Dr N. Hammond
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EASTON GAZETTE.

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

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AGRICULTURE AND DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

From the American Farmer.

THE OX AND THE HORSE.

Their value and economy for Pennsylvania Farming compared.

Buck's county, Pa. 28th March, 1825.

Mr. Skinner,

I have recently observed some remarks from correspondents in your paper respecting the comparative usefulness of horses and oxen. Although the subject may seem to be exhausted, I am not without hope of being able to add somewhat to the general stock of experience on this subject. In order to understand the relative value of animals of this nature, we have only to resort to actual calculation and such facts as will not be denied by any one who has the least *experience* on the subject.

In the first place, then, a pair of tolerably good work horses can be bought at five years old for $160—their lives may be averaged at ten years more, including diseases, accidents, &c.—the cost of keeping them, as our work horses in Pennsylvania are usually kept, will be for grain $1 20 per week, at the present price—the grain being ground, and used with cut straw, which is more economical than feeding whole grain: in addition to this grain, horses will eat about the same hay or grass that will sustain a pair of oxen—the latter food may therefore be estimated as common to both, and of equal expense. The cost of a pair of oxen four years old is $60, and they may be used five years without the least injury to their capacity for fattening—when, if the owner did not choose to make a profit in that way, he might sell them for $50. We have from these data the following results as to expense of the two animals.

EXPENSE OF HORSES.

1 pair of horses cost	$160
Interest on the same 10 years at 6 per cent, ...	96
Expense for grain, exclusive of cut straw & labor of feeding, at $1 20 per week, ...	624
	$880

EXPENSE OF OXEN.

1 pair cost	60
An additional pair for the last 5 years,	60
Interest on $60 for five years—and $70 for five years, . .	40
	160
Deduct for two pair sold at $50 each,	100
Total cost for ten years, . .	60
Balance in favour of the oxen, .	820
	$880

There are other considerations in favour of the ox, worthy of being taken into account: the harness of a pair of oxen, yoke and chain, costs about $4; that of a pair of horses about $20. The ox feeds through the summer on grass, and is ready for his labour in the morning as soon as his driver rises from his bed; but the horse must be allowed at least *one* hour in the morning to eat, which usually affords the driver an excuse for loitering *two*, during the most precious part of the day.

There is no kind of work on our farms, except dressing corn, which oxen may not be trained to perform as well as horses—also for hauling heavy loads short distances on the roads, they are equally as good, and much better for hauling logs; but the ox does not naturally endure heat as well as the horse; he seldom perspires, but habit will enable him to endure it for all necessary purposes. Nor does he naturally walk so fast—much may be done in breaking, to improve his walk. But my object is to examine him as he is usually found. Allowing then for the difference of his capacity to endure heat and for that of his speed, my experience is, that a pair of oxen will plough 1 1-2 acres while a pair of horses will plough 2 acres. This difference will be allowed by all experienced persons as a liberal estimate in favour of the horse. Now, if we suppose the same difference to exist in all other kinds of labour to which the ox is adapted, it will give the labour of the horse to that of the ox as 4 to 3—and according to the foregoing estimate, the expense of 3 horses for ten years, (their average life of useful labour,) will be, $1320

That of 4 oxen, ... 120

General balance in favour of oxen $1200

It must be admitted, however, that there are many purposes to which the ox is not adapted: such as going on distant journies with despatch, the carriage, gig and saddle, to which that of dressing corn must be added. No farmer can therefore dispense with all his horses; but it is bad economy to keep a single labouring horse more than is necessary for those purposes which the ox is not adapted for—and when the number of horses which must be thus occasionally employed, is sufficient to perform, at their intervals of leisure, all the other business of the farm, it would be bad economy to keep oxen; for it costs very little, if any more, to keep horses constantly at work, than it does to keep them in idleness. A horse, though a noble, is an expensive animal, and the high state of his domestication has given him a constitution liable to innumerable diseases, (not found among animals more in a state of nature) which increases the expense of his maintenance. He is also, from his spirit, more easily spoiled than the ox. A late writer in your paper, who observed that the ox was not as true to the draught as the horse, could not have had any general experience on the subject; for all who have long used both animals know that the fact is quite the reverse. The present is a period when it behoves farmers to practice the most rigid economy. I think there cannot be a doubt, that the introduction of oxen as a substitute for working horses, would greatly improve our agricultural economy—but as this cannot be done very generally upon small plantations, some other substitute must be found, or we must endure the inconvenience. This, I am persuaded, may be done most effectually by the introduction of mules. This animal, except for the saddle and pleasure carriage, will perform all the service of the horse, at about one third of the expense. But I am sure you must have a distaste for long essays, and will forbear enlarging on this branch of economy at present.

Yours, COLUMELLA.

IMPORTANT TO FARMERS.

We have hitherto omitted to notice a labour-saving machine which has been exhibited in the capitol for several weeks, and which we deem highly useful to the agricultural interests of the State. The inventor and proprietor is Mr. Samuel Fowks, of Catskill. It is adapted to the shelling and grinding of corn and other coarse grain, cutting of straw, cleaning clover seed, hulling buckwheat, smutting of wheat, and cleaning all kinds of grain, all which it effects with great dispatch. It will grind a bushel of corn in forty minutes. The machine is not as large as the common fanning mills in general use. It costs about $60, and is not liable to get out of repair. Many of our most experienced agriculturalists pronounce the invention one of the most important that has been brought forth for many years. We understand the enterprising inventor has gone to New York to exhibit his machine, and we hope he will meet with ample encouragement.—*Albany Daily Adv.*

THE BATTLE OF BRANDYWINE.

The description below is by the author of the "Battle of Trenton," extracted from a work, which, judging from those selections, may perhaps be deemed more worthy of perusal than it has hitherto been considered.

[*Boston Spectator.*

The battle of Brandywine was fought on the 11th of September, 1777; and lasted all the day long. It was a bloody affair to us, and had well-nigh been fatal to Greene and Sullivan.

We had been in the saddle about four hours, under the intrepid Pulaski, who, with his own hand, examined our points, pistols, and other furniture, as if assured that the struggle would be a deadly and long continued one. The day was one of the most beautiful that ever broke over the earth. We were about half a mile from the main body ranged along a green slope, facing the west; our horses, in number about four hundred, standing as patiently as so many marble creatures—until just as the eastern sky began to redden and undulate; and cloud after cloud to roll up, and heave, like a great curtain upon the wind; and the whole heaven seemed discharging all its beauty and brightness upon one spot—I happened to turn about and saw the tall Pole bareheaded, tilting his horse, like some warlike presence come up out of the solid earth, to worship upon the very summit of the hill, behind us; it might be—for the noble carriage of the man, the martial bearing of the soldier, would permit either interpretation—it might be, in the awful employment of devotion—or—in the more earthward one, of martial observation.—But, suddenly, he reined up his charger, shook the heavy dew from his horseman's cap—replaced it, and leaped headlong down the hill, just as a bright flash passed away on the horison, followed by a loud report; and the next moment a part of our ranks were covered with dust and turf thrown up by a canon-ball that struck within a hundred yards of the place he had just left. Our horses pricked up their ears at the sound; and all at once, as if a hundred trumpets were playing in the wind, came the enemy in his advance.

Pulaski unsheathed his sword—called out a select body, and set off at a full gallop to a more distant elevation, where he saw the enemy advancing in two columns; one under Knyphausen, which moved in tremendous steadiness, like a dark solid mass, in a direction towards Maxwell; the other, under Cornwallis, which seemed to threaten the right flank of our main body. Intelligence was immediately sent Washington, and reinforcements called in, from the house that we had left.

We kept our position, awaiting for a whole hour the sound of conflict; at last a heavy volley rattled along the sky—a few moments passed and then another followed, like a storm of iron upon drum heads. The whole air rung with it; another, and another followed, and then gradually increasing in loudness, and loudness, came peal after peal upon us, till it resembled one continual clap of thunder, rolling about under an illuminated vapour.

But Pulaski, with all his impetuosity, was a general; and knew his duty too well to hazard any movement till we should be able to see with certainty the operation of the enemy in the vapour below. Meanwhile, several little parties that we had sent out, came in, one after the other, in full gallop, with the intelligence, that Knyphausen had broken down upon Maxwell in magnificent style—been beaten back again; but, that he had finally prevailed, and that Maxwell had retreated across the river. A thin vapour now rose from the green earth below us, and completely covered the enemy from our view. It was no longer possible to follow him, except by the sound of his tread, which we could feel in the solid earth, jarring ourselves and our horses; and now and then a quick glimmering in the mist, as some standard was raised above it—some weapon flourished, or some musket shot through it—like a rocket.

About an hour after, a horseman dashed through the smoke, on the very verge of the horizon—and after scouring the fields for a whole mile, within view, communicated with two or three others, who set off in different directions—one to us, with orders to hurry down to the ford, where the commander-in-chief was determined to fall upon Knyphausen with all his power, before Cornwallis could come to his aid.

It was a noble but hazardous game: And Pulaski, whose war horse literally thundered and lightened along the broken and stony precipice, by which we descended, kept his eyes warily to the right, as if not quite certain that the order would not be countermanded.

We soon fell in with Greene, who was posting, all on fire, to give Knyphausen battle; and, the next moment, saw Sullivan in full march, over a distant hill, (upon which the morning sun broke out just then, as if leaving the heavens for a while,) to the enemy's flank.

This arrangement would have been fatal to Knyphausen; but unluckily there was a stop put to it almost in the very moment when we were ready to fall upon him, man and horse, by the alarming intelligence, that Cornwallis had moved off to another quarter.—There was a moment of irresolution—doubt. It was the death of us. Greene was recalled; and Sullivan commanded to halt. Hardly had this happened, and our horses were covered with sweat and froth—fretting like chained tigers upon the bit; our men covered with dust, and blinded with the wind and sun—for it was extremely hot and sultry—when a heavy cannonade was heard on our right flank; and Greene, whose division we had been attached to, was put in motion for the support of Sullivan, whom we had left some hours before. The truth now broke upon us like a thunder clap. The enemy had passed, concentrated, (as we supposed,) and fallen upon our right. I never shall forget Greene's countenance, when the news came; he was in the road side, upon a very steep bank—but we wheeled where he was dashed down the bank—his face white as the bleached marble—and calling to us, to gallop forward, with such a tremendous impulse that they marched four miles in forty minutes; we held on our way, in a cloud of dust, and met Sullivan, all in disorder, nearly a mile from the field, retreating, step by step, at the head of his men, and shouting himself hoarse—covered with blood & sweat; and striving, in vain, to bring them to a stand—while Cornwallis was pouring in upon him an incessant volley.

Pulaski dashed out to the right, over the broken fences; and there stood awhile, upright in his stirrups, reconnoitering—while the enemy, who appeared by the smoke and dust that rolled before them, in the wind, to be much nearer than they really were, redoubled their efforts: but, at last, he saw a favourable opportunity. The column wheeled—the wind swept athwart their van, revealing them, like a battalion of spirits, breathing fire and smoke: he gave the signal—Archibald repeated it—Arthur—and myself. In three minutes, we were ready for the word; and, when Pulaski, shouting in a voice that thrilled through & through us, struck spurs to his charger, it was half a minute—so fierce and terrible was *his* charge—before we were able to come up with him. What could he mean! gracious heaven! my hand, convulsively, like that of a drowning man, reined up for a moment—when I saw that we were galloping straight forward, into a field of bayonets—yet he was the first man! and who would not have followed him? we did follow him, and with such a hurricane of fire and steel, that, when we wheeled, our whole path lay broad and open before us, with a wall of fire upon the right hand and the left—but not a bayonet nor a blade in front, except what were under the hoofs of our horses. My blood rushes now, like a flash of fire, through my forehead, when I recall the devastation that we had made—almost to the very heart of the enemy's column. But Pulaski—he, who afterwards rode in their entrenchments, on horseback, sword in hand, was accustomed to it; and, having broken over them once—aware of his peril, if he should give them time to awake from their consternation, he wheeled in a blaze of fire, with the intention of returning, through a wall of death, more perilous than that which shut in the children of Israel, upon the Red sea—but no! the walls had rolled in upon us, and we were left no choice, but to continue as we had begun. The undaunted Pole rioted in the excess of joy; I remember how he passed me, again and again, reeking with blood—riding, absolutely, upon the very bayonets of the enemy; and, at last, as they pressed upon him—and horseman after horseman fell from our saddles—when we were all faint and feeble, and even Archibald was fighting on foot, over his beautiful mare, with Arthur battleing over his head, we heard the cry of *succour! succour!* and felt the enemy give way—heave, this way and that, and finally concentrate beyond us; "Once more!" cried Pulaski, "*once more!*" and away we went again, breaking in upon them, as they were forming; and trampling down whole platoons in the charge, before a man could plant his bayonet, or bring his piece to an aim: and the next moment, we were scouring over the ground, where I could see Archibald and Arthur battling it, with four or five of the enemy's horse; but our aspect, as we came thundering round upon them, proved sufficient. They took to their heels, and we brought them both off, unwounded—unhurt.

It was getting dark now, but the hour was that of sunset; when, in this climate, the sky is like a mass of coloured vapour floating over a bath. Greene was forming in our rear, with that fearful calmness which boded a terrible time, always, to him that ventured upon it. The ground was favorable to him; and the half hour that the enemy lost by our charge, a mere handful, into his solid column, was of inconceivable benefit to Greene; for his men were literally out of breath, and ready to drop down at the first onset. But that half hour gave them an opportunity to see their commander's face, and hear his voice: and, from that moment, they would have stood their ground, though the heavens had rained fire upon them.

I have been in many a battle—many a one that made my hair stiffen afterwards in my sleep, when I dreamt of it—but never in one where the carnage was so dreadful—the rush of blood and fire so incessant, as that which followed the arrival of Greene: we were unable to strike a blow. The enemy imagining us, no doubt, to be much more formidable than we were, had edged in all his exposed points, by a rank of men, kneeling with planted bayonets; and, though we rode upon them again and again, discharging our pistols in their faces—yet not one of them shut his eyes, or fired a shot—but, where he knelt he died; and his place was immediately filled by another as resolute, so that we could not—the thing was impossible—repeat the blow that we had given.

But one thing happened, within my own sight and hearing, that nearly brought me to the ground, in terror and helplessness. Two horsemen had set upon me; and, while I was doing my best to return their visit, I saw they were only a part of a squadron, whom we had not seen before, or who had but just been brought into action; and that several were upon Archibald, who, while I was looking upon him, reeled in the saddle, and took a blow, I thought, that cleft his head—for his bear-skin cap flew, and his horse broke from the encounter, and dashed off to the right; I followed, and soon came in contact with Weedon's Virginia brigade, which soon relieved me from all apprehensions on my own account; for the enemy fell before them, rank after rank, like flax in the blaze; they were supported by a body of the Pennsylvania militia, near the head of whom, I saw La Fayette; the reins all loose—wounded in the arm—his scarf shot away, and streaming in the wind—yet showing the same unaltered front; and leading the raw militia up to the very eyes of the enemy, while a sheet of fire scorched their faces.

[The narrative then relates the discovery of his wounded brother, and the conversation that passed between them, during which the battle had closed, and the two armies moved away.]

We crossed the river, and moved up toward Swede's ford; while Sir William Howe, who seemed to be satisfied whenever he fought us, without being beaten, and was never prepared to follow up any advantage, halted three days upon the field of battle, to contemplate the havoc that had been made; while our cause was never in greater danger. We had lost nearly twelve hundred men, and ten brass field pieces.

ANECDOTE OF GEN. JACKSON.

When the British fleet arrived off New Orleans, in December 1814, previous to Packenham's landing his army, the Admiral of the fleet sent his compliments to Gen. Jackson, and informed him that he (the Admiral) would do himself the honor of eating his Christmas dinner in New Orleans. "May be so," replied old Hickory; "but I shall do myself the honor of presiding at the table."

From the Barnstable Gazette.

THE VOYAGE.

The following narrative possesses the interesting quality of truth; and the captain of whom we speak is a personal acquaintance of ours now living, as well as a majority of the crew, all of whom are inhabitants of this Cape, and can vouch for the authenticity of the history which we shall attempt to relate without exaggeration.

It was during the last war, in the year 1815, when our enterprising seamen were in the practice of purchasing *British licences* to carry Yankee notions to foreign ports, unharmed by their cruisers, that Capt. H—— availed himself of a bargain of this kind, to keep himself from the rust of idleness. The vessel which he had provided for his purposes was one of those queer rigged non-descript things called a yacht, formerly owned by the British, and which had seen much and severe service. Age had weakened her joints, and the barnacles found an undisturbed resting place on her bottom, where they quietly reposed side by side, untroubled by the rude visits of the scraper. Taking advantage of a fair wind—for she would sail with no other—he, amidst the jokes of his fellow captives, commenced his voyage for Bermuda. It was a deadening sight to observe her creeping and squeaking over the waves, complaining with her timbers, like a man afflicted with the gout.

A fair wind however, carried them to the latitude of Bermuda, though the captain found that he was to the leeward of his port of destination, and he was under the necessity of beating his vessel there against a head wind, a thing by no means so easily done as said. Having tried this manœuvre for three weeks, he ascertained that he was still farther from that island, than when he arrived in its latitude; for his *craft* like a man in a fit of intoxication, although she looked strenuously in one direction, yet, Paddy fashion, *advanced backwards* from the point towards which she was aiming at. Finding it in vain to attempt reaching Bermuda with a head wind, and being out of patience with the length and fatigue of the voyage, he was on the point of bearing away for the West Indies, when one morning he discovered, close hauled to the wind, a vessel at his stern which looked rather rakish, or, in common parlance, like an armed vessel—to attempt escaping if he wished it, was in vain. It was mortifying to observe the comparative speed of the stranger, as in naval pride she boomed lightly over the waves, tossing off the spray from her dark sides, as the war horse flings the foam from the bit—a few moments exhibited the ports of a ship of some force, and soon the bugle of the marines was heard above the roar of the waters; the glancing of sabres and muskets was flashed from the deck, and without hesitation the stranger ranged alongside, and the boarding officer ascertained the character of the vessel, and her disabilities for the voyage she had undertaken. The *notions* and commodities of the vessel, consisting of provisions, etc. attracted the eye of the officer, and as the countries were then at war, he proceeded *to help himself to squash*, knocking open the butter kegs and beef barrels as though he felt himself perfectly at home. The captain of the yacht, with the assistance of a beard of three weeks growth, had something almost ferocious in his appearance, yet his ferocity was wholly exterior, and he was in fact a lover of fun. As he presented himself on deck, and discovered the proceedings of the officer, he addressed him in a harsh tone, inquiring what he was about; the officer informed him that his vessel was a lawful prize to his majesty's packet then bound to Bermuda, and he was now reaping the benefit of his capture. The Yankee however, forbade him from meddling with his property, and deliberately drew forth his pencil, enumerating the articles taken out with scrupulous nicety.—Still the officer proceeded in his duty, and having obtained a proper amount of the delicacies, left a crew on board his prize, and a hawser was made fast to the yacht, & she taken in tow by the captors. In three days they tugged her into the port of Bermuda, where a fleet of British men of war were then lying, and she was anchored some distance below them, and the packet proceeded to town.

The difficulty which presented itself to the Captain of the Packet, was simply this: he had no commission to capture, but only a letter of Marque; yet the temptation of the Yankee cargo was so great that it could not be resisted; and the yacht was left below the town for the purpose of having no interloping frigate to share profits, while the packet went up to obtain the proper documents for capture, having procured which, they proceeded to take possession under their new commission. The Secretary of the governor accompanied the captain of the Packet, and stepped on board the Yacht, 'as one having authority.' The Yankee marched up to him '*savage as a meat axe*,' and asked his name and capacity; the reply was, 'I am secretary to the Governor of Bermuda.'

'You are?'

'I am; and I declare your vessel to be a good prize.' 'Well,' replied the American Captain, 'You are the very man I wished to see—have you a knife?' At this the dandy

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