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By M. MACLEAN.

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AGRICULTURAL.

From the Southern (Athens, Ga.) Whig.

For the encouragement of manuring, I send you the following practical facts just as they occurred: if you value them as highly as I do you will make room for them in your paper. A piece of the oldest, poorest and most worn out land I owned and thickly set with Bermuda grass was selected. (I should observe the Bermuda grass when well broke up in the winter gives very little trouble although it is not killed,) the piece of land being well broke up twice in the winter, was put in corn and well cultivated, it was a good crop year, the corn including rotten nubbins and all made near one barrel to the acre, next winter the field was made larger, well broke up and covered broad cast with leaves from the woods and such other manure as was at command, it was put in corn and made three barrels per acre of good corn. It was again well broke up in the winter, covered broad cast with leaves and soil from the woods, with a little manure from the horse lot, a storm passed over the field and blew it very badly, it however measured seven barrels of good sound corn (much of the corn being rotten and not measured,) per acre. The whole field was now sowed in Oats without manuring, all who saw it said it was the best field of oats they ever saw, it was very tall and had to be cut with reep hooks; Middleton Thompson who is a good practical planter insists if it had made one more shock the ground could not have held the shocks, it made three large double stacks per acre; as the size of a stack of oats is only comparative, to give a better idea of its produce, I would say, on fresh land the best Oats I have ever made has never produced more than one stack of the same size to every three acres, so that this field made nine times as much per acre as the best land I ever cultivated. The next winter this field was partially covered broadcast where it seemed most to need it, with litter from the woods as well as from the horse lot, and directed to be twice broke up during the winter, another little field of fresh land was manured broadcast where it most required it, with stable manure, which was given to me by one of my neighbors; another little field of this land was put in cotton, the rest of my cotton crop was 150 acres on another part of the plantation not connected with these three little fields;—I had a long spell of sickness, and when I was able to examine my crop, I was disappointed to find that the whole cotton crop was planted without breaking up the ground in the winter, and covered in such a way as to throw the cotton seed out of the rows instead of covering them in the rows. I discharged my overseer immediately, employed Mr. Barber, a good practical planter, in his place, he was directed to pass over the crop, examine and see what had best be done, his opinion was that 150 could produce no cotton and had better be ploughed up and put in corn, that on the other three little fields, by careful working, a half stand might be saved; so observe the cotton crop consisted of three little fields, making as we guess 15 acres; by having to plough up 150 acres and plant in corn, the cotton lost its first and most important working, the Bermuda grass by losing its winter's breaking was very much in the way and done much injury, we think no part had more than half a stand. Now for the produce: when nearly all the cotton was picked out, I directed Mr. Barber, who, observe, is a good practical planter, to get bagging sufficient and have it ginned and packed, in a few days he came and said the cotton would overgo his calculation, and required more bagging; the quantity he wanted was got; in a few more days he again came and informed me the cotton still over went his calculation, and he must have more bagging, he was again directed to get it; I now went to examine my cotton and rather found fault with Mr. Barber as a practical planter, in his judgment what the land would produce; he said he had made the crop and knew how much it had been injured, first, from loss of the first and most important working; second, Bermuda grass from not being broke up in the winter had been in the way the whole season and injured it greatly; that again, part of it was not manured at all, and that no part had half a stand, that he was confident it had not made half a crop,

that it was all now ginned up, that there was, 16 1/2 yard bags of well packed cotton that he certainly never was so much deceived, and was more fully convinced that the study of the planter should be how to manure. Is not the history of the little crop as I have given it, sufficient to put those who shall read it, in the notion that the proper system of planting is to cultivate less land, make that rich, and put it in high culture, here is (by guess) 15 acres which we think by bad management has not made half a crop, still produces 16 bales. Now take the plantations such as we shall find them over the country, if a planter wishes to make fifty bales he will be unsafe in trusting to make it on less than 200 acres; make 25 acres rich and put in high culture and he will be sure of his fifty bales (barring accidents, if he will put his whole crop under high culture, he will have 7-8 of his time to make manure, and still make as much as he now does; the question is not where to find the manure, whoever begins will always find the materials at command, if he will give sufficient time and attention to it, 7-8 of his land will be at rest and he can select the best spots to manure—lightly manuring land is a waste of time and labor, the crop perhaps is improved, but the land is no better than before, to manure year after year until the whole nature of the land is chemically changed and poor land made rich: the field above alluded to was a thin white ridge, it now looks like dark low ground; I have never yet made one acre rich, but by partially manuring a number of acres I have made in corn 46 bushels per acre, in oats the products have been increased nine fold, in wheat 45 bushels to the acre, 5 bushels is a passable crop, in cotton I have never made an acre do its best,—I presume if 100 dollars was offered to him who would cultivate the best acre of cotton not more than one would make 2 bales per acre.

ROBERT R. HARDEN.

We think it probable, not to say certain, that the writer of the above article overrates the loss sustained by him in his crop of cotton from the thinness of the stand. When good distance is allowed to cotton it branches much more than when the distance is small. The yield is not diminished, perhaps it is rather increased, by increasing the distance between the stalks, so long as the branches interlock. Most planters in this neighborhood who plant land that yields so little 500 lbs. of seed cotton to the acre, allow too little distance between the stalks. Cotton cannot rot so well, nor, of course, stand drought so well when the stalks are small and stand closely as when they are larger, and have more distance and more foliage.

Ed. Far. Gaz.

From the Albany Cultivator.

HINTS TO YOUNG FARMERS.

NO. I.

On leaving the paternal roof, to seek my fortune in the wide world, when about 18 years of age, my father gave me this parting admonition: "My son, take care always to let well enough alone." The occasion served to impress the advice deeply on my mind, and amid the diversified scenes of thirty-five years, it has seldom been forgotten; and I have reason to believe it has had a very salutary influence upon my prosperity and happiness. It has afforded, withal, something of a standard by which to gauge the indiscretions of others. How often has a disregard, in others, to this maxim, reminded me of the Italian epitaph: "I was well, wished to be better, took physic, and here I am." The true philosophy of happiness is to depend on one's self for the blessing—on the lively exercise of the virtues which can alone confer it. The man who is industrious and frugal, and who scrupulously fulfils the relative and social duties, whatever be his condition or profession, stands the best chance of enjoying a goodly portion of the comforts and pleasures of life, and of perpetuating in his children his habits and his virtues.—While he who would live by the industry of others, or who expects to find happiness in the frail applause which wealth or ostentation may extort from those around him, seldom succeeds in his desires.

Tom Tape was my schoolmate. Tom had rather high notions from his boyhood; and persuaded his father to put him to a merchant. In due time Tom became the master of a ship of goods, was attentive and fortunate, and acquired a snug estate. Had he let well enough alone, he might now have been the head man of our town. But pride got the better of prudence, and persuaded him that he might do better at New York. He went there, figured as a wholesale merchant, for which neither his capital nor his experience were adequate, for three years, and then came the notice in the state paper for his creditors to show cause, &c.

Tjerk Wessel's farm joined mine. He was one of our best farmers, and understood the value of "come boys," as well as any one. Good luck was so constantly by his side, that he considered that any man might get rich who had a mind to.—But he could not let well enough alone—he wished to do better. He therefore removed to the village and opened a tavern, and he had the promise of the justice courts and of the stage custom. "Go boys," did not improve the farm, and it soon became neglected and unproductive. By and by the courts were removed by law, the stage went to the new hotel, and

the temperance era wound up the tavern business. Tjerk has got back to the farm, with habits very much altered, and his fortune not a little impaired. Yet he consoles himself, that he is not half so bad off as

Joe Sledge, once our master blacksmith, afterwards a merchant, and now a journeyman. Joe was so famous for his edge tools, that the people came to him from all parts. He had his journeymen and his apprentices, and was always present to oversee them, and to be seen by his customers, as all master mechanics ought to be. Joe got rich, because he was adapted to his business, and his business adapted to him. Joe thought, with Sam Patch, that some things could be done as well as others—and that because every body liked him as a blacksmith, they must like him as any thing else, forgetting that it was his trade, and not his mind nor his person, which had brought him into notice. And as merchant was rather more respectable than mechanic, and with a more tidy employment, he in fact sunk the blacksmith, and became a dealer in tapes and sugars. It fared with Joe as it generally does with others who embark in new business, of which they know nothing, after they have arrived at mature manhood. Those who had been bred to the business, proved successful rivals, and the sheriff finally closed his mercantile concerns, by selling the entire effects of "a merchant unfortunate in business." Joe insists to this day, that if he had let well enough alone, he might have been as well off as the best of his neighbors.

From the New England Farmer.

COWS AND CALVES.

I have always found high feeding immediately before and immediately after calving, to be injurious. I know this is contrary to the opinions and directions expressed in all, I believe, the agricultural works I have ever read; still the fact with me is as stated. My cows always do better at that time, if no alteration takes place in their feed. Two years since I determined to give a fair experiment. Two of my cows had calves in the winter; one of the calves was well housed and well tended; of the other, which was dropped upon the snow, no care was taken, nor was the mother sheltered at all. The latter calf was decidedly the better animal, though for a day or two it lay upon the snow, or what was worse, "slosh," or melted snow. Facts are stubborn things, and we must yield to them. My feelings, I confess, were not very pleasant while the experiment was going on; but I thought nature was sufficient to take care of itself; and the opportunity to try the experiment was so fine, that I could not let it slip. I did not expect to lose the calf—but I had previously noticed that all my cows if left to themselves, both summer and winter, would always leave home at calving time, and be absent from one to six days, when they would come home with the calf at their side. I have never housed a cow during my residence in the west. They are regularly fed twice a day in winter—morning and night; and after being milked in the morning are turned out of the barn yard, let the weather be as it may—rain, snow or sunshine. I endeavor always to have plenty of ashes and salt in the troughs in the barn yard, which they lisp at will, and more or less daily; and this keeps them, I presume, in good health. This is a very simple matter; fill a trough half full of ashes; the cattle unaccustomed to ashes, will lick the salt and get a taste of the ashes; they will soon be very fond of it, and will lick the ashes alone if no salt be there. If your troughs (like mine) are not under shelter, and it should rain, no matter; the salt will only dissolve and mix with the ashes. I renew the ashes only as occasion may require, but I salt once a week, whether the old salt be gone or not.

CANDLE AND OIL FACTORY.—LARD MARKET.—We learn that the large coach factory, belonging to the Canton Company of Baltimore, situated on the margin of the Patapsco, a little South and West of Kendall's, has been rented for the purpose of carrying on the manufacture of candles and oil from lard, on a most extensive scale. The machinery is now being put up, and in a short time we may expect to see this interesting business conducted in our city, under such auspices as will make Baltimore one of the best, if not the very best market for lard in America. The gentlemen who have engaged in this enterprise, have a very large cash capital, and will be able to conduct their business upon the most liberal and advantageous terms.

Amer. Far.

MODE OF INCREASING THE GROWTH OF POTATOES.—The flowers being cut off as they appeared on the plants, the number of potatoes produced was much greater than where the blossoms had remained untouched. Early in October, the stems and leaves of the plant which had not bore flowers were strong and green; the others yellow and in a state of decay. The plants which had been stripped of flowers produced (on the same space of ground) about four times the weight of large potatoes, very few small ones being found. These on which the flowers and fruit were left, produced but a small number of middle sized potatoes with a great number of little ones, from the size of a common filbert to that of a walnut.

POLITICAL.

REPUBLICAN OR WHIG DEPARTMENT.

From the Charleston Courier.

THE MERCURY AND MR. CLAY.—Our volatile neighbor is afflicted with a fit of the spleen, at the near prospect of a visit to our ancient and hospitable city, by "the great Statesman of the West," and seems in fear and trembling lest he should actually receive a decent share of democratic hospitality, in the State that honors and is honored by "the great Statesman of the South." We pretend not to know how this may comport with the requirements and the measure of democratic hospitality, but we do know that it is little in keeping with Carolina feeling and Carolina hospitality, ever celebrated for a generous welcome to the distinguished stranger or the illustrious fellow-citizen from a sister State. The Mercury may dismiss all apprehensions as to any competition, on the part of Mr. CLAY, with Mr. CALHOUN, for popular favor in this State. In the language of Mr. PETERSON, in his late speech, at the Clay meeting in this city—"South Carolina, probably, may, we may say, positively, do prefer her own distinguished son to all competitors for the highest place;" and in the propriety, of this preference the handful of Whigs among us cheerfully acquiesce, for they all allow Mr. Calhoun to be one of the leading and master minds of the nation, possessed of administrative talents of the highest order, and that, if the Executive mantle should be placed on his shoulders, by the free choice of the American People, he would administer the government to his own fame and the good of his native country—of our wide spread and glorious Union. Knowing these facts, Mr. Clay, if he honors us with his presence, on his journey northward, will visit us only as a private citizen, and we doubt not, the ungracious vaticinations of the Mercury to the contrary notwithstanding, will receive every mark of welcome and respect, due to him as an illustrious son of our common country, and worthy of our city and her proverbial hospitality.

But has the Mercury never contemplated the contingency, not a very remote one, that the tricks and jugglery of a certain northern magician may wholly push its illustrious favorite for the Presidency from the platform of democratic candidacy, and confine the coming issue to himself and Mr. Clay? In that event, would not the Mercury take neighboring counsel—may take counsel from its former and its better self? Would it not say, rekindling with its own generous enthusiasm of July 8, 1837, (see editorial of Mercury of that date)

"If we cannot have a Southern State Rights' man—if John C. Calhoun, by going upon the forlorn hope of truth is (politically) dead upon the ramparts—like a gallant steed fallen in front rank—borne down and trampled upon by the base rear—and can only hope for justice, from those who shall look upon these dispirited times, with the eyes of posterity. If, for a disinterestedness above and political sagacity beyond the age, he is to be sacrificed a martyr to principle—at least let call upon us to support some man worthy of an enthusiastic trust. Give us a man of some noble traits, a bold, BRAVE, GALLANT, HIGH-MINDED MAN OF GENIUS, WHO, though we see his political errors, we can yet assure ourselves, can do nothing mean. GIVE US SUCH A MAN, FOR INSTANCE, AS HENRY CLAY. He would have our respect, our admiration. There is something heroic in him. Not solitary chieftain heroism. Oh, no; but of a kind not at all related to the humbly family. We would not throw ourselves into the arena for his support, but we would not quarrel with the Northern Whigs for offering SUCH A MAN for the suffrages of the opposition.—We tell the Northern Whigs, HE IS THE ONLY MAN ON WHOM THEY CAN RALLY A CONQUERING PARTY, unless the people come more suddenly to their senses than we have a right to expect, and at once do themselves the honor of rendering justice to the first man in the country?"

Will not the Mercury be persuaded—can it not be coaxed then, to take counsel of itself—and, if the people—the democratic people—should continue so senseless and stupid as obstinately to refuse to "do themselves the honor of rendering justice to the first man, [one of the first men most certainly] in the country," will it not be content with "some man worthy of an enthusiastic trust—a bold, brave, high-minded man of genius—SUCH A MAN, FOR INSTANCE, AS HENRY CLAY?" Nor in so doing, would the Mercury, we verily believe, run counter to the real wishes of the great majority of the people of this State—for, united as they are in the support of the claims of their own illustrious statesman to the highest office in the gift of the nation, we shrewdly suspect that, failing in this darling purpose of their hearts, they would infinitely prefer and would willingly support *Teucus Duce*, their great leader pointing the way, the plough-boy of Hanover; the mill-boy of the slushes; the amanuensis of Chancellor Wythe; the grocer's clerk at Richmond; "the great commoner" of Kentucky; the trumpet tongued inspirer of the late war, and able negotiator of the present enduring peace with Great Britain; the American Secretary of State, managing with consummate ability, the diplomatic relations of his country, and counselling the chief of a sister republic to imitate the immortal WASHINGTON, and be like him the Father of his country; the great and persuasive advocate, taking captive the judgments and the hearts of jurymen—the patriot statesman, electrifying the Senate with his eloquence, and wielding a potent influence over the councils and the destinies of the country, over which he may shortly be called to preside in republican supremacy—yes, they would prefer "such a man" to the cunning Magician of the North—the polished and the adroit Van Buren—skilled in the management of the cups and balls, and in the practice of every other art and trick of politicallegerdemain, for the undermining and overthrow of his less cautious and more open adversary, and the elevation and consolidation of his own political fortune.

In reference to the flings of the Mercury at our humble self, they are matters of small moment.

Suffice it to say, it has much magnified, in its own Mercantile fashion, our harmless pleasantries, perpetrated, rather in mirth than malice, against its great leader, in by-gone days, when our preference was for service under another chieftain. But distasteful as our lampoons and jests may have been to the delicate palate of Jove's winged messenger, we are sure Jove himself regarded them, if not with complacency, at least as fair hits in the rough game of politics. We are sure, too, we never descended to abuse of Mr. Calhoun, in the very fierce mood of our party warfare—nor ever gave him such sweet morsels to roll under his tongue, as the following, applied by the Mercury to Mr. Van Buren, (whom it has since lauded and supported for the Presidency, and is now ready to revile again, if thwarted by him in its favorite purpose), on the 30th August, 1837:

"Martin Van Buren is the spawn of Jackson's tyranny—the successor to Jackson's usurpation—the fabric of 'the simple machine' into which the hero retrenched the government"—"brought into power on the servile shoulders of the subservient democracy, and unworthy the support, therefore, of any freeman!"

DEMOCRATIC OR LOCO FOCO DEPARTMENT.

PUBLIC OPINION RIGHTING IN REGARD TO THE BLESSING OF PAPER MONEY BANKING.

The annexed article, from the New York Herald's money writer, puts in a strong light the main point which is producing such a change in the mind of the people in regard to the paper-issuing banks. It is not only the fraud and ruin growing out of the expansions, speculations, contractions, and depreciations, which belong to the banks of paper, but the oppression of the tax which wears down the productive industry of the nation, to support the drones who live in banks. This is the mischief which is incurable. We do not object to men who have amassed surplus capital investing it in loans, and establishing banking partnerships for the purpose. The abuse grows out of the privilege by which men who have no capital, make it out of paper, and of those who have, doubling it in the same way; and then taxing the community to pay interest on their promises to pay the bank obligations issued as currency, which they are not able to pay.

Globe.

From the New York Herald.

The great revolution which has been going on for a few years in banking, will produce the most beneficial effects on the industrious classes. The country has been impoverished and swindled to an almost inconceivable extent, by a small class of bankers, under the pretence of facilitating trade. The once wealthy State of Virginia has been impoverished by this villainous system. In bringing together figures, the results are absolutely astonishing, even to those who are in some degree prepared for it. We will look at the actual state of affairs in Virginia. The following is a list of five banks, with their capitals, and that of their branches, also the total number of stockholders.

BANK CAPITAL OF VIRGINIA AND THE NUMBER OF STOCKHOLDERS.

	Stock holders	Vir. Total
Bank of Virginia	\$3,642,000	669 35 704
Farmers' Bank	2,653,650	582 29 610
Bank of the Valley	1,076,100	137 29 266
N. Western Bank	737,200	52 88 140
Merch'ts & Mech's	516,500	111 42 153

\$7,625,450 1,551 222 1,773

In these 1,773 people, of whom 222 are foreign to the State, has been vested by law the sole privilege of furnishing the people of Virginia (whose population, in 1830, was 1,211,405; and, in 1840, 1,239,797—showing scarcely any increase) with a paper currency. In the last ten years, then, 1,763 people have received of the proceeds of the industry of the remaining 1,258,034, \$7,600,000 in dividends, of which \$912,000 has been sent out of the State. This sum has been paid for the privilege of using their paper promises as currency, instead of the constitutional currency of gold and silver.—The operation will be made more clear by taking the largest bank separately—the Bank of Virginia. That concern went into operation in 1805; and during the time since elapsed (being thirty-seven years) has actually divided and paid among 704 individuals, according to its own sworn returns, \$17,179,050. This sum was paid by Virginians, in the proceeds of their labor, for the privilege of using an annual average of \$29,100 of the paper promises of the associated 704 persons, as a currency. In the year 1818, the circulation of the bank was \$1,039,680, and the Richmond office paid a dividend of 23 per cent. In 1821, the circulation fell to \$114,470, and the Richmond office paid but 5 per cent. In 1837, the circulation again reached \$1,197,660, and again the bank paid 20 per cent. dividend. What an admirable swindle is this! If the bank had never existed, and the people, instead of giving \$17,179,000 to the bankers for nothing,

had spent \$5,000,000 for specie, the State would now have had a sound currency, and not only been \$12,000,000 richer, in hard cash, (equal to three entire crops of tobacco,) but would have saved all the losses that have grown out of the continual fluctuations of the bank.

Now, while people submit to this immense taxation for the benefit of a handful of individuals, they refuse to pay the debts contracted by the State, because the tax, though small in comparison, is levied in a direct manner. This is very marked in the case of Pennsylvania.—Take the case of the United States Bank. The number of stockholders was as follows:

In Philadelphia,	1,481
Elsewhere in the United States	1,652
In Europe.	1,390
Total	4,523

The capital of this bank was \$35,000,000, and the profits in 29 years of its existence amounted to \$70,000,000 whereof thirty per cent. or \$21,000,000 was sent from Europe, and 40 per cent. or \$28,000,000 paid out of Pennsylvania—making \$49,000,000 paid voluntarily by the people who were shouting hosannas to the 4,523 persons who received this enormous amount of money from them, as if they imparted some great blessing by so doing. In 1840, Pennsylvania was on the point of failure for want \$200,000 to pay her interest. The Legislature on the 11th June levied a tax on personal property, estimated to yield one million dollars. In January, 1841, the Governor, in his message, stated that none of the tax had been collected, and that the county officers had taken no steps in the matter. This was because taxation was unpopular. In the message of January, 1842, the proceeds of this tax are stated at \$33,000, instead of one million. Now, why are the people willing to give eighty million dollars to 4,523 people, for the use of their bills; and will not pay one million dollars for the honor of the State? It is because the robberies of the banks have left them without the means.

From the New York Evening Post.

THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF MANUFACTURES.

A Pennsylvania paper, with great vehemence declares itself friendly to the encouragement of manufactures. We also are in favor of the encouragement of manufactures, as warmly, as vehemently, as the Pennsylvania journalist. We should be glad to see all the necessaries and comforts of life, which come within the denomination of manufactures, produced in still greater abundance, of a better quality, and at a cheaper rate than they now are. But how is this to be effected?

The answer is obvious. It is to be effected by opening the markets to universal competition, and buying of him who brings articles of the best quality and most reasonable price. Thus you encourage manufactures; you reward the industry and the ingenuity of him who, whatever be his country, makes the greatest contribution to the wants and the comfort of mankind, for the smallest compensation. You ensure the production of the greatest amount of wealth with the least labor.

On the other hand, if you exclude from the markets the most skillful competitors who offer you the productions of their industry at the lowest cost, which is the effect of high duties, you discourage manufactures. You repulse the most successful artificers; you impose a penalty on his skill, or upon those advantages of his situation, which enable him to furnish what you want on better terms than others.—If you persist in this policy, you must expect to find your manufactured articles dear in price and inferior in quality.

We have an example of this before our eyes. The manufacture of silk, in England, as long as it was protected against foreign competition, never flourished.—While British artisans had the monopoly of the British market, they gave their customers fabrics which were scandalously and disgracefully inferior to the silks of other countries. At length the monopoly was taken off, and the silk manufacture immediately took a new face; its artisans began to exert their ingenuity, and its fabrics, under the right sort of encouragement, competition from all sides, became excellent. We quote the following account of the matter from a late English paper lying before us:

"The demise of the silk monopoly, after an ill-spent life of 130 years, is in the recollection of most of us, for it is an affair of 16 years back. Under the restrictive system the silk of England was the worst and the dearest in the world, and a disgrace to the industry of the country of cloth, cotton and hardware. It is now, under freedom, the greatest silk manufacture of Europe, and, with the exception of a few fancy articles, its fabrics are the best in quality. Under the monopoly, we consumed less than two millions and a half of pounds weight of the raw material. Under freedom, we consume twice this quantity. Under the first, we exported about a hundred and fifty thousand pounds worth to colonies