# 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."

VOL. XXVI. EASTON. (MD.) SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 19, 1843. No. 33.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY *Saturday Morning*, BY

**Alexander Graham.**

**TERMS.**

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

*ADVERTISEMENTS*

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


## AGRICULTURE.

### HINTS FOR MAKING MANURE.

BY AN AMATEUR FARMER.

We find the following PRACTICAL matter of fact article in the Farmer's Register which credits it to the London Farmer's Magazine.

"The following essay, or rather, we should say description of manure, obtained the prize at the last meeting of the Holywood Agricultural Society. As it may be found of advantage to farmers and agriculturists generally, we give it the benefit of our circulation."

"To the President, &c. of the Holywood Agricultural Society.

Gentlemen.—Having observed in your published list of premiums for this year, which, by some means fell into my hands, one offered by Mr. Farrin, for the best essay on, or description of a manure, or manures, which will make the best substitute for that usually prepared in the farm yard, procured from towns, I thought I would take a chance for it and resolved, as I have many opportunities of seeing the crops growing, and of conversing with those who grow them, to cast my eyes about and seek for information on the different manures by which they are produced. I at last fixed upon a farmer's field, where a number of persons had their potato crops planted beside each other. A great difference in the several crops was very perceptible, & my first impression naturally was, as the farmer, the owner of the field, had the largest manure heap, the produce of many cattle, he should have the best crop. On inquiry, however, I found I was mistaken, for one lot of a person who kept only one pig and another belonging to a cottager, who kept no pig, were both better than the general crop. Now, said I to myself, I have the secret to make good manure (and, I must confess, my mind rested more strongly on the premium,) and I can only prevail on this cottager, who keeps no pig, to tell me how he makes his manure—what he carries on, on a small scale. I will conduct on a large one. He appeared quite astonished on my making inquiry on so simple a matter, as he called it, as a cottager's manure heap, and thought me very ignorant indeed.—However in a very few words, he told me, that he collected all the green weeds he could, scraped the roads, pared off all green edges, and cleaned out the Water Tables opposite his own house, and as much further as he could—and, if his Landlord would allow him, scoured out a ditch, and even picked up quantities of Red Fog, by times. All these he collected into a heap, and he never allowed a drop of suds, dirty water, house backings, or any other liquid that could be collected, to be lost—but poured all on the heap of rubbish he had gathered, and after some time, turned it carefully, and mixed it properly. On inquiry, I found that he did not apply a greater quantity of this manure to produce his crops, than is usually done from the farm yard—and he assured me, that its good effects remained in the soil and appeared on the future crops. Now I can fancy the learned essayists, who may compete for this premium, in classic order and in modern style, dividing their subject into different heads, and explaining the meaning of terms, in which I will most certainly fall short. O! for the pen or pencil, of a Franklin, a Cobbett, a Doyle, or a Blacker, to paint my subject in its proper colours, which, though not so beautifully blended as those of the rainbow, yet present to the eye of the amateur agriculturist a pleasing variety of black & green, diversified with orange and yellow! But you must all have heard, that wishing, of all occupations, is the worst. I must, therefore, as this is only intended for a plain humble, prosy description, trust to my own style to describe the process, and how followed, for two seasons.—You must, therefore, for the present, place yourselves, in imagination, beside a large heap of 80 to 100 loads of road scraping, water table scourings, weeds, and every kind of refuse that could be scraped together, with several puncheons of suds, and all other sorts of liquid manure which are produced about a farm house (with some more solid,) discharged into numerous communicating cuts, made over and through the surface of the above described heap, the liquid being always immediately covered over, to prevent evaporation. The cuts must be made in different parts of the surface of the heap, for each successive puncheon of liquid. Till all is completely saturated—then an additional layer of earth and other material, and so on, till it is ready for a complete turning. Or, suppose a pit dug in a convenient part of a field, or a tank made near your house, both of which I have tried, with a layer of finely broken earth in the bottom, on which a puncheon of the material before described, has been discharged, the whole properly mixed together with a shovel, the operator standing on the brink of the pit or tank—and afterwards, a thin layer of earth added, to prevent evaporation.—In another week, or as often as possible, add another layer of finely broken earth, and another puncheon, mixed and covered over as before directed, till your pit or tank is full, and ready to be cleared out to give room for another 'making' When the material is thrown out of the pit, it will be always necessary and proper to cover it entirely over with weeds or some kind of refuse; but the more vegetable matter the better. This matter, however, is not one of supposition; it has been carried into effect, and could not be kept a secret for the process drew wandering spectators, from its perfuming the air with that odor which would make a knowing agriculturist look six months before him, and say to himself,—This will come to something; if crops don't grow after the application of this manure * * *. I have heard of, and seen essays which would tell you what might be done; but here is a matter on which you may exercise nearly all your *senses*—you can see it, touch it—most certainly smell it; and, at any stage of the process, you may readily hear it. I will not detain you with the obstacles I had to encounter in carrying that great matter into effect, being laughed at by some, and ridiculed by others. But, before concluding just observe (that this manure may have fair play,) your ground must be first well cleaned—different manures are adapted to different soils and different plants—and that a long continuation of the same kind of manure to the same kind of soil is often injudicious. I had almost forgotten to remark, that I have known many farmers to draw manure, at a dear rate, from towns, who were allowing much liquid manure, for want of a very trifling arrangement on their premises, to waste its richness on the desert air.' This is a subject which demands your early and attentive consideration—and I would warn you not to be too long about it, as one farmer of this parish has certainly done, who said he had been thinking about making a tank for nine or ten years, but could never get time. If this humble description of manure should happen to obtain the premium, it may be handed to your secretary, who will, if necessary, tell the name of the writer, who has adopted as his motto, 'KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN.'

## FOREIGN.

### AGRICULTURAL DINNER.

Mr. Everett was a guest at the annual dinner of the Royal Agricultural Society, at Derby, on the 11th of July, and his health being proposed by the chairman, Earl Spencer, made an address as follows:

Mr. Everett, upon rising to return thanks, was received with loud and long continued cheering. He said—My Lord and gentlemen, I assure you, without affectation, that when I consider the kind manner in which you, my lord, have spoken of me and my country, I am almost overpowered by my feelings, and want words to express them.—[cheers.

Such a notice, from such a company, of myself and my country, from this intelligent assembly of English noblemen, and gentlemen, and yeomen—from you, my lord who have borne the flag of your country with honor on the sea—[cheers,] and who sustain a position of such importance and respectability on shore—sir, I want words to thank you as I ought.—You have done me no more than justice, I assure, in ascribing to me the kindest feelings toward the land of my fathers—[cheers.] My lord I am a great believer in the efficacy of race and of blood. I do not think it is confined to a question of short horns and Herefords, and South Downs and Leicesters.

I believe in the race of men as well as of the inferior animals—[cheers.] Attached as I am ardently, passionately, to my own country, desirous to strain every nerve in her service, and if need be, to shed every drop of blood in her defence—[cheers.] I yet rejoice that my ancestors were the countrymen of your ancestors. My lord, the sound of my native language beyond the sea is music to my ears—[cheers.] I do rejoice that when I speak my own mother tongue I speak in the mother tongue also of a kindred people like that of yourselves—[cheers;] and, my lord, if there is any occasion—if there is any meeting that ought to bring us together as brethren, is it not at a meeting of those devoted to the great parent art, the common interest of civilized nations?—[cheers.]

Oh, my lord, I believe that if one thousandth part of the energy, of the skill, of the treasure that have been expended by rival nations in the deadly struggle of what is called "the field", had been employed in a generous emulation to see who should excel the other in the arts of peace (cheers) I believe, my lord, if this had been done, you farmers would have driven us diplomatists out of the field (cheers;) at any rate you would leave us very little to do in carrying on angry international discussions. You have been pleased to allude to the important commercial connection between our two countries; it is important, and most earnestly and heartily do I wish that it might become more so (cheers.) But there is a thought on this subject which has struck me, since I listened to your lordship's instructive speech last evening, illustrating the incalculable importance of agricultural pursuits.

The commerce between our two countries is the largest that is carried on between any two countries on the face of the globe. The annual commerce between Great Britain and the United States is nearly twofold that which you carry on with any other people. The entire annual movement of this commerce both ways,—your exports to the United States—your imports from the United States—either of them singly being twice as great as your commerce with any other nation. And yet what think you it amounts to? About as much as the value of the annual crop of oats and beans in Great Britain—(cheers) I take the fact from the instructive essay of your worthy colaborateur, Mr Pussey.

One more fact to show the importance of your agriculture. The whole foreign commerce of Great Britain, in pursuit of which you overshadow the ocean with your fleets, and plant your colonies in the farthest islands is actually less in value than the annual grass crop of these islands. (cheers.) So truly was it said that he was the greatest benefactor who could make two blades of grass grow where only one grew before. (Cheers.) It does not become me, my lord—I will not say as a stranger—by your kindness you will allow me to throw off that name, (cheers) but as your guest, it does not become me to enter into great details on this occasion; but it struck me, in going over your implement yard this morning, that however neglectful and inactive you may have been heretofore in the improvement of agriculture, there is nothing to complain of now.

It does seem to me that there is an amount of science, of mechanical skill, of practical sagacity, of capital, and of attention, on the part of the higher orders—of diligence and, perseverance on the part of the intermediate and laboring classes, combined for the promotion of agriculture, that has never been equalled in the history of the world. (Cheers.) And it is a most remarkable fact, if you will pardon me for indulging in a general reflection, that till lately all great discoveries and improvements in agriculture seem to have been the product of the very earliest infancy of mankind.—Who can tell, my lord, when that instrument that lies at the basis of all civilization, the plough, was invented? Who can tell when man first called in the humble partners of his labor, the horse, the ox, the cow, the swine, the sheep, and took them into profitable alliance with himself?

If you could find out who was the shepherd that first caught the wild dog and taught him to help and tend the flock, you ought to rear a monument of brass or a marble cenotaph to his memory—a higher monument than was ever raised to hero or monarch. Who knows where the cereal grains or the esculent roots were first cultivated? There is but one of them, as you know, the potatoe, of which the history is known—all the rest retire back into the darkest antiquity. They were cultivated at a time when your ancestors were roaming over the morasses of the now beautiful free and merry England—(cheers); when our ancestors were roaming painted savages through the land. Aye, when the Romans and Greeks were living on beach nuts and acorns—(hear, hear.)

It seems, in fact, that in reference to the progress of agriculture, mankind has followed that curious law which Mr Owen alluded to at the council dinner yesterday—the law that governs the ruminating animals in the tropics. He pointed out to us most beautifully that the ruminating animals there have a large fat hump between the shoulders. This is nourished and grows in the first five months of the year, when there is plenty of food, and they get along with the hump as well as they can through the seven succeeding months of scarcity.—So it seems with mankind with respect to agricultural discoveries. In the very infancy of the race they got this large fat hump between the shoulders, and 3000 years they lived upon little or nothing else—(cheers and laughter.) The very plough that we read of in Virgil we may now see in use in the south of Europe.

We see it still in the hand of the peasantry as we discover it in bas relief on the sculptured remains of antiquity. It is a most pleasing fact that this revival of the great art of agriculture in these latter days of the world is the work of the Anglo Saxon race of which you have spoken. It has been left to you, & if you will permit me to say to us, living as we do in this ungenial climate, beneath these weeping skies; [the rain was at this moment descending in torrents, and the observation was loudly cheered;] it has been left to us to do that which not Italy nor Greece has been able to do with all their sunny climate.

Yes, and it is the want of those tropical luxuries, those enervating breezes of the south, that has given you, that has given us, that hardihood, that perseverance, that industry, that resolution, that are worth all the spices and all the gold of the tropics—[cheers] Yes, it is this that enables you to make that boast in which I hope you will permit me, for my country, to join—

'Man is the nobler growth our soil supplies,
And souls are ripened in our northern skies,'

—(cheers.) I beg your pardon for the length of time I have detained you. I assure you that when these shouts shall be heard across the Atlantic, as they will in 18 or 19 days, they will be echoed from hearts as warm as yours—(cheers)

### BATTLE BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND THE MACEDONIAN.

*From the Boston Mercantile Journal.*

Reading in your paper of the 11th instant a very graphic account of the battle between the United States and Macedonian, I was reminded that I had in my possession a very fine counterpart to it, written on the day after the battle by a gentleman who was a volunteer on board the United States. It would be difficult to imagine a greater contrast than the scene presented on board the two ships.

A.

At Sea, October 26, 1812, lat. 4, lon 29.

MY DEAR FRIENDS: I will endeavor to give you something like an account of what I have witnessed since we parted. The gentry who heretofore done the sea fighting of the world have represented it as a business so frightful, have so filled our ears with the thundering description of the cannonade, and so wrung our sympathies with the agonies of the wounded and dying, that had I not just come out of one as noisy, at least as any of theirs, I should think it a very improper sort of a picture to present to a lady's eyes: but it being a very tame concern, saving now and then a ridiculous occurrence, I not only do not despair of giving you a very minute account, which shall not affect your nerves, but I hope even to excite your curiosity as high as mine was when I came to sea for the purpose of seeing a fight. You must know that yesterday morning I was waked out of a sound sleep with the very agreeable intelligence that a frigate was in sight standing for us, and close aboard. 'How large she is?' 'Very large, sir.' 'Perhaps it is an American or Spanish?' 'No, sir, she has got an English flag flying.'—'Give me my clothes.' The purser by by this time had got the intelligence. His station you know is in the cockpit, out of shot. With his clothes in his hand, he was darting with the rapidity of lightning for his hiding place, when seeing me, he stopped suddenly, and taking me to his cabin, 'Come, my good fellow, there's no knowing what may happen—just subscribe this receipt for your share of the small stores.'

A very pretty omen, thought I. Dressed and armed, (for you must understand I am one of the goodly fellowship of boarders) I ventured on deck. Here, every thing was in a bustle—the hurry of preparation for battle. I met the Commodore's eye. 'Well, sir, you are ready, I see.' 'Yes, sir,' said I, in a very husky voice. We shall have a fight.'—'I see, sir?' 'Oh, yes, there she is, and a beauty, too.' I got on a gun carriage looked over the bulwark, and there she was sure enough, right abreast of us, showing all her teeth. Ah! thought I to myself, how much better 'twould be now if she would only stake without firing. 'Shall we hoist the ensign?' asked a quartermaster. 'Yes.' 'More than one?' 'No; we can whip her as easily under one flag as four.' 'Silence!' And all was as hush as death. Our captain now made a speech: 'My good fellows we'll have no cheering. If you knock out one of her masts, don't stop to bowl about it, but thump away the harder at the other two.' Well, thought I, if you don't make a better fight than you have a speech, we may as well give up at once. 'Fire one broadside from the gundeck!' And off it went, very much like fifteen other guns, making some noise and a great smoke; and then very faintly we heard ten guns in return, but not a shot came near us. I grew calm, and now if they would only flinch it at this distance!

The enemy however, went about again. Our sails were hauled up, and there we lay, waiting for him to come down. He came within about half a mile, and let slip all his broadside, and off went ours. And so we went on, our men firing three times to his once—the shot flying thick and close, whiz, whiz, whit, whit—they flew fast and thick. I went to the capstan to minute that one of her yards had settled, and the moment I turned my back, crash came a shot, through and through, knocked down three men, cut off a whelp of the capstan, and threw it into a thousand splinters all about me. There the men lay—not a groan, not a wry look, no crying out. At length Lieut. Funk, who was one of them beckoned to me. I took him in my arms and carried him to the gundeck, to the grating over the cockpit. There were three others with their legs off. 'Let them go down first,' said Funk, 'I am in no pain.' They all went down. I put him through. 'Go to the Commodore,' said he, 'I can get down without you.' I turned to go up, and three men were picking up one of their messmates without a head. 'Out of the port with him,' said the officer, and they threw him out as if he'd been a dog.

All this at any other time would have been distressing; but when I got on deck a smile from the Commodore, and 'Well, Mr. B., you came to see a fight, how do you like it?' 'Very well; but seems to me I will never be over.' 'No (said he) I shall have to go home for powder and shot if he keeps off much longer.' Directly he set his foresail and edged down pretty close to us. The Commodore turned to me, 'We'll now settle it in twenty minutes;' and after seventeen, spent much in the same manner as I have described, down came all his masts and yards, his firing ceased, and we ranged ahead. Soon we went about and stood close down to him, when he acknowledged he had struck. And this was all. And this is a fight! I looked at the watch, and we had been hammering away one hour and twenty two minutes. 'What ship is that?' 'The Macedonian.' Give Commodore Decatur's compliments to Capt. Carden—hopes he's well. You must know that last March Captain Carden was in Norfolk with his ship. While there he and the Commodore had a warm dispute about the respective discipline, equipment, armament, &c, of their and our ships.—At last they quarrelled, and the Commodore told him that if there should be a war they might be able to settle those questions, till then they had better not be discussed. Carden replied: 'My frigate is thought a match for any single decked ship afloat. She may go down, sir, but she can never strike to a frigate.'

He came on board looking more like a butcher than any thing else, for he was literally besmeared from head to foot with blood. He was received at the gangway in the most gracious manner by his old acquaintance, shown into the cabin, and, although in the most distressing state of mortification, saying, 'I shall certainly be hung; my country never will forgive this; they wont believe it till I tell them of it,' &c. &c. was soon pacified and at length in some degree satisfied. He was told that the Guerriere struck in thirty minutes, with half the loss of men he had suffered and so on—for you must know he came from a scene horrible enough to make him mad.

His decks were lumbered with his dead and wounded. Out of a crew of three hundred men he had thirty six killed and sixty eight wounded; we only seven killed and five wounded. His vessel was a complete wreck; ours, in one hour's time, could have whipped just such another frigate in half the time, could we have got close along side one. We are now employed in putting her in order to come to America, with what chance you will easily judge of our getting her in, when informed that we are just two thousand five hundred miles from home, and a winter's coast to come on. With Decatur's luck I think we may reach America by the first of December, when I hope to have the pleasure, &c, &c.

With the kindest regard, I am my dear friends, your obliged and very humble servant,

E. F. B.

### A MISSISSIPPI REPUDIATION SCENE.

Gen. James Hamilton was a guest at a 4th July dinner at Columbus, Miss., and, having been 'called out' by a toast referred to the doctrine of repudiation. In the course of his remarks he narrated the following most affecting circumstance, which occurred while he was in London.

'Gentlemen, I was in England when the intelligence was received and the shock was felt of your failing to pay the dividends on your bonds. I might describe to you the panic which this intelligence produced & its disastrous influence on the interest of our whole country; but I forbear. I know that the losses of large capitalists are not very apt to produce much sympathy. However, your bonds you will permit me to inform you, were sold at a price which seemed to promise a high rate of interest; they were therefore purchased in Europe by persons in moderate circumstances, seeking in this way an augmentation; by disabled half pay officers, by comparatively destitute widows, and by trustees for orphans in no wise in a better condition. The statement of this fact recalls to my mind a circumstance which occurred shortly after the news reached London that the Executive of your State had declined recognising the validity of your State bonds. I happened to step into the office of a friend, a highly respectable merchant in London, where I met a gallant officer of the British army, whose acquaintance I had the honor and pleasure previously to make.—He informed me that he was an unfortunate holder of Mississippi bonds. He remarked, 'I shall carry to my grave a large deposite of American lead, which I received at the battle of Chippewa, where wounded and disabled, I fell into the hands of your countrymen From their generosity, unbounded kindness, I thought I could safely deposite in their good faith the little gold a limited fortune had still left me. I saw the seal and signature of the State of Mississippi I thought this enough' but I am nearly ruined by my confidence in your country.' This, gentlemen, was said with a sensibility free from all vituperation or querulous abuse. It was said by a man who stood six feet two in his shoes, the perfect and entire impersonation of the finest models of Phidias and Praxiteles. It was in one word, the gallant Sir John Matillon Wilson who was wounded in seven places at the battle of Chippewa, and who, amidst prejudice and ignorance in regard to our country, stood up as her generous and noble defender in his own. Can you blame me, gentlemen if I assured this veteran, with a gush of sensibility equal to his, that every farthing of the Mississippi bonds, interest and principal, which he held would be paid, as sure as there is a God in Heaven; that I knew the resources of this State and the character of her people; that this was a mere pause or suspension in her good faith, which had resulted from causes entirely connected with the supposed unfairness with which an intermediate negotiation had been made for the aggregate amount of the bonds in the United States; that there was not in her people meanness or sordidness; and to hold on with inflexible confidence to his stock.'

### MR. JEFFERSON AND THE AMERICAN SYSTEM.

—In Niles' Register for 1830 the subjoined letter from Mr. Jefferson is published. It was copied from the Rhode Island Literary Subaltern, which states that it was addressed to a distinguished manufacturer and capitalist of Massachusetts. The sentiments expressed in the letter relative to the protective policy are in accordance with the views maintained by Mr. Jefferson in his earlier life. It appears indeed from a letter of his written in 1817, and referred to by the Register, that he was the author of the term "American System," as applied to the policy of sustaining domestic industry. The annexed letter is from the Register of July 3d, 1830:

'MONTICELLO, May 25, 1823.

Dear Sir—I have received your letter of the 10th of this month, and at the same time was delivered me by Capt. Barlow a piece of domestic fabric called negro cloth containing twenty six yards for my acceptance and inspection. I thank you for the kind and very flattering expressions contained in your letter; and for the handsome present of the cloth, I should be happy to return you something more solid than *empty* thanks.

I have examined the cloth, & although, I am of opinion that it is well calculated for the dress of negro slaves, who reside in South Carolina and the more genial climates of the South, I am fearful that it would not be found adequate to the wants of the Virginia slave. For the summer, it would be too warm—for the winter, too cold; still, if you can improve the fabric by putting a little more wool in the filling, and mixing a little with the warp, I do not know but it might be found adequate to all our purposes.

You ask my opinion of the American system? Relative to that somewhat absorbing question I should hope that the whole of my past life and policy had given satisfactory reply. I have always been of opinion that the people of this nation should manufacture all the fabricks that their exigencies demand, if they can do so, and that they can do so without applying to the workshops of England, France and Germany, who will doubt? Cottons and woollens we make in rare abundance, and of a quality quite good enough to answer all our wants and demands: why then should we travel to Europe for our supplies? For our silks and fine linens, we must for some time to come go to the workshops of Europe; but I apprehend that the day is not far distant when even they will be manufactured by native industry.

You ask my opinion of the merits of Mr. Henry Clay and his policy for the protection of domestic industry and manufactures. These are questions which I feel some delicacy about answering, first, because Mr. Clay is now a candidate for the Presidency, & secondly, I never yet fully understood to what ends his policy extends; and although I will advance my opinions relative to the questions you put to me, I must beg that you will not at this juncture give my views to the public through the press. As for Mr. Clay, I consider him to be one of the most talented and brilliant men and statesmen that the country has ever produced, and should I live many years longer, I hope to see him hold the place of the chief executive of the American republic. His career, thus far in life, has been a career of glory, and he has achieved that for his country, whilst engaged in her cause, which would ornament the brightest place in the escutcheon of the most favored statesman of any age or nation. I say thus much in reply to your interrogatories, but, as I said before, I do not wish to have my remarks given to the press, for the simple reason that this country is involved in a political excitement, of which I am not disposed to take part, as I have long since resolved not to take part in the politics of the times. My wrist, which is quite lame, admonishes me to discontinue this hasty note. With assurance of the most perfect respect.

I am your obliged fellow citizen,

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

The manner in which Mr. Jefferson here speaks of Mr. Clay would lead one to suppose that the Kentucky Statesman was regarded as a good democrat by the head of the Democratic school. It is true that Mr. Clay was so regarded, he

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2940_scm11032-0303.jpg