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BY JOHN CAMERON.

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THE FREE TRADE DOCTRINE. PRONOUNCED BY MR. JEFFERSON TO BE A FEDERAL DOCTRINE.

The present Anti-Tariff creed is nothing more nor less than that advocated by Mr. Smith of South Carolina, Messrs. Ames and Sedgwick of Massachusetts, and Mr. Fitzsimmons of Pennsylvania, in 1794—all of whom had been the "supporters of Mr. HAMILTON'S SCHEME OF FINANCE." It was opposed by Mr. Madison in one of his ablest speeches, published at the time, and to be found in the "Colonial Report" prepared by Mr. Cushing a few years since.

What did Mr. Jefferson say of this doctrine at the time? We have this denunciation of it in the strongest terms. The debate took place in January, 1794. In April of that year Mr. Madison forwarded a copy of his own speech, and that of Mr. Smith of South Carolina, to Mr. Jefferson, then in retirement at Monticello. On the 3d of April, 1794, Mr. Jefferson wrote to Mr. Madison in the following terms, to which we ask the careful attention of the reader:

"I have been particularly gratified by the receipt of the papers containing yours and Smith's discussion of your regulating propositions. These debates had not been seen here but in very short and mutilated form. I am at no loss to ascribe Smith's speech to its true father. Every title of it is Hamilton's except the introduction. There is scarcely any thing which I have not heard from him (H) in our various private, though official discussions. The very turn of the argument is the same; and others will see as well as myself that the style is Hamilton's. The sophistry is too fine, too ingenious, ever to have been comprehended by Smith, much less devised by him. His reply shows he did not understand his first speech, as its general inferiority proves its legitimacy, as evidently as it does the bastardy of the original. You know we understood that Hamilton had prepared a counter report, and that some of his humble servants in the senate were to move a reference to him in order to produce it. But I suppose they thought it would have a better effect if fired off in the house. I find the report, however, so fully justified, that the anxieties with which I left it are perfectly quieted. In this quarter ALL ESPOUSED your propositions with ardor, and without a dissenting voice."

If any one should doubt the accuracy of this quotation, let him refer to Jefferson's Memoirs, page 302, 303, vol. 3, edited by Thomas Jefferson Randolph, his grandson. We shall take an early opportunity to publish the speech of Mr. Madison, above referred to by Mr. Jefferson.

Mr. Madison's resolutions of that year embodied the principles of Mr. Jefferson's Report while Secretary of State, (which office he had resigned at the time of the debate.) That report "tended to enforce the policy of making discriminations which might favor the commerce of the U. States with France, and discourage that with England; and which might promote the increase of American navigation as a BRANCH OF INDUSTRY AND RESOURCE OF DEFENCE." The resolutions were supported by Mr. Madison, Mr. Findley, Mr. WILSON CAREY NICHOLAS, Mr. Clark, Mr. Smiley, Mr. Moore, and Mr. Giles. It was urged that if adopted, great good would result to our commerce. It was also said that "the interests of Great Britain would not suffer her to RETALIATE; and the intercourse between the two countries would not be interrupted further than was required by the convenience and interests of the U. S. But if Great Britain should retaliate, the effects of a commercial conflict would be felt by her, much more sensibly by the U. States. Its effects would be felt in the shipping business, by the merchants, and ABOVE ALL BY THE MANUFACTURERS." It was urged, too, that the use of British capital, by the credit given here, was "a great political evil. It increased the unfavorable balance of trade, discouraged domestic manufactures, and promoted luxury." These, it will be recollected, were the arguments of Mr. Madison, Mr. Nicholas, and Mr. Giles, REPUBLICAN members from Virginia. How different are the views of MODERN Democrats, we need not here point out.

From the Address of Hon. J. P. Kennedy, Whig candidate for Congress in Baltimore, we extract the paragraph below. Who can find fault with the sentiments therein expressed?—Petersburg Intelligencer.

"We contend for the rights of industry for the rights and the success of American workmen, before the workmen of all the world beside; for our own country before all other countries. We contend for the

prosperity of trade—trade founded upon the products of our domestic toil, upon the expansion and perfection of our own mechanic arts, upon the abundance and thriving condition of our own home market—in comparison with which the markets of all the world abroad, that are open to us, sink into insignificance. We contend for the success of our own navigation, the welfare of our own shipwrights, our seamen, and all the thousand connections that belong to that important concern. We contend for the prosperity of agriculture, and the importance of rearing up for its use, a large and prosperous community of domestic consumers of its products. We contend for the great interests of commerce—a commerce that shall thrive upon the affluence of our own people, and which shall be enjoyed by the American merchant, in preference to the merchant of any other land. We contend for the interests of a sound national currency, as indispensable to the operation of that vast traffic and exchange, by which the business of the nation is alone diffused and rendered productive. In standing forth as the advocates of these interests, we defend and maintain the dearest rights of free government itself."

From the Southern Planter.

MANAGEMENT OF TOBACCO.

MR. WILLIAM BAKER, of Louisa, penned the following instructions for curing tobacco, merely for the use of a friend in Missouri, who had requested him to do so. When he was about to send off his letter, another planter, struck with the fullness and clearness of the directions, asked a copy of them for publication, which Mr. Baker reluctantly suffered to be taken. They are respectfully submitted to the Editor of the Planter, for the benefit of his readers. The value of Mr. B.'s ideas on this subject may be judged from the fact, that he obtained last summer, for part of his tobacco crop, forty-one dollars a hundred, the highest price of the season, if not the highest ever paid in Richmond, to a planter. He has ever been known both in that market and in his own county, as a successful cultivator of the "Virginia weed."

MR. BAKER'S METHOD OF MANAGING TOBACCO.

"I am raising a kind of tobacco called Oronoco, which is preferred for manufacturing purposes, but it is not admired by the shippers. I would, therefore, advise you to cultivate the Green Frederick, or some other kind for shipping. It is important in the tobacco crop, in order to raise it of superior quality, that it be planted as early in the season as possible. To accomplish this, you should select your best land for plants, burn it well, prepare and sow your seed as early in the winter as practicable, say by the last of February, at all events. I deem it unnecessary to say anything to you about preparing your soil, presuming you understand that part of the business as well as I do. Commence planting as soon as your plants are of sufficient size and finish by the 10th of June, if you can. As your soil in Missouri is richer and more productive than ours in Virginia, I have no doubt your tobacco will bear topping higher than we generally top ours. I have topped mine for the last four years to eight leaves, and have made more and the quality is better than when I topped it higher. I have no doubt yours will bear topping to ten or twelve leaves. Be sure you top it high enough to prevent the top leaves from whetting against the ground; because the value of tobacco is often very much impaired in that way. You should be as particular in guarding against the other extreme, that of topping too high, by which you will injure your tobacco in several respects, as by making it thin and poor and the leaves very narrow. You should see that it is not disfigured by the horn worm, if you have any, and that your negroes do not break the leaves when pulling off the suckers. In fact, great care should be used when handling your tobacco through the whole course of management, from the time you commence topping until it is ready for market, that they do not break nor bruise it while it is green, nor crumble it when dry, after it is cured, nor deface it in any way whatever. You should not cut your tobacco until it is well matured, unless you are forced to do so from its firing, or a danger of its being bit by frost. When you cut it, great care should be used to prevent it from sunburning. Do not let it remain on the ground until it becomes limber, but have it carefully taken up and secured as soon as it will bear handling; or in other words, as soon as it has commenced falling. In every instance, move it to the houses as soon as possible after it is cut, in order to secure it in case of rain. If it is large, you should not hang more than from eight to ten plants on a stick, the space between the tiers in your tobacco house being four feet. A space of six inches between the sticks on the tiers in

your tobacco house will be necessary while the tobacco is green. After it is cured, it may be stored closer. You should build your houses with round poles or frames planked up, or in any way to suit your convenience or fancy, so you have them tolerably tight. The bodies should be high enough to admit of not less than three clear tiers below the joists. You may have the roofs of slates, planks or shingles, just as you like; it is best to have them close, so they will not leak. The curing process should commence in some four or five days from the time your tobacco is cut, if the weather is hot, or as soon as it has partially faded. This is done by raising small fires on the floor of the house. You can have four rows of fires in a house of the size I have named, extending from one side to the other. Fire your tobacco from three to four hours every day (Sundays excepted) until the leaf is cured; after which time, it will only be necessary to fire it in damp weather or when you see mould on the stems near the stalk. You should bulk it down in tolerably soft order, so that you can strip it in any still weather during the winter. It should be carefully bulked with the tails lapped, not laying any stalks on the inside of the bulk. My reasons for wishing you to bulk it in this way, are that the leaf may not be damaged by any moisture the stalks might contain, and also to enable you to examine it successfully at all times, by pulling out from either side of the bulk. Strip your tobacco in damp weather, when it will not speedily dry from exposure. Tie from four to six leaves in a bundle, and see that the leaves are pretty nearly of the same length and quality in the same bundle. Bulk your tobacco every evening when stripping, in the same way that you do before it is stripped. Let it remain in the bulk until March or April, (unless it should be likely to injure before that time,) then hang it on the sticks and raise it in the house. Let it hang until the stems are perfectly dry. Then take it down the first give, as soon as the leaf has softened a little, before the stems have limbered at all. The stems should be dry enough to break short off from one end of the leaf to the other; then it is in shipping order, and if you choose, you can pack it in large double bulks and weigh them. Before you commence pricing, it will be best for you to sort over all your good tobacco and arrange it for the hogheads, so as to have the tobacco in each hoghead as near of the same length and quality as possible. Commence pricing about the middle of May, or any time thereafter when it may best suit your convenience, so as to put your tobacco in market by the middle of August. Its order, when dry enough to ensure its keeping, will vary according to the heat or cold of the atmosphere. Have your hogheads fully up to the gauge; with rived or sawed staves, just as you like. Have them set up smooth and nice, with planed plank headings. Prize 1,500 lbs. in each hoghead; see that your tobacco is packed perfectly smooth and straight in the hogheads.

"I will try to tell you something more about curing. You should have moderate fires in every instance, bearing in mind, that all people who fire tobacco are more inclined to have their fires too hot, than not hot enough. If you raise your fires too hot, you will coddle the tobacco and make it worth but little; besides, there is a risk of your burning it. A yellow piebald is generally most admired by all merehants, though any color from a nutmeg up to a bright yellow will command a fair price, if the quality is good in other respects. You must not expect to cure it all of the same color. It is almost impossible to do that; nor should you consider it of little value because it cures of different colors. If it is uniformly good on the hill, so it will be in market, if you manage it well. You cannot make it good after it is cut; it must be good before,—and then, by good management, you may keep it so.

We are much obliged to our correspondent for this extract. Mr. Baker is so celebrated as a tobacco maker, that we have been requested over and over again to procure the details of his management for the columns of the Planter—we are, therefore, much indebted to the politeness which enables us to gratify so many of our readers.

From the Southern Cultivator.

ON CLEARING LAND.

Permit me, through your paper, to communicate some of my ideas to my brother farmers on clearing land—I might say experience. The plan I have tried successfully for several years is this—I grub, cut the firewood, and rail timber, kill the timber left standing, and split the rails in the course of the fall and winter; heaping no more brush than will give me sufficient pass way to haul

the firewood out as I need it. In that condition I let it lay one year, with the exception of shrubbing the ensuing summer, and the spring following I have a fine piece of mellow new ground, ready for inclosing and cleaning up, the standing timber, all dead, the fibrous roots, the leaves and trash all rotten, and the land very often producing a double crop the first year. Nor does it stop here; for I believe the good effect may be seen for six or eight years after.—Need I tell any rational man that the first year's rest is worth more in enriching the soil, when the brush and timber are lying on it, than any two or three years after it has been in cultivation? Let me invite them to look at our wood lands, with the growth so dense that you can scarcely ride through it, the face of the earth covered two or three inches deep with leaves, and ask them to determine whether, if all be cut and burnt off the same winter, as is usually done, their land is not greatly impoverished? Need I, bother farmers in so plain a case! I think not, for if they reflect one moment on the two plans, I believe they will try mine, and I venture to say if once tried they will pursue it in future.

My next clearing I expect to let lay two years, with all cut and killed on it but the rail timber, and the second winter I will cut and split rails, leaving all on the ground one year, and I expect by doing so my land will be worth more than double the same lands cleared in the usual way.

ROBERT CALDWELL.

ONE DROP TOO MUCH OF THE MILK OF HUMAN KINDNESS.

An old gentleman with an old wife, and no children, living on Longworth street, in this city, was aroused from his bed one night about four weeks ago, by a loud knocking at the street door. The ancient pair had always manifested a great fondness for children, and not being blessed with any of their own, were on the best terms imaginable with those belonging to their more fortunate neighbors, and whenever a chubby little boy or girl chanced to be in their company, was stuffed with sweetmeats, and overwhelmed with their unpractised, and consequently awkward, endearments. The neighbors loved the old couple, because the couple loved their children, and enabled them to save many a Christmas penny that would otherwise have been uselessly buried in the bowels of ginger bread horses. And for many squares around the peculiar propensities of the ancient pair furnished inexhaustible material for go-sip. The venerable couple had long since committed themselves to the arms of Somnus, on a December night, from which they were disturbed by a loud rap at the street door, the old gentleman did not know what to make of the knock but knew that it made a noise not usually heard in his house at one o'clock in the morning—and so he pinched his wife's ear and asked her what it was.—The old lady thought that he had better get up and see. He slipped out of the bed into his slippers and pants, and went down stairs to the door, which he opened, and in it traced a dark shadow, on the lighter darkness, a female form with a bundle in her arms. The gentleman asked her what she wanted, and the young lady (for such by her voice she seemed to be,) said she was an unfortunate woman the modern meaning of which the old gentleman did not understand—of course. He said he felt sorry for her—read her a brief moral lecture, from memory—and said that Heaven would never desert the virtuous. The night was cold—the old man was thinly clad—he shivered, and his voice was tremulous, which caused the unfortunate woman to sob, believing that in the goodness of his tender and pitying heart, the old man was weeping too. She said she had a child—a lovely boy—just five months old; that she was poor; that her seducer, (the old gentleman said Oh!) a drunken heartless villain, on whose head the vengeance of Heaven would one day fall, had returned with a pistol, and three bowie knives, like Herod to massacre the innocent;—that she escaped while he slept, knew where to go—a great way off—but was too feeble to carry the child any farther; and said she would bless the old gentleman if he would take it. He was overjoyed—said he would get a light, and was about doing so, when the unfortunate girl faintly shrieked, and said "I hear him coming, Take the poor babe! Bless you!" Hurriedly placing the infant in the old man's arms, she started swiftly off, and in a few minutes the last echo of her rapid foot-steps had died away. The old man closed the door, and hurried up stairs, pressing the tender blossom to his bosom, "Wife," cried he, "we've got a little son at last." The old lady was astonished, and she wanted to know what meant her ancient lord by we,—as according to her limited ideas of

things in general, the introduction of a 'young'un' into the family, was a matter of which she had a right to know something. But this was no time for argument. The baby was put to bed, and the old lady hugged it to her bosom, he "the little dear" expressing its gratitude by a gentle and comfortable grunt, which the old gentleman swore, as he rubbed a match upon the wall, sounded more like a than anything that ever came from the lips of a mortal baby. The candle was lighted, and the happy couple proceeded to an examination of the innocent and long desired sharer of their domestic comforts. First a blanket was removed—then an old shawl—then a flannel unmentionably—and then—a handkerchief was raised, and the head of a pig appeared, half choked with a wad of shavings which the "unfortunate woman" had evidently crammed into his mouth to prevent a squeal. The old gentleman, victimized and humbugged dropped the candle; the old lady jumped out of bed and ran down stairs in a fright; and the little pig rooted itself into a warm place and went to sleep. With this disposition of the characters in this ridiculous drama, we drop the curtain.

This actually occurred, and we know the young man who represented the "unfortunate woman" on that eventful night.

When David Henshaw was appointed Collector of Boston, some gentlemen asked him to retain one or two good clerks who had been long in the office. To which he laconically replied,—"Not a Whig shall taste a single crumb that falls from the Jackson table." This he uttered with a horrible, fiendish grin, that was enough "to appal the devil." He then went on and carried his threat into execution. But now this political monster finds, most justly, "the poisoned chalice commended to his own lips," by an almost unanimous rejection by the Senate. Notwithstanding this, like a hungry leech, he sticks to office under the pretence that the President desires it, and this too, when it is notorious that the chief clerk in every department acts as Secretary when the principal is absent or defunct.—Balt. Pat.

DESPERATE AFFRAY.

The Mobile Herald of Friday gives the following particulars of an affray which took place in Springfield, Green county, Ala., a few days ago.

"A quarrel arose at a horse race between two persons named Meadows, and Thomas Crawford, concerning the race, during which the latter called the former a 'liar,' when Crawford drew a pistol and shot his opponent through the lungs, killing him instantly. Meadows's brother hearing the report of the pistol, and learning who was the victim, rushed into the crowd, with a drawn bowie knife, hewing his way to the spot, and in his progress mortally wounding several of those in his way, and advancing upon Crawford, plunged it into his breast. Crawford fell dead upon the spot, and the murderer escaped. At the last accounts he was still at large."

ROWAN GOLD MINES!

We have in this county the richest gold mine that has ever yet been discovered in the United States. It is a small vein from four to twelve inches wide; many bushels of the material taken from it have overgone \$200 to the bushel and some as high as \$500. We see it stated in the Mecklenburg Jeffersonian that 11,876 dwt. of gold had been taken from it by 7 hands about a month since. This is probably the amount taken to the Mint at Charlotte; but we think it very certain that the whole amount was greatly more than that. As might be expected on so small a vein, the water soon became unmanageable, and they began again at the surface and struck a vein parallel to the first, and nearly as rich as that. These veins, as also all those in that region are believed to increase in richness and size as they descend. There are six or eight other mines in the same region of extraordinary richness and different in many particulars from the other vein-mines in North Carolina. Salisbury Watchman.

DISTRIBUTION MONEY.—Alabama still persists in refusing her share of the money distributed under act of Congress (since repealed) to divide the proceeds of the public lands among the States. A resolution in favor of accepting said money was offered in the House of Representatives a few days since, and rejected—yeas 28, nays 57.

MAIDEN MODESTY.—The Lowell Herald says there is a certain maiden lady in that city who is so extremely nice in her notions of female modesty that she turned off her washerwoman because she put her clothes in the same tub with those of a young man!