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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AGRICULTURAL.

From the American Farmer.

DESULTORY OBSERVATIONS ON DIVERS MATTERS AND THINGS.

MORUS MULTICAULIS—*Princess Anne July* 8—Many are the patches of this wonderful tree, here and hereabouts—but here as every where else in the U. States, there has been great failure, owing I am satisfied mainly to inexperience and bad management, and a most inauspicious spell of weather which followed the planting. The truth is, that purchasers of trees and buds were thrown off their guard by overweening assurance that no more care was necessary than in planting corn, and that vegetation and culture and growth were as sure and as simple with the bud of the one as with the grain of the other. The best lot of them, by far, that I have seen, is one jointing the handsome residence of Isaac D. Jones, Esq. of this place known as '*Nullifier* Jones;' a gentleman who possesses the high intellectual qualities that serve to lift men to honorable distinction; but how often such men are doomed to remain comparatively unknown? sometimes because they are not aware of their own powers, sometimes ostracised by party fanaticism, & sometimes denied all opportunity even by accident to display their genius, & to rise as they might above the calm unruffled atmosphere in which destiny has cast them. I cannot forbear here to mention to his honor, and as every where connected with the welfare of agriculture, that this gentleman was among the first to take, before the people of Somerset a bold and hazardous lead against the vulgar and detestable practice of '*treating*' before elections.—As the very meaning of this term would not be understood in some of the states, I forbear & beg you not to define a practice disgraceful to both parties, and to any community in which such filthy means are deemed necessary to success in pursuit of the most sacred of all trusts, that of enacting laws for the government and protection of liberty, property and life.

To return to the Morus Multicaulis. Mr. Jones' is the best lot I have seen but those of which I speak are ROOT PLANTS, and the branches, in some cases eight and in some even ten from a root, average more than four feet (8th July) & are literally oppressed with the weight of foliage. From all that I have seen I am well convinced that next season owners of trees will be much more careful in preserving them, and purchasers more wary in examining what they buy—We shall have no more knitting needles offered for mature wood; no more single buds will be planted, and the planting will be later and in LIGHTER and richer sail—with these precautions, you may rest assured that the *Morus Multicaulis* may be counted on to grow and thrive with almost as much certainty as any thing you plant. Of the buds planted for the Silk company on Mr. Jones' plantation near this place, about two-thirds appear to have failed—His charge to the company is $50 per acre for rent of land and cultivation. I do not believe, from what I can understand, that any trees can be bought in this neighborhood as low as thirty cents.

7th June—I accepted a kind invitation to pass the day at the hospitable residence, complete in all its appointments, of Capt. Cottman, a robust and cheerful septuagenarian; who lives where he means to die, about ten miles from Princess Anne, in the midst of his own good thousand acres—Mr. Cottman's staples are corn and oats, of each of which he makes several thousand bushels annually.

On these flat white oak and pine lands the great difficulty with wheat is its liability to be 'spewed out' by the action of frost,—with them, more than with other lands, the product seems to depend critically on *the season*—When that *hits*, you have good crops of all sorts of grain, and *vice versa*. Oats not being subject to the difficulty encountered by wheat, large crops are sown, and hence this shore is proverbial for that grain. The common white oats seems to be generally preferred, for although the black oat may be more productive in quantity, it is said to be chaffy and unsubstantial; and armed withal with a beard which is objectionable. The potatoe oat is in course of trial: I saw a spear of it brought from the road side in Dr. Horsey's field, which measured six feet five inches.

From Mr. Cottman I learned, 'and mention it with pleasure as a proof of my own long standing persuasion of the falsity of the opinion which you know prevails, that the Eastern Shore is infested every year with deadly autumnal diseases beyond other parts of the State, that he began farming with six or seven negroes given him by his father, and from these has raised about EIGHTY.—This year, so far, there has been no case of sickness, and last year only three or four cases of intermittent, which yielded readily to remedies administered, without any professional prescription. The parent roots of this large family of slaves have but recently perished—one at the age of eighty, and the old mother of all at the still more advanced age of ninety-seven! There is now in this vicinity a woman aged 115! who remembers well the reverberating echo of the Indian's rifle as the antler'd deer was struck dead in his tracks. Capt. Cottman related with a lively and humorous account of all its incidents, an exploit of his own when a young man, with which Sterne might have enlivened a page of Tristram Shandy. With me it served to amuse and to illustrate forcibly, the change which has come over this region of country within the rememberance of a gentleman, not so, old but that he still can mount a horse 'without a block,' to ride over his large estate. Not long after he was married, he had been out, as was then it seems the custom, for several days, with a fox hunting party of gentlemen; and on coming home at an early hour, even before he had time to cross his threshhold, he learned that five noble stags, reckless of all danger, were in amorous pursuit of a doe which had escaped from his Park. Not a moment was to be lost—he seized his faithful rifle, and soon laid three of them low; the other two would have shared the fate of their unfortunate rivals, but the Captain in his eagerness poured his powder into the palm of his left hand, instead of his rifle, and the other two escaped. Going then home with three trophies of success, and that feeling of exultation which none but the keen sportsman can appreciate he anticipated congratulations from the partner of his bosom—the one who is in all circumstances found to be the most unfailing partaker of our joys and *sorrows*; but, alas! gentle and sympathising reader, it happened to be a *Sunday morning*! and the Captain got, what, who of us would not, a *good scolding for desecrating the Lord's day*. All he could say and do was to protest, honestly no doubt, that he really had *forgotten* it was Sunday! Well, may none of us ever have to sue for pardon in the same quarter, for breaking that or any other of the ten commandments!

His people are lightly worked no more than is conservative (I like the word) of their health; well dressed, and in clothing altogether grown, spun and wove on his own place, by his own people, and *well fed*; a homely but significant maxim being, as he told me, the rule of his administration, to wit: 'you may give promises to the *back*, but prompt pay to the *belly*.' No man can more honestly than he, sing the farmer's song,

'I eat my own ham,
My own Chickens and lamb;'

and verily, Mr. Editor, I can swear by the best of all tests, to the excellence of every item in the bill.

One scarcely knows what to make of the soil through a region of more than twenty miles that I have passed since we landed at White Haven. For the most part it wears a dark and to the eye a rich appearance: throwing up oaks and pines of immense size, many of them measuring from three to six feet through, and sixty feet without a limb, indicating great power of fecundity somewhere and for some things: yet not producing any where that I have seen, what in many counties on the Western Shore, would be thought heavy crops of grass, of hay, or of cereal gramina. It is obvious that while the soil here possesses some, probably most of the elements conducive to great productiveness, there is still wanting one or more of the essential ingredients. I should conjecture, for its mere conjecture, that these lands, with all the expensive precautions which have been taken to prevent it, are yet, from being so extremely level, *redundant of moisture* and deficient in lime: and I should not wonder if at some not distant day, under the influence of the effects of this powerful stimulant, applied by experienced and plodding Pennsylvanians, the lands on this peninsula, which now sell for $10 an acre, should raise to fifty. They probably need only some one deficiency to be supplied to put into activity their latent principles of fruitfulness.—What is that defect? Chemistry might detect it, but of that I pretend to no knowledge. How dare I, when the great Parisian Professor of that difficult science, once told his students that if a man of genius would study it intensely for sixty years he would begin to be a tolerable chemist!!

The more I hear and the more I read, the more I am convinced of the vast importance of *lime* in agriculture. It was only this morning that I was reading Ruffin, that able and faithful instructor and guardian of Southern interests, I met with an essay on the subject taken from the Edinburgh Encyclopedia—I give you a few striking passages, commending them to the attention of your Eastern Shore readers, of whom, however, I fear you have but few, for the people here, as every where else in the United States, appear to be too much given up to *politics and office-hunting*!!

When you have room you can publish the whole essay, which you will find in the Farmer's Register, vol. vii, June number.

That cheap and valuable journal, the Cultivator, circulates freely in this County, and the effects of it may be seen in increased attention to root crops; of which there are many vouchers in the well stored garden and grounds of Mr. W. M. Johnston, the Postmaster of the village—one of those gentlemen too rarely to be found, who, by his persevering industry and its ample fruits holds out to the community in which he lives, at once an example and incentive to systematic industry and intellectual management.

To-morrow I shall be off to Salisbury—Let me *lime* you now; thence I may *lumber* you with something else.

"It is a difficult matter to say at what period the use of lime was first introduced into Britain; but as it was well known to the Romans, there is good reason to believe that by this ingenious people, the use of it was first brought into practice in this island. Be that as it may, this mineral after undergoing the process of calcination, has long been applied by British husbandmen as a stimulus to the soil, and, in consequence of such an application, luxuriant crops have been produced, even upon soils apparently of inferior quality, and which would have yielded crops of trifling value, had this auxiliary been withheld. In fact, the majority of soils cannot be cultivated with advantage till they are dressed with lime; and whether this beneficial effect shall be considered as an alternative, or as a stimulant, or as a manure, it will be found to be the basis of good husbandry, and of more use than all other manures put together. Wherever lime has been properly applied, it has constantly been found to prove as much superior to dung, as dung is to the raking of roads or the produce of a peat mire.

From a pretty long experience, and considerable attention to the operation of lime we are inclined to think that it acts both as an alterative and a stimulant, operating in the one case as a medicine that changes the nature of the soil, and in the other, as rousing, or bringing into action, the vegetable powers contained in the soil, which without such an application would have remained dormant and inactive. These opinions, we know are different from what have been maintained by several ingenious men on the subject; but they are supported by the results of numerous trials, undertaken to ascertain how and in what manner, lime operated upon the soil, and whether it could be used in a hot or *effete* state with the most advantage. On these points, theoretical writers are apt to fall into mistakes and therefore every theory not formed from facts, must be viewed as a romance which may amuse, but cannot instruct agriculturists.

The writer of this article; for a period of thirty years, as been in the regular habit of applying considerable quantities of lime indeed few of his profession have used more of this useful article. In the majority of cases, the application has been highly beneficial to his interest, changing in a manner the very nature of the soil, and causing it to produce the most abundant crops; whereas in others, the article has been altogther useless, and in some instances the application has been followed, by mischief instead of benefit. As most of these trials were executed upon a large scale, and upon soils of almost every different quality, more benefit may be gathered from a succinct account of them than from a long chain of argument. The trials are fairly stated, and the results may perhaps throw some light upon this abstruse subject."

Omitting the body of the essay, which you can give hereafter, I send the writer's *conclusion* and *my own* for the present, for which latter I crave and shall doubtless receive your thanks.

'We may now draw, says the author of the essay, a few plain and practical inferences from what is stated.

1st. That lime operates equally well, whether applied in a *hot* or *effete* state, provided the condition of the ground upon which it is used be such as to render a calcareous application beneficial.

2dly. That, in respect of operation, it is immaterial whether the lime be used upon grass land or summer-fallow, and that objects of convenience ought chiefly to weigh with the farmer in ascertaining the most proper time for applying this article. Upon old grass land, it is perhaps best to plough first, and to summer-fallow in the second year, when lime can be applied. On new and clean grass land, hesitation is superfluous; it may be limed at the outset, that is, before the plough is admitted.

3dly. That to lime moorish soils is a hazardous business unless dung is likewise bestowed; but to repeat the application upon such soils, especially if they have been severely cropped, is almost a certain loss and that a compost of lime and rich earth is, in such cases, the only substitute.

4thly. That strong loams and clays require a full dose to bring them into action; such soils being capable of absorbing a great quantity of calcareous matter.—Lighter soils, however, require less lime to stimulate them, and may be injured by administering a quantity that would prove moderately beneficial to those of a heavy nature.

5thly, That upon fresh land, or land in a proper state for calcareous application, lime is much superior to dung. Its effects continue for a long period; while the crops produced are of a superior kind, and less susceptible of injury from the excesses of drought and moisture. Finally, the ground particularly what is of a strong nature, is much easier wrought: and, in many instances, the saving of labor would almost tempt a judicious farmer to lime his land, were no greater benefit derived from the application, than the opportunity thereby gained of working it in a perfect manner.

It may be added, that though strong soils require to be animated with a good dose of lime, those of a light texture will do equally well with little more than half the quantity requisite on the others, especially if they are fresh, or have not already received an application of calcareous matter. In every case it is the farmer only who can judge of the quantity to be given; but, as a general principle, it is safer to exceed the proper quantity than to be below it. In the latter case the application may prove useless, and the whole expense be lost: whereas it rarely happens, that injury is sustained from an excess especially if more or less dung is soon after administered.

I will here close this otherwise unprofitable communication with an account of the most extraordinary yield of *wheat* in this neighborhood, with which I am acquainted. Col. Polk, the gentleman who made the twenty six and a quarter bushels of wheat, from one and a half gallons sowing, is a gentleman of the most unquestionable honor and character.

JULY 11th, 1839.—Col. DASHIELL—Sir: I have finished cleaning my wheat and agreeable to your request I give you the particulars of the wheat raised from 1½ gal. sowing on a piece of ground I suppose to contain about 1 acre; the lot has been used as a yard in front of a dwelling for many years, and has never been in cultivation since my remembrance say 25 years, and how much longer I cannot say. The cause of my breaking the sod was, the brown sedge had commenced growing, and had taken possession of half the lot. In 1827, in Oct. I commenced breaking the sod, which was very tough; after the ploughing I commenced spiking, and spiked it over several times.* I then cross ploughed & spiked it again, but the sward was so very tough I let it lay over until the spring of '28. In March I ploughed, spiked and sowed red clover, and pastured it during the summer. In Oct. I manured with common manure, such as the scrapings of wood piles and well rotted cornstalk manure, that had been to cattle the winter previous. I then ploughed, spiked and sprinkled 1 1-2 gals common red chaffe wheat. The preparation I used with the wheat was to soak one half in strong pork pickle, and the other half in lime that had been air slacked for about 18 hours in that time the kernels became very large—I then mixed the wheat well with dry ashes, sowed, ploughed and spiked for the last time—On the 21 July, '39, I reaped it, and trod it out with horses, when it measured 26 1-4 bus. wheat struck measure. I send by the boy 1 bushel which you will do me the favor to have weighed by an accurate set of scales, as I wish to know the weight; the bag containing the wheat weighs 1-2lb. Yours, respectfully,

Jos. G. POLK

P. S. Show this to Mr. Crifield, as he desired me to give him an account of the proceeds and manner of cultivation.

☞I do hereby certify that I weighed the above wheat in a patent pair of scales and that it weighed exactly 60 pounds per bushel.

A. T. H. JONES.
AGRICULTOR.

*Spiking, we presume, means working it with the iron tooth harrow.—[Ed.

From the U. S. Gazette.

TEMPERANCE PROBLEM.

First, let us state the case—(a *fact*, by the way, only *disguised* for obvious reasons.)

A stage drives up to the door of a country Temperance Tavern: cold, wet day; passengers step out and enter the bar-room where they find a grand old fashioned wood fire built expressly for their accommodation. Among the passengers is a thorough-going *temperance* man; very genteel, courteous, gentlemanly. He steps toward the proprietor of the house, politely accosts him, & proceeds to express his heartfelt pleasure in stopping at a *temperance* House. 'I'm extremely glad sir to find the good cause going on hereabouts, hope you will meet with due patronage.'

'Thank ye, sir,' replies the host, 'my patronage is derived mainly from travellers; rather slim since I relinquished the sale of spirituous liquors.'

'Ah indeed! sorry for that,—though a stranger to you, sir, I have, I trust a heart and a hand for a temperance man wherever I find him. A national cause sir, and every advocate of it should have a heart large enough for the country, the whole country.' Hope you will be liberally supported; good morning, sir.' And giving the innkeeper a beautiful shake of the hand, the gentleman left the room and resumed his seat in the stage.

Here the driver bolts in—'stage ready gentlemen,'—at the word, up starts a sailor from one corner of the fire-place—poor fellow, he had rode outside all the way (10 or 12 miles,) with the driver, up he jumps and makes toward the bar. (It would appear that he had not heard the conversation aforesaid.) Says he to the barkeeper, 'I say, my hearty, launch us out a swig of the raall.'

'No spirits here,' replies the barkeeper, somewhat bluntly.

'Hey! what's that? *no grog?*' responded the jolly soul, half bewildered at the anomaly of a tavern without grog.]

'No grog here, sir.'

'Well then, blast my timbers if I want it: but by Jehu! Tom aint the boy to steer into a creek and find a fire ready rigged without handing over'—and down slap on the counter came that hard hand leaving behind a *ten cent* bit, and off he went as though it was an every day action, not worth a thought.

Of course, he took his *outside seat* again; crack went the whip—off

The *problem* to be solved may be divided into several parts.

1st. Which of the two passengers was the best patonizer of the tavern?

2nd. How much hard wood will a *soft word* buy?

3d. Tom, the *salt of the sea*, gave 10 cents: and one of those of whom it is written, 'ye are the *salt of the earth*,' gave words of encouragement, only: query, the best kind of *salt*?

4th. If the soul of the gentlemen was 'large enough to fill the country,' how large was the soul of Tom?

SALLY CURRY'S COURTSHIP.

'Well, Sally,' said I, smiling, 'am I to lose you on Sunday night?'

'I am afeard so, ma'am,' said she, sliding behind the door.

'Don't be ashamed, Sally,' said I, 'I have shown you such an example of marrying one whom I preferred, that I am sure I cannot blame you.'

Upon this, Sally looked up, and I asked her how long she had known Mr Curry.

Sally began twisting a gold ring that was on the forefinger of her left hand, and said—

'My mother, ma'am, was a poor woman in Salem, the widow of a sea-captain. He was lost on a voyage, and she fell sick, declining like. I was her only child. It was a very stormy night, a year ago and my mother was very ill. I sent to a neighbor to say I was afraid she wouldn't stand it. Our neighbor sent back she darsen't leave her baby, who was sick, but a young man named Curry, a very decent person, would come and watch with me. I was thankful to see a living countenance, and said he might come and welcome.

'That was my forlorn night, but Mr. Curry helped me a sight. My mother was in a faint all night and he was tender as a child to her. Once he began to tell a sea story to try to cheer me up, but he found he only made me cry more, because it didn't seem somehow respectfully to talk of the things of life by a death-bed, and stopped talking, and only now and then, when he found he couldn't comfort me nor raise her neither, he would fetch up such a pitying look, as if he wished he could

'The day was just dawning, when my mother seemed to come to a little, and spoke right out, Sally, hear.'

'What, mother?' says I, and my heart beat as if it would come through.

'Is there any body with you? said she.

'Yes, my dear mother, a friend, says I, whispering.

'Will he take care of you?' said she, and she looked with a sunken eye full on Curry.

Curry got right up, and came by the bedside, and knelt down, and took her thin hand, and said, in a voice quite loud and solemn, 'I will take care of her, so help me God.'

'She didn't say another word, but just gave a kind of sigh, as it were, not sorrowful, but as if she was satisfied, and squeezed his hand, and so she died.'

HOW TO ROUSE THE WATCH ON DECK.—The following very amusing sketch is from the Sea Sketches in the Boston Mercantile Journal, from which sketches we have before made extracts.—*Dispatch.*

'You know, shipmate,' said Jack, 'that some of our West India traders, belonging to down east,' are very apt to neglect keeping 'a look out ahead' during the night time. I once belonged to the brig Nonsuch, Captain Seagull, and we sailed from Portland bound to Demarara, with a cargo, consisting of lumber and Yankee notions—and we had the sleepiest set of men on board that I ever met with, and I have fallen in with some pretty persevering sleepers in my day. But I verily believe that some of these long-limbed yawning Yankees, from 'down east,' would sleep with their heads in a bucket of water, especially if it was their watch on deck.

One night, about ten days after leaving port, we were crossing the pleasant latitudes of the trade winds, with all sail set, closely hauled, when the captain took it into his head to go on deck. It was about four bells in the middle watch—he found the old brig, under the influence of a light breeze, comfortably ploughing her way along towards the south, at the rate of two or three knots—and *every man on deck was fast asleep*'

The mate, and he was a smart fellow enough too, when he was awake, was enjoying a right royal nap on the weather hencoop—the 'man at the helm' desirous of following such a laudable example had nippered the tiller rope with a rope-yarn—and stretched himself comfortably on the quarter deck—and the other two men of the watch had deposited their carcasses on a couple of soft white pine boards, and were snoring away like good fellows, as if sleeping for a wager!

The captain saw with a glance the lay of the land—and being a funny dog withal resolved to have some sport. He went quietly to work, and unrove the tiller rope *unshipped the tiller*, and quietly placed it in the small boat at the stern. He then took from the companion-way his large speaking trumpet, which was only used on extraordinary occasions, went forward, and passed out to the end of the flying jib boom, and hailed the brig with the whole strength of his lungs—and his voice was none of the smallest—'Brig ahoyoy!' said he—'Hard up your helm! hard up! hard up! hard up, or I shall run you down!'

His horrible bawling awakened the watch—and the men, who were enjoying themselves on the soft pine boards when they should have been keeping an eye ahead and under the lee, half frightened out of their senses, and imagining of course, that it came from on board a strange vessel, about coming down upon them, repeated the order—'*Hard up your helm.*'

The mate jumped off the hen coop, and without stopping to rub his peepers, screamed out like a mad man, '*Hard up your helm!*'

By this time the helmsman himself had recovered his wandering senses, and had raised himself upon his legs. He loudly responded to the general cry of 'Hard up your helm!'—and sprung with unwanted energy to execute the order—but his astonishment may be more easily imagined than described, when he found that the 'helm' had *disappeared!*

The captain was meanwhile bawling out from the end of the flying jib-boom, until he was black in the face, 'Why don't you put your helm hard up!—Hard up!—Hard a-port at once, or I shall cut you down to the water's edge!'

The men in the waist repeated the orders, 'Hard up!' and ran forward to see what was to pay. The mate turned to assist the helmsman, shouting out, 'Hard up your helm, you sleepy headed lubber!—Hard up at once!' But he was thunder-struck when he found the tiller was missing, and floundered about like a struck dolphin.

By this time the watch below, of which I was one, came running on deck to see what was the cause of such a hullabullo—and a scene of alarm and confusion ensued, which went a leetle beyond any thing I ever saw before or since. It was, however, at last put an end to by Captain Seagull, who came in from the jib boom, in an agony of laughter. As soon as he was able to speak, he soundly rated the watch for their neglect of duty—and he never had occasion to complain of a failure to keep a good look out afterwards.

THE GOVERNOR'S WIFE.

Thomas Chittenden the first governor of Vermont, who was a plain farmer, alike remarkable for strong native powers of mind, and the republican simplicity with which he conducted every thing in public duties and in his domestic establishment, was once visited by a party of travelling fashionables, from one of our cities. When the hour of dinner arrived, Mrs. Chittenden, to the astonishment of her lady guests, went out and blew a horn for the workmen, who soon arrived, when to the still greater surprise, and even horror, of these fair cits, the whole company, governor, his lady, guests, workmen and all were invited to sit down to the substantial meal which had been provided for the occasion.—After the dinner was over, and the ladies were left by themselves, one of the guests thought she would gently take Mrs. Chittenden to task for this monstrous violation of the rules of city gentility, to which she had been, as she thought so uncourteously made a victim.

'You do not generally sit down to the table with your workmen, I suppose, Mrs. Chittenden?' she commenced.

'Why,' replied the governor's lady, whose quick wit instantly appreciated the drift of the other—'why I am almost ashamed to say we generally have, but I intend soon to amend in this particular. I was telling the governor this very morning, that it was an absolute shame that the workmen who did all the harder labor should fare no better than we who sit so much of the time in the house earning nothing, and I determined hereafter to set two tables the first and best for the workmen, and the last and poorest for the governor and myself.'

[Saturday Courier.

LUNACY OR FLEAS:—A descendant and namesake of the great philosophical author of the inductive system, recently puzzled a modern man of science by asking him if he had read Dr. Von Shieb-nycher's Treatise on the cause of Lunacy in Fleas?" No, replied the learned but it is a very interesting subject, and

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