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## FERTILIZER.

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

## HOW "ALWAYS" TO MAKE GOOD CROPS.

At the close of an essay on "Maryland and her Agriculture," addressed to the New York State Agricultural Society by Dr. Gideon B. Smith, the writer said that he knew one farmer who always makes good crops. A correspondent of the American Farmer, desiring to know something more about that farmer, and his system of farming, addressed a number of queries to Dr. Smith, which brought forth the following extract—it was published in the American Farmer of the 9th ult.:

"These principles of Agriculture, are first, cultivate no more land than you can cultivate well, both as to labour and manure. If you have more land and less money and labor than you can use with full effect, turn a portion of the land into money by selling it, and apply the proceeds to the improvement of that retained. Thus reduced the size of your farm to the capacity of your efficient forces, (labor and money,) instead of trying to extend your stunted forces over too wide a surface, and thus weakening them and destroying their efficiency. The second principle, is to put your soil into good condition, by liming, deep ploughing, manuring, and correcting its proportions of clay and sand when practicable. All land in my opinion will be greatly benefited by the application of lime. Some requires more, some less, to produce the same results, but all lands require it as a constituent of the soil. You will find lime most active on red lands, but it is useful on all kinds. Deep ploughing is in my opinion essential to successful farming. If you have a thin soil, by deep ploughing, liming and manuring, you will in a few years secure a deep soil. Even though you do turn a up a portion of blue clay with your four horse plough, don't be frightened at the sight of it. It is better to have blue clay mixed in a deep soil, than a hard pan of it under a thin one. But if you find too much clay thus turned up, correct its stiffness by carting sand upon it and mixing it with the clay. A cart load of sand is often of more value to a soil than the same quantity of manure. Reverse the process if any portion of the land be too sandy—carry clay to it, and thus stiffen it.

The advantage of deep ploughing is almost incalculable. It will ultimately make a deep soil, and a deep soil is essential to a good crop in a dry season. The roots of the plants strike deeply into it, (instead of spreading out horizontally near the surface, as they are compelled to do in a thin soil,) and are thus secured from the effects of drought. The rain sinks into a deep soil and is thus preserved to the uses of the crop; while in a thin soil, it runs off, is soon evaporated, or stands on the surface, doing little good in the former cases, and absolute injury in the latter. I should not only plough deep, but I should follow in the furrow of the four horse plough with a good substratum plough, and this with the liming judicious manuring, and proper rotation, I should calculate upon as my security for a good crop, always. I believe this practice to be not only the best preventive of winter-killing and injury from drought, but also of injury from the fly. By this practice you secure a robust constitution to the plant, and, of consequence, thus enable it to withstand, without harm, the pressure upon the sap vessels occasioned by the fluxing pupa of the fly, as it becomes embedded in its surface. In illustration of the good effects of deep ploughing, I will refer to the practice of garden culture. Who ever doubted that deep spading, (even two or three spades deep,) was not only useful, but necessary to success? And in what does a garden differ from a farm? In size, nothing else. Manure cannot always be obtained. nor can enough be made by every one for the whole farm. But a vast amount may be obtained and made, more than is now usually done. By a little management the manure now made may be increased in value, without increase of quantity. Properly constructed manure pits should be prepared, with shed roofs to protect their contents from the effects of rain and sunshine. All manure should be deposited in the pits while fresh,—before the rain has washed away its salts, or the heat of the sun evaporated its volatile principles. Every kind of vegetable and animal offal should be thrown into the manure pits. The pits should be situated near the barn or under it, that

they would receive the urine of all the animals. There should be two pits, that the contents of one might be digesting, while the other was receiving materia. The mode of preparing the manure, time of applying it to the land, the quantity to be applied to the acre, the mode of application, &c. are, and of necessity must be, left to the discretion of the farmer. There is, however, one kind of manure that I think is too much neglected, and it is too often the only one that can be availed of. I allude to turning in green crops. Turning in a clover lay for this purpose is common enough; but I think the object may be attained more quickly by turning in crops of corn sown broad cast. Two, if not three crops of corn could be grown and turned in, in the course of a season. That this kind of manure should afford all the benefits of which it is capable, the land should have been previously limed; or, if no previously done, a good dressing of lime should be turned in with the young corn."

**CHARCOAL AS A FERTILIZER.**—We have been astonished at the enormous increase of the wheat crop of France within the last eight or ten years, and have devoted some attention to the investigation of the subject. It appears that charcoal—an article that can be obtained here for a little of its cost in France—has been extensively used, and with marked effect, in fertilizing the wheat lands in that kingdom. A correspondent of the New Farmer's Journal, an English print, states that during a sojourn in one of the central departments of France he learned that some of the most productive farms were originally very sterile; but that for a number of years their proprietors had given them a light dressing of charcoal, which had resulted in a large yield of wheat of excellent quality. Since his return to England he has tried the experiment upon his own lands with the same happy effect. The charcoal should be well pulverized, and sown like lime, after a rain or in a still damp day. Even in England, the writer says, "the expense is a mere trifle, in comparison with the permanent improvement effected, which on grass is truly wonderful." He states one other very important result from its liberal use. "I am quite satisfied that by using charcoal in the way described rust in wheat will be entirely prevented; for I have found in two adjoining fields, one of which was sowed and the other manured with farm-yard dung, the latter was greatly injured by rust, while that growing in the other was perfectly free from it." Buffalo Com. Ad.

**BARN YARD MANURE.**—Some farmers scrape their yards in autumn and heap their manure in order that it may become fine and mellow by fermentation, and less difficult to handle and apply. This is a bad error, however, and one that never should be practiced unless under circumstances so favorable that the owner can afford to lose at least one half the value of his manure. In all cases where it is practicable, the yards in which animals are confined during summer, should be supplied regularly, once a fortnight, with a stream of louse, muck or turf. This, by being evenly spread, would absorb all the urine of the animals, besides imbibing a rich amount of nutriment from the manure in the form of elastic gases, which are copiously evolved and of great efficiency in the process of vegetation, at all times, and wherever applied—After the weather has become cold the yard should be "cleared out," and the manure carefully piled in some place where it will be protected from the washing of the winter rains. In this way, at least one half of the real value of the manure made on most farms, might doubtless be saved. We intend to offer some further remarks on this subject, but for want of time must defer them till our next.

Maine Cultivator.

## THE TWO CLERKS.

BY D. C. COLESWORTH.

Wouldst thou, with deep repentance, bring  
A wanderer to the fold of God?  
Use not Reproach—a bitter sting—  
Or hold to view an iron rod.  
With pleasant words, and looks that speak  
The warm outgushing of the heart,  
Go—and the adamant will break,  
And tears of deep contrition start.

"When I get through with Haler, I shall set up business for myself—and I tell you what, Harry, I shall make money hand over fist."

"So you may think, Charles, but like hundreds of others, you will be disappointed."

"Not exactly, I know what I shall do, and I will succeed admirably. I have been somewhat observing, and noticed what business produces the greatest profit with the least capital, and how these men manage who become rich."

"What business do you contemplate entering upon, when you become of age?"

"That's a secret yet; but I know."

"All I have to say, is, that you will be disappointed. If I can make a good living and lay by a little every year, I shall be satisfied."

"A little won't satisfy me, that I assure you, I intend to become rich."

Henry Welby was the son of a poor widow. His mother had early instilled in his mind judicious and valuable precepts. From childhood he was taught that a good name and spotless character were invaluable to an individual—more precious than gold. A strict regard to truth and a tender sympathy for the unfortunate and suffering had ever characterized the boy. Mrs. Welby had the satisfaction of seeing her son practise upon the instructions he had received from his mother. No oath polluted his lips, no falsehood marred his character, and no vice leprosed his heart. Kind and generous, faithful and industrious, he won the encomiums of his neighbors, and when of a suitable age, was solicited by Mr. Haler, a wholesale grocer, to enter his store.

Charles Ingalls was the reverse of Henry in almost every thing. He was brought up by indulgent parents who were in easy circumstances, and suffered too often to follow the bent of his inclination without being checked. His father did not believe it to be his duty to severely correct his son, when guilty of a wrong act, and would often suffer him to pursue his own course without a single word of advice. The parents of Charles were of that class, who look more at the appearance than to the heart. If a boy conducted well in company, it was a color in his dress, and is constantly spicing the foolish fashions of the day, with such silt; he had most make a smart and active man. Thus Charles was suffered to grow up, following the bent of his perverse nature, till he was of a suitable age to do something towards his own support. His father was anxious to put him into a lawyer's office, deeming the profession of the law the height of respectability. No opportunity presenting, he finally secured a place for his boy at the store of Mr. Welby.

The wholesale merchant was a gentleman of middle age, who did an extensive business and was reputed to be rich. He had one or two older clerks in his employ, when Henry and Charles entered his store. These two had generally been good terms with each other; but occasionally a dispute would arise between them, on account of the overbearing disposition of Charles. He was determined at times to have his own way, no matter how much it interfered with his companion. But as Henry was kind and yielding, and seldom manifested angry or revengeful feelings, the lads on the whole lived on pleasant terms.

The young men had been in the employ of Mr. Haler several years, when the conversation at the beginning of our story took place. They had often conversed on the business they would pursue in after life, and while Henry insisted that small gains and a safe business were to be preferred, his companion declared that nothing would satisfy him but large profits and an extensive trade. It was seldom that Charles spent an evening at home with his parents, or at the house of this master. In the summer season he would walk the streets with his companions, engaged in idle conversation, while in winter he would resort to some shop, where he passed his time in profane amusements, if not vicious pursuits. On the contrary, Henry improved his leisure hours in reading and study. His evenings were generally passed at home, reading some useful book or paper, or in drawing or writing. His companions were chosen from those who were industrious, and thought more of the improvement of the mind and heart, than the decoration of the person, or the gratification of the appetite.

It was not unfrequently that Henry inquired of his companion, on returning at night, where he had passed the evening. "O, I have had a fine time," would be his reply.

"Why don't you read more?" once Henry said to him.

"I don't love to read; and besides, I get but little time you know."

"You have as much time as I do, and in the course of a few months past, I have read a dozen volumes, besides various periodicals."

"But you read evenings, while I am enjoying myself."

"If you will take my advice, Charles, and I think it is good advice, and in the end you will find it so. I would say, don't go into the society of the idle and frivolous. There had habits that are contracted which lead to every thing that is bad."

"No, Harry, you know nothing about it. If you could go with us and enter into our sports you would be happy."

"That is what I have no desire to do."

All the persuasion of the virtuous youth, could not produce the desired effect. Charles spent his time in idleness and folly, made a fine appearance in society, and took pride in dress and exterior department.

A few years passed, and the young men had completed their clerkship. Welby, by the earnest solicitation of the merchant, was persuaded to remain in his employ another year for a specific salary, while Ingalls commenced business for himself. The father of Charles had proposed, and now put a capital into his son's hand to commence with. He en-

gaged a large store and had it well filled with groceries of the first quality—not forgetting to include five casks of rum, brandy, gin, &c. He also erected a bar in his store for the retail of spirits. So here was the secret of his money-making. But the sequel will tell the result. Day by day the shop of Ingalls was crowded by purchasers and loafers—for the latter tribe are the necessary result of a bar. Pass by his store at any hour of the day and you will hear the rattling of glasses and decanters and the impure conversation attendant upon such business. If you have taken a look within you would have seen Charles or his clerk behind the counter, doleful out to the miserable and the poor, as well as the decent and well dressed, what has not inappropriately been called, "distilled damnation." Early and late was the shop open to receive. Passing one day, Henry entered the store, and inquired of his friend, "what success he met with in his business."

"I do finely," said he.

"I regret," said Henry, "that you have erected that bar—because I believe it will have an injurious tendency."

"I could not get along without it," said Charles. "I realize more profit from the sale of spirits than from all my other business."

"But only realize how much misery you are instrumental in producing. Doubtless many a poor wife and mother is suffering because, for a little gain, you put the intoxicating glass to the lips of the husband and father."

"If I didn't sell them somebody else would, and I should lose the profit."

"That you do not know, and if it were so, there is no excuse for you."

"I do care, I will sell spirit so long as I can get purchasers."

"You will regret it at some future day, I have no question."

"But I shall sell, and it is nobody's business. I do wish our community was rid of the confounded meddlers. I have a right to do as I please. This is a free country, and the first man that insults me for selling liquor, I will order him from my shop."

"Don't get angry, friend Ingalls; I am only speaking for your good."

"Well, I don't thank you for it. There is a set of men now a days, who do nothing but interfere in other men's business. They are determined to compel us to give up selling spirits; but their efforts shall be in vain. They talk about prosecution and the like, thinking that we are fools enough to pay attention to what they say and do. No, we have more manliness about us."

"But, friend, don't you think it would be for your interest not to retail rum? You know there are a great many people in this community, who look upon your business as not respectable, and on that account will not enter your store to purchase a single article. If you should relinquish the sale, or even empty your casks into the street, I think it would be great gain for your interest in the end—I am certain it will be so."

"I know better than that. No in loco ment who ever would prevail upon me now. Since so much has been said, I will sell and suffer the consequences."

"I know you will regret it," and just as he spoke, a half dozen poor and miserable beings entered the shop and called for spirit, and Henry felt to grieve over the conduct of his friend.

In a year or two, Ingalls had become attached to his cup, and it was said that occasionally he was seen intoxicated. However that may be, his business gradually fell off, and it was with difficulty that he sustained himself day by day. He neglected his shop and idled away his time with untidy companions, spending money and contracting intemperate habits. Thus inattentive to business, he soon failed and was obliged to give up. On settling with his creditors, Ingalls could pay but little more than twenty per cent; the remainder had been sponged from him by his companions, or squandered in vicious pursuits. After idling about for five or six months, he started west in pursuit of business.

Welby continued with Haler for one year. He had been so faithful to his employer while a clerk, and had behaved with so much propriety, that his master concluded to take him into equal co-partnership. This was an honor entirely unexpected to Henry, and the prospect was bright before him. Mr. Haler had been doing an extensive business, and was now quite wealthy. The responsibility of the concern was thrown upon Henry, and no man was better qualified to sustain it. Diligent and persevering, virtuous and honest, he had received the approbation and respect of all who knew him. As a citizen and neighbor, Henry was of great service. He was a friend to the poor, and advocated every benevolent enterprise. He was one of the most active members of the Temperance Society, and by his exertions a large amount of good had been accomplished. He went among the poor inebriated and persuaded them to forsake their intemperate habits, while he advised those who dealt in spirit to relinquish the sale of it. He was a friend to virtue, and a benefactor to the poor.

Welby had been in business but a few years, when he led to the hymeneal altar, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of his partner, Mr. Haler. From early youth he had been partial to Ellen. Her sweet disposition, her graceful manners, and her industrious habits, had won his affection. Unlike multitudes that surrounded her, she thought more of her heart than her face, the improvement of her mind than the decoration of her person, and would rather spend her time at work in study, than at the theatre, or in parsing the streets. Two more congenial spirits are seldom united. The marriage day was a happy one to the friends and neighbors as well as to themselves. Every body loved Ellen Haler and Henry Welby, and now they received the smiles and good wishes of all, and many a prayer was offered; that the bright morning of their days might not be clouded with sorrow.

Several years passed and Welby continued to prosper in his business, while the influence he exerted around him was healthy and salutary. About once a year he would leave his native place and journey to the south—partly on business, and partly for pleasure. One season he travelled as far as New Orleans with his wife. One morning as they were passing the street, they noticed a crowd gathered, and on inquiring the cause of the difficulty, they learned that a poor fellow had been caught who a few nights before, had broken into a store and robbed it of a large amount. While moving along, the officer of justice appeared with the prisoner, with a single glance revealed to Welby, the countenance of his former companion, Charles Ingalls. "Can it be possible, Ellen, that this is Charles!" said he.

"I believe in my heart it is," said his wife; and another look convinced them.

His dress was very shabby. He bore the imprint of vice and intemperance. But he was hurried on, and they lost sight of him.

Henry had concluded to leave New Orleans on that day, but the situation of his old friend induced him to remain, in the hope that he should have an opportunity of seeing him. After several inquiries, he learned the next day that Charles was in jail, and thither he bent his steps. He was permitted to see the prisoner. On entering the cell, he found that he did not mistake the man, worn and shabby as he had become. But the thief did not recognize Henry.

"My friend," said Welby, "I am sorry to see you in this condition, and would that I could be of some service to you."

"O, sir," said the prisoner, "intemperance has brought me here. For the last five or six years I have been miserable. I have suffered in body and mind more than I can express."

"Have you no friends?"

"I had friends once, but I left them. I had parents, but I have not seen or heard from them for several years. If I had performed my duty—lived as I ought—I should never have come to this."

"Of what crime do you stand charged?"

"Sir—I am—a thief!"—and the tears fell from his eyes. "I was in liquor and was persuaded to steal by those who have now left me to suffer. O, that I had my life to live again! How different would be my course. Then if a friend advised me, I would harken to him."

"I sympathize with you, and if it were in my power would release you from prison, that you might be a better man."

"Sir—who may I call you?"

"I am Henry Welby."

"O, heaven!—my old friend and companion—in truth it is he—I know your voice—your looks," and the poor fellow could say no more for very joy.

After a few minutes, Charles related all that had befallen him since he left Portland. In truth, he had suffered, by land and by water. Often he was deprived of the necessaries of life, and yet he continued to drink, till he was over-persuaded by a gang of scoundrels to steal.

When Henry left the prison, he promised to exert himself to the utmost, to obtain the release of his intemperate, but as he now believed, penitent friend. After remaining in New Orleans a week or more, he finally had the satisfaction of taking Ingalls by the arm and leading him from prison. He was furnished with suitable clothing and sufficient money given him to pay his passage home. When he arrived, he was taken as clerk in the store of Haler & Welby, where for years he conducted himself with the utmost propriety. A drop of spirits never again entered his lips; he became one of the most efficient members of the Temperance Society, and is now using his strongest endeavors to advance the glorious cause. He was lately united to a worthy woman, and bids fair to be a wealthy and influential man. "The debt he owes his friend, he often repeats, he cannot pay."—And but for you," he recently told him, "I should now be a miserable outcast—a vagabond and a cur."

"Such is the influence of kindness! How glorious are the results! Ye who

have embarked in the temperance cause, be gentle and kind, persuade and entreat, and take by the hand those who err, and you will accomplish an amount of good that can only be rewarded in eternity.

## THE SLANDERED PASTOR.

He must be one of the fortunate sons of Levi, who can get through a twelve-month without having somebody's tongue wag unwisely against him. There are some in every parish, who are not a little given to talking up a reproach against their neighbors, and if other objects are not at hand, the pastor's character is always in sight, and they can comfort themselves by discharging their arrows in that direction. In his movements among the people he ascertains that an evil report is on the wing, and the ill omened bird is flying about in all directions. What shall he do?

Shall he give it chase, and try to catch it? Shall he stop the Master's work and hasten here and there to discover the slanderer? Had he better waste his energies in heating the bush after such a bird? He will defend his good name," he says. "He will not have his reputation sullied. He is an injured man, and he will bring the injurious to justice." But he must catch the snake before he can kill it. And he that undertakes to find the father of an evil report against himself has got to fish in a deep sea. He would like to find the man who has slandered him. But who is to confess himself the parent of that calumny? If it is a lie foul and black, who is going to be so stupid as to add to himself the author of it? Will the avenger who sent the arrow, stand forth with his bow in his hand and say "there's my son!"

Most likely the slander is a joint production. The raw material appeared, nobody in the creation knows where it came from. It was spun; the warp by one, the filling by another; woven by a third, a score had to do with the colors and the fabric, and as many more have given the fabric each a jog, in its journey round the parish. There have been so many fingers in this work that the idea of identification of an individual is ridiculous. Each did so little about the matter that they do not know nor does any body else, that they did any thing. Ask them. Did you utter this calumny? One is grieved at the insinuation—another scowls in resentment. Knock at every door in the parish—the slanderer is not there. He is not here, nor yonder. All the energies of legs, wings and steam cannot catch him.

But suppose you do catch him. Sreating and weary you are yet triumphant at last. You have traversed every coast, threaded every break, and you have at last the slanderer before you. You will not beat him; that would not be very ministerial; besides you prefer "clean hands." You will give him a terrible rebuke, likely. You will pour a running tide of indignant eloquence upon him. You expect to see him quail before you.

But he was an outrageous slanderer, was he? And think you then he has any conscience for you to assail? Think you he has any sensibilities that you can arouse? More. If his tongue was once a sharp sword against you, your rebukes may cause it to leap out of its scabbard again. You are not a match for him. He can bespatter you faster than you can him. He is more used to it. In exclaiming him therefore you may not have made a very desirable prize.

Besides, before you make sail in chase of every pirate upon your good name, consider whether you can find good scriptural example for it. The good men of the Bible lived, some of them, in a very hurricane of calumnies. There is a Paul for example. If every slander had carried away the smallest piece of his flesh, he would have been a perfect skeleton before he had been preaching a twelve-month. They said every thing about him. He has given a specimen or two—drops out of an ocean—just to let us see that Apostles had enemies. People had tongues in those days, and the man that turned up their guilty consciences as often as Paul did, was not the man to escape virulence. There was not a vile or malignant thing which a corrupt heart could generate or an venomous tongue utter, but was charged upon him.

Well, how did he manage the matter? Did he go puffing about the streets to find out who slandered him? Did he give chase to wicked reports, and drive into palaces and cottages, highways and by-ways, to see who was the father of them? He could not stop for that. He had too much to do, and much better business. He let them reproach him that liked the business. He did not make after them with the sledge hammer of the law, or with a committee of friends who had the care of his reputation. "B-ing reviled, is blessed." This was economy of time, for a man can bless his slanderers most economically in much less time than he can hunt through the parish after them; and economy of moral feeling, too, for it is a much happier state of mind to pray for a persecutor than to chafe one's spirit about how violent hands shall be laid upon him, and he get as good as he gave.

Let the slandered pastor consider, then, that the game in catching the author of an