these crowds of suitors who flatter and obey him now, to some new holder of power, and dispenser of favors? Will he, when not comforted by the consciousness of *ability*, be equally yielding to those who may chance to stand in his light, as they do now? Perhaps not: though, perhaps, he will show as much true magnanimity as any one. But none are as pliable in the absence of power and favor, as when they possessed both; and, perhaps, the best hearts are those which grow a little crabbed from jealousy in their adversity.

You, "my dear arm chair," who spent much of your early life in the forest, among the trees, have seen much to illustrate my idea. When the oak is full of leaves, and the sap is plentiful in every branch, how readily it yields to the wind or to the weight of one who ascends its limbs. It seems proud to make its strength beautiful, by its accommodating pliability. But strip that tree of the glory of its foliage, dry up its sap by adverse heats, and every branch will be rigid and unyielding; and those who sported upon it in its greenness and pride, will find it now unelastic, rigid, and even hurtful.

But I have no time to moralise. Ever thine. THE EDITOR.

From the National Gazette.

DYSPEPSIA.

"BE MODERATE IN ALL THINGS."

There is perhaps at the present day no one word more common than Dyspepsia, and, in our language, none more difficult to define: it embraces so much, and particularises so little, that it is doubtful whether those who have never felt its force will be more enlightened until they are counted among the number of its victims. To *suffer* from dyspepsia is to experience many of the evils 'which flesh is heir to,' and to groan beneath the most irritating and insupportable anxieties of mental disease—the beautiful order of nature is inverted, and all that is good, lovely and virtuous, presents one picture of gloom—the mind is incapable of experiencing any emotion that is pleasant, and though comforted by that society which in healthy moments has been the balm of all sorrow, it is avoided as disagreeable, or rejected as obstrusive—solitude is sought, but that fails of calming the knowing of disease—and the dyspeptic, in a moment of despair, ends an existence the pleasures of which he has long since forgotten. Unfortunately, the sufferer too often after having been saturated with all kinds of medicine to no good purpose, is deserted by his attendants, branded as an hypochondriac, and consigned to the prey of his distempered imagination, and in this state of mind destroys himself.

If some of the avenues by which this hydra has crept into society could be discovered, and some certain rule by which its attacks might be warded off or expelled could be fixed, it would be of the greatest importance in protecting society from a disease which appears every year to become more prevalent. In the first place, there is no one circumstance which more forcibly impresses the foreigner than the immense quantity which is provided and consumed at our entertainments, when compared with what is customary in Europe. The feeling passes the bounds of astonishment and treads closely on disgust, when he sees old and young men going regularly through the several courses provided for even the most select and sociable tea party, and the quantity of provision is not exceeded by the variety taken into the stomach, and would be a matter of astonishment to any one who was not familiarized with the fact. It does not require argument to prove that all this is what nature can neither require nor for a long time support Her powers first flag in that organ which was first oppressed: the functions of others soon sympathise and become deranged, until the whole body at length sinks beneath a load of disease which nothing can relieve but an unqualified renouncement of all former gratifications of the palate, and the greatest attentions to the diet.

Medicine must to a certain extent be resorted to, though that will do little toward confirming the cure of itself, if the other more important points be neglected This indiscriminate and unlimited habit of excess is carried to the domestic circle, where infinitely more is consumed than nature either requires or is *willing* to receive. The only meal from which the stomach revolts is breakfast, and for the best of reasons—it has not recovered from the surfeit of the preceding night, and not until it has been relieved by an alkali of its acid, and braced by a tonic, is it again fit for digestion, and that but imperfectly performed. If we look around, it will be found that there is no class more thriving in business than those who provide for the gratification of our palates. The butchers are literally the *fattest* citizens of our city, and the increasing number of confectioners are proof of the excellence of that trade. This is evidence sufficient to convince any one of the fact which we believe, and those who are sceptical will perhaps find their doubts ill founded when it is too late. They will swell the butcher's baker's and confectioner's bill for the satisfaction of unnatural appetite, and lose both their health and money.

Among the first uncomfortable feeling I noticed by a *gourmand* is headache in the morning & heaviness in the afternoon: this continues for some time, the disease making slow though sure marches; & we may be assured that when the citadel is besieged, the victory of the enemy is not far off. A troop of blue-devils, commanded by ennui, enters in triumph, and before they can be driven from the post, there are feelings to be undergone which the dyspeptic, surrounded by pill boxes and bottles, can best describe. These are his weapons, and they are his chief companions. He will be found, indeed, a wreck of matter hovering over the fire, with every crevice in his chamber closed, his cap drawn over his head, his clothes loosely and negligently put on, counting over all the torments of mind and body to which he is subject I take such an instance, and his history follows:

"In the prime of youth and health, I was tempted by the ample provision of my friends to feast and surfeit on all the delicacies of each successive season. At first, I did not feel the slightest inconvenience, and would smile with indifference on the advice offered by those who thought themselves more knowing than myself. I knew that my powers of digestion were good, and could not believe but that I might eat as much of every thing as I wanted—and frequently a *little more*. I continued thus to indulge myself until I found that I wore my clothing too tight; though I managed to get rid of this inconvenience by unbuttoning or *unlacing* my under garments, this expedient did not last long, for I felt that in addition my mind was frequently confused, my feelings irritable, my sight impaired, and my cheeks flushed. The existence of *disease* was now so evident that I resorted to the apothecary's shop, &, on my own judgment, commenced with simples; though, at the same time, I was not wise enough either to be select in what I ate, or moderate in quantity. My morbid feelings still continuing, I applied to a physician, who, after hearing the details of my case, recommended some medicine, but particularly urged the necessity of my being very cautious as to what I ate: the one was easier to take than the other was to follow, and I regularly took the pills, but occasionally indulged in a feast, which only undid all the former accomplished. Finding my cure very tedious, I applied to a second, and third member of the faculty—paying as little attention as in the first instance to the stress laid upon *diet*. My last physician finding that I was constantly committing some excess, gave up my case as a lost one, and I now find myself in the situation you find me—in a state of despair. I read medical books, to discover some medicine suited to my case; and I await the arrival of the newspaper, hoping that it may reveal something to assist me.—There are remnants of every thing I have taken, and I feel that I am worse than when I began to use them.—I have every comfort at my command that man should enjoy, but reject all as only adding to my suffering, as they convince me of my situation. At one time my head is so much disordered that I am under the dread of an apoplexy; at another disturbed by apprehensions which must be ideal—they are too horrible for reality. My temper is soured; I am no comfort to myself and a torment to others: as such I am deserted by all. Would you avoid the pit of disease into which I have fallen, 'be moderate in all things.' My story is finished.'

There can be no good reason for dyspepsia being so prevalent in this country but the assigned one, viz. oppressing and positively wearing down the most important organ of the body, the centre of all nutrition. It were worse than idle to say that drinking water is the cause of the disease, for that would imply the necessity of taking something that is stronger.

No—the cause is, first, excess in diet—and, 2d, the indiscriminate and constant habit of taking medicine to relieve that excess.

Having as we believe, stated the main causes of the disease, it must be almost unnecessary to point out the remedy.—Were it considered vulgar to eat and drink in such quantity, the evil would be sooner remedied than in any other way we are acquainted with. While we imitate Europeans in so many matters of little consequence, why should we not follow their example in this. Such loads of refreshments as are untiringly offered to guests in this country, are never seen abroad Foreigners were black cravats to parties of an evening—so do we; they carry their hats into the drawing rooms; so do we; they do not go to a party until ten o'clock at night—and the fashion has been adopted in this country: but when they arrive at the host's house, they are not supposed to have had nothing to eat for a few preceding days, and that their only object in accepting the invitation has been to cram themselves with a good deal of every thing. Let European custom, so long as it is imitated, be followed up, by providing less, and delicacy will prevent every one from eating much.—Hosts and guests will be the gainers, and while the former save their money, the latter will enjoy good health; bad habits will not be formed, and there will be no reason for the domestic table to groan under a heavy load of meats. Occasional abstinence never cured dyspepsia, or excess destroys all that has been gained. It is only by not exposing ourselves to the cause, that we can generally escape the disease—when it is once contracted the only way to dislodge it is to be rigid in the extreme as to the quantity & quality of what is eaten, and to take no more medicine than is absolutely required: regular and moderate exercise are of great advantage, but above all, avoid three things—"friends' proscriptions," medical books" and "newspaper nostrums." C. M.

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