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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From the American Farmer.

OVERSEERS OR MANAGERS—*the difficulty of getting good ones.*

It would be difficult to designate any subject, in reference to which the landholders of Maryland, and probably in Virginia and other states south of it, suffer so much inconvenience and detriment—one in regard to which they are liable to so much imposition as in the qualification and character of their managers. It well behoves them to consider the causes of what may be set down as one of the greatest evils under which they labor, and the means, if any, which may be applied to remove it. All admit the existence of the grievance, all lament it—but how far will that go towards curing it? In pursuing the inquiry, with a view to any practicable amendment of the present system of employing overseers, if amendment be practicable, the true course is to ascertain in what its defects consist.—Suppose Dr. Muse, or Dr. Franklin, or any other skilful physician to be called in to a patient prostate and speechless, does he plunge in the lancet or pour in the calomel, without first endeavouring to ascertain by the symptoms and by inquiry, the *seat and the cause of the disorder?* No, certainly not. *some* there are, it is said, with whom these two remedies constitute a *panacea* of universal efficacy, like Dr. Sangrado's hot water, and so they bleed first, and inquire afterwards! For ourselves, unskilled in the divine art, we confess to some faith in the pulse and the tongue. What then are the causes that managers are, in so many cases, lazy, ignorant, incompetent, drunken and dishonest?—This inquiry we are aware opens a broad field of investigation. So far from pretending to be prepared to solve the problem, we readily admit our inability to do it. On this, as on a thousand subjects which we should rejoice to understand and illustrate, we feel but too sensibly that like Socrates of, 'all that I know is that I know nothing!' Are overseers too poorly paid? Is the occupation considered degrading? Has the system of discipline over slaves been so much relaxed by their owners, as to prevent the overseer from doing himself justice?—To determine these questions, a variety of facts are necessary. On the point of compensation, we must consider the nature of his services and the degree of his responsibility: and compare these with the services and responsibility of men of equal grade of capacity in other callings. At first view we had adopted the opinion that, with a few exceptions, *the pay is too little*—that higher compensation in almost every other employment attracted all young men of industry and character—That is to say that the degree of intelligence, industry and integrity necessary to make a good overseer, would command higher wages, at almost any other business, whether on land or water: but on reflection, we doubt the truth of that impression. Suppose the manager to be a married man he usually gets a house, a garden his fire-wood, and a certain allowance of meat and corn, with the privilege to his wife of raising poultry, keeping or using a cow, and sometimes the right of a hog or two from the offal kitchen milk and garden stuff—such offal being sufficient for one hog at least. How does that compare with the best journeyman's wages at any mechanical business, or with a great number of good clerks? Suppose a journeyman's wages to be $1.50 per day, for, say three hundred days though in many cases, such as plasterers, bricklayers, painters, &c. &c, they are without employment for six weeks or two months in winter—but we will say three hundred days—that would be four hundred and fifty dollars.—Now suppose him to be a married man, what are his expenses? With an opportunity to inquire, we might speak with more accuracy; but we will say, for

House rent,	$40
Wood,	35
Meat, as much as the overseer gets and raises,	50
Milk,	10
Marketing vegetables for the year, say,	75
Making	$200

Deduct this from his four hundred and fifty, and he has in money two hundred and fifty against the overseer's two hundred. But suppose him to be sick for a day or a week, or a month—*his* pay is stopped to the hour, while the overseer's goes on—And then he is not stinted in the use of fire-wood; gets or ought to get, from one cow, which every married man, in common humanity, ought to be allowed to keep, as much milk as will go far towards feeding his children; and his wife, if a thrifty woman, will raise poultry enough to pay for their groceries, except *liquors;* and were it possible, there should be a stipulation against the use of them in or out of his house. But in this, the Boss should set the example, as does our friend—and we are proud to call him friend—Jacob Woolf, a master mason in Baltimore—a most active, early rising, industrious, thriving, rich-growing mechanic—one with whom we have often stole away before daylight, to enjoy a delightful hunt, killed our fox, and got back almost in time to escape the malignant observations of some envious back biting drones, who looking out yet but half awake, through their chamber window, would say, 'Ah, there goes the fox hunting po-tmaster—better be in his office, never mind—we'll fix his flint for him—we'll get up a *secret* memorial for his removal!' But away with such vermin—It would not be fair to connect them, by any sort of association, with Woolf's Leader or Dido. By the-bye, in all our exhilarations—after all the fatigues of the chase, W. could never be tempted to drink any thing but water.—Once, at Homewood, I remember me, he was prevailed on to sip down a glass or two of sparkling champaigne but there was no shame in his reluctance to go it—Sooner would he have gone a five-barred gate. So much by way of a by-blow, at an honest, worthy, high spirited brick layer, whose politics, like his trade, lead him to build up and not to pull down.

It would seem that the wages of the overseer are equal to and his condition probably in some respects better than that of the best journeyman mechanic; for no married man is worthy of employment as a manager, who would not be worthy of the compensation and privileges here designated.

Can it be that young men eschew the employment because it is not or is esteemed not to be a *respectable* occupation? Those who consider it otherwise must surely have strangely perverted notions of respectability—Is the farm man of any manufactory or mechanical business respectable? Well is *he* not an *overseer*. Is a chief clerkship in a store or an office not respectable? and is not that man who holds it an *overseer*? Is not the birth of a first, or a second, or a third Lieutenant, or mate in a man-of-war or merchant vessel, respectable? and are not they all *overseers* all of them, moreover, having some one under them? Does the overseer on a farm watch over those under him more closely, or enforce discipline so strictly, or punish those under him with so much certainty or severity, as does the Lieutenant of a man of war for neglect, or disobedience, or desertion? —No, by no means while he is himself held to a much stricter account by his commanding officer. So is the mate of a merchantman—so is the foreman of a manufactory, or the chief clerk of a public office, held to a much stricter account by their superior, than most overseers are, by their employers. The owner of land, who would wantonly treat his manager with disrespect, or without ample occasion, make him feel his subordinate situation, only shews as all fools will sometimes do, that "want of decency is want of sense." On that point every gentleman (a distinctive appellation for which we must still insist) will be guarded not to forget that

"Honor and worth from no condition rise—
Act well your part—there all the honor lies."

Who shall say that such men as Crawford, manager for Dr Stewart, and Tucker for Mr. Maxwell are not as good and as respectable men aye, and a thousand times more so than many a large landholder or merchant, being men of uprightness, of sobriety, of courage and of industry—men who have the talents and the energy to set an example of the best practice, and the greatest success in the most useful, and let us add one of the most difficult arts of life. Would to heaven our country abounded more in such men. He must have an obtuse inquiry or thirst for knowledge, who does not gain advantage and gratification by associating with such men if they would consent, and those who employ them would allow them to take apprentices, or pupils, if you will, (for it seems that with some a rose by any other name will *not* smell as sweet—hence *manager* is thought to be more respectable than *overseer*! what nonsense!) if we say never of any class, high or low, would bind themselves to work under such men as Crawford and Tucker, where such can be found, it would constitute a much more useful school than many which have been endowed by Legislatures and pious Testators—Young men brought up under them, leaving with their certificate, would carry with them a diploma that would not fail to procure them honorable employment and adequate pay.

If we have strayed from our subject, in the haste of writing and from hurry or ignorance, have left it in as much darkness as we found it; there will be the more room for the observation, of those who have reflected on it more, and with better understanding. We implore for our readers and ourselves, the benefit of their reflections. In fact, we do not get from correspondents the aid that is much desired, and much needed. Here we have given a text—let us have a commentary!

Herring Bay, Nov. 10, 1839.

AN ENGLISH FARM.

Mr. Editor.—During my residence abroad, I spent one summer and a part of the autumn at Merton in Surry, domiciled with a Mr. Raine tenant to Mr. Middleton, author of the Agricultural Survey of Middlesex, with whom I was acquainted. It was a hay and grass farm, and the management of it was of the best description. It consisted of 160 acres, all improved as meadow, no plough being used on the place except in the garden. The course adopted was as follows

Early in the spring the fields were all shut up. As soon as the hay was secured, and this was a great labor, the teams commenced carrying it to London for sale, *loading back with manure.* And now commenced that course of judicious conduct which excited my warmest admiration at the time, and has remained my beau ideal of good management ever since. The second growth of grass being well shot up, Mr. Raine went to the Cattle Fair, and bought large beeves in high condition. In his rich and clean meadows, these were soon ready for Smithfield market, to which they were sent, and their place supplied by other beeves, still in fair condition, but of much smaller size. On the removal of the shambles of the second herd, still smaller cattle in fair condition were brought to be initiated into a still higher preparatory degree of fatting. These were succeeded by small lean cattle to be improved as stores The fifth set of temporary tenants of the farm were small sheep to be wintered.

The farm, as I have remarked, consisted of 160 acres. The rent paid was £2 10s per acre, at $4 80 the pound sterling. Twelve dollars per acre, $1,920 for the farm. Paying this enormous rent,—saddled with heavy taxes, and at a large outlay for manure, and farm servants, Mr. Raine was still accumulating large riches upon it. His house was in the style of a gentleman, and his expenditures on a most liberal scale, but he owed nobody a farthing.

We are poor farmers in this country, Mr. Colman, very poor farmers as Allied Jingle would say, very. Those of us who do best, are very far from doing as English farmers do. They make more profit per acre from the *borders of their fields* than we make from our best intervale; realize as much gain in the shifting stock to consume the herbage of a single acre, as we do from cropping for three successive years the same number of acres. Every thing there is made to produce profit. A large a capital is invested as we invest in a thrifty commercial business. No man can rent a farm who has not a sufficient capital to stock it, work it, and lay out of the price of a year's harvest the outlay on a large farm is very great A fair estimate of the required sum on a farm of a thousand acres, is five thousand pounds sterling. It would astonish the American farmer to see the book of "bills receivable and payable" of an English lessee farm.

Yours,
—*New England Farmer.* J. A. I.

From the Casket for November.

CRUIZING IN THE LAST WAR.

"Once more upon the waters! yet once more!
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
That knows his rider. Welcome to their roar!"
Childe Harold

THE SHIP ON FIRE.

"Fierce and high,
The death-fire blazed into the sky."
Lalla Rookh.

"HELLO!" shouted young Irvine from the forecastle, 'there's a sail boxing about, I take it. Mr. Danforth, in that most officer'—and he pointed to a dark bank of vapours that had settled close down upon the waters to leeward, shrouding everything in that direction in a thick, impenetrable gloom, which the few stars glimmering in the clear streak to windward in vain attempted to dispel. I paused an instant listening intently, and for awhile thought my messmate's eagerness had deceived him. I was about turning away when I heard plainly in the gloom the rattling of cordage, the hurrying of men and the indescribable sound produced by the bracing round of yards.

'Ship ahoy!' I shouted.

There was the creaking of ropes to leeward but no answer followed.

'Ship ahoy!—heave too, or we'll fire into you.' I hailed, satisfied that we had been discovered, and that these sounds betokened that the stranger was endeavoring to escape.

A moment or so elapsed without any answer, and accordingly I ordered a shot to be thrown after the stranger. It produced, however, no effect. It was from necessity, a random one; and no sooner had the report ceased its reverberations, than all was as still as before. Down in the fog it was like death itself.

'I believe they've stolen way here, sir,' said Irvine, after a moment's silence had rendered us doubtful of the locality of the stranger, and he stretch his arm a point or two abeam of where we had fired.

'How did the voice bear when you last heard it?'

'Two points on the lee-bow sir; but I guess they've edged off more abeam, for I heard the bracing of yards in that direction just before you spoke."

'You're right, Harry, and hark! there they go again. They are down in that fog as sure as the sky is over us. Up with the helm, Taffrail.'

It was one of those nights which sometimes fall upon the tropics. All round the horizon, excepting a clear space to windward sat out as it were from the darkness, hung a black and gloomy curtain, wrapping sea and sky in gloom, and brooding like some gigantic wing darkly and mysteriously upon the waters. Behind us, as I have said, a patch of pale sky was visible, streaked with ragged clouds, and twinkling with a myriad of stars,—while before the thick bank of vapours stretched far away, opening shadowy and undefined ahead, as if to lure us into some enchanted ocean, without shore or haven, such as the old chroniclers assert the unwary mariners were often seduced into. So thick was this fog that we could not see a fathom before us; and the tall taper masts overhead were lost insensibly in its shadows. A black, palpable, awful gloom, had gathered around us, burying us in its insatiate embrace, and hiding every thing to leeward from our sight. Hitherto, however, we had been stealing along the edge of this fog before a gentle breeze; but as soon as our helm was shifted we glided into the mist, and before five minutes could just see the stars flickering fainter and fainter to windward, until at length they seemed suddenly to go out. So outer then became the obscurity, that the look-out on the forecastle could just be discerned looming large and dark ahead. We were meanwhile advancing further and still further into the fog and yet we saw no signs of the strange vessel we had but lately heard. I began to fear least he might eventually evade us, and before we were aware of it steal off to windward

'Do you hear any thing, Irvine?' I asked 'the chap may yet slip through our fingers, and quietly edge us to windward. Captain Drew,' I continued, as my superior came on deck, 'there's a strange sail in the fog here, somewhere to leeward, but it's too dark to discern his position, and he is just as likely as not to creep around our quarter, get the weather guage, and go off into the teeth of the wind.'

'Where was he when detected?' said he, to my great relief assuming the direction. I explained.

'Keep her so, then Taffrail—and let that fellow shall not pass us so.'

'Ay, ay, sir,' I answered, taking my position on the starboard quarter, and leaning anxiously over the side, as I strained my eyes into the gloom.

The fog now grew, if possible still more intense, settling down bodily on every side around us. The deck of the schooner, meanwhile, was buried in silence; even the creaking of the rudder seemed to die away; and the strain of the canvass in the breeze became every moment more noiseless, until at length the air fell so light that we seemed stealing on like a shadow across the deep. Even the ripples under the cutwater seemed ceased, and in another moment we were lying motionless, with our mainsail swinging heavily about, and its peak flapping away like a whiff of pale white smoke into the frowning arch overhead. It was evident that the breeze had failed us as soon as we entered the fog, and that we had been carried thus far into it only by the headway we had gained before

'Where can we be?—do you hear any thing, Mr. Danforth?' ejaculated Captain Drew.

'It's as still as the grave, sir."

For nearly an hour we continued lost in the obscurity. At times light puffs of wind would urge us on for a few moments, and when our hopes were beginning to rise, would as suddenly die away, or torment us by a baffling change. At intervals we fancied we heard sounds, or saw faint lights flickering down in the gloom. But time soon proved them to be illusions. At length the fog to windward began slowly to undulate, & directly lifting from the waters, hung a few degrees above the horizon, disclosing a long, greenish streak stretching along the seaboard in that quarter, which soon deepened into a brighter tint and directly the moon with her enormous disk, slid up from the confines of the waves, pouring a flood of glory on the sky, and shooting a long line of very light along the billows flickering and sparkling as it danced toward us. It was a fairy scene: The darkness around, the patch of clear sky above, the flashing path of the moonbeams on the sea, and the deep shadows of the billows down in their depths, added beauty and brilliancy to the sight, and made us pause for a moment in involuntary admiration.

"The strange sail is on our weather quarter!" suddenly sung out Irvine.

We turned; and sure enough away to windward, his tall pyramid of hamper in bold relief against the sky, a large, heavy merchantman was seen, with every rag of canvass set that could be made to draw, running upon a gentle breeze right into the eye of the wind. From his peculiar rig, and the fulness of his mould we at once decided him to be an Englishman. He had taken advantage of the occasional puffs of the air, and for all we knew had aided them by towing, until he had succeeded in getting clear of the fog, had worked to windward, and now, with a breeze that tauntingly kept aloof from us, was standing off at the rate of nearly three knots an hour. We could see the wind about a half a mile astern, marking its boundary by a line of gentle ripples; but, as sometimes happens, coyly keeping aloof, and though often varying its position a quarter of a mile either way, never coming nigh enough to touch our sails. Nothing could be more provoking

"Can we reach him with the long gun?' asked Captain Drew; as the gunner tumbled up the ladder, and rubbing his half opened eyes, gave the stranger a professional squint.

"It would n't be a sure shot, I'm afeard, sir," said he, dubiously shaking his head, after he had measured the distance with his eye.

'Pipe away the boat's crews then? shouted the captain, 'we must tow the schooner into that breeze—all hands there—ready?'

In a few minutes the boats were launched, manned by their athletic crews, and directly were sweeping away, with our gallant craft behind them, at a rate which promised to bring us up to the enemy in little time. Meanwhile, as the moon rose higher above the horizon, the fog to leeward slowly curled up, thinned imperceptibly away, rolled to and fro a few moments, and then vanished altogether before the flood of glorious light. The fleecy vapors too sailed slowly down the firmament, and soon left the heavens as cloudless as an Eden sky. It was such a night as might have shone on Paradise before sin and misery had come upon the world. As I watched the boats ahead a train of sweet and peaceful memories came stealing over my mind.—I was back by my father's house, the happy scenes of childhood, and the mirrored lake I love to gaze upon at moonlight. How different was my situation now!—Thousands of miles rolled between me and that happy home; the parents that once cherished me were no more my inheritance had passed away into the hands of strangers: and I was an unknown orphan, penniless, and friendless with no fortune but my good sword.—But my train of reflections, were cut short by the hoisting in of the boats, and the noisy duties of my station. We had now caught the breeze, and were beginning to forge slowly ahead. In an incredibly short space of time we were eating into the wind, with every rag of canvass spread and wet to the trucks.

The end of the next hour was waited for in eager suspense, as it would develope the relative swiftness of the two vessels, and enable us to decide upon our chances of overtaking the chase. We found however that she was no contemptible rival. She seemed admirably manned; performed her evolutions with great rapidity; and managed several manœuvres in a way that might have shamed the service. At length, however, it became evident that we were slowly gaining on her: though at such a rate as would prolong the pursuit all long after daylight. Besides, if the breeze should freshen into a blow, she could carry sail enough to drop us in a few hours. However, we continued to gain upon her in spite of her exertions and before four bells in the morning watch, were within long cannon shot though almost dead to leeward. If we could cripple her by a well sent ball, the pursuit would be at an end. The captain himself went forward as the gunner prepared to point his piece.

'A little too low, Mr. Hawser, is n't it? —you'll hull her I fancy with that.'

'Ay, ay, sir,' said the gunner, stooping down again to squint along the gun, 'but you forget the swell.'

'Well, well,' laughed the captain, 'let him have it then—we are loosing headway every instant.

'Here goes then,' answered the old fellow, whirling his match around, and applying it to the touch hole; and in an instant the flame leaped from the narrow mouth, the report cracked sharply upon the night air, and the white, sulphurous smoke sailed slowly down to leeward—We anxiously watched the path of the shot but it went harmlessly past the foe. The old fellow turned round in chagrin, kicked the powder boy out of his way to relieve himself and then set about pointing his favorite piece with a deliberation that terminated in a child's play. And he succeeded. The crash of the mizzen topsail marked the course of the ball. A third shot went plump upon the quarter, knocking a part of the wheel house to atoms.

'Huzza!' shouted the old fellow, warming in his work, pay it into 'em—where's the powder horn, you monkey?—I'll make that fellow at the wheel dodge quicker this time what the deuce are you gaping for? when I'm waiting for powder, you rubber,—take that! and cuffing the offender with one hand, he stooped, glanced at her sight again, and then let drive with his darling once more—The ball struck the quarter well aft, cutting its way transversly nearly the whole length of the ship. But at the same instant a flash darted from the stern port of the chase, and before we could look up our huge mainsail came rattling to the deck.

'Shot away our halyards, by Jove!' ejaculated the captain, 'the fellow has pluck any how—let the mainsail be slung again,—merrily there!'

'Look how he's walking away from us, Danforth,—he's got a six knot breeze there as I live,' said Jack, as the chase bowed suddenly half away to the horrizon, and then gallantly recovering himself, went off like a racer at the start.—A sudden puff had struck him, and before long he was safe from our shot.—For some time afterward the wind came in cat's-paws, now blowing gently, and now dying altogether away. Every one who has been in that latitude knows how provokingly uncertain at times is a breeze. To our utter chagrin, at last, it fell calm, leaving the chase a gainer by several miles. She could now be seen, lying in a liquid flood of moonlight, rising and falling lazily upon the swell, her white sails scarcely moving from the mast, and flashing in the distance, like a sea-gull's snowy wing. All at once Captain Drew, who had been scrutinizing her through his glass, exclaimed.

'There's something the matter on board there, the men have almost all left her decks,—and even those aloft repairing are coming down—what can it be, Mr. Jones?'

'I can't make out, sir—the crew perhaps has mutined, they are running wildly hither and thither—no, my God, *the ship is on fire!*' he ejaculated, as a cloud of thick, black smoke suddenly puffed up her fore-hatchway, followed by a long, vivid stream of fire, that shot up brightly into the midnight sky. We saw at once that the flames must have been raging some time in the hold, and that they had attained an intensity which would defy every effort to subdue them. It was a fearful sight. The eager element shot along the rigging, ran swiftly up the foremast, and wrapping the hamper in a sheet of fire, streamed almost perpendicularly upward a fathom or two above the truck. There was no breeze; but the undulations of the atmosphere, swept the dense smoke to one side, forming, as it were, a gloomy curtain against which the lurid flames shone in terrible relief. Every object on board could now be distinctly seen, and we noticed that a boat once the whole crew rushed aft. A signal of distress the next instant was shown on the quarter. All this had passed in a moment.

"Lower away the boats—pipe their crews there, boatswain! quick, sir, or the poor wretches will be lost," thundered the captain.

'The men hurried to their stations, fire-

"Mr. Danforth," said he, "you shall give you the command of the leading boat, spare no effort to reach them in time,—but," he continued in a whisper, "mind the magazine!"

"Ay, ay, sir," I answered, touching my hat, and leaping into the stern sheets continued, "push off there forward,—and now give way with a will boys,—*pull.*"

There is something noble in the character of a sailor, wherever he is found. It has a frankness, a generosity, a daring courage which excites our admiration, and wins his way to the heart. To their honor I can say that this is peculiar to no one nation more than to another. A sailor is in most respects a citizen of the world. No matter what land has given him birth, his sympathy is aroused at once by the call for help. He makes no distinction between friend and foe. To implore his aid is to command his services. Nor did this truth fail on the present occasion. Nothing could rival the ardor of our men. They bent to their oars with the thews of giants, curling the waters in foam beneath our bows and sending the boats along as if they had been pleasure skiffs.

(To be continued.)

[From the New York American.]

October—Deer Shooting.

The wild woods now present a beautifully variegated appearance, and all the ground is carpeted with fresh fallen leaves. How steadily all Nature pursues her allotted course, constantly acknowledging the Creator, and obeying the laws he has, with infinite wisdom, ordained for her guidance.

There is a melancholy, yet pleasing, soberness in this grave of the year, which seems to invite us from the haunts of men, to visit the great laboratory of the works of God. To go where the operations of his hands are unmarred by the little inventions of man, where no voice of profanity is ever heard—where the land ever enjoys her Sabbaths—where the earth has never been trampled by hostile and murderous armies, or cursed with barrenness, because of blood drawn by the scourge of the slave driver.

Yet, in the stillness of the forest, we feel that earth, air, and trees are instinct with life—that all the processes of decomposition, and of re-formation are silently, going on—and yet not silently, for, in the deepest recesses, we hear the sighing of the wind, as it lightly touches the tree tops, the rustling of the fallen leaf, the trickling of the pure stream that only half covers the stones of its bed, and to all are oftentimes added the cheering sounds of animated life.

Long have I reclined on my bed of leaves with my rifle resting on a fallen tree, watching for the appearance of the hinds of the woods who are wont, at the approach of night, to visit chosen spots, generally springy places in the earth,

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