

The Maryland Gazette.

ANNAPOLIS, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1830.

NO. 50.

GROUND PLASTER,
Of a Superior Quality for Sale by
DANIEL HART,
AGENT for F. & G. Barron's Plaster
A Mill, has on hand, and is constantly
keeping a constant supply of the above article. He
will sell on accommodating terms, and at the
lowest prices.
He has also on hand, as usual, a general
assortment of
GROCERIES.

Oct 14

DR. HULL'S TRUSS.

FOR the relief and cure of Hernia or Rupture. This Surgical Instrument is now so well known to the Medical Profession, and is extensively used by anfructuous Surgeons labouring under the disease of Hernia, that a particular account of its mechanical construction, or its surgical effects is thought unnecessary. The subjoined remarks from Physicians and Surgeons of high respectability in our country, are the results of much practical experience in the use and application of this truss.

James Thatcher, M. D. author of the Modern Practice, in his second edition, under the subject of Hernia, remarks "Dr. Hull is exclusively entitled to the credit of first adopting the true Surgical principle for the radical cure of Hernia. He happily conceived the idea that the pad of the Truss should be so constructed as simply to support the mesenteric fibres around the ring or aperture as much as possible, in the state in which they are maintained in perfect health. Unless this be attained the parts can never recover their natural tone, whatever may be the degree of pressure applied."

Samuel Ackerly, M. D. in his excellent edition of "Hooper's Medical Dictionary," under the head of "Truss," after enumerating the evils resulting from the use of the defective trusses formerly worn, says, "This evil was not fully remedied until Dr. Amos G. Hall, of New York, turned his attention to the subject, and by his improvement in the construction of trusses, has rendered it certain that all recent ruptures and those of children, may be permanently cured, and those of old people and of long standing, may, in many cases, also be remedied. The pad of Dr. Hull's Truss is concave and not convex; and hence the raised circular margin, by proper adaptation, presses upon the sides of the hernial opening, and tends to close the aperture and cure the hernia."

M. L. Knapp, M. D. late Physician and Surgeon to the Baltimore General Dispensary, in a communication to Doctor Hull, says, "I have applied your trusses in several hundred cases during the last three years. A great many upon whom I have applied your trusses, have been radically cured; and some of these trusses had failed. I send you a note of thanks from Mr. E. a citizen of great respectability, who was cured of a bulvernal rupture, of thirty-five years standing, by wearing one of your trusses for two years. He had worn other trusses twenty-nine years. His son, also, aged 16 years, ruptured from his infancy, was cured under my care in less than two years. A case of scrotal rupture, of twenty years standing, in a labouring man forty years old, was cured under my notice by one of your trusses in six months. A case of groin rupture, from lifting, in a labouring man, thirty years old, on whom I applied one of your trusses, the day after the injury, was cured in three months. Experience alone, can make known to the Surgeon the full powers and excellence of these instruments. Your trusses are exclusively preferred by the Professors in both of the Medical Schools in this city, and the Faculty in general."

Baltimore, January, 1830.
Valentine Mott, M. D. Professor of Surgery, says, "The great and signal benefits which are produced by this Truss, result from its strict subservience to, and accordance with Scientific and Surgical principles."

"The operation and effect of this Truss is directly the reverse of all Trusses heretofore in use, which being convex, tended to enlarge the dimensions of the rupture opening." "I am of opinion that the union of Surgical design & mechanical structure in this instrument render it what has long been the desideratum of Practical Surgeons in Europe and America."

Professor Mott also in lecturing upon Hernia, recommends Dr. Hull's Truss to the exclusion of all others.

Apply at the office of Dr. KNAPP, St. Fayette street, east of Monument Square, Baltimore.
March 11

THE STEAM BOAT



MARYLAND

HAS commenced the Season, and will pursue her Routes in the following manner:—Leave Easton every Wednesday and Saturday morning at 7 o'clock, and proceed to Cambridge, and thence to Annapolis, and thence to Baltimore, where she will arrive in the evening. Leave Baltimore, from the Tobacco Inspection Warehouse wharf, every Tuesday and Friday morning at 7 o'clock, and proceed to Annapolis, thence to Cambridge, if there should be any passengers on board for that place, and thence to Easton; or directly to Easton, if no passengers for Cambridge.

She will leave Baltimore every Monday morning at 6 o'clock for Chestertown, calling at the Corners wharf on Corlica creek, and returning from Chestertown to Baltimore the same day, calling at the wharf on Corlica creek.

All baggage, and Packages to be at the risk of the owners.
LEMOEL S. TAYLOR, Com.
April 6

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
JONAS GREEN,
Church Street, Annapolis.

PRICE—THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Kentucky Reporter.

Let no one mourn when I am dead,
My weary wanderings o'er
For then, at least, my aching head
Will throbb and think no more.

Let no one weep when I am dead,
For then my tears shall cease;
Rejoice on no restless bed,
I'll find a lasting peace.

Let no one grieve when I am dead,
Oh then, my grief how calm!
No more my heart, by anguish led,
Shall seek for friendship's balm.

Let them but say, "Her heart was kind,
Her spirit high and pure—
That 'tis the calm and patient mind
Not always can endure."

Let them but say—"Her weary feet,
At last, have ceased to roam;
Faint, with unrest, in Heaven she'll seek,
What earth denied—a home."

AUTUMNAL EMBLEMS.

By William Howitt.

THE THRISTLE DOWN.

Lightly soars the thistle down;
Lightly doth it float;
Lightly seeds of care are sown—
Little do we note.

Lightly floats the thistle down;
Far and wide it flies;
By the faintest zephyr blown
Through the smiling skies.

Watch life's thistles bud and blow,
Oh! 'tis pleasant folly!
But when all our paths are sown,
Then comes melancholy.

INTERESTING NARRATIVE.

In travelling through the Western States, I have heard and seen a few things which I have deemed worth recording. In another journal of this city, I have published some of them; the following if you think proper, I will thank you to insert in the Chronicle.

The individual whose story is given below, I met in the State of Indiana, and learned by mere accident, that his life had been somewhat peculiar. He at first refused to give me his history; and I had to use some address to overcome his obstinacy. It was with manifest repugnance that he entered upon the relation, pleaded haste, and finally left me unsatisfied as to some parts. Gentlemen present assured me that I had been particularly fortunate—that they had never known him so communicative on these subjects before, but that I might, in their opinion, place implicit reliance in his statements; as his character for veracity was fair. I will endeavour to give his narrative, as nearly as his own words, assisted by a few hasty notes, will enable me.

STORY OF GEORGE ASH.

My father, John Ash, was one of the earliest emigrants to Kentucky, and settled near Barlowtown, Nelson county, many miles from any other white settlement. In the month of March 1780, when I was about ten years of age, we were attacked by the Shawnee Indians, a part of the family were killed, the rest taken prisoners. We were separated from each other, and excepting a younger sister, who was taken by the same party that had me in possession, I saw none of my family for seventeen years. My sister was small; they carried her two or three days, but she cried and gave them trouble, and they tomahawked and scalped her, and left her lying on the ground. I was after this transferred from one family to another, several times, and treated harshly, and called "white dog;" till at length I was domesticated in a family, and considered a member of it. After this, my treatment was like that of other children of the tribe. The Shawnees, at this time, lived on the Big Miami, about twenty miles above Dayton. Here we continued until Gen. Clark came out and attacked us, and burnt our town. We then removed to St. Mary's and continued there some years. While here, Gen. St. Clair came out against us. Eight hundred and fifty warriors went out to meet him; and on their way, were joined by fifty Kickapoos. The two armies met about two hours before sunrise. When the Indians were within about half a mile of St. Clair, the spies came running back to inform us, and we stopped. We concluded to encamp; it was too late, they said to begin the fight. Gen. St. Clair fired the shot till the next day. Gen. Blue Jacket was our commander. After dark he called all the chiefs around him, to listen to what he had to say. "Our fathers," said he, "used to do as we now do—our spears used to fight other tribes—they could trust to their own strength and their numbers, but in this

conflict we have no such reliance—our power and our numbers bear no comparison to those of our enemies, and we can do nothing, unless assisted by our Great Father above. I pray now," continued Blue Jacket, raising his eyes to heaven, "that he will be with us to night, and (it was now snowing) that tomorrow he will cause the sun to shine out clear upon us, and we will take it as a token of good; and we shall conquer."

Blue Jacket appears to have been a priest as well as a warrior. Upon this point I intended to make some inquiries but had not an opportunity.

About an hour before day, orders were given for every man to be ready to march. On examination, it was found that three fires, or camps, consisting of fifty Potowattamies, had deserted. We marched till we got within eight miles of the fires of St. Clair. Then Gen. Blue Jacket began to talk and sing a hymn, as Indians sing hymns. (Here the narrator mentioned some ceremony that I did not well understand.) The fight commenced, and continued for an hour or more, when the Indians retreated. As they were leaving the ground, a Chief, by the name of Black Fish, ran in among them, and in a voice of thunder, asked them what they were doing, where they were going, and who had given them orders to retreat? This caused a halt, and he proceeded in a strain of the most impassioned eloquence to exhort them to courage and to deeds of daring; and concluded by saying, what the determinations of others might be, he knew not but for himself, his determination was to conquer or die. "You who are like-minded, follow me," and they raised the war whoop, which is "We conquer or die." The attack was most impetuous, and the carnage, for a few moments shocking. Many of the Indians threw away their guns leaping in among the Americans, and did the butchery with the tomahawk. In a few moments the Americans gave way; the Indians took possession of the camp and artillery, spiked the guns, and parties of Indians followed the retreating army many miles. Eleven hundred Americans were left dead on the field. The number of Indians killed, together with those who afterwards died of their wounds, amounted to nearly thirty-five. In this battle, a ball passed through the back of Ash's neck, and left a scar, which he showed me. He fell, and says his recollection returned while an Indian was carrying him away on his back. Many years after, he ascertained that he had a brother in St. Clair's army, who was killed in this battle. Who can say that he did not direct the ball that did the fatal work? for all who have seen Ash, will allow that he was not a man to be idle in battle.

After this battle, I started with eight others, an embassy to the Creek nation. Our object was to renew the friendly relations between that nation and our own tribe; and two of our number were regularly accredited ambassadors for that purpose. We made a visit of a year, and were successful in the objects of our mission. The nations north of the Ohio were desirous of strengthening themselves against the whites, by foreign alliances.

While we were absent, our tribe had a battle with the whites near Fort Hamilton. The American army was commanded, I think, by Gen. Bradley. After our return, Wayne came out against us with 800 men. We sent some to all nations to collect together warriors, and soon an army of 1500 men were on the field. We marched to meet Wayne when they lay at Fort Recovery. We took one of Wayne's spies in our march, a Chickasaw. He was taken to the Indian army, that he might give us some account of Wayne's movements, but the Indians were so enraged at him for his treachery, that they fell upon him in his narrative and killed him. Our army was then in great want of provisions. The Chickasaw Indians cut him up, roasted, and ate him. Near Fort Recovery, we met a party of the American army, and fought them without much success, and returned home. Wayne marched on the towns, and only 300 warriors could be mustered to meet him. We went out; however, and fought him in two battles, within three days of each other. The Indians were in effect conquered, and the Indians were in effect conquered, and the war ended. Gen. Blue Jacket, that winter, hoisted the flag of truce, and marched into Greenville, to treat with Wayne.

We are all familiarly acquainted with the history of these Indian wars, of the gallant and unfortunate St. Clair, and of the chivalrous and successful Wayne. This, for aught I know, is the first Indian account of these transactions that has appeared; and if it is correct, and I have abundant reason to think it is, it must go at least to diminish our credit of St. Clair, if it does not detract from the credit of Wayne. St. Clair suffered himself to be surprised by the Indians in their own territory, a fault which Washington never admitted of no excuse; besides, his army exceeded the enemy's in numbers. But when we take into consideration his ignorance of Indian warfare, and that he had to fight them in their own wilds, we must acknowledge the disparity was not very great. By their own showing, likewise, their ar-

my consisted of nearly a thousand men, and such men as are not easily conquered by any force, for their own motto was, "we conquer or die." Ash had now been with the Indians seventeen years; he had long since identified himself with them, spoke their language perfectly, and had almost forgotten his own; and had adopted their dress and their modes of life. His right ear is fixed in a peculiar manner for the purpose of wearing jewels. The edge of the ear, about a third of an inch deep, is cut off, except where the ear joins the head. This rim hangs down on the face, and serves as a kind of loop. The parting gristle of the nose is perforated there, likewise, a hole in his left ear. I made some enquiries as to his painting. He said he painted, and wore about a hundred dollars worth of silver in ornaments, when he visited the ladies. In his nose he wore three silver crosses, and seven half moons, valued from five to six dollars each. And as he proceeded to describe his decorations for excursions of gallantry, and the reception he met with, I could not but reflect upon the effect which ornaments have with the fair in all ages, and among all nations.

"After peace," he proceeded, "I told the Indians I wished to go to the white settlements, and see if any of my family were living. They at first made objections, but finally consented, and in full dress, with a good horse, a good gun, and a good hunting dog, I started for Fort Pitt. After travelling alone fourteen days in the wilderness, I arrived at my place of destination. I there found a brother, and learned that my father was still living in Kentucky. After staying some time at Fort Pitt, I was employed by a gentleman as a guide through the wilderness to Detroit. When we arrived in the neighbourhood of Detroit, I told my employer he might go on, and that I would spend the winter on the Indians with my wife. He called for me in the Spring, and we returned to Fort Pitt together. I here sold my horse, and proceeded down the Ohio river, in a boat, with the intention of visiting my father. I arrived at his house in the evening, called him up and requested entertainment for the night. He said he doubted each man a request to no man, who ever he might be, but evidently was not much pleased with my appearance, for I was still in my Indian dress, and could speak but a few words of English. He paid me but little attention, gave a servant to me orders about my lodging, and was about retiring to bed, when I drew him into conversation by asking him some questions about his family. I asked him if he had not a son George (many years before) taken by the Indians? He replied that he had, that he learned he was in St. Clair's army, and that he was killed. I assured him that the report was incorrect, and that I knew something of his son. He asked with eagerness where he was. I replied, he now stands before you. He looked at me with searching scrutiny for a few moments, and commenced making the room. He walked up and down the room for two hours before he uttered a syllable. "Would you know your brother Henry?" said he at last, "if you should see him?" I told him no, for he was a mere infant when I went away. He thought I should, and though late in the night, rode several miles to bring him."

In this part of the narrative, I perceived that Ash's eyes grew moist, and that his voice was husky. He rose to depart, but by some entreaty he was induced to return and conclude his tale.

"My father," said he had become wealthy, possessing negroes and fine horses in abundance, but my mother was dead, and my father had married a second wife, who was not backward in letting me know that was no place for me. I started again for the Indian country, crossed the Ohio, and pitched my camp on the spot where my house now stands on the bank of the Ohio, exactly opposite the mouth of the Kentucky. After hunting for some time I determined to make another visit to my red brethren, and a friend gave me a horse to ride. I found them preparing a deputation for their great father, the President, and nothing would do but that I should make one of the party. With a number of chiefs, I set out for Philadelphia, and after visiting the President and all the great people there, and by them no doubt thought a very good Indian, I returned to my old camp where I now live. As a compensation for my service in this mission, the Indians granted me a tract of land opposite the mouth of the Kentucky, four miles in length on the river, and one mile back. When the territory was ceded to the United States, the Indians neglected to reserve my grant. I had cultivated some parts of my land, and it was worth more than the government price. It was offered for sale, and I petitioned Congress to secure to me what was in fact my own. They denied me the request, but permitted me to purchase as much as I could at the government price. I had considered myself rich in lands, but poor in cash, and my self rich in lands, but poor in cash, and my domain was reduced to about two hundred acres. On this I have lived ever since—

and this completes the history of George Ash.

Ash is about six feet in height, of light complexion, with a fine blue eye, and in the days of his prime, might have exhibited all the symmetry and proportions of a well made Indian. He was really felt, and still cherishes, a strong prejudice in favour of Indian character and manners. Till the last fifteen years he generally wore his jewels and Indian ornaments. This perhaps contributed to the prejudice and suspicions which existed against him, during the late war, and before that time. Suspicions were entertained that he was in some way concerned with the Indians at the massacre of the Pigeon Roost; about that time a woman passed through the settlements, who had been scalped; and reported that Ash, in his Indian days, had done the deed. His neighbours, however, informed me, that these prejudices and suspicions have died away. Ash has long supported a fair character, is a member of a good Methodist church, and considered a good Christian. If the reader of this narrative finds as much satisfaction in the perusal, as I did in hearing it, I shall be amply compensated for my trouble.

LIMING LAND.

From the Village Record.

Supplement, Sep. 8, 1830.

Messrs. A & G. Miner—

Gentlemen—I own a small farm near this place, and for many years back there has been used on the same a ton and a half of Plaster of Paris yearly, and in my opinion for the last few years the plaster has done but little good to the crops. I have been informed that in Chester county the farmers here in a great measure give up the use of plaster and have taken to liming their lands, and that they have found it their interest to continue the liming. Liming has not been practised in this vicinity that I know of, and this fall or summer I proposed to my farmer to burn a kiln on the farm and try it on two or three fields, to which he agreed; but after enquiring amongst his neighbours, he told him he would do the job for him and an eight net more than half crops, we gave it up for the present. Now, Gentlemen, as you live in the neighbourhood of those who I suppose do put lime on their lands, and have a good opportunity of knowing the effects—I take the liberty of asking you to favour me with a line on the subject, and if you please, mention the usual quantity put on an acre, and at what time it is put out, spring or fall, or both—with any hints on the subject that may be useful to one who knows nothing about it—or if you would take the trouble to publish a piece in your paper on the subject of liming land, I would endeavour to have it re-printed in the Franklin Repository, which has a considerable circulation in our neighbourhood. If liming is useful at all, it might then become a public benefit to our farmers here, as they are generally well supplied with a great plenty of limestone and timber to burn it with. Yours attention will confer a favour on your most obedient servant,
DAVID MCLURE.

To David McLure, Esq.

P. M. SUPPLEMENT, Pa.

Sir, To your letter, wishing information in respect to the use of LIME, as a manure, by the Farmers of Chester county, I reply with pleasure; happy to impart any information that may be useful to any portion of my fellow citizens. LIME is used as a manure, extensively, in every part of Chester county, where it can be obtained. It is estimated that from five to eight hundred thousand bushels, are consumed, for that purpose yearly; and the beneficial effects of its free application, to all our soils is demonstrated, after an experience of more than thirty years, in the four-fold increased productivity of the land, and by the fact, the best and most prudent farmers; continue its use and in increased quantities.

A proper dressing of Lime per acre, is about forty bushels—a strong clay soil may receive double that quantity with advantage; the lighter loamy soils will be benefited by thirty bushels to an acre. My neighbour, ANZEN HOORES, one of the best farmers in this vicinity, put last year on two fields, 80 bushels to an acre. Within the Borough, I purchased, 6 years ago, 38 acres of land, 26 of which are arable; on the 26 acres, following the example and advice of experienced farmers, I put immediately 1300 bushels of Lime. This at the kiln, in the Valley, about six miles from home, cost 124 cents per bushel, the price of hauling added brought it to 172 cents. The effects have been perfectly satisfactory.

On the subject of the mode of application, it may be proper to say, that the Lime, as taken from the kiln, is placed in a heap convenient at once to the field and water, for the purpose of slacking, after which it is dropped on the land at suitable distances in heaps of about a bushel each, and then spread like manure. Experienced hands who can judge sufficiently well the quantity they distribute, often spread it from the tail of the cart.

On what crops, or in what state, the land

should be when lime can be best applied, there is less diversity of opinion than formerly. More and more, opinion is settling down, to that expressed by Mr. John Gheen an excellent farmer on the Brandywine. It is of less consequence what state your land is in than the main chance—that is—get on THE LIME TRUCK. As a top dressing for grass its salutary effects are admitted; but the most usual mode, and that which I should recommend; will be found in the custom here, connected with the most approved manner of farming, which I subjoin.

A farm of 100 acres of cleared land is divided into seven or eight fields, for the purpose of pursuing a judicious rotation of crops, which is deemed indispensable. A field of clover soil is carefully turned down, in the spring, as early as the frost will admit. On this field the dressing of lime is spread and well harrowed. Corn is then planted, taking care in laying out the furrows not to break the sod beneath. In preference to the plough, a horse harrow is here in general use, for dressing the corn, and the sod not broken at all, or not until the last dressing. As soon as the crop is ripe, the stalks are cut close to the ground and put up in shocks in the field to be husked at leisure; the stalks are hauled to the barn, and fed during the winter, to the cattle; much will be eaten, but the chief benefit I imagine is derived from their being trodden into the barn yard, or swept away, which other wise evaporates or washes away, and thus contributing to produce a large quantity of manure; the first object of every good farmer.

The next spring, while another clover field is managed in the same manner, the ground on which corn had grown is put in either oats or barley. When this crop is harvested, the ground is ploughed, and the chief manure of the barn yard drawn upon it. Twenty cart loads, for two horses is deemed a good dressing; and this quantity, you must be aware is only to be obtained by the best management. Spreading manure, ploughing a second time, sowing the wheat and applying six quarts of Timothy seed to the acre; and in the following March 6 quarts of Clover seed, are properly understood by you as well as by us. I may however, remark that nearly double the quantity of grass seed formerly used—is now sown, and with manifest advantage. Supposing eight fields on the farm, you will see that one will be in Corn; one in oats or Barley; one in Wheat, and five in grass, enabling the farmer to feed cattle for the market or to keep a dairy as may best suit his taste. The number of cattle kept, however, by increasing the quantity of manure, enables the farmer, by the aid of lime, rapidly to enrich his land while at the same time he increases its products and consequent profits.

As a caution, permit me to say; expect no magical effects from lime; it will not operate suddenly like Plaster of Paris; but be assured it will give body and strength and fertility to your lands; and a few years experience will convince you that lime as a manure, is in the highest degree valuable.

CHARLES MINER.

LORENZO DOW.—This anecdote is related of him as a well authenticated fact:—At the close of a religious meeting, he observed that he was inclined to Matrimony. If any lady of his congregation had similar inclinations she was requested to rise. A lady a little advanced in life, gave the required intimation. Lorenzo visited her—she became his wife, and shared her fortune with him.

TENDERNESS.—An elderly lady, residing at Margate, went into the market a few days ago, having made up her mind to buy a goose. There were but two in the market, both in the custody of a little cherry-cheeked lass from Brickington, who, to the surprise of her customer, positively refused to sell one without the other. Recollecting that a neighbour had also expressed a wish for one, the lady was without much difficulty, prevailed on to take both. When the bargain was concluded however, she thought proper to inquire of the vender why she had so peremptorily declined selling them separate.

"If you please my lady," was the naive answer, "my mother said as how the geese had lived together fifteen years, and it would be cruel to part them."

COMMONS TUCKER.—I remember well hearing this venerable man relate his receiving the first commission in our navy. He was at Marblehead, soon after his return from Cambridge, and at the time Washington was cutting wood before his father's door, when a gaily dressed officer rode down the street. It was in the dark of the evening, and the officer seeing Tucker, thus employed, rode up to him and asked him if he could inform him where the honourable Samuel Tucker resided. Tucker, astonished, answered him in the negative, saying there is no such man lives here; but he is no other Sam. Tucker in this town than myself. Immediately on hearing this the officer raised his beaver, bowing low, presented him his commission in the navy.