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Nec aranearum sane testus ideo melior, quia ex se fila gignunt, nec noster melior quia ex alienis libamus ut apes.

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A BIOGRAPHY.

[We have been requested to insert the following biographical sketch]

CAPTAIN ROWLAND R. CROCKER.

It is not our purpose, nor is it in our power, to enter into any biographical details of the long life of this excellent and venerable man, who has just been gathered to his fathers. Such enquires as we have made, touching his prolonged and checkered career, have indeed disclosed to us the fact, that many men more distinguished, and of larger importance in the world's affairs, have hardly furnished more material for a romantic and fascinating narration.

During the eighty years of his pilgrimage, he traversed many seas, he suffered many changes, he underwent many vicissitudes, and he experienced various fortunes. Around his life gathered the poetry of the ocean; and among those who went down to the sea in ships, there were none upon whose character the ennobling influences of that vocation were more genial, or more decided. The men of such experiences always leave behind them a story of dangers overcome, of moving incidents by flood and field, of hair breath scapes.

Of being taken by the insolent foe, of distressful strokes suffered in youth—things indeed which old and young "seriously incline" to hear; but it is almost always a tale, too, of noble self-sacrifice, and generous self-denial, and prodigal self-forgetfulness, of existence perilled to preserve the existence of others, of unquestioned fidelity to delegated interests, and deep conscientiousness in the discharge of duty.

Such has been the life of the ripe old man which has just terminated; and if it were written, there are many of more pretended morality which would teach less, as there are renowned romances the wonders of which would fall behind its undoubted verities. But within the limits of this journal, and with the materials which we have at hand, the task could hardly be conscientiously performed, and we must content ourselves with a bare fact or two, and a few reflections upon the character of the departed.

Captain Crocker was born at Falmouth, Massachusetts, in April 1770, and if he had lived until next April, he would have been eighty two years of age. He came early in life to New Bedford, where he was apprenticed to some mechanical trade, which, however, he soon abandoned for the sea. He made one short whaling voyage, afterwards sailed out of Boston, soon rising to the rank of commander. During the brief hostilities which arose between this country and the French Government he commanded a letter of marque, and was captured by one of the enemy's privateers of superior force. During the engagement he received a musket ball which passed completely through his body, happily avoiding however the vital regions. Upon this mischance his first officer surrendered the ship, greatly to the chagrin of Captain Crocker, who was bent upon a more obstinate resistance. He was taken a prisoner to France, where he remained until the cessation of hostilities.

His reminiscence of his residence in that country, during the most extraordinary period of its history, were of a highly interesting character. He had taken the great Napoleon by the hand; he had familiarly known Paine at a time when his society was sought for and was valuable. Of this noted individual we may, in passing say, with his uniform and characteristic kindness he always spoke in terms which sounded strange to the ears of a generation which has been taught with or without justice, to regard the author of the "Age of Reason" with loathing and abhorrence. He remembered Paine as a well-dressed and most gentlemanly man, of sound orthodox republican principles, of a good heart, a strong intellect and fascinating address.

After his liberation he once more engaged in marine pursuits. In 1807, while in command of the ship Otis, then lying at the Downs ready for sea, and with a cargo on board valued at one hundred thou-

sand pounds, he exhibited a courage, skill and presence of mind which then were thought to be very remarkable. His ship, driven from her anchorage, drifted on board a heavy frigate, carrying away his quarter and crippling the vessel. His pilot, we believe his mate, with a considerable portion of his crew abandoned the ship, and urged him to do the same. Without a pilot, and short-handed as he was, he got underweigh and ran for Dover in the midst of a tremendous storm, where he arrived in safety, although he had been quite given up for lost, preserving an immense amount of property, estimated, as we said, at £100,000, together with a very valuable ship.

To show their sense of the courage and perseverance thus displayed, the underwriters at Lloyd's Coffee House presented to him a gratuity of five hundred pounds, with an elegant silver cup, upon which was an appropriate inscription, together with the motto, "Forti et fideli nil difficili." We have seen many letters of congratulation addressed to him on this occasion, all breathing a spirit of the warmest friendship and admiration of his character.

Captain Crocker afterwards for many years commanded various packet ships between New York and London and Liverpool, at a time when these floating palaces were just arriving at the perfection and elegance which they have since attained. We need not say that in this difficult service he achieved reputation and celebrity in the mercantile world, and the esteem and friendship of thousands who crossed the sea under his protection, his urbane and gentlemanly manners, his interesting and varied conversation, his care for the comfort of those under his charge, and his humanity to all in suffering and want were as proverbial as was his skill as a mariner. In this service it is not too much to say that he was constantly receiving the most varied testimonials from the most varied sources, of esteem and gratitude; and to this day there are numbers who remember him as the pilot who weathered the storm which sent terror to their hearts, and as the bluff, old-fashioned gentleman who charmed by his good natured conversation the monotony of sea-travel.

There is one class of incidents in the life of the subject of this notice worthy of a special, although it must be a brief mention. One hundred and sixty four times did he cross the Atlantic, and often did he encounter wrecked and shattered ships, upon the fast sinking hulls of which, the starved and exhausted seamen had lain down to die, or from which came the faint cries of despairing and half crazed women. At such times we may say that it was his invariable rule to run every risk, and to rescue the sufferers at every hazard.

There was not a particle of selfishness in his character on shore, but at sea, in such emergencies, he was almost unmindful of the dictates of prudence. In a record of such recites now before us, written in his own hand, grown tremulous by age, he says, in entering an instance of more than ordinary danger:

"How little a man knows himself when he sees a fellow being in danger of his life"—meaning unquestionably that the sense of personal danger is quite lost in the overpowering instincts of humanity.

There is something else, too, in this record which we ought to notice. If mere profession and pretensions alone make a man religious, then Captain Crocker had but small claims to that character. But if a warm and generous humanity, strong only in its aspirations, but meek and lowly in the presence of his God, makes a man a Christian, he was as true a Christian as any church in the whole universe can produce.

It has been said that in spite of the outward appearances, no class of men is more truly reverential than that which studies the Creator and the Preserver in the wonders and fortunes of the great deep. This modest Journal before us is intitled "A statement of cases of distress wherein R. R. Crocker was the instrument of kind Providence in saving thirty-two fellow beings from a watery grave."

Through it runs the spirit with which it commences. Thanks for success are uni-

formly given where they are due. Not a favorable wind spring up, nor is an angry billow calmed, at the instant of a threatened catastrophe, but through the goodness of God.

The kind, generous, large-hearted old sailor, who "loved his fellow men"—will he not find, like the Arab in the story, that his name "leads all the rest," in the record of those who love the Lord?"

In April, 1833, the post of Secretary of the Bed Commercial Insurance Company in this city becoming vacant, he was invited to assume its duties, which invitation he accepted. In 1834 he was elected a member of the House of Representatives of this State.

He continued to fulfil the duties of Secretary, for which he was particularly well fitted, until 1845, when an Assistant Secretary was elected. This relieved him from cares and responsibilities which his increasing years rendered onerous. He was afterwards, upon a change in the management of the Company, elected Vice President, almost a nominal office, but to which by the consideration of the Stockholders, a handsome salary was attached. He continued to frequent the office of the company, and was there as usual on the Saturday preceding his death. His general constitution remained unimpaired to the last. His age was "as a luscious winter, frosty but kindly." He had no disease except the organic one of which he died. All remember him, not in the advanced stages of senility, with impaired intellect, and a bowed and broken frame, but erect, hale and hearty, with a firm step and almost juvenile activity.

When a man passes through a prolonged life not only without making an enemy, but constantly creating about himself warm and devoted friends, the conclusion that he was a good man is necessary and inevitable. This was the lot of Captain Crocker.

We never knew a man more universally beloved. He attached everybody with whom he came in contact—his cotemporaries in age, young men and women, and little children. He had always a kind word and a smile ready for all. But his goodness was not limited to words and smiles. He was generous to a fault. He never could seriously think a dollar he had his own, for it was the property if you might judge by his actions, of the first man who asked it from him. He was not rich in the world's goods, but he might have been wealthy with a tithe of that prudence with which most men guard their pockets. As it was, his overflowing generosity often led him into difficulties, which pained his sensitive nature, for he had the pride as well as the heart of a gentleman.

All that is passed now. "Weary, and old of service," he has gone to rest and to his reward. His ship is safely moored in eternal harbors; the vicissitudes of the voyage of life are now over. Providence was good to him to the last, and he died as he wished to die, suddenly, and without prolonged pain.

His venerable form will no more appear in its accustomed and familiar place; his cordial voice will no more offer the civilities of the hour; he has told his last story, he has done his last kind act. Yet he leaves behind him a memory green and fresh as were his declining years—a memory that will be cherished in as many hearts as knew his own, and in every clime that he ever visited.

Agricultural Journal.

LONG AND SHORT MANURE.

The question of long and short manure is of too much importance to remain unsettled, as I apprehend it does, at present, each having its advocates for strength and durability in its effects upon land and crops; and we want experimental writers to determine this point.

There are many questions asked, where there is one answer given founded upon experience. Questions ought to be asked, it is true, and they ought also to be answer-

ed; but it frequently happens that many months elapse before they can be answered by actual experiment, during which time they are either forgotten or neglected. But to my starting point. The lot which I am now cultivating containing about three acres, to manure which I had access to three heaps—the first the produce of tea hogs, fed under cover, and littered with straw, the manure being thrown out with straw, as this became unfit for further use. The second heap was from the stables and barn yards, where the manure had been thrown during the winter with the litter, as I always bed both cattle and horses. The third was from a barn yard at a distance, where the manure had been suffered to collect and rot for three or four years in a very slovenly and unthrifty-like manner. The whole was spread on the ground before planting, taking care to plough it in as soon as it was carted and spread. I don't think there was much difference in quantity carried on to each section, if so it was accidental not intentional.

The ground was then plowed, leaving a dead furrow between each land; and as it was a stiff clay soil, it became necessary to roll it before anything further could be advantageously done. After rolling it was thoroughly harrowed, and again plowed, then rolled, then harrowed; by this time much loose straw and coarse manure appeared on top. This was carefully raked off into the dead furrows and again rolled, then planted with sugar beet, twenty two inches between the rows, and during the months of July and August they were thinned out and fed to hogs, intending to leave them standing eight inches apart in the row; but through the inexperience of the hands who sowed and thinned them, they will vary some from this distance. I should think, from my own experience, eight inches between the plants which are intended for maturity, twenty-two inches between the rows, if two be cultivated with the hoe, is about right, but if with the cultivator, plough and harrow, two and a half feet is near enough. I make the following estimate of the crop, including what has already been fed to hogs:—From the old manure eight hundred bushels per acre; from the stable manure one thousand, and from the hog manure one thousand two hundred, or in portion. Whether they yield more or less, it is the strength and efficacy of the manure to which I wish to call public attention, and more especially to the difference between green or fresh manure and that which has been fermented and left exposed to sun, wind and rain. Upon the coarse manure and straw raked from the Beet bed into the dead furrow, I planted potatoes and turned a furrow from the beet bed each side upon them, breaking the lumps of earth and levelling with the hoe; this was all the tillage they received, except pulling out the weeds by hand, they being covered deep and planted with small pieces of from one to three eyes each.

Larger ones I have seldom seen, and there is every appearance of a good yield.

Let this question of long and short manure be settled. It is my opinion that the sooner it is spread after it is dropped from the animal the better.

I have tried it upon a piece of grass land the two past years, and from land which in 1840 bore comparatively nothing, I have this year cut two and a half tons per acre, by manuring it highly in 1841 and 1842 with that which came fresh from the stable, and was put upon the land in the month of March.

I have nothing to say against the age of manure kept under cover and from the air. I believe the longer it is kept the better, even till it turns to saltpetre; with this, too I had some experience, and know something of its great power to stimulate vegetation.

TO REMOVE GLASS FROM OLD SASHES.—American potash, three parts; and one part unslaked lime; lay it on both sides with a stick, and let it remain twenty four hours; the putty will then be soft enough to cut out easily.

To prevent hiccup, squeeze the wrist, preferably that of the right hand, with the forefinger and thumb.