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CONDITIONS.

The price of this paper is *two dollars and fifty cents* per annum—but if paid half yearly in advance, two dollars only will be charged.

Advertisements, making no more in length than breadth, will be inserted three times for one dollar; and for every subsequent continuance twenty-five cents.—Those of greater length in proportion.—Rule or figure work double those rates.

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From Niles' Weekly Register.

THE AGRICULTURAL INTEREST.

There are no persons among us except the superabundant population of a few of our largest cities, that are more impressed by "the times" than the farmers of the middle and western districts of the United States, and all others chiefly interested in the growing grain. A degree of economy, nay, a state of want, is forced upon them of the most unpleasant or distressing character. Those who were happily out of debt when the present prostration of things took place, and have refused to enter into engagements to pay money, may live pretty comfortably—but it is to be apprehended from among the country newspapers then with sheriff's advertisements for the sale of property, that this is not the common lot of the cultivators of the soil.* The voice of complaint is heard from every quarter, but most severely from those parts of our country where the heart of the husbandman was lately gladdened by viewing his luxuriant fields of wheat and other grain. A great blow has been struck at the interests of the planters also—and the time is apparently at hand when the culture of tobacco and cotton will not be much more productive than that of corn now is.—But it is the growers of the latter that feel the pressure most; and happily they have it much in their own power to relieve, if they cannot remove it.

At this time a barrel of flour made of wheat raised 100 miles from Baltimore, and to be brought to market by a land transportation may be said to be worth nothing more than the cost of its carriage and the expense of the turnpikes, &c. We have heard of a case in which the farmer would have saved money if, after he had raised the wheat and threshed and cleaned it, after he had carried it to the mill and caused it to be manufactured into flour, he had taken it home again and then burnt it, instead of fetching it to market—yet this is the article on which thousands of farmers depended for supplies of money to obtain such things as their wants and wishes required, and which could not be raised on their farms or produced in their own households. The necessity of the case imposes on these a consideration of a new commodity that may supply the place of their surplus grain, and furnish a medium through which their wants and wishes may be gratified.

Discussing the other day on this subject with a substantial Pennsylvania farmer who is getting richer and richer, even in

these "times" by his industry, good management and economy—he mentioned that sheep and flax, but especially the former, were the best agents to accomplish a purpose so desirable—they supplied him with every thing that he wanted, and left him some money to spare. His experience is amply confirmed by the facts stated in the article inserted below, which indeed, led to the present remarks. Wool will bear the costs of transportation from distant places, and the sheep themselves may be made the carriers of it but the great advantage of wool-growing is, that it naturally makes a market near home for the wool, for the sheep, and for all other surpluses of the farmer—his grain, his potatoes his cabbages. A general attention to the breeding of sheep might cause a decline in the price of wool after a while—but it would also cause an increased consumption of the commodity for a long time to come: and the business might be retired from without loss, whenever another pursuit should present itself as being more profitable. The mania had its day and injured many; but it is not likely that we shall have a return of it. We shall go on regularly.—Household manufactures, as well as those carried on in extensive establishments, will grow up with the abundance of the chief material used, and society be the better for it. Private wealth would be promoted, and, of course, the stock of national means be augmented. It is true, that the public revenue, if to be raised as at present, would be diminished—but the sober sense of almost every man begins to tell him that there must be such diminution, and the only question now is, whether it shall be caused by a desire to support the industry of our own people or that of foreigners, so far as they will kindly enable us to pay them for their goods—so far as they will condescend to give us a yard of cloth for two barrels of flour—to exchange the product of the labor of one of their females for that of four or five of our men! The people also begin to see, and to think too, that one dollar which goes into the treasury of the United States as a duty on goods imported, which we have the spare labor to make at home, draws no less than three other dollars from the country for the benefit of foreigners. This is shaving with a vengeance; raising money at the most exorbitant rate—three for one; the one also paid by ourselves, and that only for our own benefit! What is it that foreigners take of us which they can raise or make at home, even if at double the price that we would gladly supply them at? Not one solitary article—they deal with us only of necessity, because they must have certain of our commodities, which they would pay us for in specie, if we refused to receive their goods in exchange for them—acting on their own principles. In this state of the case, why should we not look to ourselves?—Why are we prostrate in the mud calling upon Hercules, or praying for the desolation of Europe by war, instead of putting our shoulders to the wheel and trying what we can do without a cutting of men's throats? It is an abomination on us Christians, a foul disgrace on us as men, and a deep dishonor on us as republicans, to see the anxiety with which foreign events are regarded, and to observe the hopes manifested that nations in amity with us, should get to fighting one another! "Philip is sick"—"Philip may die"—"Philip is dead!" are the reports that amuse us: but, whether

"Philip" is sick or dead his spirit and power will remain to act against us—and so it should be, for they that will not help themselves do not deserve help from any body. When we shall resolve to do this or that, and rely upon the great abilities and ample resources which a kind Providence has granted to accomplish such resolutions—then shall we be happy at home & respected abroad. So far as nations will exchange with us on equitable principles, we will exchange with them, and no further. By a well balanced system of agriculture, manufactures and commerce, of our own market is sufficient for substantial prosperity: and if we should have any surpluses, they may serve to furnish us with extra articles of conveniences or luxury. It is an absurdity, that, with such extensive grounds for the rearing of sheep, which cannot be appropriate to any other useful purpose, we should be dependent on any country under heaven for woollen goods much longer.—The manufacture of cotten is forcing its way—it is establishing by suffering; and when our farmers shall make it a general concern to raise sheep, that of wool must follow. These, with all the heavy works of iron will give the farmers a market that can be relied on—which we trust they will demand of their own government—which foreigners cannot take away.

Annexed is the extract from an Ohio newspaper, that led to these remarks.

Charles Hammond, esq. in reply to a writer in the Washington Reporter, signed "Rev. A.," who made an unwarrantable attack upon the Steubenville woolen manufactory, after disproving many of his assertions, from actual experience, says:

"Your correspondent cavils at the price paid at the Steubenville factory for wool. Here too my experience assures me he is wrong. I am myself the most extensive wool grower in the county where I reside (Belmont, Ohio.) I find a market for my wool at the Steubenville factory, and receive payment in cloth, at the prices so much reprehended by your correspondent. It is a very profitable business in comparison with any other that can now be pursued upon a farm. I can clear more money on one hundred sheep, of such blood that their wool will average sixty cents per pound, than upon farming one hundred acres upland, in wheat, corn and oats, with the labor of cultivation furnished to me gratuitously. I do not make this assertion theoretically, but from actual experiment."

* The Richmond Enquirer has the following extract of a letter from a gentleman in Frankfort, Ky. to his friend in Richmond, dated Feb. 27.

"Hard times are just commencing in this state! The twelve months replevin bonds are expiring daily, and executions going out on them; and, on these things the money must come, if it can be had—but 'there's the rub!' for I do not think there is money enough in the country to pay one fourth of the debts! The bank of Kentucky has, in a few days past determined to sue all her debtors, who have failed to pay the discounts and calls on them: and in this single county, she has commenced, within the last two days, two hundred and seventy-five suits, and the sum sued for amounts to 887,54 dollars. This is a fact which comes within my own knowledge."

Franklin by the census just taken, contains 1679 inhabitants, and the whole county in which it is located only 11,034, all told, white and black. Of these, not more than 2350 are white male persons over 21 years. The average then, of the debts sued for is, to each and every such individual, equal to about \$400! What then is the amount of all the debts owing? Such are the results of glorious banking—such the fruits that the tree of speculation bears! And legislation to pay debts is worse than either. It is the abomination of abominations! For one honest man that is relieved by such legislation, fifty honest men are victims.

The newspapers in Baltimore give a list of

the applicants for the benefit of the insolvent laws—these lists show a general amount of about two hundred and twenty persons who are applying for relief.

† The editor of the Register intends to purchase some cloth that was manufactured at Steubenville. It is apparently of the very first quality, permanently dyed and highly finished. A better cloth at the same price, (9 doll. per yard) cannot be found in our stores of imported goods. It may think it extravagant in me to give so much for cloth, let them recollect that the money is to remain at home, and that I may chance to handle some of it again.

Honest Joey Davies.—Mr. Joseph Davies, the facetious host of Haverstock-hill, will be long remembered by the lovers of conviviality and the social jug. In size he was a complete Toby Filpot, in countenance a Boniface, and in humor little short of Falstaff. Like father Time, he was rarely ever seen without a glass in his hand, and could not abide to see a full or empty one. He preferred native humor and native liquor to all foreign importations, and often declared that it would break his heart, if he thought that French brandy should ever get the better of British spirits by land or by sea. He was fond of music but could not bear the sound of an empty cask. He used to call himself the modestest man in the parish, because his face was always in a perpetual blush. Being once asked why he did not coin his nose, he said, he kept it that his customers might light their pipes at it. He was a steady friend to the constitution, which he often toasted at the expense of his own.—His maxim was, that a publican could never be ruined but by short measures and short answers, which he carefully avoided.—The only tax he should approve, would be a heavy one on water drinkers. He drank with all, joked with all, and died, no doubt, in charity with all.

A cannon of—being very ill the bishop of his diocese had disposed of his prebend. On his recovery from his illness, he absented himself more than the usual period of visiting his diocesan. On being asked by some of his friends the reason of his conduct the clerical wag replied, with the utmost gravity, that he was afraid the bishop might be angry with him for not dying the year before.

A strange Meeting.—Lord Kaimes used to relate a story of a man, who claimed his acquaintance on rather singular grounds. His lordship when one of the justices, judges, returning from the north circuit to Perth, happened to sleep at Dunkeld. The next morning, walking, towards the ferry but apprehending he had missed his way he asked a man whom he met to conduct him. The other answered with much cordiality, "That I will my lord. Does not your lordship remember me? My name is John—. I have had the honor to be before your lordship for stealing sheep!" Oh John! I remember you well, and how is your wife? She had the honor to be before me too, for receiving them knowing them to be stolen." "At your lordship's service. We were very lucky, we got off for want of evidence; and I am still going on in the butcher trade." Then replied his lordship we may have the honor of meeting again.

Demetrius of Macedon.—This monarch would at times retire from business to attend to pleasure. On such an occasion he usually feigned indisposition. His father Antigonas, coming to visit him, saw a beautiful young lady retire from his chamber. On entering Demetrius said, "Sir, the fever has now left me." Very like son, says Antigonas, "perhaps I meet at the door."