

AGRICULTURAL.

For the Columbia Democrat.

MR. PRINTER.

In my communication on the subject of cultivating vines, I promised to notice the subject of domestic manufactures, &c.—Preparatory to manufacturing, it becomes necessary to possess the real material or commodity. The subject of this article will therefore be the consideration of the ways and means of being so in possession.

As a preface to that subject, let me remark, that the establishment of an Agricultural Society, as recommended by a late contributor to your columns, would tend greatly to facilitate the result at which I wish to arrive.

In any remarks I may make on the subject of Domestic Manufactures, I wish to be correctly understood, and therefore give a general outline of my creed now; reserving the proof of its being founded in fact, for a future occasion, if necessary.

I believe that an extensive Commerce tends to the prosperity of the United States, as a liberal trade tends to the reciprocal advantage of neighborhoods. This proposition is indeed an *axiom*, because one district or one country contains commodities or produces materials not found in another, and which, in the non-producing places, can only be artificially supplied at great labor, inconvenience and expense. Yet, sir, while I am in favor of trade and commerce, because the destruction of them would make each man a hermit, and each country an insulated *clan*, I am disposed to encourage them no farther than is compatible with our independence. And while I am in favor of home manufactures, I would not force them against wind and tide, or in other words, against time and circumstances. I would, therefore, by all means make so much of our *essentials* as entirely to do away that balance of trade constantly against us in Europe. If we find our soil congenial, and our means sufficient, it will be well to turn that balance the other way. But it will not be good policy to force the latter result before its own spontaneous tendency, for a man to make his own shoes, when, in fact, he can earn money enough in the time spent in making one pair, to pay a workman for making two.

Thence rises the question—Is our soil congenial, and are our means sufficient?—And if the answer be in the affirmative, then comes the further query—Have we duly improved them? I conceive that the first interrogatory ought to be answered in the affirmative so far as respects many things now imported, and amongst them Broad-cloth. And the latter question has a negative response respecting the very same article.

Now, sir, the materials necessary for making fine cloth are these—good wool, soap, dye-stuffs, &c. with good motive power, machinery, and withal, good workmen. As to the dyes and mordants, some are home products, others are not, and some perhaps never will be. The importation of such will tend less to render us tributary to Europe than the purchase of the woollen fabric. Soap is made already, and can be always made equal to the demand. Then we come to the more costly commodity, "Wool." Of this the production of the country is deficient both in quantity and quality. The reason of these defects consists in the too little attention paid to *Sheep*, and the too great slaughter of that animal.

I recollect that Sheep flourished much better in this country some 30 years ago, or during the first settlement, than they do now. Indeed, the only difficulty attending the rearing them, when I was a boy, arose from the ravages of wild animals. This scourge has now disappeared. My father's sheep were always healthy and vigorous in the summer by running in the woods, and he kept up their strength and activity in winter, by giving each sheep about one gill of Indian corn per day, besides hay and salt. This method kept his animals clean and healthy at a small expense. Here then is the proof that our soil and climate are congenial to the growth of sheep. But will the number be too small. The daily slaughter prevents the increase. Whether the destruction arises from the influence of British emissaries, (as some assert,) or from our own preference for the flesh, I

shall not decide; but remain content if I prove that their destruction, from any cause, is injurious, and ought to be regarded as a national calamity. Having shown that sheep can be raised, I need only assert that they are destroyed in too great numbers, or that the number reared is too small; and the fact that from the produce of whole townships not two pounds of wool are for sale, proves my assertion to be true. And the additional fact that half our young women are ignorant of the art of wool spinning, corroborated by the circumstance that *wheel making* has almost ceased to be a trade, puts the question beyond a doubt.

Now let us leave the wool growing and turn our attention to *power and machinery*.

In places where manufacturing is largely carried on, it is chiefly done by steam power, at a great expense and much risk. On the contrary; in our own county of Columbia, water power is so abundant as scarcely to increase the price of land containing first rate mill seats. Even the difference in the premium charged for insuring factories against loss by fire, when driven by steam, and where water power is used, forms an item of considerable consequence in favor of the latter.

Machinery is the product of ingenuity and experience, and our countrymen are proverbial for the former, and need only time to acquire the latter.

Amongst the machinery necessary for finishing fine cloth, the plant called *teasel* is an important item. This species of thistle furnishes burs which, placed in a wooden frame, form a kind of raising card, which art has never yet been able to equal or supply. Before cloth of the best quality is finished, this article must be used, and hence we are not independent until we can supply our own demand. This plant grows well, though it requires much attention, in any land in Wilts, Essex, Gloucester, and Somerset counties, in England, which is adapted to the growth of wheat. It is now cultivated in the State of New York, and can no doubt be successfully produced in Pennsylvania. It also grows in Holland and France. It is, to be sure, a very precarious crop, and hence the price varies greatly. The price in England is about £6 sterling for ten thousand best burs, than in this country. The reason for saying that teasels (or teazles) can be raised in this State is that the summer is as long as in England, the soil is kind, and our chance to produce the burs better, because it is dampness that spoils the greater number in that country; and our summers are warmer, and hence our opportunity to cure them greater.

Thus, sir, we have the means and ability to produce materials, power and machinery. If we have not the artisans, all we need do to bring them is to offer inducements in the shape of certain employment and good wages. Now as to certainty of employment and stability of reward in this country; they depend upon many causes, among which we find the policy of foreign countries a prominent one.

To arrive at permanency in these matters we must be independent, and rest upon our own resources. Here let me quote the words of an English publication on the subject of cultivating teasels in that country. They prove my position without comment. "Our woollen manufactory could hardly have made any progress without this plant: the constant continental wars in the early part of our monarchy, and the rival jealousies of foreign nations, would have impeded or prohibited the necessary supply of teasels and thus rendered the domestic cultivation of this indispensable plant a primary object."

Now, sir, if Englishmen felt the importance of one single requisite, what should we feel? If they feared the overthrow of their factories for the want of a secondary object, what should we feel, lacking the first and second? And yet what apology have we? We have the soil, the climate, the power, the stock, the ingenuity, the every thing, and yet voluntarily and willingly, may sedulously put ourselves into a condition ten thousand times more likely to be affected, crippled and prostrated by "continental" or European wars, than was that of England for want of teasels. And why? Because we are killing the few sheep we have, and neglecting to rear others or better.

Now, sir, it is necessary, to retain our artisans, that we give them employment.—In some fluctuations of policy this can be done, but in the next revolution of European politics perhaps it cannot. No wise man chooses a profession liable to be every day annihilated, and hence we are indirectly inducing talent and enterprise of the land to forsake us.

In order to preserve the permanency and consequent perfection of the business, we must secure the best customers, and this can only be done by producing the best article at a fair price. To do this the best materials and machinery are indispensable, and hence the success of the scheme proposed, in its first inception rests with the farmer and shepherd, and secondly with the artisan.

If we do make cloth equal to the imported, it follows that our rich men, who have the means, will wear foreign fabrics, our next ablest will imitate and so the article finds a consumer in every apprentice in our streets.

When we have introduced this state of things, some revolution in government, or some diplomatic difficulty suddenly shuts our ports; then spring up factories like excrecences in a night; prices advance, wages run high, employment is plenty, workmen contract debts for the purpose of starting on their own account; but in a few months a reaction takes place and intercourse is renewed. Then our seaports are burdened with the accumulated productions of *non-intercourse* day, brought from foreign lands, at a reduced price, as the artificial vomit of overburdened markets. Ruin stalks abroad in the land. Manufacturers are ruined, laborers distressed, children beggar, widows oppressed, and in short all things brought to a sudden stand, or dashed into confusion, which will cost years of industry to rectify. In this confusion aid is asked of government, and she, as in duty bound, does all that art can do. But presently that which was good as a measure of temporary relief, is adopted as a permanent principle; and hence arise jealousies and heart burnings, sectional feelings and local quarrels. This is neither a wholesome nor agreeable condition. Those who administer the government are censured for the existence of evils not attributable to them, and which were unforeseen, and which could not be prevented had they been foreseen, except by applying the remedy, not as government edicts and regulations, but as inducements to farmers, shepherds and artisans to furnish enough of the articles, now imported, and of such quality as to exclude the foreign, and thus prevent the first excitement.

It will be at once perceived that men of talent have no inducement to turn their attention to the improvement of their machinery, and consequently bettering their wares, so long as they may be prostrated in an hour, by the extraordinary influx of foreign goods. I am fully persuaded that no policy of government can as effectually preserve the uniformity of prices and employment as the regular operation of art and industry on our farms and in our factories can. Indeed the former is an *artificial*, while the other is a *natural*, regulator. As different parties in Congress predominate, different measures will be pursued, and will feel insecure during the pendency of the question. But if the permanency of a business is sustained by the *natural* resources of the country; let who will rule the nation, it must remain firm and unshaken and while that is the case first rate workman can be retained.

But, sir, while we manufacture a part, (perhaps the coarser articles) and depend on Europe for the rest, we will be liable to fluctuations. These must be submitted to for a season, until we arrive at the ability to serve ourselves. To impress the community with the necessity of being soon able to supply ourselves with coats, is the object of this communication. That we have difficulties to encounter is admitted; and that regulations of government must be resorted to, in our present state of defective materials, is self-evident. Perhaps government restrictions may be necessary as a set-off against similar restrictions, long after we shall have been able to compete with Europe in quality, and furnish a superabundant quantity; but these restrictions furnish no solid argument against attempting to produce an article capable of forcing its own way into use.

It may be argued that the oppression under which the operators in Europe labor, and the low rate of wages there, must ever prevent us from competing in price, even if we excel in quality, unless we oppress our people too. I think not. My reasons for thinking so is this. In England, for instance, land is scarce, rent and taxes high. The power for propelling machinery is chiefly artificial. If land is dear and rent high, the sheep are necessarily expensive, and food for the people dear. In this con-

try, land and water power cheap, rent low, articles of food for the people low, and provender for animals cheap also; so I conceive the reduced price of these essentials is a fair set-off against the lower wages of workmen in that country. Hence I hope to see the time when cloth may be made here at a price that may stop importations without grinding the maker.

Here then the whole subject is thrown back upon the production of the materials; the very subject upon which I set out. So long as our materials are the growth of countries where land is scarce, and rent and taxes high, it needs no argument to prove that our fabrics must be dear. What I contend is; that if we produce the constituents for ourselves, as we possess the ability, the natural current of cause and effect will do the rest.

CONFUCIUS.

Cattawissa, Oct. 22, 1838.

[EXTRACTED FOR THE DEMOCRAT.]

From the New England Farmer.

RUTA BAGA.

The following is an account of the method of cultivating ruta baga, adopted by Rev. Henry Colman, in obtaining a crop for which he received a premium of twenty dollars from the Massachusetts Agricultural Society in the year 1830.

Gentlemen—Accompanying this you have the certificates of a crop of ruta baga raised this year on my farm in Lynn. From these it will appear that on an acre, measured by a sworn surveyor, on one side of the field, there were gathered seven hundred and forty-one baskets full, and that forty baskets of the above named weighed at the town scales two thousand seven hundred and fifty pounds nett weight. This allowing fifty-six pounds to a bushel, the standard weight assumed by the society, would give a crop of nine hundred and three bushels to the acre.

The turnips were planted on the 29th of June and 2d of July; about one pound and a half of seed was used for the acre; and they were gathered and stored in cellars and in the barn, the last part of November.

The ground on which they grew is a good soil, neither wet nor dry, and bore the last year an abundant crop of onions, and corn the year preceding the last. It was well manured at both times, and in fine tilth. It was manured with at least six cords to the acre of barn manure the last spring, and sowed again to onions; but the seed entirely failing, it was ploughed, harrowed furrows struck out and about eight cords of barn manure, spread in the furrows; ploughed again so as to bring the seed down with a small drill-harrow on the ridges, making the rows about twenty inches asunder. As soon as the plants were of sufficient size, a drill-harrow, with small shares fixed to it, to cut off all the weeds, was passed through the rows; and the plants thinned with a small weeding hoe to the distance of about eight inches apart and the vacant places filled up by transplanting from the supernumerary plants. They were once more harrowed and cleaned which was a very small labor; and owing to the very unpropitious weather, were not harvested until very late. Some of them were very large, one weighed fifteen pounds, and many were nearly as large. The exact expense of cultivating the acre cannot be estimated, as it was intermixed with other farm work; but the whole, from the sowing to the gathering an acre of potatoes.

My Swedish turnips the last year, of which I raised considerable quantities, were fed to my oxen, dry cows, young stock, and fattening sheep. To the cattle, they were of very great advantage; and for feeding sheep, they proved the last year, by an accurate account, worth from ten to twelve and a half cents per bushel. The man who has the care of my stock considers them as among the most profitable feed which can be given either to fattening or to store cattle. Three years' experiment has increased their value very much for these purposes in my own estimation.

I am, gentlemen,
very respectfully yours,
HENRY COLEMAN.

The several links in the great chain of Rail Roads between the North River and Lake Erie, parallel to the Erie Canal, are either finished or in progress. The Albany and Schenectady, and Schenectady and Utica Roads are both in successful operation; the Utica and Syracuse Road is expected to be completed by July next; the road from Syracuse to Auburn is in operation; the Auburn and Rochester road is under contract; the Tonawanda road, from Rochester to Batavia is in operation; and the stock of the Batavia and Buffalo Road, the last link in the chain, is subscribed. In about a year from this time there will be a complete line of Rail-roads from Albany to Buffalo, which will touch the Erie Canal at all the flourishing towns above mentioned.—The travel on the links already completed is large, and when the entire chain is finished it must be very great.

The Boonville Emigrant Sept. 20, speaks cheerfully of the corn crop in Missouri.—On a space of three miles in length only, on the Missouri, and one broad, there will be raised 10,000 barrels.

FRIGHTFUL STEAMBOAT DISASTER.

43 LIVES LOST.

"The Farfarshire steamer, 100 horse power, from Hill to Dundee, was dashed to pieces on Wednesday last on a rock when melancholy to relate, 43 persons found a watery grave. About 1 o'clock on Thursday, blowing hard from the N. E. and showering rain and sleet, the boiler gave way, which was the cause of the sad catastrophe. The Captain was observed with his wife in his arms, clinging to the wreck, when a sea came and swept them off. Among those who perished were a gentleman and his family belonging to Dundee, who were returning from St. Petersburg after a residence of fourteen years.—There were 22 cabin passengers, 9 steerage, including four children, and 22 of a crew, making in all 53 persons, out of which number only ten were saved to tell the tale. The captain, John Hombie, was considered an excellent man, and was much esteemed, whilst the conduct of the mate is the subject of severe comment. When the danger first appeared, he, followed by four of the crew, took to the boat, and shortly after it had put off, the vessel struck and parted in two, the stern drifting southward, and the forepart remaining on the rock."

I send the following instance of female intrepidity, in connection with the above mournful catastrophe.

William Darling, the keeper of the Outer Light House on the Longstone Rocks, observed the wreck about five o'clock in the morning—that is about two hours after the vessel had struck. From the thickness of the weather he could not discover whether there were any men upon it. Between seven and eight A. M. he at last perceived some men, and asked his daughter Grace Horsley Darling to accompany him in a coble boat, with a view to assist and save the unfortunate people. She at once consented. It may be remembered that Darling was quite certain that he would not get back to the Light House without the help of some of the men he saw on the rock, and his calculation of returning was founded on that assumption. He and his daughter, anticipating such help, they left Mrs. Darling to attend to the light house, and rowed their little boat round by the southern sides of the three intervening rocks, to the spot where they saw the ship wrecked persons. This was about a mile or upwards, and the sea was all broken water. When the men on the rock saw a young slender woman pulling the boat to their rescue, their joy was almost frantic.

Darling and his daughter succeeding in getting the boat to a spot where they could get a landing, and took Mrs. Dawson and four of the men, and brought them to the light house. Here Darling left his daughter, Mrs. Dawson and two of the men, and took two of the men back to the rock, and brought the remaining four persons. The danger was most imminent, but the experiment was successful. This is one of the noblest instances recorded of female heroism and the writer who saw this young woman, was struck with singular modesty of the courageous female. It is hoped that this act of self devotion will be duly rewarded.

Here is something that will please the ladies and astonish the men:—

Extraordinary Sympathy.—The singular sympathies that forewarn a future union between the sexes, have, in some instances been most surprising. The following, which came within my knowledge, is perhaps one of the most singular: M.—, a brother officer of mine, was a man of taciturn and retired habits, seldom frequented public places of amusement, and when there, felt any thing but gratification. One evening after supper, he was, however, prevailed upon to go to a ball. We had not been long in the room, when, to my utter surprise, he expressed great admiration of a young lady who was dancing and, what still more amazed us, he engaged her to dance. Such an act of apparent levity on his part struck us as a singularity, which might have been attributed to an unusual indulgence at table, had not the contrary been the case, for he was remarkably abstemious. The dance was scarcely over when he came to me, and told me with a look of deep despondency that his lovely partner was a married woman. The tone of sadness in which he addressed me was truly ludicrous. A few minutes after he left the ball room. The strangeness of his conduct led me to fear that his mind was not altogether in a sound state; but I was confirmed in my apprehension when he told me the following morning that he was convinced he should be married to the object of his admiration, whose husband was a young and healthy clergyman in the neighborhood. Here matters rested, and we both went abroad. We did not meet until three years after, when to my surprise I found that his prediction had been verified.

The lady's husband had died from a fall from his horse, and the parties were married. But, what rendered this circumstance still more strange is, that a similar presentiment was experienced by the young lady who, on returning from the ball, mentioned to her sister with much emotion, that she had danced with a stranger to whom she felt convinced that she was destined to be married. The conviction embittered every moment of her life, as despite of her endeavors, she could not dismiss the stranger from her constant thoughts, reluctantly yielding to the hope of seeing him again.—*Stillington's Medical Experiences.*