EASTERN-SHORE WHIG AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

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EDWARD MULLIKIN,
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Notice is hereby given,

THAT the subscribers appointed by Caroline county Court, at the last October Term thereof, Commissioners to divide or value &c. the lands of Woolman Hughey, deceased, will meet on the lands on Wednesday the 30th day of July next, at 10 o'clock, A. M. to proceed in the execution of said commission.

ROBERT T KEENE
JAMES RICHARDSON
JAMES JOHNSON
WILLIAM ORRELL
AARON CLARK.
Commissioners.

may 28. 10w

MONEY FOUND.

A Negro Man came into the Store of Robert R. Ross, this morning, and requested me to change a ten dollar note, which I did. He then stated that he would return again and purchase a pair of pantaloons. He soon returned, selected a pair, and in payment therefor, gave me a Bank note of a denomination calculated to excite suspicions that he had not come honestly by the money; I questioned him concerning it, and his answer led me to believe the money was stolen—I took the money to the Bank to enquire what I had best do, but whilst I was absent, he took the pantalets and made his escape. The owner can have the money by identifying it, and by paying the price of the pantalets and cost of this advertisement.

JOHN CAMPER.

Easton, May 27th, 1833—2S

LOOK HERE.

ONE or two good Cabinet Makers (single men) who are *fonder of work* than the subscriber, may obtain work by calling at the Cabinet shop of

JOHN MECONEKIN.

N. B. They may have their *pay too.*

Two apprentices of good moral habits from 14 to 16 years of age, will be taken to learn the above business.

may 7

TREASURY DEPARTMENT,

April 12th, 1833.

IN the late conflagration of the Treasury building nearly all the correspondence of the Secretary of the Treasury, from the establishment of the Department to the 31st of March, 1833, was destroyed including as well the original letters and communications addressed to the Secretary of the Treasury, as the records of the letters and communications written by him. With a view to repair the loss, as far as may be practicable, all officers of the United States, are requested to cause copies to be prepared and authenticated by them, of any letters excepting those hereinafter alluded to which they may at any time have written to, or received from the Secretary of the Treasury; and all those who have been in office, and other individuals throughout the United States, and elsewhere, are invited to do the same. That this correspondence may be arranged into appropriate books, it is requested that it be copied on folio foolscap paper, with sufficient margin on all sides to admit of binding, and that no more than one letter be contained on a leaf. It is also requested, that the copies be written in a plain and distinct or engrossing hand. Where the original letter can be spared, it would be preferred. The reasonable expense incurred in copying the papers now requested not exceeding the rate of ten cents for every hundred words, will be defrayed by the Department.

The correspondence which has been saved, and of which, therefore, no copies are desired, are the records of the letters written by the Secretary of the Treasury to Presidents and Cashiers of Banks, from the 1st October, 1819, to the 20th of February 1833; all the correspondence relating to the Revolutionary claims under the act of 15th May, 1828, and to claims of Virginia officers to half pay, under the act of 5th July, 1832; and to applications for the benefits of the acts of the 2d March, 1831, and 14th July, 1832, for the relief of certain insolvent debtors of the United States. Copies of some circular letters and instructions, written by the Secretary have also been preserved, and it is requested that before a copy be made of any circular letter or instruction, written by the Secretary of the Treasury, the date and object of the circular be first stated to the Department, and its wishes on the subject ascertained.

LOUIS McLANE,
Secretary of the Treasury.

April 26—30

To be inserted three times a week for three months in the papers authorized to publish the laws of the United States.

INDEPENDENCE.

THE excellent young Jack INDEPENDENCE, raised in Kentucky, by the gentlemen who raised the fine mules owned by Edward N. Hambleton, Esq. and of the same stock, will stand the ensuing season at the Chapel, on every other Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, and at the Subscriber's farm, the remainder of the time. Being young he will be limited to 20 mares.

—*TERMS*—

Seven dollars the Season, to be discharged by five, if paid by the 25th October. Insurance $10, but $8 will be received in full, if paid by the 1st of April 1834. Insurance can only be made by special contract with the subscriber. Twenty-five cents to the groom in each case. EDWARD H. NABB.

Chapel, Talbot county,
March, 1833, 3 march 23

From the New York American.

RANDOLPHPHIANA—No. II.

Virginia was one of his favorite topics, and the enthusiasm with which he spoke of her was delightful. "But alas!" he used sometimes to say, "the days of her glory are past. Old Virginia is no more. The title of Virginia gentlemen, which used, in my young days, to be our boast, has almost become obsolete, for which we have to thank the repeal of the good old English laws of primogeniture. It was a great mistake, Sir, made by our politicians to break down our native aristocracy.—It gave us an ascendancy in the councils of the nation, which we are now fast losing—'the glory of Isarel has departed.'"

His three greatest living favorites were Nathaniel Macon (whom he always called "Uncle Nat,") Judge Marshall and Mr. Tazewell; even when playing at whist, if any contest arose on the rules of the game, he used playfully to exclaim—"I'll leave it to Uncle Nat and Tazewell—their decisions are *law* with me."

In speaking of authors, I found that he was a great admirer of Milton, but he did not like Young, Thomson, Johnson or Southey. His classification of modern poems was very curious. "Sir, I place first on the list 'Tom Crib's memorial to Congress,' next 'The two penny post bag,' and third, 'Childe Harolde's Pilgrimage;' but 'I can't go (a favorite expression) Moore's songs—they are too sentimental.'" In looking over his books one day, I discovered 'Fanny,' Mr. Halleck's very amusing satirical poem. "I am glad," said I, "that you do not proscribe Yankee poetry as well as Yankee codfish." "No sir," replied he, "I always admire talent, no matter where it comes from; and I consider this little work as the best specimen of American poetry that has yet been given to the world. I shall take it to England with me and present it to the lady whose talents and conversation I shall most admire." When I afterwards met him in London, I recollected this conversation and asked—"Well, Mr. Randolph who got 'Fanny?'" "Your countrywoman, Miss Edgworth—she has no competitor in my estimation."

But, to return to our voyage—he proposed that we should read 'Fanny' together, to which I willingly consented, and here I must regret that I cannot do justice to his readings—but my memory is at fault. Whenever he came to any allusion in the poem, either personal or polical, up went his spectacles and down went the book, and he introduced some anecdote to the point, or told some story of his first visit to New York; and in this most entertaining way we took *three* mornings to get through "Fanny." I wish I could embody the "context" which he gave to the "text" as we went along; all I can say, is, that it was worthy of the poem, and I am sure that Mr. Halleck would have been flattered to have had such an able commentator.

He showed me his note book, which was a strange medley about horses, slaves, epitaphs, pieces cut out of newspapers, receipts, congressional anecdotes, quotations, &c. &c. He also kept a regular diary, and could tell at whose house he dined every day in Washington—who the company were—and the leading topics of conversation—Pointing to a particular date he said, "Sir, I shall never forget a circumstance that occurred at Mr. ——'s table. There was a large company, and among them a hoary headed debauchee, whose vices had brought him to the verge of the grave—he had the audacity, Sir, to call in question the existence of the Deity—presuming, I suppose, that there were some kindred present. I happened to sit opposite to him, and was so disgusted by his impiety, that I could not avoid exclaiming—'I think, Sir, you might better have been silent on that subject—for, judging from *appearances*, in a very short time *you* will have *ocular proof* of the power of that God, whose existence you now question.' He turned pale with anger, and trembled, but made no reply, and the company soon afterwards broke up, but I never again noticed him. Perhaps I was wrong, Sir, in correcting him, but you know I am 'hair trigger,' I go off at 'half cock!'"

When speaking of his younger days, he used to say that whatever mental advantages he possessed, were owing to the assiduous care of his mother—and he used to speak of her in the most glowing terms of filial affection, never using her name without the exclamation of "My Mother; God bless her!"

He made us well acquainted with his favorite slave "Juba," whom he daily cited for some good quality or another. "He has not half the talents of my man Juba, Sir," was a frequent expression, when discussing the merits of a politician whom he disliked.

His knowledge of the most important light houses, points of land, latitude and longitude of places, was very great, and astonished even our Captain, with whom he made several amusing bets on the subject, which, by the way, he always won. Two or three days before we made the land, we were sitting on deck, whilst the Captain was taking an observation at noon. "Pray," said Randolph, "what is our latitude and longitude now?"—The Captain told him. "How do we head by the compass?" This also was told him. "Now, Captain," continued he, "can you tell me off the book,' what land we shall first make if we continue on our present course?" "Why," replied the Captain, "if you show me the chart, I'll tell you in a minute." "Oh, no!" exclaimed Randolph, "you must go by head work—I say we shall hit 'Sligo head,' and I'll back my opinion by a pipe of wine or Schuydam gin,'" a favorite bet with him.—"I won't bet any more," replied the Captain, 'but I shall prove you to be wrong by the chart, for I say we shall make the Mull of Cantire." The chart was produced—the compass used—the line drawn, and—"By George, you're *always* right," shouted the Captain, as the line touched Sligo Head—"I'll never contradict any assertion of your's again, Mr. Randolph, upon any point."

On the 5th April we made the land about 12 o'clock, but as the wind had varied after Randolph's prediction about "Sligo Head," we first saw the mountains of Donegall, which are farther north. After we had gone some hundred and fifty miles along the coast, which is very barren to the eye, Randolph said to me, "Well sir, I now believe the story told by Arther Young, of a farmer who took his son out walking a few miles distant from his home in the County Meth—they passed a *tree*—the boy stopped and asked 'Father what is *that?*' never having seen one before! Here we have been sailing by Ireland for a whole day, and I have not laid eyes yet on a single tree!"

I assisted Mr. Randolph in assorting his papers, books, &c. a day or two before we reached Liverpool, and he insisted upon presenting me with several of them; but at length he became so very generous I positively refused to receive any more. I happened to mention that I had forgotten in the hurry of departure to procure "Wait's State Papers," which had recently been published by order of Congress, for my father, who was fond of all such American publications. "Sir," said Randolph instantly, "he shall have my copy." "By no means," replied I, "you have already been too liberal, and I positively refuse to accept another book from you." "Pray, sir," rejoined he, in a half comic, half serious way, "do you hold a power of attorney from your father to take or reject all presents made to him? If you do, produce it—let us see the seal—if not, the question admits of no argument. I do not give *you* the books, as you don't deserve them—they are your father's, sir; and if you refuse to take them, I shall find another carrier!" I had previously told him that my grandfather had been very kind to those Americans who visited Cork during the Revolutionary War, for which he had received the thanks of Congress, through General Washington, who had also sent him his miniature likeness in a gold ring, which the family felt very proud of.

After the conversation about the books, he sat down and wrote the following letter on his knee, addressed to my father:

Amity at Sea, April 4, 1822,
Lat. 54 30. long. 13 E.

"Sir—Having had the pleasure of an introduction to your son by Mr. ——, of New York, on the morning of our embarkation for Liverpool, I have taken the liberty to order by bookseller at Washington to send to your address a copy of Waite's State Papers, printed by order of Congress.

"I am not too young to remember the capture of Burgoyne: and most of the subsequent events of our struggle for independence are also indelibly impressed upon my memory.—As the countryman of Washington, (for I too am a Virginian!) I offer these records of the Government of which he was the founder, to the son of that man who received, through him the thanks of Congress for his humanity and kindness to our poor Americans, during those times.

The enclosed Coat of arms, if pasted in the first volume, will be evidence unquestionable of your title.

"I am, sir, your father's obliged fellow creature, and your humble servant,

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke,
Charlotte county, Virginia."

I may here add, that the said books were forwarded from Washington to New York, and unfortunately put on board the packet ship Liverpool, which was lost in the ice on her *first* voyage, and every thing went down but the passengers and crew, who were saved in the long boat. My father therefore only received the preceding letter, much to his disappointment.

No. III.

"My knowledge of Ireland" said he to me one morning, "seems to astonish you as much as it did Mr. Canning's servant at Washington, the other day. He brought me a note from his master—who by the way is a superior man, sir—and as soon as he spoke I at once recognized the brogue, and said to him,—'You're from *Munster*, are you not?' 'I am, *plaise* your honor,' replied he, astonished at the question. 'From the county Clare I presume?' 'Yes sir' said he, still more astonished. 'What town did you come from?' 'The town of Ennis.' 'Oh,' said I laughing, 'I know Ennis very well—pray does Sir Edward O'Brien still live at Dromoland?' 'He does indeed, sir.' 'And Mr. Stackpool at Endenvale?'—'And the Knight of Glin on the banks of the Shannon?' 'Yes sir,' and then after a pause and a low bow he said, 'Might I make *bould* to *ax*, sir, how long you lived in Clare?' 'I never was in Europe' said I, but I hope to be there soon.' Oh, sir, don't be *afther* making a fool of me—faith, you're a bit of an Irishman, for you have the brogue, and you know as much of the country as I do myself, and more too, I'm thinking.' It was in vain that I assured him I had never seen Ireland—he went away still insisting that I had lived there?'

No wonder poor Paddy should have been deceived, when we on board the ship, both English and Irish, were often made to blush by the superior local information that Mr. Randolph possessed, even of the very counties in which we were born!

He used to amuse himself with two Yorkshire passengers by speaking in the peculiar dialect of the 'West Riding,' and if they sometimes corrected any expressions, he would enter into a regular argument, and quote authorities—such as ballads, story books, old songs, &c. to prove that he was correct, and in most instances they had to confess that he was right. All this was done in the most perfect good humour, and it afforded us a vast deal of amusement, for he would enter into those discussions with as much apparent zeal as if he were speaking on the Tariff bill in Congress!

One day I asked him who was his favorite candidate for the Presidency after Mr. Monroe's time would expire? 'Why Sir,' replied he, 'if it had not been for his *wrong* vote on the Missouri question I should at once say 'Rufus King; he is the best man north of the 'Potomac, and a gentleman, too, of the old 'school, and best of all, sir, an honest man—'rather a scarce article among politicians. A 'sad mistake sir, he made on that question; 'but he thought he was right, and I esteem 'him still, but he will not *now* do for President. The New England men, sir, would 'rob us of our patrimonial slaves and our patrimonial oaks, and they are trying to obtain 'some of our patrimonial acres also; but it 'will not answer, sir. Old Virginia has some 'strength left yet, and we must therefore get 'a southern man for President!'

He was very free in expressing his opinions of all the great political characters, both living and dead, and his satire was cutting.—Sometimes he amused us by repeating parts of his speeches in Congress, on important subjects, especially on the late war and Bankrupt Bill, both of which he opposed most violently. Once or twice during the voyage he lost his temper, but generally speaking he was in good humour, and full of spirits, and contributed greatly to our amusement. I regretted very much that we had to part in Liverpool, but we agreed to meet again during the summer in London.

In the month of June business took me to London, and my father accompanied me. I immediately called at Randolph's lodgings, and was glad to find him in town. The next day I introduced him to my father, who was greatly pleased with him. In the course of our conversation he suddenly rose from his chair, and said in his most imposing manner—'Sir, I have lately seen the greatest curiosity 'in London—aye, and in England too—com 'pared to which, Westminster Abbey, the 'Tower, Somerset House, Waterloo Bridge, 'and Parliament itself, sink into utter insignificance!—Yes, sir, I have seen Elizabeth Fry in Newgate, and have witnessed the miraculous effects of true christianity upon the most 'depraved of human beings—bad women, who 'are worse if possible, than the Devil himself; 'and yet Mrs. Fry has absolutely tamed them 'into subjection; and they weep repentant tears 'whenever she addresses them. Nothing *but* 'religion could effect this; and what *can* be a 'greater miracle than the conversion of a degraded woman, taken from the dregs of so 'ciety;—and *you* must also see this wonder.—'Come, sir, this is her morning for visiting the 'prisoners, and we shall be just in time. I 'will introduce you, as she has permitted me 'to bring my friends with me.'

We immediately ordered a carriage and drove to Mrs. Fry's house, but found to our disappointment that the death of a relative had suddenly called her to the country.

Subsequently I had an opportunity of accompanying her to Newgate, and the scene which I there saw fully justified Randolph's description of it.

Some time afterwards I dined with Mrs. Fry at her country seat near Loudon, and Mr. Randolph's name was mentioned at table.—'He is a singular character,' said one of her 'daughters to me; 'we had quite an amusing 'note from him the other day. My mother requested me to write a note of invitation to 'dinner to him, and in it I apologized for naming so unfashionably early an hour *as four o'clock.* His reply was as follows:

'Mr. Randolph regrets that a prior engagement will deprive him of the pleasure of dining with Mrs. Fry on Thursday next. No 'apology, however, was necessary for the hour 'named in her note, as *it* is *two* hours later than 'Mr. R. is accustomed to dine in Virginia, and 'he has not yet been long enough in London 'to learn how to turn day into night, and vice 'versa.'

I should mention that the fashionable dinner hour was 8 o'clock, which Randolph disliked very much, and frequently protested against.

Very soon after he arrived in London he became acquainted with Lord L——, who introduced himself to him one night under the gallery of the House of Commons. His Lordship told me afterwards that he had never met with so well informed a gentleman on all subjects of History. Belles Letters, Biography, &c. 'and sir,' said he, 'what most astonished 'me was his intimate local knowledge of England and Ireland—I thought I knew them 'well but I was obliged to yield the palm to 'Mr. Randolph. I was so delighted with his 'conversation, that I was determined to pay 'a compliment which I knew would gratify his 'Virginian pride. Without mentioning to him 'my intention, I solicited permission from the 'Lord Chancellor to introduce Mr. Randolph 'in the House of Lords at the private entrance 'near the Throne; and having obtained it, I 'desired the doorkeeper to admit him whenever he presented himself, the same as if he 'were a Member of the House. I am a high 'Tory, sir. But I worship talent even in a Republican; and, I assure you, it gave me great 'pleasure to show this mark of distinction to 'your American friend.'

I know I very much envied him this privilege on the night of the debate on Mr. Canning's 'Roman Catholic Peers' Bill.' The House of Lords was excessively crowded, and I had to wait for nearly two hours before I could obtain admission into the space below the bar; and just as I squeezed myself through the doorway, nearly suffocated, I espied John Randolph leisurely walking in at the other door, surrounded by Canning, Lord Londonderry, Sir Robert Peel, and many other distinguished members of the House of Commons.

He did not take any letters of introduction with him from this country. I asked him, one day, why he had refused them. 'Because, sir,' replied he, 'I go to 'England to see and not 'to be seen—to hear, and not to be heard.'

He became, however, one of the lions of the day, and his company was much sought after. At the splendid ball given for the benefit of the Irish poor under the patronage of the King and royal family, Lord Londonderry singled out Randolph, and stood by him for a considerable time, pointing out to his notice all the distinguished characters, both male and female, as they passed in review before them.

'Your countryman, sir, said he to me a few days afterwards, 'is a most accomplished gentleman. Who could ever suppose that so 'fascinating an exterior covered so much de'ceit? I admire his polite manners, but de'test his politics!'

A very distinguished member of Parliament brought Mr. Randolph and Miss Edgeworth together at his breakfast table, and he told me that he had never enjoyed so high an intellectual treat before. To use his own words, 'spark produced spark, and for three hours 'they kept up the fire until it ended in a per'fect blaze of wit, humour and repartee. Mr. 'Randolph absolutely knew Miss Edgeworth's 'works better than she did herself, for imme'diate quotations, and we were all exceeding'ly astounded by his intimate acquaintance 'with Ireland and Irish manners. Lady T. 'and myself did nothing but listen, and I was 'really vexed when some public business call'ed me away!'

I was with Ranpolph one morning soon afterwards, when he received a most friendly note from Miss Edgeworth, written in the familiar style. I begged of him to give it me as a keepsake. "Give *that* note to you!" said he with emphasis—"why, I would not part with it for half my estate!"

One day we dined together at the Marquis of L's, where we met several distinguished characters, and amongst them were Professor Smithe, of Cambridge, and Sir John Newport. The hour mentioned on the card of invitation was a quarter past seven. I said to Randolph that we need not reach the house much before 8. "Sir," replied he, "I always comply literally with the terms of an invitation—we must be there at the time specified." We went accordingly; and, as I had predicted, there was nobody in the parlor, nor had the Marquis yet reached home from the House of Lords.—However, by and by, the Marchioness, a very lovely woman, made her appearance, and Randolph apologized for our republican punctuality. In a short time the rest of the company joined us, and at 8 o'clock we sat down to an excellent dinner. The conversation became very animated, and took a political turn. Randolph was questioned closely on American affairs and amused them very much by his replies. He exposed what he termed the sad degeneracy of old Virginia, and became quite pathetic, in mourning over the abolition of the laws of primogeniture. Some of the company thought this a strange complaint from a republican; and, before we separated they really had nearly *mistaken* Randolph for an *Aristocrat!* Professor Smythe was so much interested in the conversation, he walked home with us after the party broke up, and remained at our lodgings until 2 o'clock in the morning, endeavouring to procure as much particular information as he could about American institutions. When he had gone I could not avoid telling Randolph that *I* was the best republican of the two, and I laughed at him for having played the aristocrat so well. The Professor gave us a warm invitation to visit him at Cambridge, which Mr. Randolph subsequently availed himself of, but I was prevented by business from accompanying him. He afterwards told me that he was delighted with his visit to that classical city, where he became acquainted with several learned men.

I visited most of the curiosities of London with him, and derived great advantage from his intimate knowledge of every thing. We always dispensed with the showmen and guides, as he much preferred to act in that capacity himself, and I willingly paid *them* the fees for *his* services: He had a curious fashion of leaving his card, 'Randolph of Roanoke,' wherever we entered whether it was Westminster Abbey among the monuments, or at the top of St. Paul's; and I never could exactly understand his motive—some strange piece of vanity!

Extracts from an Address by James Merrill, Esq. to the Union (Pa) Agricultural Society.

BENEFITS OF AGRICULTURAL SOCIETIES.

The first great question in farming is this:—How shall we obtain the greatest returns from capital and labor? This secret can be completely unfolded only by repeated trials But trials in one country will not always show the truth in another. This is the true secret of the Philosopher's stone; but we must take notice that the process is very different. Very good gold may be found in one country by a way, which in another will only uncover slate stones. It is for this reason that we cannot fully profit by the experience of European agriculturalists; or even of those of our own country a little to the north or to the south of us. The question then arises, how far can we profit by their experience? How many of their unsuccessful experiments may be useful here; and with what variations in the details? If one man must try all these experiments, he will probably not live to know and profit by the results of one half of them. The benefit of his actual improvements will be confined to his immediate neighborhood. Here is one very important point, in which societies like ours are useful.—One has tried one thing, and another has tried another thing till at last they are all tried.—The success or failure, the profit or loss, together with a detail of the proceedings becomes known by our meetings, or by our publications. In all other things, union produces strength. Why should it fail here? There is no reason to suppose it will fail here. It does not. The universal experience of all countries proves that Agricultural Societies have raised the standard of learning; and let me be excused for saying, have expended and liberalized, and in every way improved the mind of the farmer. Consider, also, that agriculture is the great interest of the country; that whatever importance may be attached to other pursuits, agriculture supports all and pays all.—How important then that its modes of operation be the best. Let it further be borne in mind, that a society may promote many improvements, at a trifling expense to the members, which would be beyond the means of an individual. But how can the usefulness of our society be increased? I answer, in the first place by obtaining more members—by giving our managers the command of greater funds, and enabling them, by offering more and larger premiums to excite a greater emulation among us. Premiums are in an especial manner necessary. A man may not be able to do a thing the first time without loss, which ever after he and all others may do with a profit. Our government, by its patent law, has provided for the remuneration of the labors of ingenious men, by exclusive use of their inventions. We ask them to communicate their discoveries to the public, and take from us such a reward for their labors as we can afford to give them. But some may say, we have the best land and the best mode of farming now; the rest may copy after us. Indeed! I should be sorry to shake any man's good opinion of himself too rudely; but I would just say to such, if such there be, that the best cultivated acre in Buffalo Valley, would in Holland be thought slovenly and unprofitable farming. I freely admit that there are good farmers in Buffalo Valley; but the one half of what was a plantation more than fifteen years ago, yields more profit now than the whole did then. The time is approaching when the half of this devision of a plantation will be a farm. It must then be better cultivated than it is now. It a mistake to think that any part of our country is cultivated in the best possible manner.

Book Farming:—But will any one say this book farming is all nonsense? It answers no purpose? How is a true thing the worse for being printed? and how much easier is it to detect a printed lie, than one that goes from mouth to mouth, with instant variations. You have the facts put down so that they cannot be altered And if it depends upon one man telling his neighbor, and he another, the fourth man's story bears scarcely any resemblance to the first; it might indeed, come back to the first man as a great piece of news. Carpenters, mill rights, and workers in metals all study their books. A farmer will hunt us an old newspaper to find some body's new way of curing hams; but if he is asked to read a book for a way of increasing his crops, his answer is pshaw! dont I know all about it?

Exhausting Land:—I would submit, whether, as a general practice, we do not farm too much land, and whether the excess is not the greater the poorer the land is? I repeat, that the returns of labor and capital, the profit, is what we all seek. Is it not true, that much land is farmed without profit, and much more without the profit it ought to bring? In talking about profit, every body understands that the investment ought to be preserved safe. If a man gets the interest on his money for a while, and loses the principal, he does not talk of profit.—Should a man get ten per cent. a year for ten years, and then get no more, principal or interest, would he talk of profit? So I think no farmer, whatever his apparent income may be, ought to talk of profit, while he suffers his land to become worse. This ought not to be called farming. It is robbery of those who come after us. There is an old story of a man who had a goose that would lay golden eggs. She did not lay them fast enough to supply his wishes, and he killed the goose. He got out one egg, and the supply ceased. It is so with those improvident farmers who push their land too hard. This principle is therefore at the bottom of all good farming; to wit: we must on no account suffer our land to grow worse.—This principal if steadily adhered, it will grow better. It is almost impossible so to adjust our labor as that our land shall not grow better or worse.—What we take off must bear a proportion to what we put on the land. Does any one doubt the truth of all this? Is it sufficiently considered in our country? On the contrary, is there not a very large proportion of farms in our district which becomes annually more and more exhausted? Does this deserve to be called by the name of farming? Is this the course we should expect the owners of land to pursue? On the contrary, is it not the very course that squatters, those who sit down to skin other people's land, would be expected to pursue? It is not true, that every man who takes strength out of land in a few crops, really does kill the goose that lays the golden eggs? Can any thing be more improvident? While a country is new, this may not be so much thought of; but our country is no longer new: and this principle presses itself upon our attention as one of first rate importance.—But why do men practice on the contrary principle? Partly from imitating bad examples, and partly from a habit of making most of to-day, and letting to morrow take care of itself. It is one of the benefits we expect to derive from society, that its members will set better examples, and make all ashamed to follow such old and injurious practices.

Reciprocal interest of the Farmer and Mechanic:—There are many things which a farmer ought to raise, in order to prevent his land from growing worse, which will not bear to be carried to a foreign market. The whole attention of the farmer is turned to such things as he can sell. It is, therefore, the interest of the farmers that there should be a great many people around them who are not farmers, and who will buy and consume things for which there is no foreign demand. The home market, besides taking many things the foreigner does not want, is also more steady than any foreign market.—It is then very important to have the consumers among us; and it is for this reason we ask mechanics and manufacturers to join us and show what they can do. Farmers already can buy from their neighbors, and pay in truck, many articles for which formerly they must have sent to cities, and perhaps to foreign countries. Many here recollect when a man was not thought to be genteelly dressed without an imported hat on his head, and then it was said the imported hat was cheaper according to its quality. Perhaps it might then have been so in money, (though not now,) but we should consider how many hats were paid for with potatoes and cabbages. Never one. The true principle then is plain. The land will never be cultivated in the best manner till it shall be the interest of the farmer to raise all those things which help to keep his land from growing worse. The farmer can never be encouraged to do this so long as his products must seek a distant market; for many of these articles will not bear the transportation It is said that the improved farming of England was encouraged by the introduction of the culture of turnips from the continent more than by any other one thing. The manufacturers bought the wool and meat of the animals that were fed on the turnips. This is one of the hundred ways in which this thing works in a circle. The greater the variety of employments, the cheaper each sells his products, and yet the more profit each enjoys.

Newspapers:—But the number of experiments would not need to be so numerous, if our farmers read agricultural newspapers and publications on the subject more generally, or what would be better, if they would require our own newspapers to give more of that information, and less of violent party politics. Our printers would do it if it was known to be more pleasing to the taste of our farmers. Where is the man who in cool blood, would not rather have his children read papers that give valuable practical information than those libellous personal denunciations which every election is so sure to produce? It is, in fact, worth while to consider, whether the times do not require temperance in newspapers as well as in some other inflammable and inflammatory articles. On this, as on other subjects, the united opinion and action of our agricultural societies might do much.

Conclusion:—In conclusion, I have only to say to you, gentlemen of the society persevere. Our cause is a good one, and while it promises many benefits, it does not threaten one evil to our country. Let every one try to improve. In the moral world, nobody is so great a villian that he does not think somebody worse. So in agriculture—no farmer is so slovenly and improvident that he cannot point out to others, in his opinion at least, worse than he. This is not the kind of comparison we ought to draw. He that would go high, must look higher. Let every one see wherein his neighbor excels and try to overtake him and not rest contented when he found a lazier man than himself in the neighborhood. Let us never forget, that after all our strivings, there is one that giveth the rain and the sunshine—the seed time and the harvest; and that we are bound to ask him and to thank him for all his blessings.

The Cherokee Council.—The Western Herald, says that the Cherokee Council, convened to consider the proposition of the General Government, to give them the enormous amount of, we believe, $3,000,000, or upwards for their lands, "dispersed without agreeing to the proposition so liberal on the part of the Government, and which should have been by all means so very desirable to them." This looks ominous of evil.—*Augusta Chron.*

We understand, that the Opinion recently delivered by Judge Baldwin, in relation to the slaves, expresses the general sentiment of Pennsylvania on that subject. It is understood, that Mr. Duane, the new Secretary of the Treasury, fully concurs in these sentiments.

The Mormons.—We have the last number of the Evening and the Morning Star' printed at Mount Zion, by the Mormons, before us. It represents the society as flourishing abundantly 'in these last days.' It gives several commandments recently revealed to the prophets. Its style is affectedly ancient and scriptural. It commences a brief notice of 'wordly matters,' or foreign news, with this pretty exordium:—'Lo! there are great things near—and while one nation rises to rejoice, behold another sits down to weep!'

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