

Willsborough Record.

UNION, THE CONSTITUTION AND THE LAWS—THE GUARDIANS OF OUR LIBERTY.

Vol. XXIII.

THURSDAY, MARCH 23, 1843.

No. 1166.



RURAL ECONOMY.

"May your rich soil,
Exuberant, nature's better blessings pour
O'er every land."

GARDENING.

Gardening time is upon us. And why should not farmers have as good gardens as villagers? We always expect when we see a large enclosure attached to a village residence, that a well cultivated garden will be found within it; and why should we not expect the same on every farm? There is no good reason why. But sadly different, in many instances, is the case! You see often the large farm and the small farm well cultivated, and the garden almost entirely neglected. Is the latter of less importance in its place than the former? By no means. Do the farmer and his family relish the products and fruits of the garden less than others, when they have them? Not at all. Then why this neglect? It proceeds entirely from a mistaken estimate of horticulture. The products of the garden are deemed of little moment, and those of the farm every thing. All hands are hurried and driven day after day on the farm, and the garden, which perhaps has only a wretched little bed or two, is often permitted to go to weeds, unless cultivated by the poor women, who generally find their hands full with their children and domestic labors. Never was there a greater blunder than this in the cultivation of the earth. There is nothing furnishes a richer amount of healthful and delightful sustenance to a family than a good vegetable garden. Indeed, some families with very small garden spots, who carefully cultivate them, receive from them their chief support. Go into their dwellings when their tables are set and you may see a profuse display of vegetables; and perhaps on entering the house of a neighboring farmer about the same time of day, and though there be an abundance of meat and bread, the display of vegetables will be lean and stinted!

A little judicious expenditure of time would entirely correct this incongruity, and furnish to every farmer a rich and delightful table of vegetables through the year. In the first place he must have his little garden spot fenced off with rails, if he is not yet able to do it with pickets. It must be a separate enclosure from the rest of the farm, and kept so faithfully. He must appropriate a day to ploughing and preparing and sowing his earliest beds—no matter what the hurry of business. After these are done well, as the season advances, and the time arrives for putting in the later vegetables, if he cannot spare time in the morning, let the team stop in the course of the day, and let them be well finished also, and the business is done until weeding time. When this comes, an hour in the morning early for two or three mornings in a week for a few weeks, will keep the beds perfectly clean, until the vegetables are fit for the table, and then what will be presented!—one of the finest spots on the whole farm—a luxuriant garden, from whence a rich and healthful treat may be gathered—rendering comparatively but little animal food necessary, and furnishing decidedly the most economical as well as pleasant living for a family.

To those farmers who have been in the habit of getting along for years with a dwarfish half-cultivated bed or two for a garden, we say, try the recommendation here given for one season, and we are sure you never need be urged to it again—for the advantages will be so sensibly felt, that of the two, the work of the farm will be rather suspended for a day, or a part of a day, if necessary, than the garden should not be seasonably and thoroughly attended to.

A spot on the north side of the garden may be advantageously kept as a temporary nursery for choice fruit trees, (such as cherries, plums, and pears,) as they may be obtained from time to time from neighbors and acquaintances, until permanent places may be selected for their future location. Having paid a good deal of attention to trees and agriculture, we write from observation and experience.

Baptist Register.

land at \$10 an acre, than our people do on land at \$1.

Fayetteville Obs.

From Graham's Magazine.

TRUTH.

BY MRS. FRANK S. GOOD.

"This above all—to thine own self be true
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not be false to any man."

"Mother! mother!" exclaimed a sweet, eager voice, and the speaker, a child of thirteen years, burst into the room, where Mrs. Carlton sat at work. "Don't you think there is to be a prize given on exhibition-day for the best composition? And I mean to try for it—shan't I?"

Mrs. Carlton is a widow, with a moderate fortune, and a handsome house in Tremont St., Boston. She has been a star in fashionable life, but since the loss of her husband, whom she tenderly loved, she has retired from the gay world, and devoted herself to her child—a wild, frank, happy, generous and impetuous creature, with half a dozen glaring faults, and one rare virtue which nobly redeemed them all. That virtue, patient readers, you must find out for yourself.

Harriet was busy with her composition, when her aunt, who was on a visit to Mrs. Carlton, entered the room. Aunt Elise was a very weak minded and weak-hearted lady of a very uncertain age,—unhappily gifted with more sensibility than sense. She really had a deal of feeling—for herself—and an almost insupportable shower of tears, varied occasionally by hysterics and fainting fits, whenever any pressing exigency in the fate of her friends demanded self possession, energy, or immediate assistance.

She thought and avowed herself extravagantly fond of her niece, during her early childhood, and imagined that she displayed a graceful enthusiasm in exclaiming, every now and then, in her presence, and in that of others, "Oh! you angel child! I do think she is the sweetest creature! Come here and kiss me, you beauty!" &c. &c. But no one ever saw Aunt Elise taking care of the child, attending to its little wants, or doing any thing for its benefit. The only tangible proof of her affection for her niece, was in the shape of bonbons and candy, which she was in the habit of bringing home from her frequent walks in Tremont-street. Harriet regularly handed these forbidden luxuries to her mother, and Mrs. Carlton as regularly threw them in the fire.

"Isn't it a pity to waste such nice things, mother? Why not give them to some poor child in the street?" asked the little girl one day, as she watched, with longing eyes, a paper full of the tempting poison, which her mother was quietly emptying into the grate.

Mrs. Carlton did not disdain to reason with her child.

"That would be worse than wasted, dear. It would be cruel to give to another what I refuse to you on account of its unwholesomeness."

One morning, when she was about six years old, the child came into her mother's room from her aunt's, where she had been alternately pelted, scolded, and teased, till she was weary, and, seating herself in a corner, remained for some time absorbed in thought. She had been reading to her mother that morning, and one sentence, of which she had asked an explanation, had made a deep impression upon her. It was this: "God sends us trials and troubles to strengthen and purify our hearts." She now sat in the corner, without speaking or stirring, until her mother's voice startled her from her reverie.

"Of what are you now thinking, Harriet?"

"Mother, did God send aunt Elise to strengthen and purify my heart?"

"What do you mean, my child?"

"Why the book says he sends trials for that, and she is the greatest trial I have, you know."

The indignant maiden was just entering the room as the dialogue began, and hearing her own name, she stopped, unseen, to listen. Speechless with rage she returned to her chamber, and was never heard to call Harriet an angel child again.

But we have wasted more words on the fair Elise's follies than they deserve. Let us return to Harriet's all-important composition.

The maiden lady, selfish and indolent as she was, took it into her head sometimes to be exceedingly inquisitive, and officious too, particularly where she thought her literary talents could come into play. She walked up to Harriet and looked over her shoulder.

"For a prize! So much the more reason that you should be assisted. There, dear, run away to your play, and I will write it all for you. You'll be sure to win the prize."

With every word thus uttered, Harriet's eyes had grown larger and darker, and at the close, she turned them, full of astonishment, from her aunt's face to her mother's. Re-assured by the expression of the latter, she replied,

"But, aunt Elise, that would be a falsehood, you know."

"A falsehood, miss!" cried the maiden sharply; "it is a very common thing, I assure you!"

"But not the less false for being common, Elise;" said Mrs. Carlton; "pray let Harriet have her own way about it. It would be far better to lose the prize, than to gain it thus dishonestly."

Aunt Elise, as usual, secretly determined to have her own way; but she said no more then, and Harriet pursued her employment without further interruption.

The exhibition day had arrived. Harriet had finished her story several days before, and read it to her mother. It was simple, graceful, child-like effusion, with less of pretensions and ornament, and more of spirit and originality than the compositions of most children of the same age contain.

Mrs. Carlton seemed much pleased; but aunt Elise had critiqued it without mercy. At the same time she was observed to smile frequently with a sunnily, triumphant expression, peculiar to herself—an expression which she always wore when she had a secret, and secrets she had, in abundance—a new one almost every day—trivial petty secrets, which no one cared about but herself; but which she guarded as jealously as if they had been apples of gold.

The exhibition day had arrived.

"Good by, mother; good by, aunt," said Harriet, glancing for a moment into the breakfast room.

She was looking very pretty in a simple, tasteful dress, made for the occasion. She held the story in her hand, neatly enclosed in an envelope, and her eyes were full of hope—the cloudless hope of childhood.

"Don't be surprised, Harriet," said her aunt, "at any thing that may happen to-day. Only be thankful if the prize is your's, that's all."

"If Kate Sumner don't win it, I do hope I shall!" replied the eager child, and away she tripped to school.

At twelve o'clock Mrs. Carlton and her sister took their seats among the audience, in the exhibition room. The usual exercises were completed, and it only remained for the compositions to read aloud by the teacher.

The first was a sentimental essay upon Friendship. Mr. Wentworth, the teacher, looked first surprised, then amused, then vexed as he read, while a gaily and fashionably dressed lady, who occupied a conspicuous place in the assembly, was observed to toss her head and fan herself with a very complacent air, while she met with a nod, the conscious eyes of a fair and beautiful, but haughty looking girl of fifteen seated among the pupils.

"By Angelina Burton," said the teacher as he concluded, and laying it aside without further comment, he took up the next,—"Lines to a Favorite tree, by Catharine Sumner."

The next was a story, and Harriet Carlton's eyes and cheeks changed color as she listened. It was the same, yet not the same! The incidents were hers, the sentiments more novel, and many a flowery and highly wrought sentence had been introduced, which she had never heard before.

She sat speechless with wonder, indignation and dismay, and though several other inferior compositions were read, she was so absorbed in reverie, that she heard no more until she was strated by Mr. Wentworth's voice, calling her by name. She looked up. In his hand was the prize—richly chased, golden pencil case, suspended to a chain of the same material. The sound, the sight recalled her bewildered faculties, and ere she reached the desk, she had formed a resolution, which, however, it required all her native strength of soul to put in practice.

"Miss Carlton, the prize is yours!" and the teacher leaned forward to throw the chain around her neck. The child drew back.

"No, sir," she said in a low but firm, and distinct voice, looking up bravely in his face, "I did not write the story you have read."

"Not write it!" exclaimed Mr. Wentworth; "why does it bear your name? Am I to understand, Miss Carlton, that you have asked another's assistance in your composition, and that you now report the deception?"

Poor Harriet, this was too much! Her dark eye first flashed and filled with tears; her lip trembled with emotion, and she paused a moment, as if disdaining a reply to this unmerited charge.

A slight and sneering laugh from the beauty aroused her, and she answered, respectfully but firmly.

"The story I did write was in that envelope yesterday. Some one has

changed it without my knowledge. It was not so good as that you have read; so I must not take the prize."

There was a murmur of applause through the assembly, and the teacher bent upon the blushing girl a look of approval, which amply repaid her for all the embarrassment she had suffered.

Aunt Elise took advantage of the momentary excitement to steal unobserved from the room. Harriet took her seat, and Miss Angelina Burton was called up. The poorly matron leaped smiling forward; and the graceful little beauty, already affecting the airs of a fine lady, sauntered up to the desk and languidly reached out her hand for the prize.

"I cannot say much for your taste in selection, Miss Burton. I do not admire your author's sentiments. The next time you wish to make an extract, you must allow me to choose for you. There are better things than this, even in the trashy magazines from which you copied it."

And with this severe, but justly merited, reproach of the imposition that had been practised, he handed the young lady, not the prize, which she expected, but that manuscript essay on Friendship, which she had copied, word for word, from an old magazine.

The poorly lady turned very red, and the beauty, bursting into tears of anger and mortification, returned to her seat discomfited.

Miss Catharine Sumner, resumed the teacher with a benign smile, to a plain yet noble looking girl, who came forward as he spoke: "I believe there can be no mistake about your little effusion. I feel great pleasure in presenting you the reward due, not only to your mental cultivation, but to the goodness of your heart. What do you, too, hesitate?"

"Will you be kind enough, sir," said the generous Kate, taking a paper from her pocket, "to read Harriet's story before you decide? I asked her for a copy several days ago, and here it is."

"You shall read it to the audience yourself, my dear; I am sure they will listen patiently to so kind a pleader in her friend's behalf."

The listeners looked pleased and eager to hear the story; and Kate Sumner, with a modest self-possession, which well became her, and with her fine eyes lighting up as she read, did full justice to the pretty and touching story, of which Harriet had been cruelly robbed.

"It is well worth reading," said Mr. Wentworth, when she had finished; "your friend has won the prize, my dear young lady; and, as she owes it to your generosity, you shall have the pleasure of bestowing it yourself."

Kate's face glowed with emotion, as she hung the chain around Harriet's neck, and Harriet could not restrain her tears while she whispered,

"I will take it, not as a prize, but as a gift from you, dear Kate!"

"And now, Miss Sumner," said Mr. Wentworth, in conclusion, "let me beg your acceptance of these volumes as a token of your teacher's respect and esteem," and presenting her a beautifully bound edition of Milton's works, he bowed his adieu to the retiring audience.

"Will you lend me your prize pencil this morning, Harriet?" said Mrs. Carlton the next day. She was dressed for a walk, and Harriet wondered why she should want the pencil to take out with her; but she immediately unclasped the chain from the neck, and handed it to her mother, without asking any questions.

She was rewarded at dinner by finding it lying at the side of her plate, with the single word, "TRUTH," engraved upon its seal.

From the New York Express.

WONDERFUL SIGHTS IN THE AIR.

The venerable American lexicographer has thought it worth while to notice, in the New Haven Herald, the use which appears to have been made in recent publications of certain atmospheric phenomena, in reference to the great change which it is said is to come over the world this year. He says:

"To persons not accustomed to see any unusual phenomenon in the heavens, such as a fiery appearance of the clouds must be very terrific. Ignorance in such cases is a calamity. I had seen more wonderful appearances in the clouds or heavens, and was not in the least disturbed."

"In the dark day, May 19, 1780, the heavens were covered with a dense cloud for three or four hours; the Legislature was in session at Hartford, and such was the darkness that business could not be transacted without candles. During this time the clouds were tinged with a yellow or faint red for hours, for which no cause has been assigned. I stood and viewed this phenomenon with astonishment, but I had not any fear that the world was coming to an end."

"In the evening of March 20, 1782, an extraordinary light spread over the whole hemisphere from horizon to horizon, north and south, east and west. The light was a yellowish cast and wavy. The waiving of the light was visible, and

some persons heard, or imagined they heard, a slight rustling sound. I then resided in Goshen, Orange county, New York, and stood half an hour on a bridge over the Wall Kill, to witness this extraordinary phenomenon, but I saw no person that was frightened at the sight."

"In the year 1783, a great part of Europe was overpread for weeks with haziness of atmosphere, which caused great consternation. The churches were crowded with supplicants. The astronomer Inland, attempted to allay the fright by endeavoring to account for the appearance, which he ascribed to an uncommon exhalation of watery particles from the great rain of the succeeding year. But at last the cause was ascertained to be smoke from the great eruption of the volcano Heric, in Iceland, which covered more than three thousand square miles with burning lava, in some places to the depth of forty feet. I had this account from Dr. Franklin, who was in Europe at the time."

"In a late paper, published by the Millerites, I saw an article stating that the northern lights foretell something terrible. The writer seems not to know that in the high northern latitudes, in the sixteenth degree and northward, northern lights are of daily occurrence, and so have been from time immemorial. So illuminated are the heavens that persons may often see to read in the night."

"These lights occasionally come so far south as to illuminate the sky in our latitude. Sometimes they do not appear for many years. At the close of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth century these lights were not seen for a long period, and when they re-appeared, about the year 1817, our ancestors who had not seen or heard of them, were all alarmed, and actually supposed that the day of judgment had come."

"During my life I have been so much accustomed to see northern lights, falling stars, so called, and fire balls, that they have long since ceased to excite my curiosity."

"Nearly thirty years ago I read an article in a Vermont paper, stating that the northern light on a certain evening, was so low as to be visible between the spectator and a distant mountain."

N. WEBSTER.

From the Rosnoke Republican.

ECONOMY.—A great many persons imagine parsimony to be economy, and that stinginess is a virtue, but there is no greater mistake. Some imagine that to be economical is to save money—to hoard up silver and gold, and that nothing else is necessary to constitute an economical individual. This is a mistake. Some believe that to spend money lavishly for fine clothes, fine furniture, &c. is the only way in which an individual can be extravagant and that a wasting of cash constitutes a spendthrift, and that no other characters should be designated by that term. This is another mistake. In the first place, economy and stinginess differ in the motives that prompt their exercise. Economy is the taking care of one's property whether it be money or houses or lands, for the purpose of providing well for one's household and to be able to assist the needy of the neighbourhood. It is a virtue. Parsimony is the stinting one's self or family and denying them the comforts of life for the purpose of hoarding up wealth to gratify the pride of the heart. It is to live poor and miserable and mean that we may die rich. Economy is honorable; Parsimony is despicable. Secondly, if economy should be carried so far as to become a habit of craving and coveting a neighbour's goods for anything less than their full value, it is at once a sinful and disgraceful vice. So that every economical individual should be very cautious how he acts, and not indulge too much in this virtue. Waste nothing, save every thing, and give what you can spare. Thirdly, Time is money. And more extravagance is exhibited in the waste of this, than in any other article of property man possesses. Money is made by time; property of all kinds is the product of time; and yet hundreds seem to think time of no value whatever. When they see an individual spending large amounts of cash for fine clothes or other luxuries, they exclaim "that person is a spendthrift, and if he does not reform he will become a bankrupt." But they see individuals by the score, wasting in idleness day after day, months after months, and year after year of their time, and do not consider them spendthrifts at all. Is it not strange? The individual who lives in idleness one year, squanders, wastes, throws away just so much money as he might have earned during that year by some honest employment. Is it not so?

Those who waste time, then, are equally as much spendthrifts as those who waste money, and should be so considered.

A Rotary Knitting Loom has been invented in Boston by an ingenious mechanic, that possesses the power of narrowing, and widening, and knitting into any desirable pattern, doing the work which twenty or thirty hands performed at the looms.

House of Representatives—Feb. 27th.

THE BRITISH TREATY.

The Speaker laid before the House the following message from the President of the United States, in answer to a resolution of the House on the subject of the construction of that portion of the treaty of Washington which relates to the right of visitation.

Washington, February 27th, 1843.

To the House of Representatives:

In compliance with the resolution of the House of Representatives of the 22d inst. requesting me to communicate to the House "whatever correspondence or communication may have been received from the British Government respecting the President's construction of the late British treaty concluded at Washington, as it concerns an alleged right to visit American vessels," I herewith transmit a report made to me by the Secretary of State.

I have also thought proper to communicate copies of Lord Aberdeen's letter of the 20th December, 1841, to Mr. Everett,—Mr. Everett's letter of the 23d December in reply thereto, and extracts from several letters of Mr. Everett to the Secretary of State.

I cannot forego the expression of my regret at the apparent purport of a part of Lord Aberdeen's despatch to Mr. Fox. I had cherished the hope that all probability of misunderstanding as to the true construction of the 8th article of the treaty lately concluded between Great Britain and the United States, was precluded by the plain and well weighed language in which it is expressed. The desire of both Governments is to put an end as speedily as possible to the slave trade, and that desire, I need scarcely add, is as strongly and as sincerely felt by the United States as it can be by Great Britain. Yet it must not be forgotten that the trade, though now universally reprobated, was, up to a late period, prosecuted by all who chose to engage in it, and there were unfortunately but very few Christian Powers whose subjects were not permitted and even encouraged to share in the profits of what was regarded as a perfectly legitimate commerce. It originated at a period long before the United States had been independent, and was carried on within our borders in opposition to the most earnest remonstrances and expostulations of some of the colonies in which it was most actively prosecuted. Those engaged in it were as little liable to inquiry or interruption as any others. Its character thus fixed by common consent and general practice, could only be changed by a positive assent of each and every nation, expressed either in the form of municipal law or conventional arrangement. The United States led the way in efforts to suppress it. They claimed no right to dictate to others, but they resolved, without waiting for the cooperation of other Powers, to prohibit it to their own citizens, and to visit its perpetration by them with condign punishment. I may safely affirm that it never occurred to this Government that any new maritime right accrued to it from the position it had thus assumed in regard to the slave trade. If, before our laws for its suppression, the flag of every nation might traverse the ocean unquestioned by our cruisers, this freedom was not, in our opinion, abridged by our municipal legislation.

Any other doctrine, it is plain, would subject to an arbitrary and ever varying system of maritime police, adopted at will by the great naval power for the time being, the trade of the world in any places or in any articles which such Power might see fit to prohibit to its own subjects or citizens. A principle of this kind could scarcely be acknowledged without subjecting commerce to the risk of constant and harassing vexations.

The attempt to justify such a pretension from the right to visit and detain ships upon reasonable suspicion of piracy, would deservedly be exposed to universal condemnation, since it would be an attempt to convert an established rule of maritime law, incorporated as a principle into the international code by the consent of all nations, into a rule and principle adopted by a single nation, and enforced only by its assumed authority. To seize and detain a ship upon suspicion of piracy, with probable cause and in good faith, affords no just ground either for complaint on the part of the nation whose flag she bears, or claim of indemnity on the part of the owner. The universal law sanctions, and the common good requires, the existence of such a rule. The right under such circumstances, not only to visit and detain, but to search a ship, is a perfect right, and involves neither responsibility nor indemnity. But, with this single exception, no nation has, in time of peace, any authority to detain the ships of another upon the high seas on any pretext whatever beyond the limits of their territorial jurisdiction. And such, I am happy to find, is substantially the doctrine of Great Britain herself, in her most recent official declarations, and even in those now communicated to the House. These declarations may well lead us to doubt whether the apparent dif-