DORCHESTER COUNTY
HISTORICAL SOCIETY

EDITED AND PUBLISHED EVERY
TUESDAY MORNING,
By George W. Sherwood.

TERMS:—Two dollars and fifty cents per annum payable within the year. No subscription will be discontinued until all arrearages are settled, without the approbation of the publisher.

☞ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding a square, inserted three times for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion, larger ones in the same proportion.

☞All communications to insure attention, should be post paid if sent by mail.

☞Postmasters will please give us prompt notice of any refusal to take the paper from their office.

Easton Star.

DEVOTED TO POLITICS, GENERAL NEWS, ADVERTISING, ETC.

Volume 5—No. 36. EASTON, MD.—TUESDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1845. Whole No. 246.

POET'S CORNER.

"To charm the languid hours of solitude,
He oft invites her to the Muse's lore."

TO "JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO."

Jean Anderson, my ain Jean,
Ye've been a leal gude wife;
Ye've more than shared my pain, Jean,
Ye've been my joy through life;
I lo'ed ye in ye're youth, Jean,
With bonny snooded brow;
But maun I tell the truth, Jean,
I lo'e ye better now.

O! they were pleasant times, Jean,
When first I trysted thee;
They come like holy chimes, Jean,
O' Sabbath bells to me;
But sweeter to my heart, Jean,
Than a' the past can prove,
The hope that when we part, Jean,
Our souls shall meet above.

I've been a man o' toil, Jean,
And aye obliged to roam;
But still ye had a smile, Jean,
And canny welcome home;
Our hearth was aye alight Jean,
The kail put on the fire,
When I came back at night, Jean,
I found my heart's desire.

Our bairns hae bred some cares, Jean,
But thanks to thee, my Jo,
They brought not our gray hairs, Jean,
Wi' shame or sorrow low;
And when at last our bed, Jean,
Beside the kirk maun be,
They'll honor us when dead, Jean,
And that's enough for me.

SLEIGHING SONG.

A bright lip and a flashing eye,
And a heart that springs with glee—
A trackless path where moonbeams lie,
And a trackless path for me!
Let others crowd the home-hearth side,
And dread old Winter's frown,
But give to us the merry ride,
His palace and his crown.

The groves and rocks are fliting past,
And the homestead seems to flee—
Sweeps swiftly on the winged blast,
But faster still dash we!
Old Time may stay his running sand,
And cast his scythe away—
We live to-night in a spirit land,
That's far beyond his sway.

How spotless yonder snow-wreath's breast,
How bright yon golden star;
But purer love, thy bosom's rest,
And thine eye is brighter far;
Thy brow is like the mountain top,
That's wrapt in angel dreams;
The brightest moonbeams round it drop,
In chaster, holier streams.

When years have filled life's chrystal bowl
With waves of strife and pride,
Have stilled the wild throbs of the soul,
And its fondest springs have dried.
Oh! doubt not but thine eyes more bright,
And thy brow more clear shall be,
At mem'ry of the moonlight night,
When our sleigh dashed on in glee.

Miscellaneous.

LOVE MATTERS ARE BETTER LEFT ALONE.——BY KATE.

'Where away, NED?'

'To the North!'

'Pleasure, eh!'

'Hum! yes I s'pose so: though in truth, personal pleasure has but little to do with it.'

'How?'

'Oh, I'm only off on furlough. Do you know the old man came last eve to bid me prepare for—don't smile—a wedding tour. Me a married man!—fudge! I'd as leave be out of life, altogether, as write myself, Benedict the married.'

'What a fool you are, Ned; you've not stopped to ask who or what, your bride to be is, I suppose?'

'No indeed, why should I? Isn't it enough to be told with a grin—'Eh, Ned, you're a happy fellow—a fortune of your own, and beauty for a bride?'

'What do I care for beauty, if so be there is no other consideration with it?—No, no—I'm off.'

'Luck be with you, Ned; meanwhile I'll set myself to work to occupy the field you so readily forsake.'

'Welcome! most welcome! And hark ye, if it's *game*, I'll be at the death.'

'But how shall I inform you. Where shall you locate?'

'Advertise, of course. I'll keep watch of the papers. As for a locality, I shall have none.'

With a farewell the friends parted, one to his quiet vocation, the other to a sort of half wilful, half pleasant jaunt.

We may as well tell you here as anywhere, (unless you have already found out,) that Ned was one of those wayward beings who would'nt do as he was a mind to, if it happened to agree with anybody else's wishes. Not he! If he was a *man* of course he had mind enough to decide for himself in all things. No need of discretion or advice even—'wasn't he old enough to know,' and couldn't he manage his own affairs; especially in those nicer matters of the heart, where 'all for love' was the only consideration. Occupied with sundry such manly reflections, our hero sped on his way. He was too indignant to think of or care for anything else. However, passion, like water, will evaporate, and so Ned found it. If he was angry he was too vascillating to retain it, and beside, change of circumstance and scene will affect almost anybody's feelings. In these days of 'annihilation' of distances,' the transposition from Philadelphia to New York is but an item.—Then up the North river by moonlight, is most charmingly sentimental; and wasn't Ned sentimental when he left Philadelphia and was not he always sentimental? Fastidiousness he abhorred, but sentiment was quite another affair. Nor is Ned the only reasoner on this wise. I'll be bound hundreds have thought so before, and hundreds will think so if they have occasion. Ned's migrations were often in the pleasantest manner possible. There was no need for haste, and but little lack of pleasure; so what could he do better than enjoy whatever presented itself? Among other tendencies to remove ill humor, Ned found one quite prominent in the person of a young lady, who chanced to be owner of a demure physiognomy, relieved somewhat by a pair of bright eyes. She was clad in the plain attire of a quaker, and carefully attended by a gentlemanly Friend. Ned, who was somewhat famous for jumping at conclusions, immediately decided positions to be father and daughter. Nor was he very much mistaken—for the lady was most certainly a *daughter*, and the Friend was a *father*, but not hers. Of this, however, we shall soon be informed. Their baggage was marked 'Nicholson,' a respectable name certainly—bound for the Lakes.

'Hum!' thought Ned, 'I may as well visit the Lakes, too. However, I'll reconnoitre.'

In the course of events—and who wouldn't have expected it? Ned contrived an exchange of cards. A smile of intelligence crossed the elderly gentleman's face, but Ned saw it not. To him it was only a smile of satisfaction that one bearing so honorable a name as 'Edward Warrington' should make their acquaintance, and join himself to their society.

Arrived at Glen's Falls, our trio spent an hour about the rocks, made somewhat famous by an American novelist of some repute. Of course, our hero failed not in gallantry. Why should he? Wasn't he in attendance on one but little, if any, less than divine? And beside truth must out; he was completely enamored of black eyes.

The nine miles from the Falls to the Lake are soon passed. The Nicholsons were fatigued—Ned not a bit. He wished the distance three times as great. Still he would enjoy Helen's society for some days, and who knows what time can and will accomplish? A restless night frequently follows a delightfully spent day; at least so Ned, and, shame to say it—Helen, too, found it. Morning however, dawns at the usual hour, and those who have seen the sun rise, say it comes up gloriously over the clear surface of the horizon. (I have seen its golden settings; its risings, ah me! I slept the west side of the house—so that's Sheriff's fault, not mine.)

As chance would have it, Ned and Helen met on the piazza which overlooks the water, to the disappointment of—neither. Plans of pleasure for the day were discussed, and Ned had almost gained courage to plan for the future. What he would have done, is at present a mystery, as our Friend made his appearance at this fortunate moment. Fishing, sailing, tea-partying, &c., are the order of the day with those who resort to the Lake shore, and most charming they are too. Promenades are out of the question, unless jumping stone walls is a part of the process, but quiet nooks, close corners, shady trees, and green grass, are abundant. Friend N—— was more fond of sitting on the porch, watching the graceful movements of the small boats, or gazing on the glorious clouds or mountain shadows, than rambling by the shore; and, shall I say it? our friends Ned and Helen were fond of his so doing. At least the following letter from Ned to his friend whom he left at P. will give one some such impression:

'CALDWELL, June——,——.

Dear Jim:—Will you favor me by calling on the 'old man,' and inform him of my entire inability to fulfil his wishes in the matrimonial line, as I am on the point of consulting my own? I left him in a pet without the least explanation of my intention; as in fact I know not what they were myself.—Now, however, I am better acquainted, and can only add I shall be home next month, with one bearing my name, and whom I hope he will see fit to receive as the wife of his ward. Meet me, Jim, at 'Jones', the fifteenth, and, *deus volens*, I'll show you the sweetest lip and the brightest eye I ever tasted or saw. I suppose the old man will be angry—but who cares? If I am suited no one need find fault with the choice of

Truly yours, [E. W.'

To say Jim was surprised would not be true; he only wondered who it could be that had so fascinated his bachelor friend. He fulfilled his mission, however, and, as Ned anticipated, witnessed no gentle ebullitions of anger.

At the time appointed, Ned and his bride made their appearance, accompanied by Mr N——. As a dutiful ward, Ned presented himself at the counting-house of his guardian, passed through the cool civilities of reception, greeting, &c., but could not in the least mollify the anger of his father's friend. Ned was too happy, however, to care much, yet would be gratified he said, to introduce her to him. Returning to Jones', he told his friend Nicholson of his ill success. He immediately asked him for his guardian's addres, went out and soon returned with the but late enraged guardian. The friendly terms of the two were soon explained by the latter's exclaiming—

'Ned, you dog, why didn't you tell me you had married Helen Nicholson the very one of all others I at first proposed?'

Ned's turn now came for mortification. He had rejected his sweet bride when proposed by the guardian, but married her to please himself. The secret was soon out. Helen and Ned had never been told by their guardians of the wishes of their parents in regard to each other. By a mutual understanding, both had been informed of the day of our hero's departure—of an anticipated disposal of themselves—both had left P. in a pet. Ned was reconised by friend N——, but as the recognition was all on one side he concluded to let matters take their own course; and results proved that love affairs are better left alone—except sometimes.—*Phil. Courier.*

From the N. Y. Spirit of Times.

THE NIGHT "OLD ARMSTEAD" BROUGHT THE MEWS.

BY THE VERY YOUNG 'UN.

Lowndesboro, ALA., Nov. 25, 1845.

As the Presidential contest of '44, was drawing to its close, and the 'returns' from respective States began coming in, the excitement which had been growing with the growth of the campaign and strengthening with its strength, could now no longer be restrained, but showed itself as well in the eager countenances, as in the bitter words and hasty actions of men. Business in this part of the country was almost entirely lost sight of; men noted for their devotion to their pursuits and interests, might have been seen at any hour in the day, idly loitering about, discussing the probable issue with as much vehemence as though their whole fortunes depended upon it.—Thousands upon thousands of dollars were staked upon the result; and when it became known that the vote of New York was to decide the conflict, the eyes of the whole People were turned upon her with feelings of the deepest solicitude.

On the arrival of the day upon which the final news was to reach Montgomery, having a large amount of money bet upon the election, and feeling very anxious in regard to it. I determined to send an express for the intelligence. Accordingly, writing to a friend to send my messenger back as soon as the mail arrived, which I knew would be about 11 o'clock at night, I started "Old Armstead"—a favorite old negro of mine—a great favorite in the village, a "pisin' Democrat"—with particular and pressing instructions to keep perfectly sober, start home as soon as he got the news, not to ride 'Traveller' hard, and to be certain and be back before day. Immediately after he left, it became known in town that I had sent 'Old Armstead' to Montgomery after the news, and to give every one of all parties the benefit of the express, I agreed upon his arrival at home that night, to fire one barrel of my gun in the event that Mr. Clay was elected, and if Mr. Polk was the "chosen one" I was to fire both.

At my usual time I went to bed—but not to sleep. The "dread uncertainty" of the intelligence I was so soon to receive, added to a nervous fear as to the safety of my investments so lavishly made upon Mr. Polk, banished rest from my pillow. However, about 3 o'clock in the morning I had fallen into an uneasy slumber, and was dreaming of counting money, and seeing new clothes, when I was suddenly aroused by the clattering of a horse's hoofs against the hard ground, at least quarter of a mile off. I raised up in the bed and in a moment recognized the strong, powerful lope of my 'Traveller.' Springing to the floor, with my feelings in a tumult of anxiety, I lit a candle and jumped to the door, when 'Old Armstead' seeing me, and having about 'half a gallon' on his mind, shouted out, "Master. *Mr. Polk's elected by* ——!"—Not taking time to reprimand "Old Armstead" for qualifying his news with so strong an expression, I sprang to my gun, which was sitting already cocked for the occasion, let go one barrel and had my finger on the other trigger, when the idea struck me to hold on a minute and see the effect produced by the one barrel. Before the reverberation had died away, out jumped Bill Thompson, the most virulent and bitter whig in the village, from the door of his house, regardless of the bitter cold night, with nothing but his shirt (for he had just arisen from the bed on the report of the gun,) and, as he hit the ground, he yelled rather than halloed, '*Hurra for Clay*! I am a made man, by ——! Hurrah for Clay!"

In a minute more there came tearing up the street to Thompson's house, half a dozen half naked whigs, yelling like so many unchained devils, "Hurrah for Clay and Frelinghuysen!" I could stand it no longer, and with feelings of the most unalloyed rapture, pulled down the "hammer" on the second barrel. If a thunderbolt from Heaven had fallen amongst them, it could not have produced more consternation. Bill Thompson fell flat on his face and groaned, "I'm ruined by ——! Broke! Smashed all to d——!

By this time the street was filled by the shouts of the triumphant Democrats and the curses of the disappointed Whigs. I ran back to put on my pantaloons, and on my return to the crowd found 'Old Armstead' on the ground with a dozen men around him laughing; on approaching the spot, I heard him yell out, 'Yah! yah! yah! Bress God, dis night will be deaf of me yet," and then he would roll over in another paroxysm of laughter and press his hands to his side. 'Yah! yah! yah! I hab seen heep of tings in old Virginy, but I never seed nothing to beat dat!' On some one enquiring of him what was the matter? he replied, 'I am lafing at the way Master fooled Mr. Thompson—Yah! yah! yah!"

By this time day had broken, and the crowd had assembled at the grocery, where about half of them were drunk. In the midst of the confusion, in walked "Old Armstead' and said, 'Master, I'm afeerd 'Traveller' has got the botts; I had obleeged to rid him werry hard las' night to bring de news and he is very sick.

'Thank God!' exclaimed Bill Thompson 'I hope he may die.'

"If there is any doubt of it," exclaimed another "disappointed" we'll help him along."

To these charitable remarks I paid no attention, but as I left the grocery I heard 'Old Armstead' say, "I spect gentlemen, if 'Traveller' do die, Master can ride 'Grey Bill,' what he won from Mr. Thompson."

'Oh, Lord!' groaned Bill Thompson; 'will somebody cut that old scoundrel's throat?"

Armstead, becoming somewhat alarmed for his safety, followed me to where 'Traveller' was lying, who, by one or two drenchings, recovered from the effects of his hard night's work. Since that time, the bare mention of "The Night Old Armstead brought the News" is enough to make Bill Thompson leave.

FORENSIC FUN.—We have heard of legal quibbles in our day, and we have had some—but if a Philadelphia lawyer can beat the following (lately urged to a jury in this city) he can take our hat, aye, and our corduroys. The prisoner is on trial for entering a house in the night time with intent to steal. The testimony was clear that he had made an opening sufficient large to admit the upper part of his body, and through which he protruded himself about half way and stretching out his arm committed the theft.

Mr. Obfusticate Brief addresses the jury: "What an outrage," (looking horrified and with outstretched and trembling arms,) "I repeat what an outrage upon your intelligence and your common sense is it for the State's Attorney to ask at your hands the conviction of my client on such testimony! The law is against entering a house—and can a man be said to enter a house, when only one half of his body is in and the other half out? Gentlemen, look to the Divine Law on this point—God commanded Adam and Eve not to eat the apple—*i. e.* the whole of the apple,—And all the commentators agree that if they had only eaten one-half, they would never have been expelled from the blooming Garden of Eden."

The jury brought in a verdict of 'guilty' as to one-half of his body from the waist up, and 'not guilty' as to the other half.

The Judge sentenced the guilty half to one year's imprisonment, leaving it to the prisoner's option to have the innocent half cut off or take it along with him.

N. B. (We mean the jury and judge ought to have done so.—*N. O. Picayune.*

HOW TRANSITORY IS FAME.—Bonaparte was talkative when travelling. When passing through Burgundy, on our return to Paris, after the battle of Marengo, he said exultingly, "Well, a few more events like this campaign, and I may go down to posterity. 'I think,' replied I, "that you have already done enough to secure great and lasting fame. 'Yes,' replied he, I have done enough that is true; in less than two years I have won Cairo, Paris, and Milan; but for all that, my dear fellow, were I to die to-morrow, I should not, at the end of ten centuries, occupy half a page of general history." He was right. Many ages pass before the eye in the course of half an hour's reading, and the duration of a reign of life is but the affair of a moment. In a historical summary, a page suffices to describe all the conquests of Alexander and Cæsar, and all the devastations of Timour and Ghenghis Khan. We are indeed acquainted with only the least portion of past events. Is it worth while to desolate the world for so slight a memorial.—*Bourienne's Memoirs of Bonaparte.*

☞Some one said to Lord Chesterfield, he wondered that the Pope was not horsewhipped for his abuse. Lord Chesterfield answered, "What was every body's business was nobody's."

Industry and Good Humor.—An hour's industry will do more to beget cheerfulness, suppress evil humors, and retrieve your affairs, than a whole month of moaning.

☞The ancient Romans had a law kept inviolate, that no man should make a public feast except he had provided for all the poor in his neighborhood.

Correct Sentiment.—As a general rule, it may be with safety be laid down that the more school-houses there are, the less prisons there will be needed.

Happiness.—That state of life is most happy, where superfluities are not required, and necessities are not wanting.—*Plutarch.*

Man and Wife Hung.—Crawford Burnett, and his wife Lavina, were hung at Fayetteville, Ark., on the 8th ult., for being assessories to the murder of Jonathan Sibley.

DEATH FROM FRIGHT.—The following extraordinary circumstances related by Calignani in his *ominum gatherum* of strange events, well illustrates the danger of trying tricks upon the sensibility or imagination.

"Two young men, the Count de Brechtenstein and Baron Liefern, lately lived together at Perth, in Hungary, on intimate terms. The former always boasted of his intrepidity, and declared that nothing could frighten him. "What! not even supernatural things?" said M. de Liefern. "Even less than others," said his friend, "since they do not exist." The upshot of the affair was, that a bet of 100 ducats was made by M. de Liefern that he should be able to terrify his friend. Four months passed over, and nothing was heard of the wager, when one evening M. de Liefern persuaded his friend's valet to permit him to hide himself under his master's bed. He took care to draw the balls from a pair of pistols that always hung at the head of the bed. M. de Brechtenstein returned home as usual, and went to bed. As soon as he had fallen asleep, M. de Liefern came out from under the bed, threw a sheet around him, and put on a mask representing a skull. He then drew the quilt to awake his friend, who, on seeing the spectre, cried out, "Be off and leave me quiet!" Seeing that the figure still remained, he took down one of the pistols and fired it at him. M. de Liefern then rolled on the bed one of the balls which he had taken from the pistols. M. de Brechtenstein, who was sitting up, on seeing this, fell back in the bed. His friend immediately ran forward to assure him that it was all a trick, but M. de Brechtenstein was dead—he had been struck with apoplexy. M. de Liefern immediately gave himself into custody. The valet has been arrested, and both will be tried in the course of next month."

A MEDICANT DOG.—'I was travelling,' says M. Blanc, in the diligence. At the place where we changed horses, I saw a good-looking poodle dog, (chien caniche,) which came to the coach door, and sat up on its two hind legs, with the air of one begging for something. 'Give him a sou,' said the postillion to me, 'and you will see what he will do with it.' I threw to him the coin; he picked it up, ran to the baker's and bro't back a piece of bread which he eat. This dog had belonged to a poor blind man, lately dead; he had no master, and begged alms on his own account.'

A gentleman meeting one of his friends who was insolvent, expressed great concern for his embarrassment. "You are mistaken, my dear sir," was the reply—"'Tis not I, 'tis my creditors who are embarrassed."

Agricultural Statistics.

WHEAT AND CORN.

The annexed statements on the subject of the production, consumption and export of these two great staples of the U. States are copied from the New York Courier. They appear to us to be prepared in a candid spirit, and will no doubt be read with attention:

The production and the average annual export of bread stuffs in and from these U. States, are considerations which must have great influence upon the prices of these staples, in which there are at present very heavy speculations.

Without pretending to say how reasonable these speculations are, or what the probabilities of loss or gain, it falls quite within our province to lay before our readers such facts as may assist them in forming an accurate judgment in the premises.

The two great cereal staples of the United States, mentioning them in the order of their importance and value, are *Indian Corn* and *Wheat.*

According to the report made to Congress in 1844, by Mr. Ellsworth, Commissioner of the Patent Office, who applied himself with great labor to obtain, as exactly as possible, the statistics relative to the cultivation of these and other agricultural products—there were produced in the previous year (1843) of Indian corn 400,618,000 bushels; Wheat 100,310,000; and of other grains—rye, barley and buckwheat—184,300,000 bushels.

The Report from the same office, made to Congress in January last, gives for the year 1844 this result:—Indian Corn 421,953,000 bushels; Wheat 95,000,000; and of other grains 210,000,000 bushels.

The growth of the present year is conjectural. Accounts have been published carrying up the Wheat crop to 125 millions bushels, and that of Indian corn to 450 millions bushels.

It is certain that the breadth of land sown with wheat for the crop just gathered, was very much larger than ever before. Indian corn has a constant increase; the season was, upon the whole, favorable, and therefore it does not seem unreasonable to assume for the produce of this year, of Indian corn, 430,000,000 bushels, wheat 110,000,000. Assuming these *data*, let us next consider how this great quantity of wheat is to be disposed of.

There is first to be deducted from the total quantity, that necessary for seed—which we put at one eighth, or about 14 millions bushels; leaving 96 millions for home consumption and exportation. The annual average exportation of wheat (including flour calculated at 5 bushels to the barrel,) for thirteen consecutive years, from 1830 to 1843, was a little over five millions and a quarter of bushels—the largest annual exports during that period were in 1831, of about nine and a half millions bushels, and in 1840, of nearly eleven millions bushels. The lowest exports were in 1836, of about two and a half millions bushels, and in 1838, of two and a quarter millions. The average of the whole term, as above stated was a little more than 5¼ millions. For the sake of round numbers, we put this average at six millions, and then we have 90 millions bushels left for home consumption.

Estimating our population at nineteen millions, we are next to enquire what their probable consumption of wheat is.

Of this population two and a half millions are slaves, who consume little or no wheat—the greater proportion of the agricultural population use habitually Indian corn and buckwheat instead of wheat—and particularly is this true, when the demand for wheat is quick and prices high. According to the census of '40, the number of persons engaged in agriculture was 3,700,000,—and the whole population was about 17 millions. It is safe to assume that now there are four millions engaged in agricultural pursuits—and this number only represents the males capable of labor and therefore must be at least doubled in order to get at some approximation to the number to be classed under the head of agricultural population, who for the most part use other grain than wheat for their habitual food. This would make eight millions whose annual consumption of wheat—it is a large average to say—is equal to two bushels a head, or supposing them to be divided into two thousand families of four each—to one barrel and three fifths of a barrel of flour for each family.

We have, then, excluding slaves, eight and a half millions of persons not engaged in agriculture, consumers rather than producers, and to them we assign an average consumption of six bushels—or one and one third barrels of flour per head—an allowance large enough to comprehend all the flour made into starch, sizing, and other manufacturing purposes. We should then have this result.

Assumed crop of wheat for '45	110	millions
Deduct for seed 1-8th, say 14	96	do
Deduct average foreign export 6 mills	90	do
Deduct home consumption by agricultural population	16,000,000	
By residue of population	51,000,00-67	do

Leaving a surplus of 23 million bushels—equal to 4½ millions barrels of flour.

The largest export made within the 13 years above referred to, from 1830 to '43 inclusive—to England and to the British American Colonies was as follows, converting the barrels of flour into bushels of wheat at five each:—

	England.	*British Am. Colonies.*
In 1831	4,700,000	763,000
" 1840	3,750,000	3,200,000

In 1831 the total importation of foreign wheat into England was only 12 million bushels. In 1840 it was 19 millions, and in 1843 it rose to 23 millions, of which Prussia supplied between 7 and 8 millions and Germany between 5 and 6 millions.

The price of wheat per quarter of 8 bushels of 70 lbs. each in England in 1831 was 56s. 4d,—in 1840 it was 67s. 4d.—at the last dates, Nov. 18, it was for U. S. red wheat of 70 lbs. to the bushel from 71 to 73 shillings *duty paid.* The duty was 14 shillings per quarter.

But American wheat rarely overruns 60 lbs. to the bushel, so that it would require nearly 9½ bushels to make up the quarter of 8 bushels of 70 lbs. each.

If then there be a reasonable accuracy in these statistics and calculations respecting our wheat crop—there will be a surplus on hand of the crop of '45—without including any balance held over from the crop of the preceding year of more than four and a half million barrels of flour. If to this be added the average annual export of about a million and a quarter barrels, we shall have five and three quarter millions of barrels—over and above the home consumption—to be disposed of to other countries. This would require to export them, 1000 ships of the burthen of 5750 bbls. each.

Let us now look at the article of *Indian Corn.* We assume the crop of this year to be 430 million bushels. The exportation of Indian Corn is almost a nullity in comparison with the enormous production of it. The average annual export (including corn meal) does not exceed 1,400,000 bushels—and in no one year reached 2,000,000 bushels—the deduction for seed too is almost nominal, so that this most nutricious and most abundant grain is wholly consumed at home, by man and beast—by fowls and stills. Its growth pervades our country—but Tennessee furnishes the largest crop. According to Mr. Ellsworth that State turned out in 1844 *sixty one million bushels*—Ohio and Kentucky nearly *fifty* millions each. Throughout the wheat growing region, corn grows too, and it will be the main dependence for domestic use, when wheat commands such prices as now.

If Great Britain should be wise enough, in the emergency for food in which the failure of the potato crop, and the partial failure of the wheat crop have placed her, to admit Indian Corn *free of duty*, an immense relief will be afforded to those least able to provide against the calamities of a short crop—and large benefits will accrue therefrom to our agricultural interests.—We have enough and to spare, and, at this season particularly, can fall largely back upon buckwheat, of which the crop is a good one, say 10 millions bushels.

That an attempt will be made to authorize the free introduction of Indian Corn into England, we have already informed our readers, on the authority of an honorable member of Parliament, who pledges himself to move such a proposition.

The consideration of the effect on cotton and the exchanges of a high price for corn in England, and of the proportion in which lower rates for that staple—the necessary consequence to a certain extent of dearer food—will be compensated by the enhanced price for the greater quantity of bread stuffs shipped from this country, we are compelled, by our necessarily restricted limits at present, to postpone until another day.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc6044_1_133-0001.jpg