EASTON GAZETTE.

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

VOL. XXI. EASTON, (MD.) SATURDAY MO... ING, JANUARY 13, 1838. No. 3.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY *Saturday Morning* BY

Alexander Graham.

TERMS.

TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS Per annum, payable half yearly in advan...

ADVERTISEMENTS

Not exceeding a square inserted three time for ONE DOLLAR; and TWENTY FIVE CENTS for every subsequent insertion.

THE CLOCK-MAKER.

Or the Sayin s and Doings of Samuel Slick, of Slickville.

These sketches, which have been much quoted by all of the country, have been collected and published in one volume, 12 mo.

They are well worth reading, possessing a great deal of quaint humor, graphic and striking description and great insight into character.

The author of the book may be justly called the American Boz.

The following are some of his peculiarities:—

THE CLOCK MAKER.—I had heard of yankee clock pedlars, tin pedlars, and Bible pedlars, especially of him who sold Polyglot Bibles (*all in English.*) to the amount of sixteen thousand pounds. The house of every substantial farmer had three substantial ornaments, a wooden clock, a tin reflector, and a Polyglot Bible. How is it that an American sells his wares, at whatever price he pleases, where a blue nose would fail to make a sale at all? I will inquire of the clock-maker the secret of his success.

'What a pity it is, Mr. Slick,' (for such was his name,) 'what a pity it is' said I, 'that you who are so successful in teaching these people the value of clocks, could not teach them the value of time.'

'I guess,' said he, 'they have got that ting to grow on their horns yet, which every four year old has in our country. We reckon hours and minutes to be dollars and cents. They do nothing in these parts, but eat, drink, smoke and sleep, ride about, lounge at taverns, make speeches at temperance meetings, and talk about *'house of assembly.'* If a man don't hoe his corn, and he don't get a crop, he says it is all owing to the bank; and if he runs in debt and is sued, why he says the lawyers are a curse to the country. They are a most idle set of folks, I tell you.

"But how is it said I, 'that you manage to sell such an immense number of clocks, (which certainly cannot be called necessary articles,) among a people with whom there seems to be so great scarcity of money?'

Mr. Slick paused, as if considering the propriety of answering the question, and looking me in the face, said in a confidential tone—

'Why I don't care if I do tell you, for the market is glutted, and I shall quit this circuit.—It is done by a knowledge of *soft sawder* and *human natur*. But here is Deacon Flint's,' said he; 'I have but one clock left, and I guess I will sell it to him.

At the gate of a most comfortable looking farmhouse stood deacon Flint, a respectable old man, who had understood the value of time better than most of his neighbors, if one might judge from the appearance of every thing about him. After the usual salutation, an invitation to alight was accepted by Mr. Slick, who said he wished to leave of Mrs. Flint before he left Colchester.

We had hardly entered the house, before the clock-maker pointed to the view from the window, and addressing himself to me, said,

'If I was to tell them in Connecticut, that there was such a farm as this away down east here in Nova Scotia, they would'nt believe me—why there aint such a location in all New England. The deacon has a hundred acres of dyke"

'Seventy,' said the deacon, 'only seventy.'

'Well seventy, but there is your fine deep bottom, why I could run a ramrod into it'

'Interval, we call it,' said the deacon, who, though evidently pleased at this eulogium, seemed to wish the experiment of the ramrod to be tried at the right place.

'Well, interval, if you please, (though Professor Eleazer Comstock, in his work on Ohio, calls them bottoms,) is just as good as dyke.—Then there is the water privilege, worth 3 or 4,000 dollars, twice as good as what governor Cass paid 15,000 dollars for. I wonder, deacon, you don't put up a carding mill on it; the same works would carry a turning-lathe, a shingle machine, a circular saw, grind bark, and'—

'Too old,' said the deacon, 'too old for all those speculations.'

'Old!' repeated the clock maker—'not you; why you are worth half a dozen of the young men we see now-a-days; you are young enough to have'—

Here he said something in a lower tone of voice, which I did not distinctly hear; but whatever it was, the deacon was pleased; he smiled, and said he did not think of such things now,

'But your beasts, dear me, your beasts must be put in and have some feed;' saying which he went out to order them to be taken to the stable.

As the old gentleman closed the door after him, Mr. Slick drew near to me, and said in an under tone—

'That is what I call *'soft sawder.'* An Englishman would pass that man as a sheep passes a hog in a pasture, without looking at him; or,' said he, looking rather archly, 'if he was mounted on a pretty smart horse, I guess he'd trot away *if he could* Now I find—

Here his *'soft sawder'* was cut short by the entrance of Mrs. Flint.

'Just come to say good bye, Mrs. Flint.'

'What, have you sold all your clocks?'

'Yes, and very low, too, for money is scarce, and I wished to close the consarn—no, I am wrong in saying all, for I have just one left.—Neighbor Steels wife asked to have the refusal of it, but I guess I won't sell it. I had but two of them, this one, and the feller of it, that I sold Governor Lincoln. General Greene, the secretary of state for Maine, said he'd give me 50 dollars for this here one; it has composition wheels and patent axles—it is a beautiful article: a real first chop; no mistake: genuine superfine; but I guess I'll take it back. And besides, squire Hawk might think kinder harder, that I did not give him the offer.'

'Dear me,' said Mrs. Flint, 'I should like to see it—where is it?'

'It is a chest of mine, over the way at Tom Tape's store; I guess he can ship it on to Eastport."

'That's a good man,' said Mrs. Flint 'just let's look at it.'

Mr. Slick, willing to oblige, yielded to these entreaties, and soon produced the clock—a gaudy, highly varnished trumpery looking affair. He placed it on the chimney-piece, where its beauties were pointed out, and duly appreciated by Mrs. Flint, whose admiration was about ending in a proposal, when Mr. Flint returned from giving directions about the care of the horses. The deacon praised the clock—he thought it a handsome one, but the deacon was a prudent man. He had a watch—he was sorry, but he had no occasion for a clock.

'I guess you're in the wrong furrow this time, deacon; it aint for sale,' said Mr. Slick; 'and if it was, I reckon neighbor Steel's wife would have it, for she gives me no peace about it.'

Mrs. Flint said that Mr. Steel had enough to do, poor man, to pay his interest, without buying clocks for his wife.

'It's no concern of mine,' said Mr. Slick, 'as long as he pays me what he has to do; but I guess I don't want to sell it—and besides, it comes too high: that clock can't be made in Rhode Island under 20 dollars. Why, it aint possible,' said the clock-maker, in apparent surprise, looking at his watch, 'why as I'm alive, it is 4 o'clock, and if I haven't been two hours here—how on arth shall we reach the river Phillip to night? I'll tell you what, Mrs. Flint, I'll leave the clock in your care, till I return on my way to the States. I'll set it agoing and put it to the right time."

As soon as this operation was performed, he delivered the key to the deacon, with a sort of semi-comic injunction to wind up the clock every Saturday night, which Mrs. Flint said she would take care should be done, and promised to remind her husband of it, in case he should chance to forget it.

"That," said the clock-maker, as soon as we were mounted 'that I call *human natur*. Now that clock is sold for 20 dollars; it cost me just 6 dollars and 50 cents. Mrs. Flint will never let Mrs. Steel have the refusal; nor will the deacon learn, until I call for the clock, that having once indulged in the use of a superfluity, how difficult it is to give it up. We can do without any article of luxury we have never had, but when once obtained, it is not *'in human natur'* to surrender it voluntarily. Of fifteen thousand sold by himself and partners in this province, twelve thousand were left in this manner, and only ten clocks were ever returned—when we called for them they invariably bought them. We trust to *'soft sawder'* to git them into the house, and to *'human natur'* that they never come out of it."

* * * * * * * * *

GO AHEAD.—When we resumed our conversation the Clockmaker said, 'I guest we are the greatest nation on the face of the earth, and the most enlightened too.'

This was rather too arrogant to pass unnoticed, and I was about replying, that whatever doubts there might be on that subject, there could be none whatever that they were the most *modest*: when he continued, 'we go ahead,' the Nova Scotians go 'astarn.' Our ships go ahead of the ships of other folks, our steamboats beat the British in speed, and so do our stage-coaches; and I reckon a real right down New York trotter might stump the univarse for going 'ahead.' But since we introduced the railroads, if we don't go 'ahead' its a pity. We never fairly knew what going the whole hog was till then—we actually went ahead of ourselves, and that's no easy matter I tell you. If they only had edication here, they might learn to do so too, but they don't know nothin'.'

'You undervalue them,' said I, 'they have their colleges and academies, their grammar schools and primary institutions, and I believe there are few among them who cannot read and write."

'I guess all that's nothin,' said he. 'As for Latin and Greek, we don't valy it a cent; we teach it, and so we do painting and music, because the English do, and we like to go ahead of 'em, even in them are things. As for reading, its well enough for them that have nothing to do, and writing is plagy apt to bring a man to the states prison, particularly if he writes his name so like another man as to have it mistaken for his. Cyphering is the thing—if a man knows how to cypher, he is sure to grow rich. We are a 'calculating people, we all cypher.

'A horse that won't go ahead is apt to run back, and the more you whip him the faster he goes astarn. That's jist the way with the Nova Scotians; they have been running back so fast lately, that they have tumbled over a *bank* or two, and nearly broke their necks; and now they've got up and shook themselves, they swear their dirty clothes and bloody noses are all owing to the *banks*. I guess if they wont look ahead for the future, they'll larn to look behind, and see if there's a bank near hand 'em.

'A bear always goes down a tree *starn foremost*. He is a cunning critter, he knows tan't safe to carry a heavy load over his head, and his rump is so heavy, he don't like to trust it over his'n, for fear it might take a lurch and carry him heels over head, to the ground; so he lets his starn down first, and his head arter. I wish the blue noses would find as good an excuse in their rumps for running backwards as he has. But the bear *cyphers*,' he knows how many pounds his hams weigh, and he *calculates* if he carried them up in the air, they might be too heavy for him.

'If we had this province we'd go to work and 'cypher' right off. Halifax is nothing without a river or back country: add nothing to nothing, and I guess you have nothing still—add a railroad to the Bay of Fundy, and how much do you get? That requires cyphering—it will cost 3,000,000 dollars, or 75,000 pounds your money—and for notions of interest in the old Nation column, one third, and it makes money—101,000 pounds, sterling per annum. 75,000 pounds a year, now to run over the skin and count up freight—I make it upwards of 2,000,000 pounds a year. If that don't put the devil's flea in your head, I don't know what will. Now comes 'subsidiary'—deduct cost of engines, wear and tear and expenses, and what not, and suppose it for skinnies down to 5,000 pounds a year, the amount of interest. What figures have you got now? you have an investment that pays interest, I guess, and that don't do more than I don't know what's from it, more. But suppose it don't, and that it only yields two and a half per cent, (and it requires good cyphering, I tell you, to say how it would set with folks that like going astarn better than going ahead) what would them are wise ones say then? Why, the critter would say it won't pay; but I say the summary is first-rate.'

'Can you count it in your head?'

'Not to any great nicety,' said I.

'Well that's an especial pity,' said he 'Clock-maker, for I should like to show you *yankee cyphering*. What is the entire real estate of Halifax worth, at a valuation.

'I really cannot say.'

'Ah,' said he, 'I see you can't cypher, and Latin and Greek won't help them are people had no ruling rule. Well, find out, and then only add 3 per cent to it, for increased value, and it will more than pay the cost of a railroad that any one is not Sam Slick. Well, the land between Halifax and Annapolis is worth——nothing, add 5 per cent to that, and send the sum to the college, and ax the students how much it comes to. But when you get into Hants county, I guess you have land worth coming all the way from Boston to see. His royal highness the king, I guess, hasn't got the like in his dominions. Well, add 15 per cent to all them are lands that border on Windsor Basin, and and 5 per cent on what butts on basin of Minas, and then what do you get? A pretty considerable sum, I tell you—but its no use to give you the *chalks*, if you can't keep the *tallies*

EXAMINATION OF A MIDSHIPMAN.

The following humorous account of the examination of a Midshipman in the English naval service, is extracted from an article in a late British Magazine:—

'I remember at Malta one unfortunate youth named Richards, the day of whose trial was fixed, and who from the known characters of his judges, had good reason to be anxious about the result. On the morning previous to his examination I found him in a dreadfully agitated state: and in order to encourage and re-assure him as much as I could, I took him out with me and endeavored during a long walk to explain to him any difficulties that occurred. After a good deal of questioning and cross-questioning, finding himself *au fait*, began to take courage, and to look forward with confidence to the result of the morrow.

We had been perambulating about in this manner for a couple of hours, and I was just about to accompany him on board, when whom should we meet

[illegible] face but one of the passing

[illegible]ngster!' said the skipper, addressing his companion; 'so you are going to pass to-morrow, eh;—to try at least, eh! Very well you are prepared: for it shall be a childs play! I'll work you my boy; I promise you I will.'

'It will never do, Ned!' said the poor fellow to me, as soon as the captain was gone. 'It will never do! I'm sure to be rejected!

'Nonsense!' I replied. 'Keep your spirits up, and never say die! every body knows that that fellow does not always bite what he snarls.'

'Well,' said the desponding youth, 'it may be, but you'll see I'll be rejected!'

The fearful hour at length arrived; and poor Richards approached his fate with a palpitating heart. As there were six others for trial at the same time, they were apportioned among the different captains, each taking up himself the examination of one.

'If you will allow me,' said our friend of the previous day to the senior officer; 'If you will allow me I should like to examine Mr. Richards!'

'Certainly!' replied the senior captain, and the poor fellow as white as a sheet was immediately called forward.

'Now sir,' said the captain addressing him, and assuming a very grave and severe expression of countenance; 'now sir! let us see what sort of an officer you make. You are the officer of the watch sir, of the Dido Frigate—don't forget her name, sir—there's a heavy gale of wind from the southward—do you hear sir? Pay attention to what I'm saying to you, sir!—I beg my life, you have forgotten what port the wind was in!—mark me, sir, for it is important!—the gale is from the southwest, sir! remember, the southwest! plenty of sea-room, sir: vessel made all snug for the night, lying to under trysail. do you mark that, sir! under trysails!—Well, sir! the captain comes on deck, and says to you—observe what the captain says, sir; he says to you, 'Mr. Richards! whither bent?' You of course make the proper response: after which, the captain putting his hand in his pocket, takes out a small leathern case—mark, sir, a leathern case!—and presenting it to you in a graceful sort of a way, he offers you a cigar. Now, sir—answer me immediately, sir—which end of the cigar would you put into your mouth?'

The poor middy, who, as the captain was proceeding with this address, was looking forward to some awfully formidable question, was quite thunderstruck by this unexpected termination of the harangue, but, not knowing whether it was meant in joke or in earnest, he stood for a moment without opening his lips.

'Come sir,' cried the captain—'quick—which end?'

'The smoked one!' replied the youngster who was fortunately well practised in cigarology, 'The twisted one, sir! is a bad one, and either end the same, if a good one.'

'Excellent!' cried the captain, throwing himself back in his seat in a roar of laughter. 'Capital sir!—very well answered indeed sir!—Gentlemen, I have no hesitation in saying that Mr. Richards is extremely well qualified to make an excellent officer!'

The youth was accordingly duly passed and all his evils forebodings ended. This was one of the *lucky* turns of the wheel, and we all congratulated him heartily on having drawn a prize.'

TRUE NOBILITY OF LABOR.

BY THE REV. ORVILLE DEWEY.

How many natural ties are there between even the humblest scene of labor, and the noblest affections of humanity! In this view, the employment of mere muscular strength is ennobled. There is a central point in every man's life, around which all his toils and cares revolve. It is that spot which is consecrated by the names of wife, and children, and home. A sacred, an almost impenetrable influence from that spot which is like no other on earth, steals into the breast of the virtuous laboring man, and strengthens every weary step of his toil. Every blow that is struck in the workshop and the field, finds an echo in that holy shrine of his affections. If he who fights to protect his home, rises to the point of heroic virtue; no less may he who labors, his life long, to provide for that home. Peace be within those domestic walls, and prosperity beneath those humble roofs! But should it ever be otherwise; should time ever come when the invader's step approaches to touch those sacred thresholds, I see in the labors that are taken for them, that wounds will be taken for them too: I see in every honest workman around me, a hero.

So material do I deem this point—the true nobility of labor, I mean—that I would dwell upon it a moment longer, and in a larger view. Why, then, in the great scale of things, is labor ordained for us! Easily, had it so pleased the great Ordainer, might it have been dispensed with. The world itself might have been a mighty machinery for the production of all that man wants. The motion of the globe upon its axis, might have been the power to move that world of machinery. Ten thousand wheels within wheels might have been at work; ten thousand processes, more curious and complicated than man can devise, might have been going forward without man's aid; houses might have risen like an exhalation,

with the sound
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet,
Built like a temple;

gorgeous furniture might have been placed in them, and soft couches and luxurious banquets spread, by hands unseen; and man, clothed with fabrics of nature's weaving, richer than imperial purple, might have been sent to disport himself in these Elysian palaces. "Fair scene!" I imagine you are saying; "fortunate for us, had it been the scene ordained for human life!" But where then, tell me, had been human energy, perseverance, patience, virtue, heroism! Cut off with one blow from the world; and mankind had sunk to a crowd, nay, far beneath a crowd of Asiatic voluptuaries. No, it had not been fortunate. Better that the earth be given to man as a dark mass, whereon to labor. Better that rude and unsightly materials be provided in the ore bed and forest, for him to fashion into splendor and beauty. Better, I say, not because of that splendor and beauty, but because the act of creating them is better than the things themselves; because exertion is nobler than enjoyment: because the laborer is greater than and more worthy of honor than the idler. I call upon those whom I address, to stand up for that nobility of labor. It is heaven's great ordinance for human improvement. Let not that great ordinance be broken down. What do I say! It is broken down; and it *has been* broken down for ages. Let it then be built up again; here if any where, on these shores of a new world, of a new civilization. But how, I may be asked, is it broken down! Do not men toil, it may be said. They do indeed toil, but they too generally do it because they must. Many submit to it as, in some sort, a degrading necessity; and they desire nothing so much on earth as escape from it.

They fulfil the great law of labor in the letter, but break it in spirit; fulfil it with the muscle, but break it with the mind. To *some* field of labor, mental or manual, every idler should fasten as a chosen and coveted theatre of improvement—But so is he not impelled to do under the teachings of our imperfect civilization.—On the contrary, he sits down, folds his hands, and blesses himself in his idleness. This way of thinking is the heritage of the absurd and unjust feudal system; under which serfs labored, and gentlemen spent their lives in fighting and feasting. It is time that this opprobrium of toil were done away. Ashamed to toil, art thou? Ashamed of thy dingy work-shop and dusty labor field; of thy hard hand, scarred with service more honorable than that of war, of thy soiled and weather stained garments, on which mother nature has embroidered, amidst sun and rain mid fire and steam, her own heraldric honors? Ashamed of these tokens and titles, and emblems of the flaunting robes of imbecile idleness and vanity? It is treason to manhood; it is impiety to heaven; it is breaking heaven's great ordinance. Foul, I repeat it—foul, either of the brain, of the heart, or of the hand, is the only true manhood, the only true nobility.

[From the Jeffersonian.]

AGRICULTURAL PREMIUMS.

The Dover, N. H. Enquirer of the 5th inst. contains the list of premiums awarded at the annual Fair and Cattle Show of the Strafford county Agricultural Society, holden Oct. 17th. The exhibition, of crops gives substantial evidence, that, with due energy in cultivating the earth the husbandman is always sure of reaping a rich reward for all his labors.

The 1st premium for one acre of wheat, was awarded to Joseph Pearsons of Moultonborough, he having raised 41¼ bushels.

The 2d premium was for a crop of 31 bushels and 39 quarts.

The 3d, was for a crop of 31 and a half bushels.

The first premium for the best acre of corn was awarded to Rufus Parish, of Gilmanton, whose yield was 126 bushels and 20 quarts.

This gentleman has received the first premium on corn for many years, the amount raised each year being nearly the same as that of the present year.

The 2d premium was for a crop of 104 bushels and 26 quarts.*

The 3d, was for 102 bushels and 30 quarts.*

Premium for the best acre of oats, 81 bushels.*

do. do. potatoes, 455 bushels.*

The premiums with this mark* were awarded to Mr. Paul P. Pillsbury of Tuftonborough, who also received one premium on butter, and two on cheese. The whole premiums received by this individual amounted to $35.

It must be confessed that some of the crops exhibited at our Cumberland County Fair appear rather small, compared with the above. The only premium on corn here, was for a crop of 69 bushels. No wheat was offered for premium, why, we are not informed.

MANGEL WURTZEL.

To the Editor of the Friend—

Knowing thy interest in agricultural affairs, and thinking many readers of the 'The Friend' would feel a similar interest in the very interesting particulars detailed in the accompanying statement; I send thee the following relation of them, drawn up at my request by the friend himself, and of the accuracy of which there can be no doubt. I think the produce of the cow beet so great and so well adapted to feeding cattle, particularly on small farms, that I am desirous of giving a wider circulation to the accompanying particulars in order to induce our country friends to give them farther trials. C. W.

Particulars relative to a crop of beets, (Mangel Wurtzel,) raised in the season of 1837, on the farm of Isaac C. Jones, called Rockland, on the banks of the river Schuylkill in the neighbourhood of the city of Philadelphia, viz:

Nett measure of the ground on which they stood was 67 square poles. Add for the headland or turning ground, 4 do. Total, 71 square poles, being nine less than half an acre.

The produce on the above mentioned ground, excluding the leaves, and confining it entirely to the roots, amounted to four hundred and thirty bushel, agreeably to the measurement of Joseph Berry, the farmer who attended to their culture for the said Isaac C. Jones throughout the season. On weighing a portion of these beets, it was ascertained they would average fifty-five pounds per bushel, making an aggregate of twenty-three thousand six hundred and fifty pounds, or a little over ten and a half tons (of 2250 pounds each,) being at the rate of twenty-three and two-third tons to the acre, or nine hundred and sixty-nine bushels.

Many of the above mentioned beets weighed from seven to thirteen pounds. One that was particularly measured and weighed, produced the following result, viz: Twenty-seven inches in circumference, and weighed thirteen and a half pounds.

The produce would have been considerably increased had not many of the seed proved defective, and the plan of transplanting resorted to; but the latter, if well done, answers an excellent purpose.

The above mentioned ground was accurately measured by said Joseph Berry, and the subscriber, this 11th month, 8th, 1837.

ISAAC C. JONES.

SHAKER PIG-STYE.

"The pig-stye at Canterbury, is well worth a visit for the neatness, yes, the neatness of a pig-stye! and the admirable and happy condition of its tenants. Twenty or forty swine in clean swept styes, whose average weight at killing time will be between four and five hundred pounds, is a sight which Parson Trulove would have looked upon with ecstacy. The whole care of the swine in one building devolves upon one man, whose feeding tubs, and pails, and dippers, and clothes, were as neatly arranged as in any lady's kitchen. The troughs are so arranged that the pigs are kept away from them while filling; of course there is no interference or squealing from the hungry expectants. The food given them is always cooked, and the Shakers consider a portion of rye mixed with the corn as very much improving their food. Their experience leads them to the conclusion that it would be better to buy rye at a quarter of a dollar more a bushel than corn, to mix with corn in equal parts, than to give their swine Indian meal alone."

[This extract, which we find copied from Mr. Colman's letters, while it shows the value of neatness in fattening pork, and the importance of cooked and mixed food, reminds us of a remark made by a farmer remarkable for the weight and quality of his pork. He said he also mixed oats in the proportion of one-third with his corn for grinding, and his experience had taught him that he had better pay the price of corn for his oats, than to feed corn without them: and if success be a test of correctness in farming, he was right.—Gen. Farmer.

SHAKER BARN.

The English agricultural journals are warmly praising a mode of curing hay by ventilating the stacks or mows, and thus preventing mold or must; it will be seen by the following extract from the same writer's papers, that ventilation is no new thing among the shakers.—*ib.*

"The great object of agricultural curiosity at Hancock, is their magnificent circular stone barn, two stories in height, and ninety-six feet in diameter. The great mow is in the centre, and is said to be capable of containing four hundred tons of hay. The door, or drive way, is on the outside of the circle, and the team goes round and comes out of the same dooor by which it enters. By all passing in the same direction, several teams can stand on the floor and be unloaded at the same time. In the centre of this mow a large mast or post is erected, reaching from the ground to the roof, which is crowned with a small cupola. Slats, or pieces of plank, are secured around this post at a small distance from it, to prevent the hay from coming in contact with it, and the hay at the bottom being raised from the ground, a perfect ventilation is kept up, and the steam from the new hay is effectually carried off."

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