nary product;—it follows, that we are defective, in some material point;—it is possibly, in the *sort* that they excel us;—I have this year, tried three of their varieties—but will say nothing decisively, of them, until further experiment.

It is more probable, in the unnatural practice, of stripping the blades, and cutting the tops, before the grain is fully matured, hard, and firm—under this general practical error, much is lost: and the present season, from my own observation, and the candid acknowledgement of many, a sacrifice of 20 per cent. at least of the corn of Dorchester has been incurred, by this *fashionable operation*: this practice is considered essential to good economy;—and to be performed, at a *precise period* of the *sun* and *moon's places* in their respective orbits; and all, who are unfortunately in the *rear*, from accident, or design, are denounced as slothful farmers.

This force of prejudice, or, rather, this '*lex loci*' is one of the most insuperable impediments to agricultural improvement; and in no instance, perhaps, more pernicious, than in the practice, in question—that of fodder saving.

The vegetable leaves, or blades, are the lungs, or organs of respiration; and very analogous, in their functions, to those of the animal;—they serve to oxygenate the juices of the plant, and prepare them for nutritive secretion, which is effected by clusters of glands, at their base, or junction with the stock; thence to be transmitted through the system;—extirpate, or wound these organs, and their functions, necessarily cease, or, are impaired:—while green and succulent, nature designs them to perform their respective offices;—when withered, and dry, they are useless, as fodder; hence the practice is indefensible; and it is one of the most *unnatural*, *singular*, and *palpable errors*, that ever obtained *credit* and *currency* in agriculture; and I verily believe, it is one of the principal causes of our short crops: Moreover, the blades *above* the ear, continue, longer, fresh, and succulent, than those *below* it, hence, the clear inference,—as the designs of nature, are never *idle* and *superfluous*, that their physiological purpose is longer required;—and, the *stock* having already attained its full growth, at the time the practice commences, the *remaining purpose*, must, of necessity, be to elaborate the sap, for the nutriment of the *grain alone*.

If it be asked, '*what substitute* for this fodder?' the plain answer is to be found, *in a few acres of the grasses*, of which we are strangely deficient, at the present;—with less trouble, and less cost, these would, abundantly, supply us.

I am aware of the hazard incurred by an encounter with popular prejudices,—and by multiplied experiments with multiplied disappointments openly avowed—from a class of soi-disant prudentials, of whom it has been said *indocti stolidique et depugnare parati*'—to these I willingly concede the palm.

In regard to live stock, though much improved by the previous efforts of our institution, yet much remains to be done—a few stocks, carefully selected, well fed, and protected from the rigours of the winter, will be found most profitable.—The latter conditions are generally held unessential to that valuable animal, the hog, which is supposed to possess the rights of *ubiquity*, and of subsisting by its own faculties of enterprise--it may be true it is hardy & enterprising; & it is equally true, that the owner, who forces it to exercise these rights and there faculties, to the annoyance of others, is a moral as well as a legal agent of trespass—and to his own injury; did he supply from his own resources, food and protection to this useful animal, he would be greatly profited, and his *conscience* would approve the act.

The subject of manures and their peculiar fitness for different soils, would fill a volume. Upon this, I shall only remark, that *calcareous matter*, in all its combinations, with whatever acid, or derived from whatever source, is directly or indirectly an-essential constituents of all manures—and without it, all are, at least comparatively unavailing.—I cannot resist, on this subject, the impulse to pay a tribute of respect and acknowledgment to Mr. Edmund Ruffin, of Petersburg, Va. for his able essay on calcareous manures, the fruit of much labour and research—and too, for his 'Farmers's Register,' a monthly periodical devoted to the interests of agriculture and sustained by the best talent and experience of the state.

Upon the subject of calcareous manures, I could add but little useful—I may simply illustrate one of its modes of operation, by the analogy, in a chemical view, to the action of alkalies on oils, with which they make a *homogeneous* mass, miscible with water—so does lime with putrescent manures make with the soil, a *tertiary* compound, easy of solution, and well adapted for vegetable nutriment, when, without this intermediate substance, the mixture is merely mechanical, loose & destructible, by every shower or rivulet that may come in contact. Lime, too, is a constituent of the vegetable pabulum, though in proportions differing with the peculiarity of the plant, and like all other manures, it must be in state of solution, to be admitted through the very delicate absorbents into the vegetable system;—by its agency, the *soil*, the *manure*, and *itself* are placed in this condition.

I have witnessed with astonishment a very prevalent error' in favour of *half burning shells* for manure—it is too palpable to dwell upon the fact, that the more complete the calcination and consequent comminution of the particles, the greater space they will occupy, and the more efficient will be every particle in the space occupied, because more of its surface is exposed to action, if partially calcined, the space covered will not only be smaller, but it will contain much *inoperative* matter, & the remark that *in time* it will come into operation is not rational. We surely wish it *when applied*, to operate in the *shortest possible time*, with the *smallest possible quantity*, and with the *greatest possible effect*.

I have used the half decomposed shells of the old Indian deposites, twenty years ago, which appear not to have advanced in calcination, more than one per cent. at the present day—requiring *rateably* for the full attainment of my purpose, the fearful lapse of about two thousand years, and consequently a goodly share of the *king-becoming grace of patience*.' I confess, gentlemen, I would rather have an *earlier result*—*some* may prefer to *wait*, yet, '*omnia non pariter rerum omnibus apta*.'

In respect to the quantity of lime, fifty to one hundred and fifty bushels per acre, are upon the best authorities stated to be the *minimum* and *maximum*, that may be used to advantage—dependent, chiefly, I presume, on the quantity of putrescent matters with which it is to combine—somewhat analogous to the law of chemical equivalants.

I prefer lime to marl, in general, because it has more *indenty* in its composition, & consequently more of a *definite uniformormity* in its *action*. Marl is often found in a *gangue* of ferruginous salts and other substances, fatal to vegetable life, and it varies in its contents of the calcareous matter from five or ten to sixty per cent. or more, and considerably often in the same bed.

Of manures in general, we have unlimited resources: besides those of the regular farm yard, we have the surface soil of the forest, the bottom mud of marshes, branches and ponds—these require to be passed through the farm yard, to receive a portion of the saline offal—or to be heaped in the fall previous to their application, with lime or ashes to correct their acidity—the oxalic acid prevailing, it is generally believed, in the former, and the sulphuric in the three latter—and to allow time for their intimate incorporation and maturity; which method, be the *rationale*, right or wrong, the experience of many years has assured me, is essential to a good result.

Surface manuring, which is apparently at variance with every known relative principle, has some able advocates in experience; the adversary principles appear to be well established; yet the inferences drawn from them may possibly be fallacious; or others yet to be discovered may preponderate. It is a question of primary importance, to ascertain the facts in the case, which may enable us to adopt the true practice, and arrive at the true principles on which a correct theory may be settled.

This leads me finally, to remark upon the inveterate *antipathies* of many, to the *very name* of '*theory*,' and of 'books,' and agricultural '*science*.' Upon this subject I have before dwelt with much earnestness, in the full belief of the marvellous and pernicious prevalence of the sentiment.

I assume '*consensu omnium*,' 'that facts are essential to this, as well as to every art or science; a graphical history of facts records an preserves them from being lost or forgotten, and necessarily accumulates and virtually multiplies what is essential to the arts or sciences: Theory digests, arranges and makes inductions from the facts collected and preserved, and though the conclusions may be as various as the minds that draw them, and therefore cannot be all correct; yet they contain the various views and best judgement of *those* who are in the habit of reflecting and reasoning upon such subjects—and they present for the consideration of others, a comparative view of the various relations and inductions, of which the facts are susceptible. And thus they enable a very untutored mind form a *correct judgement* upon subjects which it could not have attained, without the assistance of books and the elucidations of science.

Of these advantages chemistry and geology afford well marked instances.

By '*chemistry*,' we learn the ultimate principles of bodies, and their several combinations; and, by a detection of those, which, in point of fact, are conductive to vegetable life, as well as those which are inimical to it, we are enabled to correct the one and supply the other, as interest may incline us,—and, often by the agency of foreign substances, cheap and easily obtained, to convert rancorous poisons into salutary nutriment. Sulphate of iron for instance, is a deadly poison to the vegetable system, the metal itself is innocent; chemistry teaches, that the acid having a stronger affinity for lime, than for iron,—by its addition, the poisonous compound is converted into sulphate of lime, or plaster of Paris, a valuable exciting manure, *leaving* its former base, the 'iron,' in its *unoffending metallic state:* innumerable instances might be adduced to the same effect.

The science of geology, for many practical purposes is useful to the 'farmer;' as chymistry teaches the *ultimate*, so does geology inform us of what may be termed the *proximate* principles of the earth: by geology we may learn the proportions of the four *primary* earths present in the soil; 'silicia,' 'lime,' alumina, and magnesia,—which, combined with animal and vegetable matters, constitute the '*soil:* & by their various proportions, make the various qualities which we daily witness.

A mode of geological analysis has been proposed by Professor Eaton, which I have found very convenient and simple; pursuing the course of *geological deposition* in *miniature*; that is, soils may be deposited from water, in a common tumbler; after a suitable preparation, so that the proportions of these earths may be ascertained; for which, he has given an excellent formula.

The advantages to be gained from these and other branches of '*science*,' notwithstanding the popular prejudices, are too obvious to need further remark: rest assured, that *self-conceit*, and vanity have much agency in the adversary sentiment; and, as in the *physical* man, so in the *moral* and *intellectual*, the more *inveterate*, the more *incurable* the affection.

If any feel disposed to the fatuity, he should arrest it in the *germ*; he should make the earliest efforts to resist the vicious *habit of his mind*; to such I would address myself in the emphatic language of St John 'sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto thee.'

From these views, it it is obvious, that '*books*,' as well as '*ploughshares*', are fit instruments of agriculture; and, that this *ancient, useful, and honorable* profession is based upon, and essentially connected with '*science*,' in the broadest import of the term, extending to all intricate plans and operations of the supreme *architec, of nature*, comprehended within the vast orbs of the *heavens*, and of the *earth*, they are all *directly or indirectly*, subservient to the great purposes of *agriculture*.

We have, then, it will be conceded, a learned prefession, as well as a useful art of which its votaries may boast. Yet as if to rebuke ingratitude to the great author *of all good*, we have in prospect, some *black* and *ominous clouds*: it is not my duty, if it were my will and power to *discuss* their *origin*, or *foretell* their *issue*. It would seem that not only the laws of the material world are working a deleterious revolution in our '*climate*'—but that nature herself had suffered a concussion, had lost her centre of gravity, and is *tottering on the eve of perdition*; and, that the whole machinery of the universe with the ingenious developements of the human faculties, the fruits of time and experience, in moral and political discipline for the social and individual happiness of man are in *immitent peril*.

But it is consistent with true philosophy, to dismiss those grave & solemn forebodings—and to exert the best faculties of mind and body to avert approaching evils, and *confide the issue to the great God of nature*.

'Who *knows*, but *He*?—whose hand the lightning forms,
Who heaves Old Ocean, and who wings the storms,
Pours fierce ambition in a Cæsar's mind,
Or turns young Ammon loose; to scourge mankind.'

COL, FINLEY'S ADDRESS.

A friend who was present and took notes, has favored us with the following graphic sketch of Col. E. L. FINLEY's Address at the great whig Meeting, at the Exchange, on Tuesday evening the 14th November. instant.—*Patriot.*

Colonel FINLEY commenced by stating that he did not rise for the purpose of tiring the meeting by a speech, or of recounting the suffering and oppression under which the merchants—the mechanics—the manufacturers— the farmers—and citizens of all classes, had been laboring from the misrule of the Government. He thought it would be importune; for, at this moment of general rejoicing at the *convalescence* of the great political patient (*our country*) from the nostrums of emphyrics:—when good sense had been called in as the attending physician, and the *quacks* who have so long been dosing it with their *kitchen prescriptions*, have been ordered from the bed side, it would only nauseate the patient and perhaps retard its recovery, to be reminded of the sufferings which had been endured.

He rose merely for the purpose of seconding the Resolutions which had been submitted to the meeting; and in moving, as he *then* did, for their adoption, he felt satisfied, that he only echoed the sentiments of every individual in that large assemblage.

Those Resolutions were responsive to the voice of gratulation and of triumph, which had been wafted to us from the great Empire State—*New York*. It had come o'er our ears, *not*" like the sweet South, breathing over a bank of violets;" but in the language of the "Albany Argus," the great organ of Mr. VAN BUREN in the State of New York, it had come to us "*like the sound of a great tempest sweeping over the land*," and (he would add) driving corruption and misrule into their *kitchen hiding places* (Great cheering.)

The same voice had went forth years upon years ago, from the gallant little State of Maryland, which had fought almost single handed, in the warfare between the Government and the People. It had lately been echoed from Maine, Vermont, Coneecticut, Rhode Island, New Jersey, Pennsylvania—and it has resounded far and wide amongst the hills and the vallies—the forest and the rivers of Kentucky, Ohio, Indianna, and Tennessee. Its sound had penetrated even the retirement of the' Hermitage,' and reverberated like thunder within the walls of '*Kinderhook*.' It was the "*voice of the People*." (Immense cheering.)

"The result of the late election in the east—the north and the west (said Col. FINLEY,) has satisfied me of the correctness of an opinion which I have long entertained and advocated, viz:—that the true and only *conservative* feature in our republican institusions, is the *good sense and moral feelings of the People*. 'Tis true, they are not always active and operative. They may be deluded for a time. They may be perverted for the moment by the designing arts of political demagogues. They may even be made subservient to and instrumental in the advancement of their dishonest views But the time *will* come, when oppression like a *nightmare* press so heavily, that even the slumbering Dutchmen—the old Knickerbockers of N. York—will awake, *as they have done*, from their long sleep and shout aloud—"Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle! to the Rescue." [Tremendous and long continued cheering.]

"*The People!!*—I like the name. It sounds to the ear of the Republican with peculiar harmony, for it embodies the idea of *sovereignty in the mass*, and that their *rulers* are their *servants*. The SOVEREIGN PEOPLE!!: not according to the interpretation of modern demagogues, who give *gold* to *themselves* and *shin plasters* to their masters; but according to the *definition* in the new Lexicography published in New York during the "*three days of November*," and entitled "THE DEMOCRACY OF NUMBERS. [Tremendous cheering.] This term "Democracy of Numbers," has been a favourite one, with the late and present incumbent of the Presidential chair. With them it has been a panacea for all evils. When a committee representing the impoverished and suffering merchants, traders and mechanics of New York, waited on General Jackson to solicit relief, they were told, that he was re-elected by the *People*:—that the course of his administration was sustained by the "Democracy of numbers"—that they had no right to trade on borrowed capital and ought to break; and that he would persist in his course 'tho' ruin should overwhelm them all. When a similar application was made to the present incumbent, who had pledged himself to "follow in the footsteps of his predecessor," he and his hireling prints, ridiculed the idea of "*a suffering People*," and talked of the "DEMOCRACY OF NUMBERS." Well, sir! they now have a *practical* exemplification of the *will* of the "DEMOCRACY OF NUMBERS," in the sound of the *ballot boxes* from all parts of the Union, and last—*the unkindest cut of all*—from the great state of New York. Will Mr. Van Buren and his adherants recognise that will? Will they accommodate their *practice* to their *precepts*? Will the President retrace his course? Will Mr. Wright, Mr. Cambreleng and Mr. Moore resign their trusts into the hands of their constituents, whose interests and opinions they have so long misrepresented? As professing democrats, will they acknowledge the right of *instruction*? Time will soon determine these questions. If in defiance of the manifestation of the people's wil', they *will* run *counter it*, they will find in that "Democracy of numbers," a fearful energy which once awakened, is difficult to be repressed.

"The People will suffer long, but there is a point at which endurance stops. The people may repose for a time upon the bosom, and be lulled to a forgetfulness of their rights by the blandishments of a meretricious political Delilah; and while slumbering in fancied security, be shorn of a portion of their strength.—But when they awake from their slumbers, and find themselves in the hands of the Philistines, they will like Sampson af old, apply their shoulders to the pillars of the temple of Corruption, and involve it and their oppressors in one ruin. (Long and continued cheering.)

"The President and his organs have been loud in their professions of regard for "*The people—The Sovereign people*," Let their conduct, *when brought to the test*, furnish a comentary on the sincerity of those professions. When the committee from the city of New York waited on Mr. Van Buren, and represented the sufferings of the people that they were on the eve of a general Bankruptcy, which would overwhelm all classes of the community, without the interposition of Congress and the Executive, and requested him to call a special session, they were dismissed with a courtly smile and with the assurance that the country was prosperous and happy, and that the public exigencies did not require that Congress should be convened, before the period of its annual assemblage. In two weeks thereafter, the storm which is foretold bursts, involving in its destruction, even the *Pet Banks*, the favorite depositories of the Government funds, & of the hard earnings which have been wrung from an abused and impoverished people. Then—when the wheels of the Administration were about to stop, and the salaries of the President and his countless tribe of office holders, were in jeopardy—then and not till then did the president order a special session of Congress to be convened. They met—Was any measure submitted to them, by the president for the relief of the People? No. The only measure proposed were for the relief of the Administration, and they were accompanied by the unblushing declaration from the organ of the Executive (the Globe) that the first duty of the Government was to take care of itself." Even the Pet Banks were put under the Ban of Executive Displeasure, and sentence of Divorce between them and the Government, went forth: Now, sir, I am not in favor of Divorces; but where parties cannot harmonize together, there are such things known to the Law as 'articles of separation:" and experience has shown that the People and the present administration do not live happy together, and as our sister cities have already signed the instrument, I propose to this large meeting, that "Articles of Separation" between the City of Baltimore and Martin Van Buren, be signed, sealed, and duly delivered, through our ballot boxes in October next. Are you in favor of the proposition?" (Aye. Aye, Aye, resounded from every part of the meeting with tremendous cheering.)

It is carried unanimously. Let the decree go forth

"*W*hom Public opinion hath put asunder,"

"Let no man join together."

After commenting for some time upon several other topics, Col. Finley concluded by alluding to the heart stirring song so popular amongst the adherents of Charles Stuart, the Pretender, during the Civil wars of Great Britian, the chorus of which was,

"Charlie is coming, oho! oho!
"Charlie is coming, oho!

He begged leave to paraphrase the chorus in a manner appropriate to the times, and asked the meeting to join him in shouting

"The People are coming, oho! oho!
"The People are coming, oho!

The people one and all did join in the chorus which was kept up with deafening noise for several minutes.

LITTLE PEOPLE.—The littler folks be the bigger they talk. You never seed a small man that didn't wear high-heeled boots, and a high crowned hat, and waan't ready to fight almost any one, to show he was a man, every inch of him.—Sam Slick.

"I'VE DONE THE STATE SOME SERVICE."—There is said to be but one quarter dollar of change in a certain little post town in Mississippi; and that has been borrowed so often to pay postages, that it is worn to a pistareen.—So much for Benton currency.

CHRONICLE.

CAMBRIDGE, MD.

SATURDAY MORNING, Dec. 9, 1837.

The Orphans Court of this county will sit on Tuesday 12th inst.

☞The obituary notice, received last week, signed L. will be attended to in our next.

An apology is due to the subscribers of the CHRONICLE, for its not appearing on last Saturday. We were so remiss and improvident, as to delay sending up to Baltimore for a supply of paper, until the week before 'we were out,' and our fate was like all others who procrastinate; we were disappointed in the first place in the boat, not returning until a week after her usual time, and in the second place, she brought no paper, so we had to pack off to Easton as soon as possible to obtain a supply. Then my patrons let this be a solemn warning to us all, not to procrastinate, "procrastination is the thief of time." Whatever undertaking we have to perform, let us enter upon it with zeal and energy. If farmers, we should have our manure spread—our ground broken up—our seed sown—our fences made—our wood hauled in and our pork killed in proper time. If merchants, we should always have a fresh supply of goods of the latest importations, and do every thing else which it is fit and proper that merchants should do in proper time; and in short, whatever may be our occupation or profession, we should 'take time by the forelock." At any rate this shall be our plan hereafter, and then we shall not be under the necessity of framing any more apologies to our subscribers.

FOR THE CHRONICLE.

I have read with a high degree of pleasure the Address of our talented and distinguished fellow citizen, Dr. JOSEPH E. MUSE, delivered before the Dorchester Agricultural Society, on the 2nd of November last, and since published in pamphlet form by the Society. It is an able and splendid production, worthy of its gifted author, and meriting eminently the exalted character it has received from every quarter.

The following extracts show what is thought of it abroad:

The 'Farmer & Gardener,' says of it:

"We have read with feelings of pleasure and pride, an Address of Dr. Joseph E. Muse.—To say that it is able, learned and eloquent, is to do it but half justice," &c.

The "Baltimore Chronicle," of the 30th ult. says:

"We hold Dr. Muse's Address to be most able, and highly interesting, and if properly studied and acted on, capable of exerting a very salutary influence on this great department of human employment which lies at the foundation of all the rest. As a practical farmer, who has been liberal in the expenditure of both time and means, in efforts to improve the existing system of agriculture, Dr. Muse has heretofore conferred signal benefits upon his fellow-countrymen, and with the most useful of these, we should not hesitate to rank the Address above mentioned."

The Baltimore American of the same date says:

"As a practical as well as scientific farmer, Dr. Muse is extensively known, and it is but justice to say that to him as much as to any other of her citizens, is Maryland indebted for valuable experiments on her soil and its capacities for cultivation.—With ample means and untiring zeal, this gentleman has for years persevered in testing practically the application of manures, and the introduction of new crops to supply the place of those for which, owing to circumstances the soil has become unfit."

The Baltimore Patriot says of it—

"Dr. Muse's Address is replete with information, facts and arguments, bearing upon the subject, of a highly interesting character; and we say again, that its wide circulation among the farmers and planters of our State, could not fail of greatly serving the cause of agriculture—a cause which the eloquent author has so much at heart, and for the propagation of which to its utmost practical results, he has lent signal aid, not merely by "trimming the midnight lamp," but by judicious and well directed experiment."

The fame of Dr. Muse, is the proudest ornament of Maryland. A profound scholar, versed in every branch of science, an accomplished gentleman, a pure philanthropist, his name belongs to his country, in whose service his noble faculties have so often been exerted.

AGRICOLA.

☞DIED, the other evening, a notorious lounger in a PRINTING OFFICE—a fellow who, in winter straddled right over the whole breadth of the fire-place, and in summer annoyed the workmen excessively by his senseless chatter and ridiculous questions. On the evening of his death, he had sat so long in the office, that the compositors on coming to their work the next morning, found his shadow sticking to the wall, where it has remained ever since.—Pulaski Sentinel.