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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ADVERTISEMENTS

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From the Maryland Republican.

LUCERNE—Manner of cultivating and the value thereof—a rare quality of, not before noticed—Daniel W.—his taste for rural sports and knowledge of Agriculture—His style of argument compared with that J. C. Calhoun—Annapolis recommended to Mr. Upshur, the able head and warm frend of the Navy as a site for a Naval School—all connected with LUCERNE.

STEAMBOAT MARYLAND, 4th June, 1842.

Mr. Editor:—To one who, like a squirrel, when awake, would always be doing something, there is great economy, giving strong ground of preference, in Steamboat—over rail road travelling. Sooner than do nothing, a man will do anything—Hence I suppose the old saw that "Idleness is the nest, in which mischief lays her eggs"—so rather than do worse I will, if you will allow me, bore your reader, with a long yarn about, I hardly know what, *until I begin to spin it*—What say you to what I have just seen and heard on the Eastern Shore of Maryland about *lucerne*? I shall keep writing about something until the Steamboat comes to the wharf, and when, if your patience holds out, you have examined the contents of the budget, you can write the label, for it in the way of caption. In the meantime I shall be at work an humble labourer, on Uncle Sam's farm of 10 miles □ where Capt. Tyler makes every man hoe his own row, and takes the foremost one himself. Among other classes, trades and professions; manufacturers, House carpenters and Physicians, for example; a new discovery or invention, which is obviously calculated to save life or labour, is quickly adopted and carried into general use.—The spring lancet—the flying shuttle—the patent mortice machine—it has not required volumes of argument and ages of experiment to get these introduced. In other branches of industry and business, men are found ready to exercise the *faculty of thinking*, the more perfect exercise of which is at least one great distinction between the brute and human family, over and above that of men having *no tails*; an ornament, which, according to Monboddo—men and women once sported as well as other animals—but—of *Lucerne*—why is it not in more general use? Because Farmers are so inert—so given to procrastination that rascally "thief of time" as the sombre Poet, Young calls it. But Mr. Editor, I am no disciple of YOUNG, though I would fain never be *old*—I have no disposition to join a school, where nothing is to be heard but *groans*, and nothing to be seen but *long faces*!—where the morning salutation and the evening valedictory is ever the same mournful warning—*'brother we must die!'* True we must all die, and it is well to remember every night when we are going to sleep, that we may never rise up again to do a kind office to man 'or woman either'—the quotation is from Sterne, who somewhere to the scriptural declaration 'it is not fit that man should be alone,' adds 'nor woman, either.' Ah! it was *lucerne* of which I was speaking—very well—I have been more than twenty years trying to persuade the agricultural community, that every Farmer, large and small, ought to have his LOT OF LUCERNE—If much of what I have written, has been regarded as THEORY, what I am now about to write may be received as a MATTER OF FACT—On Thursday last, the second of June,—Mr. W. Johnston of Princess Anne, who, I knew, had several years since cultivated lucerne with entire success, and satisfaction, informed me that all subsequent experience had confirmed his conviction of its GREAT VALUE, as a grass for SOILING. Mem, soiling—means cutting green and feeding to stock in the stable or barn yard, in contradistinction to pasturing. Gentle readers, don't be offended at the presumption of ignorance on your part, which this definition of a common term, seems to imply. All my life, I have felt that my greatest want was the WANT OF KNOWLEDGE—and I would much sooner that a companion or writer, would presume me ignorant and explain what I already know as well as he, than that he should, supposing me to know every thing, leave *unexplained*, some term or simple proposition that was the clew or key to all he was saying, and by ignorance of which, I might lose all the information he wished to impart. I know of no defect in the art or systems of communicating knowledge, so common or worthy to be deprecated as the habit of taking it for granted that your hearer or reader, knows more than he really does. How much kinder to him, to stop and explain as you go along. Then, like the great but plain spoken orator—WEBSTER, you make clean work of it, as you proceed—sweeping every thing before you—and leaving nothing to be gleaned, by an auditor of the poorest understanding—Whether they approve it or not, they can't say THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND IT! Not so, with the great, Southern Philosopher CALHOUN.

His process of thinking and reasoning is so condensed and generalized, that his hearer must be severely schooled and highly educated, to comprehend him. You must go up to him for instruction only when you have gone through the preparatory schools and are ready to take the highest degree in political science. Truth after truth is flashed on your mind in such rapid succession that you are more dazzled than instructed, and when he ceases, you perceive that you have been confounded by the very brilliance of his illustrations. Lost in admiration of the shooting star, it sets before you can begin to wish for what you would have! Uttering in brief sentences volumes of truth, he leaves you overcome with wonder, rather than filled with conviction. On the lanscape, until then obscure, as if seen through a glass dimly, his genius has cast a flood of light, and while charmed with its beauty as a whole, you are bereft of the power to criticize its details—but gracious reader, a thousand pardons—what has all this to do with *lucerne*. By-the bye, though I never saw his *practice* at *Marshfield*, never have I heard any gentleman discourse so smoothly on the philosophy of agriculture, as that self same before mentioned *Daniel W.* If you could only hear him talk as I have had the honor of sometimes hearing him, on fishing and farming—on climates and cattle—how easily, as a well-bitted horse, he can turn from one road into another—from rural amusements and natural history to the philosophy and the practice and products of agriculture in various countrie! By-the-bye—I was once dining in company with him at a very large dinner party at the 'old Hero's" table in Washington; and by some great and good luck to me, as I accounted it, I got a chair next to him. There appeared to me, on the part of some very distinguished members of the V. B party the head of it among others, to be a disposition to fight shy of the distinguished senator. All my life, since I was a small boy I have had an abiding inclination, to listen to the conversation of enlightened and great men. On the occasion here referred to, the question was how I was to turn to best account, this lucky chance of being thus thrown along side of a man whose intellectual performances had inspired me with a kind of awe at being in his real presence—and so near him!—in the very next chair on the sinister hand of the great Massachusetts Statesman! what was to be done? I was dying to *hear him talk*. The big fish all seemed as I said to fight shy of him. How could I venture? I had read in Poor Richard that

While larger boats should venture more
Your little skids should keep near shore.

At last I mustered up resolution, as he came from Massachusetts, to tell him, that my old friend Gorham Parsons, now of Byefield, had sent me a *keg of Mackerel*, which he said must be FAT, as they were taken *"with their eyes open,"* and I asked him if he could explain to *me what that meant*. Mr. Reader, he turned to me, an obscure individual (to whom he had just been introduced,) in the kindest and most affable, easy, farmer like manner. He explained the meaning of it freely, which I shall not trouble you with repeating. I felt at once at ease. I had nothing left but to draw him out, and hear him, and a more delightful evening I never passed—description of rural sports—curious facts in natural history—so much simplicity of manner combined with such variety of knowledge—the most admirable display, by the-bye, if not the characteristic of true greatness. Well shall I ever get you back into that lot of Mr. Johnston's *lucerne*! It consists then, in a few words, of about three fourths of an acre—it was sowed in 1829—has been cut, this makes the twelfth year. He keeps two horses and three cows—has a full supply of milk and cream, and more butter than he knows what to do with—much more than can be said of many farmers who have 500 acres of land without a lot of lucerne. This lot has been cut over once, and now before he can get half over again, the three horses and cows getting more than they can devour, he will have to cut it and make hay of it to prevent it from getting too old. It comes several weeks before clover—may be cut four or five times—strikes its roots very deep and will therefore stand dry weather, & will last no one knows how long; for this is now a splendid crop, after being cut eleven years, *and yet—farmer's wont sow it!* even Mr. Johnson's neighbors with a few exceptions, and with his success staring them in the face! I told him, that the common objection urged against it was that they cannot get it started—that the weeds and grass will smother it the first year. Walk with me said he and I will tell and show you all about it. The best previous culture, said he, is irish potatoes; the hoe in that case kills grass and weeds and he showed me a lot of a neighbor which last year was partly in corn and partly in potatoes, both sowed in lucerne this spring. That on the potatoe part was to a visible line, much better than the other. The way to manage it is this—take a rich lot of ground on which the water does not lie, winter or summer—cultivate it in irish potatoes—sow it down broad cast, 1st May, 20 pounds of seed to the acre, and in July, cut it. You may suppose from the looks of it the first season the weeds and grass would overcome it, but dont be alarmed. They die off and the second year the lurcern will survive almost in immortal vigor. The proof of the pudding is in eating it—here I saw the proof—when it is considered how early it invites the scythe—how rapidly it shoots up again—how many cuts it will give in the year, and how many years it will last, it is safe to say that an acre of it, well set, is worth twenty acres of clover.

BUT THE BEST IS TO BE TOLD. It is a fact which I have now, on board of this old Steamboat Maryland—(now 22 years old!) learned for the first time—from authority and in a manner which leaves me not a doubt of its truth—that Lucerne possesses the remarkable characteristic of being exempt from that quality in clover and other green meat, as English writers call it, which makes it dangerous to give it to horses when in active exercise. In other words you may feed them as Mr. Johnson does his carriage horses, on lucerne instead of dry fodder or hay, and travel them on it fast or slow without danger of touching their wind! Every one knows that this can't be done with clover—Mr. Robinson who some years since owned a stage line between Centreville and Easton—a route of 21 miles, over which a single team was driven fed on corn and green lucerne; without ever blowing a horse. In Italy the stage horse in his most active use is fed on grain and alfalfa or lucerne—But what signifies a thousand illustrations? This like others will be read and thrown aside,—as a thing that "tells very well on paper," but too troublesome to be put in practice!!

It would probably be better to sow it with oats, cutting off oats and lucerne in July; but what I saw had not the advantage of any protecting crop—the oats would probably assist in keeping down weeds and grass—To conclude—the lot should be rich, well worked in Potatoes, and well to, dressed, in February, from year to year, the oftener the better—That gives the crop an early and vigorous start—The Farmer who once enjoys the benefits of a lot of lucerne for his horses and milch cows will never be without it again—Like getting a mule—he may be slow to be persuaded, but when he gets a good one, he will be slowet to part with it—The Boat gives the signal of approach to the ancient Metropolis of Maryland where our very able Secretary of the Navy ought to get a naval school established—so reader good bye for the present.

A FRIEND OF THE PLOUGH.

From the N. Y. Sunday Mercury

SHORT PATENT SERMON.

BY DOW, JR.

I have selected the following as a text for my present discourse:

The world has wicked grown of late,
And still it grows the worse for wear,

My hearers—That the world grows wickeder every day is evident from the slight survey of the present condition of the human race. Man is now as much minus in modesty and morality as he is plus in pretended piety and practical roguery. His means for manufacturing mischief and misery are increased in proportion to the facilities afforded for making money; and he is sure to possess himself of every possible pecuniary advantage—for it is plain to be seen that he had far rather go down to the pit of perdition with a shilling in his pocket, than to enter the gates of heaven penniless and poverty stricken. In proportion as he improves intellectually by knowledge gained by experience and learning gleaned from books, he retrogades morally; and I am really afraid that in most instances at the present day, when the locomotive of the soul is detached by death from its corporal car, it runs directly off the track that leads to the kingdom of everlasting happiness, and is upset forever in the dark valley of endless torment.

My dear friends—I should suppose that we had been long enough at work in the moral flower garden of the world to have it entirely free from any noxious weeds whatever. Upwards of four thousand years have passed since a solitary human being commenced operations on a small scale, with a very small capital, and on quite a small spot—about as big as a cabbage yard—called Eden, situated at the eastward; on or near the rivers Euphrates, Pison, Gibon, and Hiddekel. He had a good, though indiscreet wife and first rate water privileges, whereon to erect a mill to do his own grinding; the earth produced him food, and raiment hung upon the branches of the trees. All he had to do was to push forward and improve upon so auspicious a beginning; but instead of which, he neglected his little paradise—allowed briars and brambles and thistles to overspread its fair surface, and the most fertile spots in his own heart's domain were permitted to be overgrown with the wide spreading vines of vice. Since which the world has been growing the worse for wear, physically and morally; so much so that if it were to be sold at auction to-morrow by my distinguished friend and co-laborer in a good cause, brother Bell, with all its live stock, including goats and gentlemen, lice lizards and ladies, I doubt whether it would bring enough to pay the commission fee—if it did, the purchaser would be taken in worse than ever Jonah was, on a certain particular occasion.

My hearers—all this prophecy by a certain individual about the Milennium being nigh at hand is only a clap trap, whereby to gain notoriety, and pocket pennies. As wicked as the world is, it is not yet quite wicked enough for such a desirable crisis. I believe, for myself, that the devil is to be let loose and reign a thousand years previous; and that he has just been released from bondage to play his pranks among the weak and erring children of earth, for the above given space of time. He commences in good earnest. One third of the whole human race is already captured and the other two have no other protection than a pasteboard shield of hope. Men in high places have fallen the first victims. Our law makers assemble together at the captol of the nation, and either do nothing but quarrel, drink gin cocktails and play at faro, or else contrive ways and means to carry out the designs of the inordinate ambition of party while the distressful cries of their country are lost in the din of disgraceful debate. Our ministers of the gospel are paid for preaching, but are not expected to practice. They shell out salvation upon their friends and followers in proportion to the shillings they receive, and deal out damnation gratuitously upon each who may presume to differ with them upon a few unimportant doctrinal points: they seduce the unsuspecting daughters of men behind the curtain of christianity—and in swapping horses or striking a bargain of any kind, they will take advantage as soon as some others whose characters are too rough for a close inspection. My friends, you will pardon me for this sweeping assertion. I speak of our preachers generally and not of particular individuals. I know there are some who yet defy the devil and al his imps—whose bosoms are filled with the pure extract of piety, and who speak from the fullness of their hearts. I look upon these as bright and glowing stars in the dark firmament of faith—guides to wanderers who stray from the narrow path that leads to heaven—and beacon lights to such as are tossed to and fro upon the threatening billows of affliction. I revere them for their worth and value them for their scarcity. Our lawyers are as formerly, beasts of prey, but more artful in their pursuits of game than ever—our doctors bleed people more freely of late, and keep those sick the longest who have plenty in their purses. Some of them, I have no doubt, would ride to Halifax for the sake of administering an emetic to an ostrich did they suspect it of swallowing a sixpence.

My friends—the world has become so corrupt and wicked of late that if one were to travel in a straight line from Kamscatka to kingdom come. I don't believe that he would come across more than a baker's dozen of strictly honest men on the whole route. If corruption continues to be heaped upon corruption after this manner, the whole surface of the globe will, in a few years, be covered with nothing but mounds of misery, containing the remains of departed mayorality. There is no possible way of putting an entire stop to the moral putrefaction among the great mass of mankind; but it may be partially checked, or delayed in a degree, if every one used his utmost endeavor to sprinkle the saltpetre of reform upon every piece of living human flesh that begins to savor too strongly of sin—and be careful, at the same time, that his own is not undergoing the same process of decomposition. So mote it be!

THE KENTUCKIAN IN HAVANA.

On a certain Twenty-second of February not many years ago, there was seated at a dinner table, at the Cuney and Fulton's, Havana, a party of about a dozen Americans, principally sea-faring men, who had gathered there for the purpose of celebrating in a quiet way the anniversary of the birth of the immortal Washington. As a matter of course, 'patriotism' was all the go that day. There was no man in the crowd whose heart failed to overflow with American feeling. As the apostle Johnson had not then visited the West Indies, teetotolers were rather scarce among the shipmasters in port. Consequently, early on the morning of the anniversary commenced their libations—they took occasion to forswear 'their potations,' in the outset, and when the dinner hour arrived, no one 'came to the scratch' who would answer for a pattern of sobriety. The most uproarious of the collection was an out-and-out Kentuckian who, by some strange operation, had made the 'deep, deep sea' his home, and was then in command of a Baltimore schooner which happened to be in the harbor. In no man's breast did the fire of *amor patriæ* beam with a steadier or stronger flame. He was 'chuck full,' of Kentucky glory, Kentucky valor, as well as Kentucky fun. Yet another of the party was a young Captain of an English merchantman, who had been ungently pressed to partake of the feast, by some acquaintance at the table, not particularly mindful of the consequences.

The Englishman evidently found himself in a bad box—the set was not such an one as he had been accustomed to, and the tone of conversation, and the behavior of the Republicans, seemed to be of a very novel character. He watched the motions of the Kentuckian with some degree of apprehension, for his ideas in regard to Kentucky and its inhabitants were of a very peculiar character, and he thought he saw in the sample opposite him at the table all that wildness and ferocity which he had been led to believe characterized the barbarians of the 'Dark and Bloody Ground.' The Kentuckian was not long in perceiving that he was attracting a good share of the Englishman's attention, and silently determined to make the most of the joke. The eyes of this man wore a singular expression; one of them was a light blue, and the other a dark hazel; on the bridge of his nose, near the corner of his right eye, was a small wart, which he had attempted to destroy with some sort of lotion, and which had thereby been dyed quite black. These peculiarities gave his face a queer and sinister appearance.

The first toast offered from the head of the table was, *'Mary, the Mother of Washington!'* The Kentuckian seized a decanter, swallowed at least one-fourth of its contents, and rising from his chair, deliberately dashed the bottle into fifty pieces. 'That's the way to drink *that* toast,' said he, and calmly took his seat. The Englishman turned pale, for he began to think the next decanter would be broken over his head

'I say, Thompson,' observed the Kentuckian, winking to a person next to the Englishman, on the opposite side of the table, 'do you know that the man who gouged my eye out the second time is now in this very city?'

'No; is he?'

'Yes he is; I met him yesterday on the *Paseo*, and he sunk like a mud-turtle into his shell.'

'Did you speak to him?'

'Devil the word; but I watched where he went to, and am determined to fix him, spite of the consequences.'

'I think you had better not,' said the other who seemed fully to comprehend the Kentuckian's desire for a little fun.

'Perhaps you don't know all the circumstances of that fight,' said the other, drawing himself up, rather proudly.—'The way it began, you see, was rather queer. That man's cattle used to get into dad's pasture, and one day I caught'—

'Fill up for the second toast, gentlemen,' called out the Presigent.

'All charged.'

'The Star Spangled Banner!'

The Kentuckian contented himself with a wild and startling, hip, hip, hurra!' over this toast, and quietly resumed his story.

'One day I caught a favorite Durham short-horned bull, cut off its tail and right fore-leg, tarred and feathered it, and sent it home in all its glory.'

The eyes of the Englishman were fixed upon the narrator with a glassy stare The Kentuckian continued his tale,

'There were three brothers of them: two came to me the next day to give me a flogging. I killed one, by throwing him three rods over a stone wall with a pitchfork. The other run and jumped into a horse-pond where I pelted him to death with squashes. The jury acquitted me on the ground that I had merely acted in self defence. A few days after, the third brother—the one now in Havana—and myself, went out a training, and fought until we were completely tuckered out. When we got through we compared notes. He had got my right eye, and I had chewed off both his ears, & we made an even swap; that was the way I got my eye back. A celebrated eye-doctor came along a day or two after, and fastened my eye into my head again. Do you see that?' (pointing to the black wart in the corner of the eye,) 'that is the head of the screw by which he fastened the eye to my nose, in order to hold it?'

It would be difficult to paint the various expressions of disgust, terror and alarm which chased each other across the face of the Englishman during this recital.—When 'Old Kaintuck' pointed to the 'screw,' the Englishman could stand it no longer, but leaped from the table, seized his hat, and made for the door. At one bound the Kentuckian jumped over the table, and with a perfect Choctaw yell, rushed after the fugitive. The last that was seen of the Englishman, he was racing down the street as though Old Nick was after him, while our friend from Kentucky had cooly resumed his seat at the table, and filled his glass for the third toast.—Picayune.

RANGE AND SEVERITY OF THE LATE EARTHQUAKE. The earthquake which has recently desolated a large portion of St. Domingo, was one of the most severe that has occurred in any part of the world for many years, and perhaps more extensive in the sphere of its operations than any since the earthquake which destroyed Lisbon in 1755. It appears that on the same day and very nearly at the same hour, the effects of this recent earthquake were felt at various places, ranging from Port au Prince to the base of the Rocky Mountains. The greatest explosion from the force of internal pent up fires, was felt at Cape Haytien, St. Domingo, on the 7th inst., here they had three successive and violent shocks, and previous to the first of them a shock of the earthquake was felt at Porto Rico, on the morning of the 7th of May, which as far as we have yet learned, was the most easterly point that the effects of it were felt. The internal fires, it seems, then took a northwesterly direction, struggling to escape from their prison house, and ultimately tore the ground asunder and broke out at Cape Haytien. It stretched clear across the breadth of St. Domingo and was felt at Port au Prince on the same day and at nearly the same hour. It also travelled on and was felt at Mayaguez, at the same time; then to St. Martinsville and one or two other places in Louisiana; thence to Van Buren, Arkansas, and clear up to the foot of the Rocky Mountains; where it was also felt on the same day. It thus travelled at least 1500 miles, and perhaps was felt even farther. It is a sublime and awful thought; here we have proofs of the existence of a body of internal fires 1500 miles long and probably as many deep.

N. Y. Herald.

THE TIMES. OUR COUNTRY AND RESOURCES.

"When thus creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store should thankless pride repine?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good which makes each humbler bosom vain?" [*Deserted Village.*

Away with the wailings of care! Away with the lamentations of discontent. *"Panic and pressure"* have had their day. Prodigality has run its race. Let us return to confidence and contentment, under a system of honest payments, and slow but sure prosperity. Wholesome trade requires not the stimulus of *steam*. Let us apply the rules of *temperance* to business, and go along soberly, quietly and happily. We have been drunk on *paper excitements* long enough. Call in the cold water system in our monetary and business transactions, and all will go on well enough. A few spasms and convulsions remain; but abstinence and a cooling regimen will soon bring all to rights again. Have patience—perseverance on the temperance principle will soon cure this *delirium tremens* of trade. Away with carping care! Let us roll up our sleeves and to work! "Ho there!" we have a wide field and fertile land!—Behold, our blooming valleys how they smile in the beams of the summer sun, loaded with golden harvests! See our hardy and healthful host of farmers!—What a population! Look at the glowing cheeks of their wives and daughters, and the fiery glances that shoot from the dark eyes of their brawny sons! Who says we are ruined? Who dares to complain when heaven showers such bounteous blessings upon our happy land!—Who can or will say, that a country is ruined, when abundance smiles on all? When nature lavishes every good upon our discontended and ungrateful hearts? When every field is teeming with fat?

"This wealth is but a name
That leaves our *useful products still the same.*"

True we have not as much bank money (paper,) as some people want; but we have as much as our *previous abuse* of it allows. It is true we have suffered a revulsion of business. We have overtraded, and now called to settle our accounts, we find that *nature*, who never deals in *fictions*, has vindicated her violated principles, and now exacts *value for value* because *promise* for value has been carried too far. But *nature* is supreme. It is the law of God and must be obeyed.

No country can be ruined that boasts an increasing population. POPULATION itself is WEALTH. We have an industrious people, and *these are* BANKS that never fail. NATURE is the stockholder. God grants the charter, and labor makes the dividend. The treasure swells to millions in the bosom of our mother *earth*. The harvest is to him who sows, not to the sluggard who sighs and cries out "run! run! run!"

We have heard enough of *'hard times.'* The words mean only the *comparative* facility of obtaining money, and the *comparative* diminution of quantity. Granted that thus understood, the times *are hard*. Well! it is only the consequence of a *transition* from high to low prices; and the natural reluctance of men to *measure* the same quantity of goods for a less quantity of *money*. Come down to the *smaller measure*, graduated by a less quantity of *money*, and the times will not be *so hard*. A barrel of flour and an acre of land are still the same. Nothing can destroy the comforts and necessaries of life but the elements. We have all that can render a people happy, if they will betake themselves to the soil, and cease to grasp a *sudden greatness by unnatural means*. Imitate nature, respect her laws, and be happy!

"Speed the PLOUGH!" is the motto of republican virtue. After that comes COMMERCE, spreading her white sails on the broad ocean, and scattering to distant lands our surplus treasures. Then follows MANUFACTURES, unlocking the iron jaws of our MOUNTAIN MINERALS, and the flocks of the valleys and the mountains yielding their fleece to the devouring loom. When our *mountains break*, it is to enrich the world. Those are the banks for a colossal people who claim a boundless region, where HUNDREDS OF MILLIONS will one day toil and THINK, LABOR and

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