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SPECIAL REPORT.

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

From the N. E. Farmer.

Thrifty and Catholic Farming.

Friend Beech—I recently made an excursion of some distance in the country, and carried for a short time in a farming community, where the first eighteen or twenty years of my early days were spent. Many years have elapsed since, and other pursuits have engrossed my time and attention. Yet, often my mind reverts to the scenes of youth, and memory rolls back to the recollections of other days, when in common with all the rural community in which I resided, I felt all the joyous hope of seed-time, entered with zeal into all the labors and excitement of hay making and harvest, and shared in all the frolic and glee of husking parties; and in all the thoughtfulness, and buoyancy of youth, looked forward for thanksgiving, as the very best of all the days in the year.

In visiting the place after an absence of some twenty or more years, I found many striking changes had taken place; many an honest, brawny limbed farmer, then lord of his broad acres, now occupies but his six feet by two, in the "suld kirk yard"; and others that were then in the vigor of manhood, and had been spared, were bowed down with age, and their thick locks had been plucked by the fingers of time, and silvered o'er by the frosts of 70 or 80 winters. Many of my schoolmates who were then wild and reckless youths, with whom I had a hundred times tried the "tug of war" at long hold and side aug, were now staid and steady farmers—heads of families engaged in all the business scenes of life. And of the bright eyed, flaxen-haired lasses, many were transformed to sober and careful housewives and mothers, and others were quietly sleeping the slumber that knows no awakening—most of whom had been carried off in all the bloom of youth and early womanhood, by that scourge of New England—consumption.

But as the whole country was covered with snow, I could not make much of an agricultural survey, but upon inquiry, I learned that many farms had from bad management and culture very much deteriorated, and greatly lessened in value; others had held on the even tenor of their way, and wintered about the same number of cattle they did formerly, and some few in the hands of enterprising, intelligent farmers, were advancing with a sure and steady pace, that would yearly add to their value, and to the wealth of their owners.

There had been several causes in operation to exhaust the first named class of farms—such as plowing the lands in the autumn, where much of the finer portion of the soil was blown off by the winds, and washed by the rains and melting snows, and suffering their cattle to roam over their mowing fields, both fall and spring, with a reckless waste of their manure.

In conversation with one of those farmers (a Mr. G.) whose farm had run backwards, I suggested to him the idea of collecting the leaves and decaying vegetable matter from a piece of woodland near by. "Why," says he, "I have a high opinion of this vegetable matter—'tis sour stuff—only give me dung enough from the hovel windows, and I can raise as good crops as Mr. L. does, with all his swamp muck, lime, compost, and book-farming." I inquired if he took an agricultural paper. "No," said he—"I did take one several years ago, and that had so much to tell about a new kind of potato, that they sold for twenty-five cents a pound, and after all, it wasn't no better than the long reds; and about the corn and mulberry trees; and a good many farmers got bit by believing their great stories, that I got sick of and stopped it, and would not take the gift of one."

I afterwards called upon Mr. L., the "book farmer," as Mr. G. sneeringly called him, and found him a middle-aged, intelligent farmer, who was quietly improving his farm by every means within his reach. I was so much interested in his management, that I thought I would attempt to communicate an account of it to the public, through the columns of your useful journal, with the hope that other farmers might be benefited by his example.

Upon looking into his barn, I found his hovel floors were water-tight, and sloping toward the back side. In the rear of the cattle, was a kind of trough of the width of 12 or 15 inches, made by sinking one of the floor planks two inches; this was also water-tight; the droppings from the cattle mostly fell into the trough, and by giving the cattle a good bedding of litter every night, they were kept comfortable,

and nearly as clean as when at pasture. He had the past winter used several loads of saw dust from a shingle mill, and leather shavings from the currier's, for the purpose of bedding, and soaking up the urine. The hovel was daily cleared out by wheeling the manure and litter into the centre of the yard, (which is dishing,) and piling it up in a snug heap. His barn is so situated he cannot dig a cellar under it, but he intends the coming season to build a shed for the purpose of keeping his manure under cover in future. The floors of his horse stable are tight; every day it is cleared, and the manure and litter is spread under a shed, and by being trodden by his stock, it does not heat and ferment, as is too often the case. Most of his winter manure will be mixed with swamp mud, to compost through the summer. I inquired respecting a heap near his barn; he said there were too early loads of lime mortar, that he bought for a trifle, of a man who had taken down a large house; it was mixed with about four loads of brake-root turf, about 18 months ago; it had been left this length of time for the purpose of having the plaster come to pieces, and rotting the turf. Last fall it was shovelled over and two lime casks of freshings, procured at the tanner's, mixed with it. He thought while this animal matter was decomposing there would be a large amount of nitrogen generated, and give him a large amount of nitrate of lime by spring, when it would be again shovelled over, and 25 bushels of good ashes mixed, and then applied to an acre and a half of ground, upon which he should sow wheat; I think he said the compost was to be put on after the ground was plowed, and to be harrowed in with the wheat. The ashes he had purchased at ten cents per bushel.

He had a cartload of the waste of wool, or flyings from the wool carder; this was to be boiled for a short time in lye, to cleanse the oil and grease, and to render the wool decomposable. By way of experiment, a part of it would be used to manure some of his corn and potatoes in the hill, the rest would be mixed in the compost heap, to remain a year or so. He also had a large quantity of old woolen rags, that he bought of a store-keeper for a trifle—having, he said, read in some book, that 100 lbs. of wollen rags contained as much nitrogen as 3000 lbs. of cow manure. Some of these rags were to be chopped up and steeped in urine for a few days, then to be partially dried and sprinkled with gypsum, and used as manure in the corn and potato hills; the other part would, like the waste wool, be composted. He had a number of casks of freshings that were obtained at the tanner's, which would be mixed with vegetable mould soon as the snow was off, and he could obtain it; he has also taken the hair, lime, and pits of horns from the tan-yard; the bones are broken up by the hammer and mixed with manure and plowed in; they will slowly decompose, and supply phosphates of lime to his land; he had about two barrels of the seedlings of salts from the pearlash factory—similar, he thought, to the material known as glass factory manure; an account of its use and value is given in Mr. Colman's Fourth Report, pages 344-5 by a Mr. Javis. There were a few inches of lye upon the top of the salts in the barrels, so strong as to float an egg with nearly one half its surface above the lye. This, he assured me according to Mr. Jarvis' statement, would convert 10 or 15 loads of loam or muck into compost equal to the same amount of good stable manure. All these materials, saw-dust, wool, freshings, hair, lime, pits of horns, and salts from the potash, he had for removing, as they were considered a nuisance, and of no value by the manufacturers or owners. The droppings of the fowls are occasionally scraped from the boards, over which the hens roosted, and put in old casks; in the spring it will be moistened with urine and ground to pieces with a hoe, and mixed with plaster of Paris, to be applied to grass land, or put about the corn and potato hills, at the first or second hoeing;—he styles it "Yankee guano." He has a strong tight box under his back house, in which is frequently thrown gypsum, or charcoal dust obtained from the coal-pen of the village blacksmith; it absorbs the smell, and once in a week or two, the contents of the box are mixed with dry peat or sawdust, or some other material, to absorb the liquid part, and put into old tight barrels. This is home-manufactured Poudrette. His hog yard is of good size, has been dug to the depth of 11 inches, and a good plank floor over the whole, which makes it easy shovelling out the manure. The suds from the wash are conveyed to it by a spout, which the manure of his hogs, mixed with the loam, muck, and other materials, makes loads of valuable manure. He has tried many experiments that he has seen recommended in the agricultural books and papers, that he has read; says, after he became "one and twenty," he did not feel obliged to follow in the "footsteps of his worthy predecessor," his father, and sometime pursued a new track, and went upon his hook. He intends getting a small quantity of guano and ground bones the coming spring, for the purpose of testing them by the side of other manures. Several kinds he has not yet tried, but from his remarks I feel satisfied he will find them all invaluable helps for increasing his crops, and from the nature of some of them, valuable and permanent improvers of his soils.

If you think anything I have written, is worth publishing, it is at your service.

Salem, April, 1844.

From Kendall's Santa Fe Expedition.

The Prisoners' Court at San Cristobal!

The day after our arrival at San Cristobal, a sum of money was sent us, by the Mexican government, of sufficient amount to distribute twenty-five cents to each man; the same sum was also furnished the next day. With this the men could procure for themselves food enough, in the shape of frijoles, tortillas, chris guisado, and other articles which the Mexican women brought to our quarters, to appease the keen demands of appetite—it was all they were allowed. On the third day the supplies from the city stopped. The fourth day came, and still no money; the fifth, likewise, and with it no success. By this time the sufferings of those who had no money were severe in the extreme, and the trickery they resorted to in order to obtain food were ingenious to a degree, and ceased not a little meretricious.

Among the prisoners were number of lawyers, doctors, and other professional men—persons who, either from a love of wild adventures or because they could obtain no professional employment in Texas, had originally been induced to join the expedition. Then there were several comedians among them, mad wags, who, finding that the drama yielded them but slender support in the new Republic, had shouldered the rifle and taken to the prairies for a better. Out of such materials it may readily be conceived that the richest fun and frolic could be extracted, and the story of one of their maddest pranks I will relate.

The wags knew that among the officers and merchants there were some who had money, and to levy a tax upon such pockets as were best filled these fellows commenced a game which, in the end, not only proved every way successful, but afforded infinite amusement to all. They in the first place staid up an old, dilapidated apartment as a court room. With two barrels and as many boards they made a kind of platform, upon which, as a bench, a chair box was placed, and upon this the jokers seated the largest prisoner in the collection as judge—a half lawyer, who, in addition to having all the gravity of the Grand Turk himself, wore whiskers, mustaches, and hair in quantity sufficient to supply wigs for an entire bench of English justices. A sheriff, crier, and clerk—men who well understood their business—were then appointed; and a comic comedian, who could speak for hours upon any subject, and possessed the keenest wit and the strongest imitative powers imaginable, was chosen prosecuting attorney. As principal witnesses in any cases that might be brought they fell upon a little Irishman named Jimmy Tweed. Jimmy was born and bred a soldier. He first drew breath in the barracks of a recruiting regiment in Ireland, and in process of time, after having picked up a fair education among the officers, joined the regiment as a soldier. The term of his enlistment he served principally at Gibraltar, where he obtained a name, to use his own words, "for being up to all manner of civility;" and while he also learned a smattering of Spanish. On being discharged, he visited the United States, joined the army, served two or three campaigns in Florida, and was finally discharged regularly at Baton Rouge, in Louisiana. To finish his education, as he said, he then went to Texas, and after various campaigns, was finally taken prisoner in New Mexico. He had all the wit of his countrymen, and a fund of dry humor which was inexhaustible.

Thus organized, the court proceeded to the trial of such cases as they thought might be turned to their own profit. More decorum, more order, or more gravity of deportment was never seen in any court of justice. The crier in some way procured a jail bell, and in regular form called the court together, and issued his preliminary orders—the sheriff, with all the dignity imaginable, commanded silence, compelled all to take off their hats, and was very efficient in preserving the best order.

The first act upon their singular law docket was brought against a young and very worthy man, a merchant, who was charged with being a "great fool generally"—I am not altogether positive but that the first word in the indictment may have been a much more forcible adjective than the simple term "great." The judge remarked that the charge was one extremely grave in its character, and admitted that he could not, at the time, think of any precedent that might guide him in his decision, which he wound up by saying, should be a just and a righteous one. The prosecuting attorney, after a few pertinent remarks, brought up several witnesses to sustain the charge. Their evidence, which of course was made up and suited for the meridian of this particular court

alone, all went to support the prosecution. The case is made out, was clear enough—not a doubt arose as to the truth of the charge set forth in the indictment—but to make all sure, Jimmy Tweed was brought up to the stand. After kissing a brick bat with due gravity, these being no Bible in the court, Jimmy proceeded with his testimony. He instanced several particulars in which the accused party had evaded very little foresight—mentioned several of his actions which manifested great lack of judgment and knowledge of the world, and finally wound up by saying that the fret alone of his long look in our party with the Santa Fe Expedition was ample evidence against him.

At this point of the trial symptoms of uproarious laughter were manifested in court, all which were instantly quelled by the sheriff, and the judge then proceeded to give his decision. Drawing himself up, throwing back his head, and clearing his throat with a preparatory "hem," and then raising one leg over the other with all becoming dignity, he remarked that all the testimony of the last witness, in particular, view it in what light he would, clearly sustained the charge that the arraigned party was slightly afflicted with a weakness known as "the simplex"—troubled with not being so particularly wise as he might and should have been. He admitted that the charge which had been thus proved was a misfortune rather than a crime; but inasmuch as the times were hard, and virtuous scarce, he should impose a fine of two dollars upon the accused. The latter, who enjoyed the joke as much as anyone, interposed no motion in arrest of judgment, but paid the fine at once, and thus ended the first trial.

The next action brought, although not quite so grave in its nature, produced an infinite degree of merriment. One of our officers, Capt. H., was charged with bad singing, or rather, as the indictment read, "with attempting to sing, and making out badly at best." A number of witnesses testified, that at different times they had been most excessively annoyed, even to the losing of sleep, by the attempts of the accused at divers songs. They all admitted, during a process of cross-questioning, that they were not exactly good judges of music; still, they considered themselves blessed with ears which taught them to distinguish between the warbling of a canary and that of a crow—thought they could discover a something influence in the notes of a nightingale which they missed in the braying of a donkey. But as the testimony of Tweed went directly to prove the charge, and was a perfect gem in its way, I shall give it as early as possible in his own words.

"Yer oner," said Jimmy, with a ludicrous mock-gravity and quizzical leer of his dexter eye, "yer oner, as I was walkin' across the curral last evening, I heard throngin', my-stions, and most unnat'ral sounds issuin' from the officers' quarters up stairs—sounds resimblin', yer oner, those made by a sawmill, when in the full tide of manufacturing boards. Well, me curious bin' excited, I behooved myself I'd be after investigatin' the thing; so when I was abojo, yer oner, which is the best Spanish I have at present about me for the foot of the stairs, I heard the strange sounds louder and louder than ever. Up the steps I went arrisa, which means, yer oner, the head of the stairs, divil a bit did I stop at all, at all. What in the name of all the saints thinks I to myself, has put a sawmill in operation here away! for I still thought it was one, yer oner; so I opened the door cautiously, poked me head in slyly, and what should me own eyes see and me own ears hear but Capt. H. him-self, essyin' a bit of a ditty, yer oner."

"Doing what?" questioned the judge.

"E-sayin' a ditty, yer oner—attemptin' a stave of a song—and—"

"Enough," interrupted the high functionary upon the d'clat box. "If you mistook the singing of Captain H. for those sounds ordinarily produced by a sawmill, the case is clear enough that he has undertaken a task which neither nature nor culture in fit him to carry successfully through, and I shall fine him one dollar and fifty cents for the attempt."

In this way a number of cases, some for bad singing and others for speaking bad Spanish, were disposed of, and with the proceeds the merry wags procured a sufficiency of provisions and chinguirite, the latter a species of common rum manufactured from the sugar-cane, to hold a wild revel that night among the ruins of San Cristobal.

BENTON ON TEXAS.—We commend to the attention of Loco Foco advocates of the Annexation of Texas, who are also admirers of Col. Thomas H. Benton, the following opinion expressed by him, in relation to the scheme of Annexation: "It is a scheme, on the part of some of its movers, to dissolve the Union—on the part of some others, as an intrigue for the Presidency—and on the part of others, (I only speak of prime movers, not the millions who follow.) as a Land Speculation and job in Scrip."

Be temperate and preserve your health.

Mr. Berrien's Speech,

AT ALBANY, NEW YORK.

At the conclusion of Mr. Webster's speech the President introduced the Hon. John McPherson Berrien of Georgia, whose announcement was received with immense applause.

Mr. BERRIEN said: I thank you fellow-citizens, for this kind greeting, from so vast an assemblage of American freemen. It is a duty and a gratification to yield a prompt obedience. Nor would I appear merely in obedience to the call which you have made. I appear before you to free citizens of this Republic. My local home is far from yours, but, wherever the Star Spangled Banner waves, wherever there are stout hearts and strong arms to defend it, there is my country. In despite of Texas Annexation, and miserable disunionism, I trust that my last look will be cast on its ample folds, still unarrished as now.

Fellow-citizens of New York, this is a moment pregnant with events of great interest to our common country.

There are two leading questions involved in the present campaign on which I shall make some brief observations, rather to show the feelings of us Southern Whigs on these topics than to convince you, who from local circumstances, are supposed to be more in favor of a tariff and opposed to annexation. I need not go into an extended argument on the tariff. The arguments of the gentleman preceding me have been set forth with such a force of eloquence and soundness of logic as must convince even our opponents, many of whom are here present, and must have found their way to the heart of every American patriot. You will not expect me to give you a constitutional argument on this question, which he has so ably done in characters of living light.

The Government was founded for the good of the whole people, each state giving up some of its rights for the general good of the whole; and truly this spirit ought to be carried out. On these questions I will therefore give you my views as a Southern man and the reasons which ought to influence me as an American Statesman.

The first argument which I will notice in favor of the tariff is that it will supply a revenue sufficient for the wants of the Government. In raising this revenue, I go for protection, not incidental or accidental, but on purpose of encouraging some interests. Admit that as a Southern man, that I have no interest in your welfare—which, God knows, is far from the truth—yet admit it for the sake of argument, still I have an interest in the increase of national wealth; domestic manufactures stimulates industry and increases national wealth.

The second argument I shall notice is that it encourages industry, and thereby tends to the preservation of morality among a people.

It is calculated, thirdly, to elevate national character, and to absolve us from dependence on foreign workshops. I am speaking to those who will yet be permitted to see this nation, with a population of seventy millions of people, speaking a common language, living under a common Constitution, and kneeling to one God. Are there men at this day so destitute of patriotism, that all these millions of our countrymen shall be held tributary to the workshops of Europe? No, and we must have loftier views of national character than this. Local feelings must give way to national. The American statesman should have no locality.

I advocate a tariff in the fourth place, because it is calculated to draw us together more closely in the bonds of common union. If, at the close of a life which is now rapidly passing away, I should have the privilege of asking a boon from my countrymen in my last hours, it would be that they should love one another, bound together in one glorious confederacy.

It has been said that the tariff of 1842 makes us sell cheaper, and buy dearer than we have done before. Now, I stand here before you, as a Southern planter, that we at the South buy cheaper and sell dearer than before the tariff of 1842. This, so far from being denied by our opponents, is acknowledged, and a reason for it attempted to be given. [Here Mr. B. went into a description of the state of the country, as it was left by Mr. Van Buren's administration. No money in the Treasury; bills drawn on Government held up in the Senate of the United States protested; agents sent to procure a loan unable to effect that purpose.] He then continued. Now I assert, that, by the tariff of 1842, the credit of the country has been redeemed. On the 30th of June last there were seven millions of money subject to public order in the Treasury. So deeply was I convinced of the benefit to be derived by the country from a protective tariff, that in 1842, even if it should impose burdens upon my constituents, I was determined not to consent to an adjournment of Congress till the stain of forfeited credit should be wiped away, and, if necessary, that I would go home and tell them that burdens are not so bad as forfeited nation-

al faith. I have seen twenty thousand Georgians, and I have told them that he who would refuse protection to American industry may be a very good British subject, but I swear that he is not an American citizen.

What would our opponents give to nerve the arm of industry? Free trade. What is free trade? Where does it exist? In the present condition of the world, where can it exist? It is a very "haunted Thelma" in Congress some time ago; discovered that a tax of 20 per cent was levied, at the gate of some Grecian city, on a certain article, and there 'ere he supposed that this was the natural tax to be laid on every thing. A 20 per cent. horizontal duty is the doctrine of James K. Polk, and still is the free trade of some people. Great Britain will not come into the system of free trade, because she cannot. She is one about one hundred and ten million dollars an impost; and, besides this, she is forced to levy an income tax, hitherto considered only as an expedient in time of war. But the heaviest tax imposed by Great Britain is when compared with the tax which she would lay upon our credit by supposing that she will ever be in favor of free trade. My doctrine is for free trade between different parts of our own country; reciprocal trade with other nations, yielding where they would yield, demanding where they demand. England levies upon our productions, taking 30 per cent. of the list, an average tax of 33 per cent. on every thing we sell to her; and yet we have some among us who say that we ought not to levy a higher tax upon any of her productions than a 20 per cent. ad valorem duty.

Free trade is the crudest conception that ever disturbed the minds of the American people. Our opponents know this, and therefore they are now attempting to make it appear that Mr. Polk is as much in favor of a tariff as Henry Clay, the Father of Ashland! This is a species of impudence, shall I say it, which, if recorded, has hitherto escaped my researches into history. But I appeal from all arguments of his friends to James K. Polk himself. I will not say with him of old, "I appeal from Alexander drunk to Alexander sober," but I do appeal from their misrepresentation to his own words. [Here Mr. B. read extracts from Mr. Polk's letters and speeches, proving him to be opposed to a tariff for protection.] He also stated that, in reference to the claims of the opposing candidates, there was a time when he would make comparisons, but to Christ an charity he would now forbear. Some one here cried out "public roads," to which Mr. B. replied, that though he did not intend to say any thing on that subject, yet he would comply with the request, which he then did, proving the justice of the distribution of the proceeds of their sales.

I now turn to Texas, and I beg to correct an error started too by our Southern opponents; and to which our Northern friends have lent too ready an ear. Why should the South be in favor of annexation? It would increase the supply and consequently lower the price of the great staple production of that part of the country. I have addressed Georgia Whigs on this subject, and the universal answer which I received, when I asked them if they wanted Texas annexed, was "No." Are Southern Whigs to be misled by the profound arguments of Mr. Tyler's Secretary, particularly his statistical Arctology to be seduced by his argument in favor of it, that it may have an influence in our popular domestic institution? No! They know that their interest is safe in the hands of their brethren, under the guarantee of the American Constitution, and they indignantly spurn the guaranty which Texas would afford them. Believe me, for I am fresh from the spot, even they who have relatives in Texas say "No!" to the annexation. There are loftier, higher grounds than personal or selfish feelings.

We Southern Whigs stand on the same platform of principles with our Northern brethren—hand joined in hand—yet bearing in union with heart. It is then a Southern question.

Is the vast domain of ours not large enough from the Gulf of Mexico to the Lakes? Oh! But Texas has been bequeathed to us by the hero of the Hermitage, as a military outpost. Now, I am not much of a military man, but I say, and would it not be as easy to defend ourselves on the banks of the Sabine from invasions which must reach us through Texas, as to defend ourselves on the Rio del Norte, where we would be but poorly supported by a thinly populated Texas territory? Will we not be as safe with Louisiana as the border which we must defend, as if we had to defend Texas also? Those steamboats on the Father of Waters would soon carry thousands of hardy sons of the more Northern section to defend our country, as it is now bounded, from invasion. Canada was on our boundaries during the last war, yet even England was not able to vanquish us, when Scott and others conquered it as well with glory. And if we were not afraid of English men, shall we gratify General Jackson's military opinion now in this purpose?

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