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THE SILK CULTURE.

From the Gannesse Farmer.

The culture and manufacture of silk in this country is assuming a deep interest. But it has attained in a very small degree the importance it is yet destined to acquire; and years must elapse, and the subject receive far greater attention, before the demand for silk goods in our own country alone, can be nearly supplied from domestic manufacture. But the fact that there is a gradual and constantly increasing attention to the subject, shows that it is advancing towards its place as an extensive and important branch of the American industry.

The history of the silk culture in this country, shows that the better it is understood, the more it is appreciated; and is full of encouragement to those who are engaging in the business. The first attempt in America was made in Virginia so early as the year 1623, but it was not carried on to any extent until after the middle of the last century. About that time, and for several years subsequently, it received considerable attention in the Southern States; the quantity manufactured, however continued small. Early attention was paid to its culture in Pennsylvania; in 1770, Susanna Wright, of Lancaster county, made a piece of matua of sixty yards in length of her own cocoons; in the same year, a filature was established at Philadelphia, and in 1771, 2306 lbs. was brought there to reel. The business declined during the Revolutionary war. In Connecticut the business was early commenced on a firm basis, and has since been constantly increasing. The white mulberry and the silk worm were first introduced into the town of Mansfield in Windham county, by Nathaniel Aspinwall in the year 1760, immediately after which an extensive nursery of the trees was planted by him in New Haven, and after wards disseminated throughout the state. In 1789 two hundred pounds of raw silk were made in the single town of Mansfield alone. In 1810, the value of the sewing silk, and the raw silk, made in the 3 counties of New London, Windham, and Tolland, was estimated by the United States Marshal at \$23,503; but the value of the domestic fabrics manufactured from the refuse silk, which may fairly be estimated at half that sum, was not taken into consideration. In 1825, the value of the silk and of the domestic fabrics manufactured in the county of Windham had doubled. During all this time, the only machines for making the sewing silk, were the common domestic large and small wheels; with better machinery sewing silk of a superior quality would have been made, and at less expense. Three burins of the families in Mansfield were engaged in raising silk, and made annually from 5 to 10, 20, and 50 pounds in a family, and one or two, each 100 lbs. in a season. In 1832, four or five tons of raw silk were grown there worth \$35,000; when manufactured into sewing silk this would be worth about \$90,000. Four or five of the adjacent towns each produced about as much as that town. About the same time, the quantity of silk raised in Windham and Tolland counties, was sufficient to give constant employment to 50 looms weaving five yards each per day, or in all about 75,000 yards per year. In our own state, the subject has not until recently received much attention; during the late war however, one individual, the late Samuel Childers, of Cayuga county, sold sewing silk of his own manufacture, to the amount of 600 dollars a year, raised from trees of the white mulberry introduced by himself at the first settlement of the country. A few years ago, at one establishment in Pennsylvania, (Economy) one hundred silk handkerchiefs, & an equal number of vest patterns, of superior quality to foreign articles, were made annually. In Massachusetts, Jonathan H. Cobb, of Dedham, commenced the culture of silk in 1823, and has since that time extended his operations so much as to be in the habit of bringing in to the Boston market, a American silk manufactured to the amount of one hundred dollars per week, the year round. His spinning machine, propelled by water power, is capable of preparing annually, 1600 lbs. of silk for the loom. In the same town there are a number of silk looms, as well as in several neighboring towns which are worked by hand, and in most instances by persons in their own abodes.

We have deemed it proper to exhibit this view of what has been done already, in order that those who are deterred from entering the business on account of supposed difficulties, may perceive that these difficulties have been surmounted by others with ease. The subject has indeed been supposed to be involved in much mystery, and a great deal has been written upon it. Many persons reading the elaborate articles which have been published, describing so minutely every process, are led to suppose the business intricate and difficult. To the inexperienced it must indeed be new, because it is different from most other pursuits, and has none similar to it to serve as a guide; but when once understood, it becomes quite simple, and is as easy as raising pigs and poultry. It is only necessary, during the short period of the existence of the worms, to supply them with shelter from the storms, cold, and wind,—and to feed them with proper food when hungry,—and there can be little danger of success. Many indeed have been entirely successful who have never had the advantage of seeing a single silk establishment and nearly all in this country have been mostly guided by their own experience. Yet in many respects, American articles thus produced have been found fully equal, and often superior, to foreign ones. In Economy, Pa. it has been several years since large quantities of silk have been manufactured into vestings, handkerchiefs, and other broad articles, which have been reeled, dyed, spun, woven and finished at that place; and in Dayton, Ohio, domestic silk handkerchiefs have been made of most excellent quality the product of the native mulberry, where the process of winding, reeling, doubling, twisting, &c. were performed by machinery, principally of the invention of the proprietor of the establishment. See *Mag* silk of all colors, is a very common article of manufacture in all parts of the country.

The following calculation of the labour attending and connected with the culture of silk, in Connecticut, is by John Fitch, Esq. of Mansfield, in that State.

One acre of full grown trees, set one and a half rods apart, will produce forty pounds of silk.

The labour may be estimated as follows:

For the three first weeks after the worms are hatched one woman who is acquainted with the business, or child, or drea who would be equal to such person.

For the next twelve or fourteen days, five hands, or what would be equal to five, if performed by children. This period finishes the worms.

For picking off the balls, and reeling the silk, it will require about the same amount of labor, for the same length of time, as the last mentioned period, which may be performed by women and children. The aforesaid labor and board may be estimated at eighty dollars, spinning the silk at thirty four dollars; 40 pounds of silk, at the lowest cash price, is now worth two hundred dollars; which makes the following result:

40 lbs. silk, at \$5 per pound,	\$200 00
Labor and board,	80 00
Spinning,	34 00
Nett profit per acre,	\$86 00

The principal part of the labor may be performed by women and children. But where the business is carried on to a considerable extent, it is considered more profitable to employ some men for the last period of the worms.

It is now believed by many, that instead of transplanting the trees in the orchard form, as in the above estimate, they are placed in rows about eight feet apart and two or three feet in the row, by proper care and culture, five times the amount may be raised from an acre. But even on the supposition in the above estimate, (which experiment has proved to be very moderate,) how can an acre of land be made to yield a greater profit?—If the richest towns in Connecticut produce annually seventy or eighty thousand dollars; why may not the more fertile regions further west do as much? *Childers* may make more from an acre of mulberry trees, than a man can make from an acre of wheat or corn.

Persistence and judgment are required for success in this, as well as in every branch of business; and those who engage in the work must be prepared for some disappointments at the commencement, for experience is always necessary in every undertaking. But difficulties will soon be overcome by practice.

Competition cannot effect it, except for the better; for the greater the number of cocoons produced, the greater will be the inducement for the erection of silk filatures and manufactories of the best construction, which will not only cheapen the labor, but increase materially the value by improving the quality of the articles. Nor can there be any danger of the market becoming soon overstocked, while ten or twelve millions of dollars worth are annually consumed in the U. States; besides which millions of dollars worth of raw silk are yearly imported in to France & England to supply the manufactory.

SLANDERER.

Against slander there is no defence. Hell cannot boast so foul a fiend, nor man deprecate so fell a foe. It stabs with a word—with a nod—with a shrug—with a look—with a smile. It is the pestilence walking in darkness—spreading contagion far and wide, which the most wary traveller cannot avoid; it is the heart searching dagger of the assassin; it is the poisoned arrow, whose wound is incurable, it is the mortal sting of the deadly adder—murder its employment, innocence its prey, and ruin its sport.

The man who breaks into my dwelling or meets me on the public road, and robs me of my property does me an injury. He stops me on the way to wealth, strips me of my hard earned saving, involves me into difficulty, and brings my family to penury and want. But he does me an injury which can be repaired. Industry and

economy may again bring me into circumstances of ease and affluence, and the smiles of gratitude may yet play upon the cheeks of my offspring, as they receive the small tokens of parental love.

The man who comes at the midnight hour and fires my dwelling, does me an injury. He burns my roof, my pillow, my raiment, my every shelter from the storm and the tempest. But he does me an injury that can be repaired. The storm may indeed beat upon me, and the chilling blasts assail me, but charity will receive me into her dwelling, will give me "food to eat and raiment to put on," will kindly assist me in raising a new roof over the ashes of the old, and I shall again sit by my fireside, and taste the sweets of friendship and of home.

But the man who circulates false reports concerning my character—who exposes every act of my life which can be represented to my disadvantage—who goes first to this, then to that neighbor, tell them he is very tender of my reputation, enjoins the strictest secrecy and then fills their ears with heresies and rumors, & what is worse leaves them to dwell upon the hints & suggestions of their own busy imagination—the man who in this way "filches from me my good name," does me an injury which neither industry, nor charity, nor time itself can repair. He has told his tale of slander to an uncharitable world. Some receive it as truth; others suspect that the half was not told them; and others dress what they have heard in the highest coloring, add to it the foul calumny of their own invention, and proclaims it in the corners of the streets, and upon the housetops. Should I prove myself innocent, and attempt to meet the scandal by contradiction, the story of my disgrace outstrips me, or my solicitude to contradict it, excites suspicion of guilt. Should the slanderer confess his crime, the blot is made, and his tears of repentance cannot wash it out. I might as well recall the winds, or quench the stars, as recall the tale of infamy, or wipe this foul stain from my character.

I attach a high value to the esteem and confidence of my fellow men. I cannot but wish, that while I live a mong them I may hold a place in their affections, and be treated with the respect which is due to my station. "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, or than precious ointment."

"Is the immediate jewel of the soul. The purest treasure mortal times afford."

Give me this, and I can face the frowns of fortune—can be pointed at as the child of poverty—& still know what it is to be happy. Take this away, and you strike a dagger to my soul—you render life itself a burden.

The frowns of a world, the finger of scorn, and the hiss of contempt, are more than man can endure.

Yet, dear as reputation is, "and in my soul's" just estimation prized above all price," it is not too dear, it is not too sacred for the slanderer to tarnish and destroy. He can take from me the confidence of my employers, the respect of my friends—can blast my reputation with his pestilential breath and feel not a pang of remorse. He glories in nothing so much as in the slaughter of character. He would blight the fairest flower in the garden of innocence, demolish the loftiest temple of human purity, and place his broad stamp of infamy on the holiest servant of the living God.

The slanderer has not a single pretext or excuse to palliate his offence. A desire of gain may urge some to the commission of crime. The incendiary and assassin may be excited by this base passion to perpetrate their deeds of darkness and of death. But the man that attacks me with slander has no hope of personal good; and if he robs me of my character he

"Robs me of that which not enriches him, But makes me poor indeed."

He gratifies the malice of heart, adds one more to the family of wretchedness and woe, and enjoys a secret pleasure—yes, even triumphs, as he reflects on the infamous achievement.

How base, how contemptible is the character of the slanderer! However various their motives, diversified the means which they take to accomplish their object, they are all the enemies of man.

"Some may perpetrate this iniquity with designs directly malicious; some from a busy, meddling disposition, always unsatisfied unless when interfering with the concerns of others, and some from a wish to be thought extensively acquainted with private history. But they are all characterized in Scripture by the significant names of evil

speakers, busy bodies, & tale bearers, and are considered there, and every where else, as the disturbers and pests of society.

What mischief may not be occasioned by the tongue of slander? What character is proof against poison? How are individuals, families, and neighborhoods, affected by its malignity? Better dwell amid the infections of a hospital, than move in an atmosphere contaminated by the breath of slander? Better meet an enemy on the field of battle, or fall into the hands of the ruthless savage, than to be overtaken by this "pestilence which walketh in darkness."

What does the Slanderer think of himself? Does he hope to be respected by men or approved of God? Let him ask his conscience, and if that is not already "seared as with a hot iron," it will tell him that the smiles, the flattery, and the politeness which he puts on when in the presence of those he slanders, are thinner than gauze. His real character is discerned by men and his whole heart is naked to the eye of Omniscience. Does he think that his is a small crime, and that he shall go unpunished? If there is a God in Heaven—if he has said "speak not evil one of another," "thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor," most assuredly the Slanderer will not go unpunished—verily he will have his reward. If there is a God in Heaven—if he has said, that "for every idle word that man shall speak they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment," may I, and you dear reader, be saved from the sentence which awaits that man whose tongue is the tongue of a Slanderer.

When the British army under Lord Cornwallis entered New Jersey, I was with a detachment of Col. Burke's Regiment and some riflemen at Haverstraw, on the banks of the Hudson, watching the movements of two 74 gun ships lying at Tappin Bay. On one occasion, several British boats were seen to take possession of some vessels near the western shore, containing flour. As they were approaching, ware of their prey, we paraded on the bank, and gave them such a warm reception, that they were glad to return.

Soon after Fort Lee was abandoned, we were ordered to join the main body of the army. This was in November; and we were two or three weeks on our march being obliged to take a circuitous route to avoid the enemy, through the whole breadth of the state. Much of the way we were employed in guarding stores, &c. among which were a quantity of leaden weights, for bullets, from windows in New York. We had frequently little skirmishes with British light-borne men, and also suffered greatly on our march from cold and hunger, as we had neither blankets nor provisions, our quartermaster having been taken prisoner, and our stores fallen into the enemy's hands. At night we were exposed to the snows and the open air, with fires kindled of rails, and were constantly harassed by the scouts of the enemy. The inhabitants also, who were many of them Tories, would often accost us on our retreat, crying, "Skammer you Yankee dogs, redcoats will have you!" This, from my own country men, was in deed cruel to bear. We however joined the army, to share with them still greater privations and dangers.

On the night of the 26th of December, 1776, the American army crossed the Delaware river in order to attack a body of Hessians, under Colonel Rawle quartered at Trenton. At daylight, on the morning of the 27th we entered the village.

The hail and rain which was then falling, rendered our expedition somewhat uncomfortable, but probably led the enemy to consider themselves more secure, as we were among them before they were scarcely aware of our approach.

General Mercer commanded the division to which I belonged, being the advance guard. General Washington was engaged in directing the manœuvres of the whole.

The striking of a musket ball in a post near me, while on the march, gave the first indication that we were discovered. This was immediately succeeded by the firing of the Hessians' cannon. To avoid these, we fled off from the main road to the right, attacked and immediately silenced them. Several of the enemy were left dead, and the remainder saved themselves by flight, leaving four brass field pieces in our hands. These we left, and hastened the pursuit. The Hessians having spent Christmas night in revelling were wholly unprepared for this unexpected attack, and made but little resistance. They were driven out of the road into an open field, and were endeavoring to retreat to a wood not far off; but Washington anticipating the attempt, had placed a body of troops in ambush to intercept them who suddenly arose, and the Hessians seeing no hope of escape surrendered on the spot.

It was said they had been taught, that if they were taken prisoners by the rebels they would be killed and eaten.—They

were conducted across the Delaware, and some of them appeared very much dejected. One young ensign, I observed weeping as he went. On being asked what was the matter, he replied, "The Hessian march in the mud to-day, to-morrow hang up." On being assured that he should not be injured, he appeared overjoyed, and exclaimed "Good good, officer." Several American were killed and wounded in the attack, and of the enemy.

When we returned through the village after the battle, I saw a Hessian soldier who had been wounded, hanging in a soldier's shop, by the sleeves of his shirt, and dead. Rather than fall alive into our hands he had put an end to his existence.

A young man of my acquaintance was severely wounded in the action with a bullet, and died two days afterwards. Five or six of us who knew him, dug a grave on the bank of the Delaware, laid a rough board on the bottom, and one on each side then placed the body between them—laid another board above, and covered him with the earth and left him. This was a mournful funeral to me,—but its impression was soon forgotten amid the more severe trials which followed.—*Buffalo Patriot.*

An interesting analysis of coffee was made by Mons. Cadet, apothecary in ordinary to the household of Napoleon, when Emperor; from which it appears, that the berries contain mucilage in abundance, much gallic acid, a resin, a concrete essential, some albumen, and a volatile aromatic principle, with a portion of lime, potash, charcoal, and iron. Roasting develops the soluble principles. Mocha coffee; is, of all kinds, the most aromatic and resinous. M Cadet advises that coffee be neither roasted nor infused till the day it be drunk, and that the roasting be moderate. Moseley, in his learned and ingenious treatise, states that "the chemical analysis of coffee evinces that it possesses a great portion of mildly bitter, and tightly astringent gummy and resinous extract, a considerable quantity of oil, a fixed salt, and a volatile salt. These are its medicinal constituent principles. The intention of torrefaction is not only to make it deliver those principles, and make them soluble in water, but to give it a property it does not possess in the natural state of the berry. By the action of fire, its leguminous taste, and aqueous part of its mucilage, are destroyed; its saline properties are created, and disengaged; and its oil is rendered empyreumatical. From thence arises the pungent smell and exhilarating flavor not found in its natural state."

The roasting of the berry to a proper degree, requires great nicety. If it be un done, its virtues will not be imparted, and in us it will load and oppress the stomach; if it be overdone, will yield a flat, burnt and bitter taste; its virtues will be destroyed, and in use it will heat the body, and act as an astringent. The closer it is confined at the time of roasting, and till used, the better will its volatile pungency, flavor and virtues be preserved.

The influence which coffee, judiciously prepared, imparts to the stomach, from its invigorating qualities, is strongly exemplified by the immediate effect produced on taking it when the stomach is overloaded or nauseated with surfeit, or debilitated by intemperance, or languid from inanition.

"In vertigo lethargy, catarrh, and all disorders of the head, from obstructions in the capillaries, long experience has proved it to be a powerful medicine; and in certain cases of apoplexy, it has been found serviceable even when given in clysters, where it has not been convenient to convey effects to the stomach. Mons. Malebranche restored a person from apoplexy by repeated clysters of coffee."

Dr Four relates an extraordinary instance of the effect of coffee in the gout; he says, Mons. Deveraux was attacked with the gout at twenty five years of age, and had it severely until he was upwards of fifty, with chalk stones in the joints of his hands and feet; he was recommended the use of coffee, which he adopted, and had no return of the gout.

A small cup or two of coffee, immediately after dinner, promotes digestion.

With a draught of water previously drunk according to the eastern custom, coffee is serviceable to those who are of a costive habit.

The generality of the English families make their coffee too weak, and use too much sugar, which often causes it to turn acid on the stomach. Almost every housekeeper has a peculiar method of making coffee; but it never can be excellent, unless it be made strong of the berry, any more than our English wines can be good, so long as we continue to form the principal of them on sugar and water.

Count Rumford says, "coffee may be too bitter—but it is impossible that it should ever be too fragrant. The very smell of it is reviving, and has often been found to be useful to sick persons, and to those who are afflicted with the head ache. In short, every thing proves that the volatile, aromatic matter, whatever it may be, that gives flavor to coffee, is what is most valuable in it, and should be preserved with the greatest care, and that, in estimating the strength or richness of that beverage, its fragrance should be much more attended, than either its bitterness or astringency. This aromatic substance

which is supposed to be an oil, is extremely volatile, and escapes into the air with great facility, as is observed by its filling the room with its fragrance, if suffered to remain uncovered, and at the same time losing much of its flavor."—*Philip's History of Vegetables.*

LIFE AN ALLEGORY.

It is now morning. Still and glassy lies the lake, with its green and dew-scented shores. Light mists hang around like a skiey view, and only reveals the uncertain outlines of woods and hills.—The warm vernal air is just stirring in the valleys, but has not yet ruffled the water's mirror. Turn the eye upward—the misty vault opens into the calm, clear heavens, over which there seems suffused a genial spirit's breath. Far distant on the horizon flash out the gilded and reddening peaks, and from yonder crown of snow, a sudden radiance announces the rising sun. Now in the east stream the golden rays through the soft blue vapour. The breeze freshens, and comes loaded with fragrance from the woods. A faint dark curl sweeps over the water; the mist rolls up, lifts itself above meadow and hill, and in gathering folds hangs light about the mountains. Away on the level lake, till it meets the sky, silvery gleams the sheeted wave, sprinkled with the changeful stars, as the ever rising breeze breaks it in ripples. Now the pennon, that hung loose around the mast, rises & fitfully floats. We spread the sail, and casting off from the shore, glide out with cheerful hearts on our voyage. Before us widens the lake, rock after rock receding back on either hand, and opening between, still bays, hung round with sparkling woods, or leading through green meadow vistas to the blue sunny hill.

It is now noon. In the middle of the lake speeds the bark over the light glancing waves. Dark opens down the clear path white toss the crests of foam—and as the sail stoops to the steady wind, swift flies the parted water round the prow, and rushing, pours in behind the stern. The distant shores glow bright in the sun, that alone in the heaven looks unveiled with vivify ing goodness over the earth. How high & how broad swells the sky! The agitated lake tosses like a wide field of snowy flowers—sweep of the long reining shores—hill gleaming over hill up to the shadowy mountains—and over these Alpine needles, shooting pearly white into the boundless azure—all lie still and happy under the ever smiling sun.

Now it is evening. The sun is sinking behind the dark mountains, and clouds scattered far in the east float soft in rosy light. The sun is now hidden, and strong & wide sweeps up its golden flame like the holy blaze of a funeral pile. The breeze slackens—the waves subside in slumber; and slowly the bark steers in its sheltering bay.—Long shadows which stretch from hill to valley—fall like dark curtains on the lake—and a solemn subdued serenity broods like a protecting spirit over the hushed and quiet earth. Only the far summits yet retain their brightness. Faint blushes stain the eternal snows, recalling the first dawning rose, like memory of early joys, in the tranquil moments of departing age. These, too, fade; but the evening star looks bright from the blue infinite, and like the herald of a better world, leads us safely to our haven.

Natural Curiosity.—While two sawyers in Messrs Gar & Horburgh's ship building yard, Dundee, were employed in cutting up an oak log into planks, they discovered a neatly built wren's nest, with an egg in it, firmly embedded in the heart of the wood, which situation, considering the age of the tree, it may have been occupying for a period of more than half a century.

IRISH PAPER.

LUCKY EDITOR.—By a letter from Wheeling, Va. we learn that the editor of the Lawrenceburgh Paladium, drew a prize of one thousand dollars, on the 14th inst. in the Petersburg, Va. Lottery. Surely, Dame Fortune, and ***** are determined to buy up all the editors.

INDIANA AMERICAN.

STEAMBOAT EXPLOSIONS.

We see in a Scotch paper the proceedings of a criminal court, before which the engineer of a steamer which had exploded was tried for "culpable homicide." Such investigations are much wanted in this country. There has very seldom happened a steamboat explosion which was not the consequence of very culpable neglect on the part of somebody. N. Y. Jour. Com.

COFFEE.

COFFEE.