EASTON GAZETTE.

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ADVERTISEMENTS

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AGRICULTURAL

THE CROPS.—The long continued drought and the recent heavy frosts have caused serious apprehensions that the crops in various parts of the Union have suffered material injury. An intelligent farmer, says the Baltimore American, writing from Jefferson county, Virginia, to a friend in this city, says he has met recently with persons from the South and West, who speak of the prospects in those sections of the country as very disheartening. In Ohio and Kentucky the crops are said to be literally burnt up. The Wheat, Corn and Grass have all suffered alike. He has been informed by a highly intelligent gentleman that in North Carolina and the lower James River region, the Wheat has been cut off. For about thirty miles along the water courses above and below Richmond the Wheat looked well.

The Cincinnati Chronicle of Monday last has the following article, which shows that there are apparent grounds for the apprehensions noticed above:

Crops—Prospect of Failure in Ohio.

There are two facts in relation to the coming crops which it concerns the people to know:

1. Nearly all accounts from Ohio and Indiana agree that the joint effects of the drought and the late frosts, have killed nearly all the fruit, greatly injured corn, and nearly destroyed the wheat crops. We hope the accounts are exaggerated. We have no doubt the corn and wheat crops will in the end be greater than is anticipated. Still, there is no doubt that the crops in those two States are seriously injured. To the farmers there is still a resource left, in planting *second crops* of different vegetables, which will not indeed supply the wheat crop, but will enable them to secure something valuable from their lands.

Those who were acquainted with Meteorology, anticipated a comparatively cold spring and summer, which is so far verified by the facts:—but the *drought* was not anticipated.

Usually the worst danger to wheat, as in last season, occurs in or near harvest time by the *rust* which is a consequence of warm rains, just previous to cutting.—In this year the case is very different.

2. The second fact of importance to know is, that the anticipated failure of the wheat occurs *only* in the two States, with perhaps the addition of Kentucky. From all other parts of the country we hear of abundant crops. The result will be, even if half the entire crop of Ohio and Indiana be lost, that the entire crop of the United States will not be reduced over *one tenth*, an amount taken in connection with the stock on hand insufficient to enhance the price very much. That is, provided there is nothing uncommon occurs to the crops at harvest time. There are few things which so seriously affect the commercial affairs of a nation as that which diminishes the amount of its great staple grain crops. It is soon felt both in the financial and in the domestic world. It affects every man.

In the year 1837 the extraordinary phenomenon was exhibited, of the United States *importing wheat!* It was so extraordinary that the newspapers insisted upon it that it was altogether a scheme of speculators in provisions who raised the price. There was much speculation, but it was not that. Time rolled on and it was soon proved that the crop was really short.

(From the Cambridge Chronicle.)

THE CROPS.

TO THE EDITOR:

Dear Sir:—As much has been said of late with regard to the prospects of the crops particularly of Wheat, throughout the country, it may not be amiss for Dorchester to say one word upon this subject. In my opinion the estimates of the crops, particularly in this section of country have been entirely too flattering.

It is true upon some fields the wheat is good, but upon all, or *nearly all the light lands*, the Hessian fly has made most serious ravages, & in many instances rendered the crop totally worthless. One of my nearest neighbors who has *good Wheat land* said to me only a day or two since, that he felt quite sure that his crop would not pay the expense of Harvesting, and this is doubtless the case in numberless instances.

With regard to the prospects for corn they were perhaps never so gloomy within the recollection of our oldest inhabitants, the painfully remembered summer of *Sixteen not excepted,*

The corn or *Grub Worm* has cut down some almost entire crops of corn, and after repeated plantings many fields have not yet been made to stand, besides other crops are now suffering from still more, (if possible) destructive vermin, the bud worm the ravages of which, when once commenced seemed to end only with the life of the plant.

In addition to those evils, the exceeding *cold weather*, and *recent frosts*, have rendered the prospects for Farmers gloomy indeed.

The whole months of April, and May, have been unusually cold. About the middle of the last month, we had a very cold rain with *snow* and *sleet*, which effected the young corn most injuriously, and from the effects of which it was but partially recovered when the Frosts of last Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights come, which had well nigh cut the corn entirely down.

The destructive effects of these Frosts, I am fully persuaded were not properly appreciated at first, as I have been ever since a close observer of my crop, and each day the injurious effects are rendered still more visible.

The blades are all more or less, injured & in many instances *entirely killed*, the bud alone remaining alive, and some hills the bud itself is destroyed.

The very dry weather, which now prevails affords the plants but little opportunity of regaining their vigour, and what will be the ultimate effects, if this weather continues much longer, it is impossible to tell. One thing however I regard as being very certain, which is that crops of corn in this lattitude have suffered a most positive, serious & *permanent injury*, and what the effects further north have been, I suppose we shall learn within a few days.

your friend
A FARMER.

Dorchester county, June 5th 1845.

HARVEST IN VIRGINIA.—The Richmond Compiler of Saturday, says: "Some few farmers in this neighborhood have cut their May wheat, and represent the quality as very superior, and the yield about an average one—greatly better than was expected.—The late wheat promises even better, and should it receive no injury in the brief space before harvest, will be a very fine crop. The harvest for the late wheat will begin about the 10th or 12th inst. No contracts for wheat have been made, and believe this year none will be entered into. We have not had rain for some time, and vegetation begins to suffer in this vicinity."

The Farmers Library and Monthly Journal of Agriculture.—Mr. Skinner's numerous friends throughout the country will be pleased to find, we as do by the following from the New York Tribune, that he has found employment so congenial to his own taste, in which his undivided attention may be given to the agricultural interest of the country. It appears by a prospectus, some time since published in the Tribune, that the proprietors of that paper have engaged him to conduct the periodical referred to below. If experience, industry, and an abiding partiality for the subject, can command it, the "*Farmers' Library*" under his mangement must meet with success. Under the head of "*Farm Schools*" the Tribune gives several very interesting extracts to show what progress is making with them in England. From these extracts we take the last which has interest for the general reader as well as the practical Agriculturist.

The *Farmers' Library* is to consist of one hundred pages a month, or two volumes a year, of six hundred pages each, gotten up in the handsomest style, as to engravings, paper, type, &c. at $3 a year. The work to be embellished, among other things, with the portraits accompanied with memoirs of distinguished friends of Agri ulture. A full one of *General Van Rensellaer*, the late "Patroon," will, we understand, appear in the first number, to be issued on the first of July:—*American.*

Agricultural College at Cirencester.—In England, it is now proposed to establish a seminary exclusively agricultural in its character. The preliminary steps have been taken, and the foundation laid for an agricultural college. A considerable sum of money has been taken, and the accommodations for about two hundred pupils are in course of preparation. It has been felt as a serious want that, while every other profession—law, physic and divinity—has its exclusive means and institutions for education, and the army and navy have their schools—agriculture, the most important and extensive of all the arts, and without which it would be difficult to say where would be the sinews of war or the means of commerce, or what use there would be either for law, physic, or theology, should have no place for the teaching of those arts and sciences, and for the making of those experiments, on which its success so mainly depends. The plans are not fully matured, nor the course of instruction prescribed; but the scientific qualifications of some, and the practical character of others of the gentlemen concerned in its establishment, and standing as its sponsors warrant the best efforts for its success. The farm is taken at a moderate rent, through the liberality of its noble proprietor; and it is hoped that, aided by the resources of the farm, the expense of a pupil for boarding and tuition may not exceed twenty-five or thirty pounds a year—that is one hundred and twenty-five or one hundred and fifty dollars.

Twenty thousand pounds, or one hundred thousand dollars; were deemed the necessary capital with which to begin the establishment; and, to the great honor of England, there are few objects of determined public utility, for which, from its abundant resources and public spirit, ample funds may not be obtained. This is a sort of joint stock company, in shares of twenty five or thirty pounds, each, in which the subscribers will have, as is right, the preference in recommending pupils to the foundation.

The German papers give currency to the statement that M. Liebig, the celebrated Professor of Chemistry at the University of Giessen, has discovered a mineral substance which, when combined with guano, will produce one of the most fertilizing manures known. It is added, that a joint-stock company, with a capital of £120,000 sterling, composed for the most part of leading English capitalists, was, immediately on the discovery being made, formed for the purpose of carrying on, upon a large scale, the manufacture of the new compound.

Cucumbers.—A correspondent of the Boston Cultivator, and excellent agricultural paper, gives the following directions for improving the culture of Cucumbers:

"As soon as there appears several flower-buds on a plant, bend the second or third joint or branch below the bloom, fasten it firmly in the ground and cut off the capillary point of the plant. The vegetable speedily takes root, when you separate it from the parent stalk. Proceed thus with the most vigorous plants, and as each root has only to support a few fruits with nourishment, you both save labour and procure a constant succession of cucumbers for a number of months, from one sort, and which are not as likely to degenerate as if they were raised from a variety of seed."

At a meeting of the Farmers' Club at New York, on Tuesday last, statements were made respecting the efficiency of tobacco-solution to kill the grub and cure the "yellows" in peach trees. One gentleman remarked that he had tried several experiments by immersing the grubs in the strongest solution, and he was satisfied that it would not kill them. He had discovered, however, that the bug never would come near the tanzy plant. His trees, around which he had planted tanzy, were perfectly sound and prosperous. It was stated also that coal ashes were of great service in preventing the grub from penetrating to the roots of the trees.

From the N. J. National Standard.

A SCENE IN REAL LIFE.

When the Bard of Avon denominated the world a stage, and the people its actors, he merely spoke with his usual truthfulness. How many little dramas are every day enacted in private life that need no touches of romance—no gas-lights and tinsel to give them absorbing interest; but which become oblivious from the fact that all are too deeply engaged in the parts of their own play to give heed, or take interest sufficient to note, those of their neighbors. Here and there the more prominent fragments of a piece are observed, but generally so disconnected are they as to cause but a passing remark. One of these fragments from a life replete with misfortune and poverty has recently been the occasion of some conversation in this town, and we give it to our readers as it was told to us.

A family of Catholic Germans, consisting of the parents and four small children, settled in Salem last year, and from disinclination to permit their wants to be made known, existed through the winter in the most abject poverty. About the commencement of Spring the husband sickened and died, and the family thereby became reduced to the last extremity of wretchedness. The grief of the widow at her bereavement was intense, and for a time she refused to be comforted. Alone, in a foreign land, and (with the exception of her hepless children) surrounded by none but strange faces, it seemed as if the last crowning misfortune had filled her cup of misery to the brim. As there is no Catholic Cemetery in this neighborhood, the Friends', with their usual kindness, offered the body of the deceased a resting place in their burying ground. This was gladly accepted, but a new difficulty arose. The widow, strongly imbued with the principles of the sect to which she had always belonged, would not consent to its interment without the formula of the Catholic burial service. There being no priest of her persuasion at hand, she applied to a worthy citizen to perform the ceremony; but he replied that he could not conscientiously act in the matter. Misconstruing his scruples, she exclaimed with earnestness—"Oh do!—the Pope will absolve you!" He endeavored to prevail upon her to apply to some one else, but without effect. At length he asked, if it was not, under the circumstances, entirely requisite that a priest perform the ceremony, why *she*, being a good Catholic, could not act on the occasion? After a few moments consideration, during which she appeared to be forcibly struck by the suggestion as something that had not before occurred to her, she consented to undertake the sad office.

An eye witness of the interment and accompanying ceremony speaks of the scene as most affecting. A number of fellow-countrymen of the deceased had collected round the grave, when the widow, with a sense of duty amounting to enthusiasm, and rising above the intense grief which had convulsed her, stood forward, & taking the earth upon a spade proceeded to consecrate it. She then went through with the solemn burial service of the Catholic Church in a manner so impressive as to bring tears from the eyes of many present long unused to the melting mood. The ceremony was concluded by the widow's offering an appropriate and extremely eloquent prayer for the rest of her departed husband; and she turned from the grave for her desolate home and starving children apparently with every spark of hope extinguished in her bosom. But it is said that the darkest cloud has ever a bright star near it, and she found that her home was to be desolate and her children starving no longer. He who hearkens to the cry of the widow and the fatherless had raised them up friends in the hour of their extremest need. The death of the husband and the peculiar circumstances attending his funeral, directed public attention to the family, when its destitute condition became known and immediate relief afforded.

The following verses were composed, we might say almost off hand, by a young lady of Salem, upon hearing a recital of the particulars of the above sketch. It is unnecessary for us to say that they possess merit worthy of a more studied effort:

And was there none to weep with thee,
All sad and lonely hear;
None e'en to chant the requiem o'er
Thy loved one's funeral bier?

Thy home and early scenes were left,
And all that youth held dear,
To cross the ocean's billowy foam
Thy husband's course to cheer.

And not a murmuring thought or word
Escaped thy faithful heart;
But on through scenes of toil and woe
Yet bore a woman's part;

And cheered the drooping heart of him
Who won thy early love,
And firmly midst dark hours of grief
Trusted in God above.

For sorrow came, and deep despair
Hung round thee Death's dark gloom;
He bore with his unyielding sway
Thy husband to the tomb.

And tho' no sacred holy priest
In that sad hour was near,
To chant the solemn requiem o'er
Thy loved one's funeral bier;

Yet still thy God was with thee then,
And heard thy fervent prayer,
As sweet arose the solemn chant,
That sad and mournful air.

He taught thee, in a stranger land,
Kind friends could gather round,
And give the hand, and soothing words
Of pity's holy sound.

And fitting deed it was for you,
Ye *Ministers* of Peace,
To bind the broken heart around,
And bid its bleeding cease.

Ye could not chant the favorite dirge
O'er ashes cold and dead;
But more than this—far more than this—
The hungry orphans fed;

And comforted the widow's soul,
And raised the drooping one,
And taught the broken heart to say,
"Great God thy will be done."

From the Boston Atlas.

PEN AND INK SKETCHES OF
POPULAR PERSONS & PLACES,

BY A COSMOPOLITAN.

A SKETCHING PARTY.

(Concluded.)

Were the ATLAS a pictorial paper some of the exquisite sketches made by our party that day, on the banks of one of the most picturesque rivers of the United Kingdom might be displayed in proof of my assertion, that within similar limited boundaries more numerous or more charming subjects for the pencil could not be paralleled in the world. As, however, the Boston Broad Sheet confines itself to typographic illustration, the reader must content him or herself, by my plain Pen and Ink descriptions of the objects which so gratified us.

Wales, and South Wales especially, as the reader doubtless is aware, is peculiarly rich in ruins—and three of the most celebrated we intended visiting. In my last article it will be remembered that I rather abruptly quitted the reader as we were entering the first on our list, CHEPSTOW CASTLE.

There we stood, under its mighty arched gateway, gazing up at the old gray frowning battlements—poking our walking sticks into crevices of walls, so thick that a six foot pole might have been lost in them; and curiously peering into loop holes, from whence, hundreds of years ago issued the arrow flights of beseiged men. High over our heads was the fissure for the massive portcullis, which once descended in two mighty grooves in the wall on either side of us and the monstrous irons which supported the massive hinges of the outer door still remained.

But the great gate itself was gone, and so were its warders. In the place of the former a clumsy boarded door was substituted, and a feeble, cracked voice old Welsh woman, with a vinegar aspect, came forward, in place of the stalwart porter, gingling a bunch of monstrous keys, and holding out her skinny palm for the expectant fee; for be it known to all tourists, that nothing in the old country is to be seen for nothing.

Financial matters having been arranged a little girl was despatched with our party, to open doors leading to the various dungeons and galleries. We had not gone far however, before we discovered that she did not understand a word of English; and as we were in a similar predicament with regard to Welsh, we dispensed with her services, and Lover having dispossessed her of her bunch of keys, we trusted to chance for lighting on the lions of the place.

Before we minutely examined the ruins we all rested for a time, on the soft green sward which floored the banqueting hall. There, on the walls which had once resounded to martial music grew weeds and wild flowers, which fantastically turned round ruined buttresses, and battered corbels. Hundreds of starlings, daws, and rooks chattered and cawed from their nests in the holes, & amid the shrubberies, & the sunbeams, intercepted by neither roof nor window fell on the green earth. With the exception of the sounds made by these birds, there was a strange, unnatural stillness, all about the place; & although, when we first sat down, our tongues rattled, and the joke and song went merrily round, a gradual feeling of solemnity imperceptibly stole over us, and we became wrapped in reverie. But, as might be expected, we were in no mood to mope the hours away; so, having made Lover sing, (to Eulenstein's accompaniment on the Jew's harp, Rippingille playing a running melody on his guitar,) Mrs. Hemans's song of the "Carrier Dove," we started up, and went in search of the picturesque.

I had, of course, heard a good deal of Henry Martin, one of the Regicides, who, after the restoration of Charles the Second was confined in Chepstow Castle for many years. *Southey*, it will be remembered, wrote, is his young days, a sonnet on the subject, which in after years, he would have given much not to have penned.—Martin's dungeon therefore, was an object of great interest to all of us; and before we ascended any of the numerous winding staircases, we pryed into every hole and corner under ground, in the expectation of finding it; but in vain; and, in the absence of our guide, the quondam apartment of the king-killer would have been a place unnoticed particularly, by us, but for the casual visit to the ruins, of an individual who, as one of his ablest works is now in course of publication in America, I may as well describe.

I mentioned, in my last paper, that, on our arrival in Chepstow, Mr. Lisle Bowles left us, to visit the Bishop of Llandaff.—The residence of that dignitary of the Church was very near the Castle, and it appeared that our sonneteering friend had met his Lordship when proceeding to his residence. The Bishop was accompanied by another occupant of the episcopal bench, with whom he was going to see the Castle.—Bowles accordingly joined them, and to their thus meeting we were indebted for the gratification of being introduced to one of the most accomplished scholars of the age.

The Bishop of Llandaff, was himself not unknown as a literary man and a fine scholar, but I do not know that his fame has travelled over the Atlantic. He gained one of the University prizes for a poem, I believe; but that is no great credit to any one for with almost the single exception of Bishop Heber's "*Palestine*," these Oxford prize poems have generally been sorry specimens of verse making.

His companion was the Reverend—I beg his pardon—the Right Reverend Connop Thirlwall, the then newly made Bishop of St. David's and author of the History of Greece, now universally acknowledged to be the best work ever written of its class. The appearance of the Reverend gentleman was prepossessing in the extreme. He was of the medium height rather slightly built, his dress, of course clerical was of sober black, and he wore the Bishop's apron, a small piece of silk, about eight inches or a foot square, and hanging from the lower edge of the vest. His eye was full and dark, and a very pleasing smile lit up a somewhat pallid countenance. If I had been prenologically inclined I should have had but little chance of marking his developements, for he wore the usual shovel hat. He seemed, I thought, feeble in health—but that might have arisen from recent severe study, for on his promotion to the See of St. David's, he commenced the study of that most difficult language, the Welsh; and wonderful to relate, in the short space of four months made so great a progress in it that he was enabled to preach extemporaneously, and with great fluency, to the Cambrians in their own ancient tongue. I, myself, heard him deliver an address at the great Musical Eisteddfod Meeting, at Abergavenny when he surprised the greatest Welsh scholars by the purity and beauty of his language.

Escorted by the Bishop of Llandaff, who very kindly proffered his services as guide he mounted one of the spiral staircases, sinking knee deep at every step, in the ruined nests of generations of birds and soon arrived at Martin's room—*dungeon*, it can scarcely be called, as it is situated in one of the towers of the castle. It was a large square apartment, the window of which commanded a charming view; and, if report be correct, Martin was not only enabled to look over the adjacent country but to extend his walks around the neighborhood.

After we had spent a very pleasant hour or two in the castle, we accepted the Bishop's invitation to a repast at his dwelling; after which, we grasped our trusty sticks, shouldered our knapsacks, and proceeded to the banks of the Wye, were we took a boat and rowed towards Tintern Abbey.

This far-famed ecclesiastical relic of the olden time is, parhaps, the most picturesque ruin of its kind in the world. Situated on the banks of a winding, silvery river, embosomed amongst hills, clothed from bases to summits with the richest verdure, it gives abundant proof that the Cistercian monks, to whom it belonged, were not such blockheads as some would make them out to have been. As we approached it the sun was pouring a flood of mellow light upon its old gray walls, and we stood, for a time, in silent wonder, gazing on the beautiful gothic window over the entrance door, around the finely carved stone work of which the ivy, and a hundred parastical plants crept and twined. There was no sound, save the song of innumerable birds, and the rippling of the river, as it glided past—and the very spirit of sanctity seemed to brood over the place. But if the exterior created feelings of astonishment and admiration, what were our emotions when the little door was opened, &we entered the sacred ruin!

Those of our party who now saw it for for the first time involuntarily stood still and almost suspended their breath whilst they feasted their eyes. I can conceive of nothing more striking than the spectacle which is seen on first entering Tintern abbey. You gaze down a long aisle, on either side of which arise gothic pillars, of exquisite proportion. Over head are fragmentry arches, the beautiful workmanship of which indicates what the place must have been in its palmy days. There are vacant niches, with tracerried canopies, which once overshadowed some saint or Martyr, and here and there are the effigies of praying priest or mailed knight. At the opposite extremity of the long aisle, which is carpeted with the richest verdure, is the great east window, through which the woods on the opposite bank of the river are seen. In the centre of this window a slender shaft of stone springs up, and joins that portion of the carved work above, which Time has spared. Although of great height and circumference, such is the magnitude of the window that it looks like the stalk of a delicate flower—and the tracery work of the window may by the aid of fancy, be likened to the petals of a flower turned to stone. Around the clustered pillars, and on the summits of the walls, were thousands of interesting objects to the naturalist; but our object was pictorial, not botanical—so we made arrangements for sketching; and as it was a fine afternoon; and the moon would be at the full that evening, we concluded to remain and make a night of it.

It is all very well to grow sedate in such places—and few can help whilst gazing on the remains of former greatness, thinking of things which have been and which have passed away forever; but second-hand sentimentalism is a bore, and I shall, therefore, instead of inflicting on the reader an "elegant extract" from the page of my memory, transcribe a sonnet, written that evening by Mr. Bowles, for the album of the Bishop of Llandaff's niece who permitted me to copy it—and here it is in print for the first time.

A DAY DREAM AT TINTERN ABBEY.

Forth to the house of death the Friars go;—
And as they walk along the gloomed vale,
'LAUDATE DEUS,' chanted soft and low,
Blends with the murmurs of the evening gale.

They go on Mercy's errand, with the tale
Of him who died that death might vanquished be,
To one whose spirit trembles on the brink
Of Death's unfathomable, blackening sea.

The Abbey-crowned river glides along
In gloom and silence; like that parting spirit,
In doubt and fear and darkness hurrying on
To its eternal bourne—there to inherit—
What?—But my dream is past—the Altar-stone
Lies at my feet with weeds and lichens over-grown!"

Rippingille made a very beautiful water color illustration of the sonnet, which he also presented to the young lady who possessed the Album which it graced.

Before sunset we ascended an eminence in the Neghborhood, of the Abbey called THE DEVIL'S PULPIT, and from it had a magnificent view of the surrounding country; from thence we visited a Druidical remain, not far off, and by the time the moon had risen we were in the old Abbey again.

How glorious it looked by moon-light! It is when one wishes to describe such scenes, that we feel the poverty of language. Walter Scott's lines about Melrose Abbey are too well known to need quotation here; but he was quite right when he recommended the "soft moonlight" to be thrown upon such scenes as the one I am attempting to describe.

Some of our party had provided themselves with a quantity of different colored fires, and we amused ourselves by witnessing the singular effects produced by their combustion. Now the old pillars would glow in the crimson light, like rubies—then they would be transformed into shafts of topaz or amber—presently the place looked like an emerald palace, which in its turn, would fade, and in the lurid

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