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.

AGRICULTURAL DISCOURSE delivered, by request, before the NEW CASTLE COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, on the 11th of September, 1844, by J. S. Skinner, Esq. and published by order of the Society.

EXTRACT.

In moments of agreeable hallucination, as they may be deemed, when pondering on the salutary influence of suitable instruction on the prosperity of agricultural communities, I have dreamed that your *Brandywine Springs House*, for instance, with its 50 acres of land and its ample accommodations already attached, was converted by the wisdom of the State, into a Georgical temple, with an adequate apparatus, and a library appropriate without being either voluminous or costly. Here the student, mingling with the practice the theory of his profession, might, like the mathematician on his black-board, illustrate his daily studies; and being thus qualified by experimental knowledge of chemistry, mineralogy, natural history, landscape drawing, and the art of surveying and mapping land, he would be prepared at the close of an honorable apprenticeship to pursue his proper business with the power of controling results, as he would then know both the *how* and the *wherefore*—or, well imbued with the principles and the philosophy of the business, he might with great public utility answer to the calls that an improved public taste would be sure to make upon him, to fulfil in his turn that most honorable of all trusts—the office of instructor in useful knowledge.

After all, my friends, there is a serious difficulty in carrying out any system of generally diffused instruction—consisting in the *sparseness of your population;* and here is the startling enquiry, more easily propounded than answered, what paralyzing incubus has retarded the growth of your State, while the general progress of population has been unexampled in the history of the most civilized communities, enjoying as you do a fertile soil, accessible markets, a free government, and secure possessions? Yes, as to Delaware, it must be admitted that her geographical position is perhaps the best in the Union. In her limited extent she possesses many of the advantages of a small over a large farm. Larger States have evils to contend with from which you are exempt. Their natural divisions often enforce a disunion of interests. Even Maryland, comparatively one of the smaller States, suffers this evil to no trifling extent. Delaware, I repeat, is one in itself; not cut up into adverse sections by mountains or bays; while in the very heart of your territory you possess one of the most powerful water sites in the Union, sufficient to supply the wealth producing power of hundreds of thousands of laborers, admitting as it does of increased application beyond measure. In your water facilities for easy transportation you have the means of sending fruit, milk, butter, and other articles of great aggregate value to neighbouring markets; & again, while you are left beyond all States in the Union free from the necessity of expensive artificial improvements, you are exactly in a position to enjoy the benefit of such as contiguous States have constructed at enormous cost, to maintain intercommunication with each other. Contemplating at one view all these advantages, have you not abundant reason for self congratulation and gratitude? Delawarians, have you turned to the best account these precious talents committed to your keeping? With so many elements of subsistence and growth, can you exhibit a proportional increase of population? The census shows that in 1810 Delaware contained 73,447, and in 1840, after a lapse of thirty years, with all your supereminent advantages, you had added to it only 4611—being then 78,085, or not quite 40 to the square mile, on a surface of 1971 square miles. It is somewhat remarkable that the three opposite counties in New Jersey had in the same time increased only from 29,063 to 35,722, having not quite 30 to the square mile. Yet more remarkable, not to say disparaging, is the condition of my own State, adjacent to Delaware, and in many respects identical with her, especially in soil and local facilities. Beginning with Cecil, and going down to Worcester, embracing the eight peninsular counties, in which the population in 1810 was 117,432, in 1840 it had actually retrograded, being then after a lapse of thirty years only 117,331. Now, my friends, does not this state of things indicate more than a suspicion of some radical defect in your legislative and domestic policy, which demands the serious investigation, I will not say of the partisan, but (how wide the distinction!) of the *patriot politician?* From the five enumerations of the entire population of the United States it appears that the whole mass quadruples in less than 50 years. Had a like increasement taken place during the thirty years prior to 1840 in this State, blessed with so many advantages, her population then ought to have been 171,000, or double the number she did possess in that year.

Were we made acquainted with any such phenomena in European statistics as is here presented in the Eastern Shore of Maryland and Delaware, how ready we should be to ascribe to political vices and misrule the unfruitfulness of such natural resources.

I should not fulfil my duty were I not here to relate something of what I observed last week in old Massachusetts, where, short as my sojourn was, to meet my engagement here, so much occurred to fill me with admiration and personal gratitude. Not from any view to invidious comparison, but to stimulate you to inquiry and reflection, note was made of the progress of a single town whose situation is analagous in some striking respects to Wilmington, especially in local advantages, in vast water power, and in vicinity to a large city of enormous wealth like Boston, whose capitalists, with an enterprise and sagacity all their own, leave no resource neglected that art and opulence can make available. I was in that venerable State when Lowell was little more than a farm. The oldest of their manufacteries was chartered in 1822, and on the first of January last there had been consumed within the past year of cotton 22,880,000 pounds. The monthly wages distributed in cash were $150,000; one establishment alone, the Middlesex mills, manufactures the fleeces of 1200 sheep daily; and through the year American wool of the finest quality of the value of $500,000. The same establishment consumes annually 15,000 gallons of American lard oil, besides 7000 gallons of sperm oil brought by American vessels—four million of teazles of American growth—eight hundred tons of Pennsylvania coal, besides other articles of American production, and of the value of more than half a million—giving steady employment to 850 hands who are paid monthly in cash. The machinery is all American in manufacture and principle. The capital embarked in this one establishment of $750,000, and what constitutes the salutary distinction between American and English establishments of this character, the practical operatives who daily work in the Middlesex mills own $60,000 of the stock. Lowell, which, as I before said, was scarcely more than a farm when I was last in Massachusetts, now boasts a population of 25,000 people, and to crown the whole they levy on themselves, and pay without grumbling, a school tax amounting to $24,000 a year. Note in all this, my friends, the mighty energies of an industrious, economical, educated people!

I was pleased to learn, from one of the accomplished and liberal proprietors of the works to which I have particularly referred, that the descendants of the fine-wooled Saxony sheep transplanted to Ohio were supplying his mills with wool of longer staple, and equally fine as that of the original stock. His liberality has enabled me to submit specimens both of the raw material and the manufacture to your inspection.

To return to the causes of your slow progress in population and the obstacles presented by it to a more general diffusion of the knowledge necessary to a high cultivation of the art husbandry, to say nothing of one great drawback which cannot now be reasonably applied to Delaware or New Jersey, there are yet other causes of blight which seem to have stinted the growth of the old States on the Atlantic slope south of New England sufficiently obvious and remediable to warrant me in referring to them. Among the most prominent is the inherited habit or prejudice of mistaking and going for *quantity* rather than quality of land, which pervades the region referred to, and which, is said by some to be the monomania of the Saxon race. How many are there who own from 300 to 500, and even more acres of land of which one third or at least one-sixth part lies totally unproductive in useless brush wood, in uncleared swamps, or in land rendered worse than profitless for want of proper draining! the owner not seeming to remember that for every such acre not yielding something in grass, in pasturage, in tillage, or in growing timber he should charge himself, as with so much lost or thrown into the fire or the sea. Of how much more are men robbed by their own indolence and short sightedness than by "thieves who break in and steal."

There is no mistake more common than that of supposing that the more land a man has the greater must be his profits—forgeting that the profits arise not from the land itself, any more than from an idle mill or an empty ship, but from the skill and manner of using it:—and so indespensable is capital in the business of farming, that in general it may be laid down as an axiom that money employed in agriculture will yield an interest in an inverse ratio to the area to which it is applied. Thus if $100 be expended, and yield 10 per cent on ten acres, the probability is that it would yield much more if applied to half that area. In England, where this matter is so well understood, the land-steward of the Marquis of Stafford, a practical man, being asked the amount actually required to stock and carry on a farm, said that in Staffordshire a farm of 250 acres medium quality land, bearing a proportionable quantity of good, fair, and inferior qualities, and one-fifth in permanent meadow, would require a cash capital of $12,500 in an ordinary state of entering, and an additional capital in proportion to the estimated extent of any improvements to be effected in the way of road making, fences, and under draining.

Numerous instances must be familiar to all who hear me, of the wonderful effects of *lime* and other manures in enhancing the value of Delaware lands, especially since the establishment of this society and the excitement and rivalry produced by it—raising it in many cases from $5 and 10 up to $50 and even $100 an acre. I will detain you to mention but one instance of the efficacy of lime, and of the necessity of some chemical knowledge of the nature of manures, soils and crops, related to me on undoubted authority since I left home to meet this engagement.

Mr. Collins, residing on Scuppernong Lake, in North Carolina, a gentleman of large fortune, and, to his honor be it mentioned, as it does not *always* follow, of liberal temper, had a large field of rich black alluvial soil which yielded heavy crops of Indian corn, but, as often happens, was ill suited to wheat, producing not over 13 bushels to the acre. He purchased and applied to this land 250 bushels of lime to the acre, and then reaped 47 bushels of wheat! For this lime, the refuse of kilns on the Hudson river, brought into Ocracock as return freight by lumber vessels trading to New York, he gave 10 cents a bushel. This made you will, perceive, an outlay of $25 capital to the acre at a single dash; but mark the result! Deducting 13 bushels, the most that land of the same quality alongside of it produced, and there remained 34 bushels of wheat against $25; the land being left permanently impregnated with an elemental and alimental ingredient and food for that noble grain, of which, with all its capacity for producing other crops, it was until then nearly destitute.—Most of you are doubtless familiar with instances of the efficacy of capital applied in like manner.

When it is considered that labour becomes cheap, or what is the same thing, more productive, exactly in proportion to good tillage and the richness of the land combined either naturally or by force of the manure applied, is it not self-evident that if the owner of unproductive land cannot otherwise command the requisite capital he had better sell off one half for the means of improving the remainder, rather than retain the whole in a state of paralysis, that he may vainly boast, "I am monarch of all I survey," even though it be but a barren waste. No spider in the midst of his web is more circumspect of whatever approaches than is the capitalist in the midst of his strong boxes; and if the farmer, whose all is in land, cannot by force of his character for economy and intelligent management, command the requisite capital and will not alienate, had he not better divide at once among his sons giving to each if it be but 50 or 25 acres, with a set of centre draught ploughs, together with a subsoiler, a pair of mules, or a span of New England like oxen, and a *drag-log*; and thus instead of running riot for want of employment, or going too seek through a life of exposure and hardship a precarious livelihood on the frontiers, his children would cluster around him, constituting, as well in the vigor of man hood as in his declining years, his safest friends & most dalightful companions. Not a week since having the pleasure to pass a delightful day in company with the enlightened, liberal, and zealous editor of the New England Farmer, and other gentleman distinguished for intelligence and character, at Indian Hill Farm, the residence of Col. BENJAMIN POORE—Poor in name, but rich in all the qualities that "give assurance of a man"—I heard him remark that, as a young man, beginning life, to make his way by industry, and without capital, he would sooner commence on *one acre* than on one hundred. You may estimate the weight of his authority when I add, that he took the premium for not only the *best managed farm* in the State, but for the *best specimen of under draining* on a large scale, and for the *best system of keeping farm accounts!*

LARGE CROPS.

At the Madison County, New York, Agricultural Society's Fair, premiums were granted for the following crops. The quantities named, will make most farmers *stare*, and yet there can be but little doubt of their verity, as without proper vouchers, no Society would bestow their premiums upon applicants. We copy from the Central New York Farmer.

On Barley, Nathaniel Field received the first premium for 66 1-4 bushels per acre.

Sidney Spring received the second premium for 64 8-18ths bushels per acre.

Benjamin Enos De Ruyter received the third premium for 63 15-16ths bushels per acre.

On Oats, Palmer Baldwin received the first premium for 106 1-2 bushels per acre.

Ezra Leland received the Second Premium for 98 28-32ds bushels per acre.

On Beets, A. S. Huyutt received a premium 1,600 bushels to the acre, 60lbs. per bushel.

On Winter Wheat, David Gates Sullivan received a premium for 42 1-2 bushels per acre.

On Spring Wheat, Uriah Leland received a premium for 48 1-2 bushels per acre.

Sidney Spring received a premium for 48 40-60ths bushels per acre.

On Corn, Benj. Enos De Ruyter received a premium for 147 bushels per acre.

Sidney Spring received a premium for 110 1-2 bushels per acre.

S. A. Gilbert received a premium for 63 12-60ths bushels per acre.

When we see statements of such large crops, without any account of the manner of their being raised accompanying them we always regret that so material an omission should have been made, as it leaves the mind of the reader in an unsatisfied state. To hear that such a man has grown 66 1-4 bushels of Barley, or 247 bushels of corn, to the acre, without knowing how such yields had been produced; what the nature of the soil, how the ground had been prepared, what kind, and how much manure had been used, what culture had been given, what implements employed, and how often, partakes of so much indefiniteness of character, as to be of but little avail to the practical man, & frequently creates a doubt as to the accuracy of such statements, when if all the attending circumstances were known, none would exist.—Farmers and planters who are content if they get 10, 12 or 15 bushels of Barley, oats and wheat, and from 15 to 25 bushels of corn to the acre, *without such information*, hardly know how to realize the idea of such quantities as we have stated being raised, and yet it may be, and doubtless is, true.

To know that one farmer has grown such extraordinary crops, may excite the wonder of another, but then it fails of filling him that interest requisite to excite the proper spirit of emulation, unless he be put in possession of every fact and circumstance connected with their growth.—We speak upon this matter out of our own experience, and we take it for granted that our own feelings are akin to those of others. Among the propensities of our nature, we have a spice of curiosity to know how things are done, and therefore, if it would not be taxing our friend Bement too severely, we should thank him, in his next *Central N. Y. Farmer*, to give us the *modus operandi*, by which the producers of these extraordinary crops induced mother earth to be so prodigal of her gifts; for, of a truth she must have been in a most generous mood, when, from an acre, she dispensed to the fortunate husbandman, 106 1-2 bushels, Winchester measure of oats; nor was she less bountiful when she crowned the labors of the corn planter with 147 good harvest bushels of corn, from a like measure of land.—*Amer. Farmer.*

From the Delaware Journal.

The subscriber living on a farm near Smyrna, Kent county, Delaware, known by the name of Redmond Farm, and now owned by Jacob Stout, Esq., raised on one field of about fifty four acres, eleven hundred and sixty six bushels of wheat weighing from 61 1-2 to 62 lb. per bushel. This field was limed two years previous to the wheat being sowed, at the rate of one hundred and sixteen bushels to the acre.—The field was one year old stalk ground, and ploughed in the month of July & August, about seven inches deep, then ploughed the second time the first of Oct., the wheat sowed on the top and then harrowed with a spike harrow. About four acres of the field were injured by the frost in the winter, so that there was very little wheat on that portion of the ground in harvest.—Messrs. Editors will you please publish the above. Farmers if you can beat this, let us hear from you.

LUKE COVERDALE.

Near Smyrna, Nov. 1844.

Such communications as the above are highly interesting to agriculturists, and we hope we may receive more the same kind from other practical farmers. The information *how* the crop was produced is valuable. Ed. Journal.

More than half of the current wit of the day is originated in the Western country. A late Missouri paper relates the following anecdote of an eminent legal gentleman in that State:

'Being once opposed to Mr. S———, late member of congress, he remarked as follows to the Jury, upon a point of disagreement between them:—'Here my brother S———and I differ. Now this is very natural. Men seldom see things in the same light: and they may disagree in opinion upon the simplest of principles of the law, and that very honestly; while at the same time, neither can see any earthly reason why they should. And this is merely because they look at different sides of the subject, and do not view it in all its bearings. Suppose for illustration, a man should come in here, & boldly assert that my brother S———'s head (here he laid his hands very familiarly upon the large chuckle-head of his opponent) is a *squash*! I, on the other hand, should maintain and perhaps with equal confidence, that it is a head. Now here would be a difference; undoubtedly an honest difference—of opinion. We might argue about it till doomsday, and never agree. You often see men arguing upon subjects as empty and trifling as this! But a third person coming in, and looking at the neck and shoulders that support it, would say at once I had reason on my side, for if it was not a head, it at least occupied the place of one and stood where a head ought to be.' All this was uttered in the gravest and most solemn manner immaginable, and the effect was irresistibly ludicrous.'

A STORY.

The following immense story is told in the editor's table of the last Knickerbocker. The humor of this editor is utterly exhaustless:

"By the by speaking of pumps, there is a very mysterious contrivance of this sort in the village of Cherry Valley. When the good citizens are pumping it utters a sort of subdued screach, that seems to be a cross between the gutteral caterwaul of an enraged grimalkin and the opening bray of a donkey. We heard it three or four times, with increasing amazement; and ventured to ask of a bystander, who was watching the Richfield cohorts winding their way down 'White Hill' into the village, 'In the name of discord, friend, is that a pump or a Jackass?' 'It's a pump I guess; though it does sound somethin' like a jack, that's sartin.' Our informant was a singular looking genius. He had a jolly twinkling eye, a broad brimmed low crowned old hat, a nose that turned under instead of up, and a face that laughed in every line of its surface.—'We had a curious jack,' he continued, down in our town. He blonged to a terrible obstinate man, who kept him in a lot back o' the meeting-house. Every Sunday when the horses was driven under the shed along the back end of the meetin'-house, that tarnel jack would begin to bray, and kept it up all sermon-time. In summer, when the windows was up, you couldn't hear nothin' else scasely. The man that owned him hated the minister as he did pizen, and he wouldn't put the blasted critter into any other lot, out o' clear spite. But the folk's couldn't stand it; and one day one of the deacon's sons catched the jack, and putting a knife up his nose, cut out a piece of the dividin' grissle about the size of a dollar, so's to prevent his braying any more; & he didn't make a great deal o' noise while twas getting well; but when it healed and he tried to play or bray on it, it made the awfulest noise you ever her'd! It was a different instrument altogether. At fust goin' off it was a terrible bray, but it came out at the end with the shrillest whistle you ever see: sharper than a rifle, and as loud as the scare pipe of a locomotive ingine. It was tew much; folks couldn't bear it, & a good many of the congregation j'ined together and went to buy the plaguy nuisance off. The owner hadn't when they called on him and told their business; but they gi'n him his price, and put the critter out o' the pale of the church!"

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.

The following incident occurred a few weeks since in a village of one of the Southern counties of our State. It was a warm Sabbath afternoon, and the doors of the village church were thrown open to let in the balmy air from the fields without. The congregation had assembled, & while the minister was reading the first hymn a beautiful dove entered the door and came walking up the main aisle.

Such a visitor drew of course universal attention. But as the choir arose to sing he seemed startled, & lifting himself on his wings alighted on the stove pipe above him, where he sat bending his glossy neck and turning his head so as to catch the harmony as it swelled through the temple of God. Whether it was the chorus of voices or the full toned notes of the organ that captivated him, I cannot tell; but he sat the perfect picture of earnest attention till the music ceased.

Waiting a moment as if to hear the strain commence again, he started from his perch and sailed to the top of the organ where he furled his pinions, sat and looked down on the audience.—The young clergyman arose to pray. He is distingu shed for his earnestness and the fervor of his invocation, and as he stood with his hands around the Bible which lay clasped before him, humbly beseeching the Father of all good to send his Holy Spirit down, that beautiful bird pitched from its resting place on the organ, and sailing down on level wing the whole length of the church, perched on the Bible directly between the hands of the clergymen.

It was merely a natural occurrence, but how beautiful the picture! There stood the messenger of God with face toward heaven pleading for heaven's blessings—the Bible before him, around which his hands were reverently clasped while on it stood that beautiful and innocent dove. The three thus together formed a group full of interest and symbolized all that is dear to man. The Word of God was before the people with God's chosen emblem upon it, and God's herald clasping them both as he prayed.

What wonder is it if a superstitious feeling ran through the house as the people watched that dove—the emblem of innocence and purity and the divine Spirit itself—standing on the Bible and looking gently down on them. Beautiful bird; it centred for a time the affections of all on it; and he who could have injured it there would have injured hundreds of hearts at the same time. The pressure of its tiny feet was no sacrilege there, for the expression of its soft eye was innocence and love.

The clergyman feeling the presence of the bird, and fearing it might distract the attention of his hearers, gently passed his hand over the Bible.—The dove, unstartled, merely hopped over it on the cushion were it sat till prayer was ended. It then rose and sailed away. In former times the dove would have been regarded as a spiritual visitant from the unseen world, sent on a special mission in answer to prayer, and awakened feelings of awe and reverence

To us it was only a natural but unusual occurrence, awakening simply the sentiment of beauty. It was a new and accidental figure introduced suddenly into a beautiful picture, giving greater harmony and perfection to what we deemed perfect before. There was no religion in it, but it was full of beauty.—*N. Y. Observer.*

STAND FIRM.

The following paragraphs are from the Boston Atlas:

Standing upon this high and honorable ground, both in our State and city, it becomes us to maintain the high position we have thus assumed—to rush, hastily, into no new and untried experiments—to act with prudence and circumspection—to be guided by wise and deliberate counsels—and to let our future actions coincide with the high moral and political influence which the result of our recent State election cannot fail to give us throughout the Union.

Except in some very few quarters, there appears to be a very general determination among the Whigs of all the States to stand upon the principles, and maintain the organization of the Whig party. We can imagine no good reason why such a determination should not prevail. The principles of our party are based upon the eternal foundation of truth and justice. They are just as true—just as irrefutable—just as immutable—and just as worthy of our support, as if we had succeeded, and Mr. Clay had been placed at the head of the Government, to carry them into active and efficient operation.

A WORD FROM MR. CLAY.—The New York Tribune publishes the following extract of a letter from an eminent Kentuckian, some facts which Mr. Clay's friends will hear with profound interest:

LEXINGTON, Ky., Nov. 19, 1844.

* * * "Last evening I visited Mr. Clay at Ashland, and passed some hours with him, talking over the events of the last few months, and the prospects ahead. I found him alone—calm and self-poised. He seemed to forget himself, and to be anxious alone for the Country—and his friends whose fidelity and devotion, he observed he should never cease to cherish as above all earthly price. The various combinations against him—the infamous frauds in presenting the Tariff Question to Pennsylvania &c.—the atrocious calumnies on his private character—were all alluded to, and I stated some facts coming under my own observation, giving yet a darker shade to the picture of the malignity with which our great Satesman has been hunted down: * * * * * *

"*Mr. Clay will never, again return to public life.* His career as a statesman is ended. The measure of his fame is complete. His life will one day be written by an impartial pen, and while the calumnies by which he has been defeated in his last appeal for justice from his contemporaries will sink into oblivion, every page of our country's recent history will be illuminated by his great deeds and glowing patriotism."

HOW IT WAS DONE.—The Alexandria Gazette says:

We are informed that in some parts of Pennsylvania, previous to the late Presidential election, Mr. Clay's speeches in favor of the Tariff were translated into German, and copies printed and circulated among the German population, headed, "*Mr. Polk's* speech in favor of the Tariff"—And that *Mr. Polk's* speeches against the Tariff were printed and headed as "Mr. Clay's speech *against* the Tariff." This was what we call, going it pretty strong!

"HEADING MR. POLK."—Capt. Tyler, we learn, has removed Mr. McNier, the Postmaster at Annapolis, and appointed in his stead Martin Revel—a Tyler-Locofoco.

By the time Mr. Polk comes in, the Captain will have all the offices filled with his own men.

But will the true grit Locofocos submit to it? We shall see.—*Pat.*

Mr. POLK, the President elect, is expected in Philadelphia early in January. A letter from Philadelphia says:—

"There is a strong movement making here among the Pennsylvania politicians to possess themselves of the influence and direction of the new administration, and to avail themselves of the rivalry between the South Carolina and New York *cliques* in order to outstrip and overreach both in the disposal of offices, and formation of measures, including the succession."

The same letter also says:

"On the subject of Texas, you may rely that Pennsylvania will go for annexation, but with as little slavery as possible. One thing the New York politicians may rely upon—Mr. Dallas will possess a most controlling influence in the new administration. His position as Vice President, with the casting vote in our evenly balanced Senate, gives him a substantial power on every question—every measure, and every nomination, which he will use to advance the interests and weight of Pennsylvania, without regard to the southern or northern intrigues."

The Brooklyn Advertiser says, there are 2,000 Irishmen who have come to that city to get work at the Dry Dock, and who will be disappoin ed.

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