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.

Steamboat Maryland from Annapolis to Baltimore,

July 21, 1839.

I wrote you last from Salisbury, a town embedded in the fork of the Wi-co-mi-co, at the highest point of boat navigation. Above the town on each branch of the river, are numerous saw and grist-mills; and the wonder is whence the water *falls* to make mill power in a country so flat? There is, however, the ample undershot millpower, and so actively has it been plied, that timber is getting scarce, and this city that flourished by the saw, until it has been sawed into a consumption, may perhaps be re-built by worms—SILK WORMS!

If the town of Salisbury is at a stand still, the country around is making the most of its resources: and with such fugleman in the field of Agriculture as I have before named every mother's son may pluck the grape from his own VINE, and be as cheerful as any BIRD.

Leaving Salisbury, I travelled under the strong impulse of desire to see before night, an old friend in his own CABIN, through Cambridge and Easton to St. Michael's passed in one day from Worcester, through Somerset and Dorchester, and thence passing through Talbot to the tranquil & delightful residence of S. H., Esq. Purser U. S. Navy near St. Michaels.

I halted for a few moments near Baron Creek Springs, at the house of Jacob Walter, Esq to see a Mulberry tree in his yard—curious inasmuch as it brings its fruit to maturity in May, and continues to bear very abundantly through all the summer. The berries are small, but of deep purple colour, extremely thin of skin, staining the fingers at the slightest touch, as the most delicate compliment suffuses the cheek of maiden modesty, and to the taste as sweet as any thing under heaven but maiden kisses. The gentleman told me, and I have no doubt of its correctness, that these mulberries, while they would be highly ornamental, would be well worth cultivating for their fruit, as food for pigs and poultry, through all the summer months. As bearers they are prolific as Jonah's gourd: and like it, bearing flowers and fruit, ripe and unripe, at one and the same time.

A mile further brought us to Baron Creek Springs—a shady beate just as good, if not better, than some others, around which many thousands have been expended in hotels and baths, and bad rooms, and nine-pin alleys, for which married men who call themselves farmers, quit the duties and the delights of husbandry, to lounge, and liquor, and play cards; and married women go to marry off their daughters if—THEY CAN Baron Creek Spring House is being repaired and enlarged under the superintendence of Mr. Fish, whom on short acquaintance I should pronounce a very civil and obliging landlord. The road from Baron Creek to the really pretty and well kept town of Cambridge, is one of the best and most easy of travel in the known world at this season.—If I owned Edwin Forrest or the Dutchman, that great *neplus ultra* of horse flesh, that lately trotted his mile in 2 28. I would go down there for the sake of flying faster than hell in harness,' as Crocket called the rail-road engine and cars when he first saw them in motion.

You need never put your foot in a better ordinary than the one at which the Salisbury stage stops in Cambridge.—Though the 'gentleman what drives' was particular in his information on that point, I really do not remember whether it was the 'Whig' or the 'Van Buren' House that I stopped at, being of opinion that a clear plate and a clean cloth on the table, with those around it who bear the impress and manners of gentlemen, are of more significance than the politics of the landlord or his customers. I got courteous treatment from master and servants, an excellent dinner, had the pleasure of a few minutes chat with that public spirited and scientific agriculturist. Dr. Muse, about beet sugar manufacture, crossed the river, and by a lucky chance picked up a very fine young horse and a sulky which the servant of Mr. G. was taking back to Myrtle Grove, the seat of the late accomplished R. H Goldsborough; and 'by valour and perseverance' as 'the Americans gained their independence,' I gained 'PERRY CABIN'* about sunset, the goal which all told me was beyond my reach. How vastly important all this, says the reader!—well I guess it's about as much so as the personal movements of some very small men who fill very high places, and very great men who would like to do it if any thing on the face of clay can be believed.

WHAT THEN OF 'PERRY CABIN'? Only that I would rather be its proprietor, with his library, his means, his tastes, his pursuits, and his blameless life, than to eat the bread of slavery and self prostitution which all eat who in modern times live in a states of dependance on power, for they know they *dare not think aloud* that power *can* do wrong!

I looked, Mr. Editor; as minutely as I could, into the system of management at Perry Cabin, considering it as in some sort a fair, though I apprehended rather above an average sample, of the management of his neighbours. The first thing that struck me was the beauty of the situation—the severe simplicity of the 'Cabin,' and all its substantial and well arranged appendages of out-houses, barn-yards, field and fences. Without any parade or ostentatious display but exactly the reverse, it soon becomes obvious that constant unwavering solicitude and careful provision for the comfort, health, well-being and happiness, of every dependent creature about him, whether man or beast, constitutes the MOTIVE of the Perry Cabin system. The slave that drives, & the ox that is driven, are strangers alike to violence & want: they know that they will have justice and kind treatment as they feel they enjoy abundance. No more is kept of either flesh or fowl than may be maintained and pushed forward, always with unchecked growth in high condition. The calf goes for three months at the foot of its mother unmolested of the stores provided for its infant growth, until it can take care of itself—hence it attains without check or stint, its full development and gets to be of the largest size. So careful is my friend to give no unnecessary pain to any living thing, that nothing, neither horse, nor sheep, nor hog, is docked of its tail or mutilated with ear marks.

Nature, says he, has given nothing in vain, and of nothing should its creatures be bereft, but the better to ensure their increase and the exercise of that dominion which God has given to man over all animated nature when he endowed him with superior faculties—with such [illegible] is CERTIPETAL!

There is probably no part of the slave-holding States where agricultural improvement is going on more understandingly, if I may say so or with greater certainty of profitable and honorable results than in Talbot county—I say emphatically, honorable, because it is the work of study and intellect. A society for agricultural improvement has existed for many years, composed of gentlemen of opposite politics, who regularly meet at each other's houses like gentlemen, not like your vulgar frequenters of grog-shops and taverns—They meet like rational and responsible men of honor, who feel the obligation of every one to society and his family to contribute something to the welfare and the credit of both—to inquire how the greatest result may be obtained with the least outlay—how discipline may be made to comport with and even to promote the cause of humanity to slaves—to discuss in a word, how the least labor and capital can be made to add most to the means and comfort of life—such is the character—such the pursuits—such the amusements of the gentlemen agriculturists of Talbot.

But it cannot have escaped you that in the work of improving his estate, the FARMER has an immense advantage over him who combines PLANTING with farming. Tobacco is a deadly foe to all agricultural melioration and had it not been for the introduction of those great renovators, CLOVER AND PLASTER, whereby whole fields may be regenerated more easily than patches and cow-pens were formerly: by this day the tobacco counties would have become desolate wastes, or the culture of it must have been universally abandoned for grain and grass. To the Eastern Shore farmer is due the credit of enriching his most singular and beautiful country, by hard knocks—in his husbandry he relies on no magician nor magical influence—in winter he amasses great quantities of manure by hauling straw, 'pine shatters,' and offal of all sorts, into his barn yard, & through the summer every thing is in like manner penned and littered in the field.—As soon in the spring as the cattle is turned together from the barn-yard and left to depend on grass, a pen is made in one corner of the field intended for corn next year—That is ploughed up, and as frequently as can, or need be; covered over with road scrapings, marsh mud, litter from the woods, or any thing which by absorbing the offal of the cattle may be converted into manure—On a farm near Perry Cabin belonging to Mr. H. tenanted to a man of extraordinary industry and merit; I observed that he ran furrows with the plow, pursuing the course of the most sunken parts in fields which were too level to drain themselves—The earth thus loosened and prepared for the shovel is carted into his cowpen, there to be saturated and carried out again in very large quantities for corn.—These excavations resemble small ditches two or three feet wide, running through the fields, and while they answer that indispensable but too much neglected object, of draining the field of redundant moisture, they are yet so shallow as to offer no obstruction in cross-ploughing, and are planted over like the rest of the field. Nor do gullies ensue, as might be apprehended, the fields being too level for that. By the means here described added to the produce of their marl beds, immense accumulations of manure take place, and whole farms which in the *briefest* span' of our acquaintance were to poor to bring peas,' now bear prodigious crops of grain. All this however is accomplished at the very season when the 'tobacco worm is running the planter up to the girth'—and where it is not as we said before for *gypsum and trifoil*, he would long since have been compelled to relinquish the culture of a loathsome weed, whose demands for all his force run through the whole year.

Embarking next day at St. Michael's I had the pleasure to traverse Eastern Bay, one of the most beautiful sheets of water in the world, bordered by woods and fields and mansions of surpassing richness, luxuriance and beauty—steaming along Wye river to Wye landing and back, you see surrounded with towering popul'ars. *'Wye House,'* that ancient and celebrated seat of opulence and luxurious hospitality, and almost within the smoke of each others chimnies, you pass in full view of the elegant residences of the younger brothers James M. and Daniel Lloyd, all splendid estates, conducted with a skill, and yielding crops that evince beyond all question the improvements which have been made even in their yet young time and tide, and may I not add as connected with and accessary thereunto, since the establishment of your *old American Farmer*—What an evidence of the effect [illegible] You, as I have understood, first published but five hundred copies at your own expense and without a single subscriber, believing agriculture to be an interest, in itself and for itself, susceptible of progressive improvement, and worthy of being studied. *Now*, there are papers of great ability devoted exclusively to that greatest of human concerns of which there not less than *fifty thousand copies are issued regularly*—and what is the consequence? Children on subdivisions of estates, make more than their fathers did on the whole, the current of emmigration to the west has been arrested, if it be not indeed, and old states worn down by abuse and dead of exhaustation are becoming reanimated, and fat again, like an old ox turned into the corn field.

Opposite to the fertile and well embellished estates of the Messrs. Lloyds is that magnificent tract of land *Bordley's Island*, on which you catch a view in passing of Governor Paca's elegant mansion, if ever I should run away with one of uncle Sam's sub-treasuries I will buy that Island, stock it with grey foxes, and for my friends keep a pack of hounds—a cellar of good wine, a stud of horses, a corner full of guns, an old negro huntsman and fiddler, plant a nine-pounder at the narrows, and let no one but well-bred ladies and gentlemen land on it without stopping them to ask their politics. By a well bred gentleman what do I mean? Not a man whose heraldry is of this, or of the last century owing half its consequence to his tailor; but one of amiable manners, with a clean conscience and a clear spirit! Reflecting on the character of my friends H. and his associates, and the gentlemen of whom I have just been speaking, I cannot forbear to submit a few thoughts on

THE VALUE OF A GOOD NEIGHBORHOOD.

Is every one aware of its importance? —How even the selling price and value of land in a particular district may depend on its reputation for good or bad neighborhood? and hence, of how much consequence it is that all in every settlement should exert themselves to establish for it a *good name*; one that shall spread its renown afar, and attract to it the regards of those who may desire to invest their surplus means in land, and to live and rear a family amidst those with whom the principles of honor and virtue prevail; and among whom every kind and friendly office is habitually and promptly interchanged. Every man who is animated by a proper solicitude for the comfort and well-being of his family, and his own enjoyment of life, will be circumspect in nothing more than in *choosing his neighborhood* when he is about to buy—Whatever may be his own resources, either of pecuniary means or of intellectual accompliishment; there will yet be need for his family as well as himself, to have intercourse more or less with his neighbors.

"To live in the world we must live with the world"—but how great the difference whether we have to live with gentlemen of cultivated intellect, of nice sense of honor and delicacy, hospitable and ever ready to oblige—pleased to impart and and yet more eager to gain information, tolerant of all differences of opinion, rejoicing in their neighbor's prosperity, and scorning the vices of talebearing, eaves dropping and intermeddling—or whether on the other hand, he is to be bordered by avarice and ill-nature on one side, and canting hypocrisy on the other. Every one of observation must have perceived the great difference in this respect between even adjoining districts or necks of land, leading to the common remark, I should like to buy in that neighborhood, for there you have good society and *e converse*'—as respect but a few miles east or west—it's a bad neighborhood—infested with intermeddling hypocrites—men of diabolical temper, and others who to ignorance add malice, envy and evil speaking of men from whom they have received no shadow of provocation Other neighborhoods again are infested with grog-shops, where men grow rich notoriously by corrupting slaves and receiving stolen goods. Who would desire to rear a family where vice thus dares unrebuked to rear its brazen front, and find admission among honest men and gentlemen? A single individual may sometimes be the curse as he might be the charm of the circle in which he lives.

The object of these remarks is to inculcate the necessity there is on the score of interest as well as of social happiness, that in every neighborhood good men, should unite to acquire for it a good NAME. Let it be their ambition to have it said, Here on West River—or in Wye Neck or in the Forest of Prince George's, or on the falls of Gunpowder, is the seat of the manly and the social virtues, of intellectual cultivation, of candour, of political toleration, of kindness to the poor and humanity to the slave—of chastity of conversation and deportment, of jealousy in nothing, and of rivalry only in agricultural improvements, and in acts of mutual kindness and assistance. Let each distinct or settlement form and conduct its society on these principles and the intrinsic value of its land at the same time that it is thereby augmented, will cease to be the ONLY standard of its value [illegible] eligible investment. The moral and social charms of such a neighborhood will constitute more powerful attractions except in the eyes of fools and misers; the former incapable of appreciating the ever varying, never ending enjoyments of the mind—and the latter worshipping no idol but Pluto—seeing no brightness in any thing but gold.

*Footnote: *So called out of respect to his intimate and valued friend, the gallant COMMODORE PERRY, between whom and himself there existed the strongest friendship. Mr. H. had served with, him as Purser of his ship, in the memorable battle of Lake Erie, with all the incidents of which he is as familiar as any living actor in that glorious fight. Actor he was, for he threw off the character of non-combatant, took an active part, and was severely wounded in the battle.*

AGRICULTOR.

THE SILK BUSINESS.—In the midst of the universal depression in the price of cotton, the enquiry naturally presents itself, whether the southern planter is to be exposed to the ruinous expedients of the Bank of England and the monied monopolies, without the ability to save himself. Must he go on growing cotton as the only production worthy of his attention? Or have the growers of both wheat and cotton no resource? We answer that there is a remedy, and one worthy of serious and immediate attention. Instead of expending every energy in the production of these articles let the farmer and planter set apart a few acres for the production of silk, it will yield a far safer and surer as well as a more valuable return.

An acre of land or a less quantity, having thereon growing 10,000 trees, with proper management might, the first year, yield sufficient foliage at least to 150,000 worms.

Three thousand worms well fed may consume 1000lbs. of foliage, and make one bushel of cocoons of ten pounds weight, and sufficient to make one pound of reeled silk, worth six dollars per pound, if well reeled.

It is on all hands granted, and has been demonstrated by actual experiment, that the expense of picking leaves, feeding the worm and reeling the silk, by skilful management need not exceed two dollars the pound.

If the above data are correct, the result would be 50 lbs. raw silk at $6 $300

Here is a plain statement, which may be carefully analised rated rather under the actual profit, and every man knows that raw silk must find for years ready buyers. Europe does not produce a sufficient quantity for home consumption, and if a supply could be had, the demand would be trebly increased. We throw out these thoughts for the consideration of those interested.

[Philadelphia Post.

SILK CULTURE IN NORTH CAROLINA.

Messrs. T. G. Broughton & Son—Enclosed is a skein of silk spun by the double crop white silk worm. Your acceptance of it will oblige me. At a very trifling expense, my family have reared nearly 20,000 silk worms of the same kind as those which spun this skein. Two hands have been employed about 20 days in attending to my worms; and should I convert the whole of the cocoons into sewing silk, I should realize nearly $200. The eggs however, are more valuable at present, and as they are in demand I shall allow almost all the worms to come out, with the view of saving the eggs. This evening I took 500 of the hard cocoons to the Post Office to see how much they weighed, and found that they weighed 16½ ounces. On the 16th of June last my worms were hatched, and on the 14th inst. they commenced spinning their cocoons. Thus, at the expense of less than $20, counting time and every thing, I have made nearly $200 in 4 weeks.

"My object at first was amusement merely; afterwards I concluded to make the experiment whether silk could be made with advantage in Carolina, and the result speaks for itself. The enclosed skein was made by worms of the second hatching this year. My family not being adepts in the manufacture of silk have not twisted the silk as hard as it should have been, which gives it a glossy appearance. Should they enter the business again they will understand better how to prepare it. There are numbers of poor women with their children in our country who could raise as many if not more than my family have done. They only need an inducement. They now see that it is practicable, and if a market can be found for their cocoons, Carolina will be found exporting silk either in the raw or finished state largely.

"My worms were fed on the morus alba—or the common white mulberry—and my greatest labour was in the collection of the leaves. Had I been prepared with a few of the Morus Multicaulis, my trouble would have been greatly diminished. This tree must continue to be a valuable article for years to come; we are now satisfied that silk can be raised advantageously, and for the purpose of raising silk only. I should think they are destined to be valuable for some years.

[Nor. Herald.

HYPERION—A ROMANCE.

By the author of Outre Mer.

Professor Longfellow's "Outre Mer" is very gracefully written, the style is delightful, the descriptions are graphic, and the sketches of character have often an agreeable vein of quiet humor. Hyperion though a production belonging to another school of writing, and though tinged with peculiarities derived from the author's fondness for German literature, has a proportion of these qualities, blended with a strain of deeper reflection, which now and then passes into the grand dimness of German speculation. The story is slight—there is a young man, an American, and a young lady an Englishwoman the former falls in love and the latter rejects him. There is, therefore, little attraction in the work for those who read for the sake of a narrative crowded with incidents and tending towards an important catastrophe. But upon the sleader thread of his narative the author has hung a tissue of agreeable sketches of the different parts of Germany, supposed to be visited by his hero, delineations of character and reflections upon morals and literature. The following passage is very beautiful and very eloquent. It is part of a conversation which passes between Paul Flemming, the hero of the story, and his friend the Count Hohenfels, at Heidelberg.

"And after all," continued Flemming, "perhaps the greatest lesson, which the lives of literary men teach us, is told in a single word. Wait!—every man must patiently bide his time. He must wait. More particularly in lands, like my native land, where the pulse of life beats with such feverish and impatient throbs, is the lesson needful. Our National character wants the dignity of repose. We seem to live in the midst of battle—there is such a din—such a hurrying to and fro. In the streets of a crowded city it is difficult to walk slowly. You feel the rushing of the crowd, and rush with it onward. In the press of our life it is difficult to be calm. In this stress of wind and tide, all professions seem to drag their anchors, & are swept out into the main. The voices of the Present say, Come! But the voices of the Past say, Wait! With calm and solemn footsteps, the rising tide bears against the rushing torrent up stream, and pushes back the hurrying waters. With no less calm and solemn footsteps, nor less certainty, does a great mind, bear up against public opinion, and push back its hurrying stream Therefore should every man wait;—should bide his time. Not in listless idleness—not in useless pastime—not in querulous dejection; but in constant, steady, cheerful endeavors, always willing and fulfilling, and accomplishing his task, that, when the occasion comes, he may be equal to the occasion. And if it never comes, what matters it? What matters it to the world whether I, or you, or another man did such a deed, or wrote such a book, soheit the deed and book were well done! It is the part of an indiscreet and troublesome ambition, to care too much about fame—about what the world says of us. To be always looking into the faces of others for approval;—to be always anxious for the effect of what we do and say; to be always shouting to hear the echo of our own voices! If you look about you, you will see men, who are wearing life away in feverish anxiety of fame, and the last we shall ever hear of them be the funeral bell, that tolls them to their early will graves! Unhappy men, and unsuccessful! because their purpose, is not to accomplish well their task, but to clutch the 'trick and fantasy of fame;" and they go to their graves with purposes unaccomplished and wishes unfulfilled. Better for them, and for the world in their example, but they know how to wait! believe me, the talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well; and doing well whatever you do—without a thought of fame. If it come at all, it will come because it is deserved not because it is sought after. And moreover, there will be no misgivings—no disappointment—no hasty, feverish exhausting excitement."

Here is a thought strikingly illustrated.

"In ancient times, there stood in the citadel of Athens three statues of Minerva. The first was of olive wood, and according to popular tradition, had fallen from heaven. The second was a bronze, commemorating the victory of Marathon; and the third of gold and ivory,—a great miracle of art, in the age of Pericles.—And thus in the citadel of Time stands man himself. In childhood, shaped, of soft and delicate wood, just fallen from heaven: in manhood, a statue of bronze, commemorating struggle and victory; and lastly, in the maturity of age, perfectly shaped in gold and ivory,—a miracle of art."

The following passage relates a conversation which Paul Flemming had with an eccentric Englishman, just after he had sued for the hand of Mary Ashburton and was rejected.

In his chamber he found Berkley:—He was looking out of the window, whistling.

"This evening I leave Interlatchen forever," said Flemming, rather abruptly. Berkley stared.

"Indeed! Pray what is the matter? You look as pale as a ghost!"

"And have good reason to look pale," replied Flemming bitterly. Hoffman says in one of his note books, that on the eleventh of March, at half past eight o'clock precisely, he was an ass. That is what I was this morning at half past ten o'clock, precisely, and am now, and I suppose always shall be."

He tried to laugh, but could not. He then related to Berkley the whole story from begnning to end,

"This is a miserable piece of business!" exclaimed Berkley. "Strange enough, and I have long ceased to marvel at the caprices of woman? Did not Pan captivate the chaste Diana? Did not Titania love Nick Bottom, with his ape's head? Do you think that maidens' eyes are no longer touched with the juice of love-in-idleness! Take my word for it, she is in love with somebody else. There must be some reason for this. No; woman never have any reasons, except their will. But never mind. Keep a stout heart.—Care killed a cat. After all,—what is she? Who is she? Only a ——."

"Hush! hush," exclaimed Flemming in great excitement. Not one word more, I beseech you. Do not think to console me, by depreciating her. She is very dear to me still; a beautiful, high minded noble woman."

"Yes," answered Berkley; "that is the way with you all, you young men. You see a sweet face, or a something, you know not what, and flickering reason says, good night, amen to common sense: The imagination invests the beloved object with a thousand superlative charms; furnishes her with all the purple and fine linen, all the fine apparel and furniture, of human nature. I did the same when I was young. I was once as desperately in love as you are now, and went through all the

"Delicious deaths, soft exhalations
Of soul; dear and divine annihilations,
A thousand unknown rites
Of joys, and rarified delights."

I adored and was rejected. "You are in love with certain attributes," said the lady. "Damn your attributes, Madam," said I; "I know nothing of attributes." "Sir," said she, with dignity, "You have been drinking." So we parted. She was married afterwards to another, who knew something of attributes, I suppose. I have seen her only once since.—She had a baby in a yellow gown. I hate a baby in a yellow gown. How glad I am she did not marry me. One of these days, you will be glad you have been rejected. Take my word for it."

"All that does not prevent my lot from being a very melancholy one!" said Flemming, sadly.

"O, never mind the lot," cried Berkley, laughing, "so long as you don't get Lot's wife. If the cucumber is bitter, throw it away, as the philosopher Marcus Antonius says, in his meditations.—Forget her, and all will be as if you had not known her."

"I shall never forget her," replied Flemming rather solemnly. "Not my pride, but my reflections are wounded; and the wound is too deep ever to heal. I shall carry it with me always. I enter no more into the world, but will dwell only in the world of my own thoughts. All great & unusual occurrences, whether of joy or sorrow, lift us above the earth; and we should do well always [illegible]

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