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## SPECIAL ECONOMY.

May your rich soil,  
Fertilized, nature's better blessings pour  
On every land.

## RYE.

This valuable grain is generally cultivated at small expense, and produces tolerable crops on light sandy soils without manure. I here are some sections of the country where the land is cropped from year to year, without adding any thing to fertilize the soil: those who thus draw upon their land, should be admonished by the beggary of their crops thus produced, that it is wiser to pursue a different course. There are those who give their land a little rest and pasture in a few intermediate years; but as there is no grass seed sown, and what little stock that can be kept upon it, do not leave an amount of manure sufficient to keep the soil in its original state, we often see these tracts of land in a rapid state of deterioration.

A deficiency of manure is one apology for this exhausting mode of cultivation, while another reason, more potent with some, is, that "their fathers and grandfathers did so before them," which is of course conclusive, and nothing more can be said to them on the subject.

The object of not manuring on account of a deficiency of manure, is a very good one, provided all due diligence has been used to save every substance about the farm convertible into manure, to increase the compost heap. We do not believe there are many intelligent farmers who will be satisfied with 10 or 15 bushels of rye per acre without manure, when from 35 to 40 may be obtained with it; they will contrive some way to make and save enough for their rye field, that not only the crop may be increased, but that the land may also be increased in value; for it should be remembered that the cost of the manure and labor of applying it is in part repaid by the increased fertility of the soil, and not by the present crop alone.

We have known of 45 bushels of fine rye being produced from an acre of land which had been highly manured the year before; we have also known nearly the same quantity produced per acre on land where a heavy second crop of clover had been turned under early in September. No doubt buckwheat would also prove a valuable manure if turned on for the first crop. On light soils, ashes would also prove a valuable stimulant.

Every farmer who "works it right," will contrive to have a supply of compost or some other manure, to dress his rye field, provided it had not received it in a previous crop.

If an old pasture or worn-out field is to be sown down to rye, it should be plowed by the 1st of September, or before; the sward should be turned over flat, and rolled with a field roller; the compost applied, and thoroughly harrowed in without disturbing the soil, and the rye sowed as usual at the rate of 1 1/2 bushels to the acre. Where there is plenty of light plain land, and it will be good husbandry to sow it down to rye every third year and pasture the intermediate years. If grass seed is sown with the rye on the manured land, after the crop of rye is taken off the next season, the grasses will take the place of weeds and furnish a good fall feed, and by another season will make good pasturage; the roots of the grass, when turned under for the next crop of rye, will greatly enrich the land and thus instead of deteriorating it will increase the fertility; but where the ground is continually cropped and no manure applied, nor grass seed sown, weeds will take full possession, and in process of time the land will become sterile and barren.

N. E. Farmer.

## NEW MODE OF CONFINING BUDS.

Mr. Editor—Having noticed in some paper, an inquiry whether there could not be some better method in inoculating trees, of confining the bud in, than the usual method of tying it in with a string, I send you the result of my experiments last season, thinking that it might be useful to those who inoculate trees. Presuming that there might be some better, and more expeditious way than the usual method of confining the buds in by winding a string round the stock, the idea of confining them in with grafting wax suggested itself to me, which experiment I tried; but found it unsuccessful, as the new wood was forming, and the buds expanding, the wax came off before the buds had time to grow in.

I next spread some grafting wax thinly on cotton cloth, and confined the buds in with a strip of it, letting it go part around the stock, but the result was, as the tree increased in circumference, the plaster started off at one end, and the buds fell out. I then tried the experiment of cutting my plaster of a length sufficient to reach little more than around the stock and

having inserted the bud, put it round the tree, and pinching the two ends together, caused them to adhere, and fastened no farther, as the two ends of the cloth separated just as fast as the growth of the tree required.

I set about two hundred in this way; and they nearly all took well, and have grown rapidly during the present season. The usual way of tying the buds in with a string, requires nearly twice the time for the operation in the first place, that my method does; and is also otherwise objectionable, as if the string is not attended to in proper season and loosened, it will often cut into the bark of the tree and injure the buds, and sometimes weaken the tree; if small, so much that the wind will break it down; but by my method all these evils are obviated.

## IRA HARDY.

East Bradford, Aug 14, 1854.

## LIQUID MANURE.

It is my humble opinion (after having tried the cistern, pump, and liquid manure cistern system,) that it would be far better, and more economical, to put burnt soil, turf, or road-scrappings, early in the autumn, to absorb the liquid manure, than to be at the expense and trouble of conveying it in carts from the cistern. It is my invariable custom to put my store sheep in yards during the winter months. Last winter I had the bottom of one of the sheep-yards covered with soil. It absorbed the moisture, kept the yard dry, and my sheep were remarkably healthy, free from foot-rot, and never wintered better. In turning the soil up with the manure in the spring, I found it thoroughly impregnated with the urine from the sheep. I should imagine that one cart load of the said soil contained a very great quantity of the very best liquid manure. The expense of conveying it to the land has been considerably less than taking it from the cistern; besides, I had an opportunity of putting the whole on my turnip land, at a reasonable time, whereas I could not have saved it in my cistern till that time, as it would not have held it.

With all due deference to the opinions of the tank men, I would advise a trial of this plan previously to making cisterns, purchasing pumps, carts, &c., as I am of opinion it is the best way of securing the liquid manure, and by far the least expensive in conveying it to the land. In conclusion, I would beg my brother farmers to well digest the sage advice given by the noble President of the Royal Agricultural Society, at the late dinner at Southampton:—"Try cautiously those things which are likely to succeed, and do not expend large sums of money on things which you do not know whether they will succeed or not. If you find your experiments succeed, then go into the matter gallantly and well."—Henry Hudson, jr., in London Agricultural Gaz.

**ASHES FOR CORN.**—Mr. Aaron Cass, of West Roxbury, planted about two acres of corn last spring on very dry sandy land, and when it was suffering in a severe drought, he put about a pint of wood ashes around each hill; this soon made a great change; the corn revived and grew well notwithstanding the drought continued. We examined this piece some time since, and it was one of the finest we have seen during the season. Mr. Cass shows much skill and good judgment in farm management, and he considers this application of ashes a profitable manure. The increased quantity of corn this season will be only a part of the advantage, for the good effect of the ashes will continue long, in the production of grass or other crops. *Bost. Cult.*

## EXPERIMENTS WITH CHARCOAL AND SALT.

The Earl of Essex gives an account in the Agricultural Gazette, of an Experiment made by him with charcoal, and charcoal and combined with salt, applied to turnip-seed at the time of sowing. In the first case, the seed was mixed with twelve times its bulk of charcoal dust. In the second case, the seed was mixed with five times its weight of salt, and nine bulks of charcoal; and in the third case, the seed was put in alone. The ground was very dry and parched, but the seed where the charcoal, and the charcoal and salt, was used, came up in five days. The plants where the clear charcoal was used, however, grew much the most rapid—where nothing was used the plants came up badly, and after they were up, did not grow near so fast as the others. The Earl also tried the same application of charcoal with the seed of the Belgian carrot, which vegetated several days sooner than carrot seed usually does, even under favorable circumstances. He also sowed one row of turnips with double the quantity of salt above mentioned, which totally destroyed the seed. Nothing but the substances named were used, and the Earl thinks that the quick vegetation and rapid growth was attributable to them.

**CHECKING UP HORSES.**—Among the various modes invented for torturing, without any benefit to the owner, that noble animal, the horse, one (in its excess at least) is the present mode of checking him. A horse that has been accustomed

to it from a colt, and never been used for heavy draughts, will perform with it in a light vehicle without any inconvenience. When a horse is called upon, however, to draw a heavy load over uneven ground, the case is different. He then needs a free use of his head and neck, and naturally inclines them downward. To check up a horse, and force him to draw a heavy load, is a piece of cruelty a little too severe. It is as if—only a hundred times worse—you should take a farmer who had been accustomed to labor in his loose trousers and frock, put on him tight pants strapped snugly down, a vest and coat fitted and girt up a la dandy, and then put a dull scythe into his hands, and pointing to grass of three tons to the acre, tell him to mow. *Prairie Farm.*

**TO PREVENT HORSES BEING TEASED BY FLIES.**—Take two or three handfuls of Walnut leaves, upon which pour two or three quarts of cold water, let it infuse one night and pour the whole next morning into a kettle, and boil for quarter of an hour; when cold it is fit for use. Moisten a sponge with it, and before the horse goes out of the stable, let those parts which are most irritable be smeared over with the liquor. Every "merciful man" who uses a horse during the hot months should promote his comfort by this simple measure.

**TOMATO CATSUP.**—To a gallon salinized tomatoes add 4 table-spoonfuls of salt, 4 do black pepper, half a spoonful allspice, 8 red peppers, and 3 spoonfuls mustard. All these ingredients must be ground fine, and simmered slowly in sharp vinegar for 3 or 4 hours. As much vinegar is to be used as to leave half a gallon of liquor when the process is over. Strain through a wire sieve and bottle and seal from the air. This may be used in two weeks, but improves by age, and will keep several years. *U. S. Receipt Book.*

## W. A. R.

Nobody sees a battle. The common soldier sits away smug; a smoke-mist or burr on to the charge in a crowd which hides every thing from him. The officer is too anxious about the performance for what he is especially charged with to mind what others are doing. The commander cannot be present everywhere, and see every word, water course, or ravine, in which his orders are carried into execution; he learns from reports how the work goes on. It is well for a battle is one of those jobs which men do without daring to look upon. Over miles of country, at every field, fence, in every gorge of a valley, or entry into a wood, there is murder committed—wholesale, continuous, reciprocal murder. The human form—God's image—is mutilated, deformed, increased in every possible way, and with every variety of torture. The wounded are jostled off in carts to the rear, their hard nerves crushed into maddening pain at every stone or rut; or the flight and pursuit trample over them, leave them to writhe and roar without assistance—and fever, and thirst, the most enduring of painful sensations, possess them entirely.

This, too, has seized upon the yet able bodied soldier, who, with bloodshot eyes and tongue falling out, plies his trade—blaspheming, killing with savage delight, ralloes when the brains of his best beloved comrade are spattered over him. The battle-field is, if possible, a more painful object of contemplation than the combatants. They are in their vocation, earning their bread—but what will men do for a shilling a day? But their work is carried on amid the fields, gardens, and homesteads of men unused to war. They left their homes, with all that habit and happy associations have made precious, to bear its brunt. The poor, the aged, the sick, are left in the hurry, to be killed by stray shots or bays down as the charge and counter charge go over them. The opening grain is trampled down, the garden is trodden into a black mud; the fruit trees, bending beneath their luscious load, are shattered by the cannon shot. Churches and private dwellings are used as fortresses and ruined in the conflict. Buses and stack yards catch fire and the conflagration spreads on all sides.

At night the steel is s-labed beside the altar, and the weary homieds of the day complete the woe of the day by making their lairs for slumber. The fires of the bivouac complete what the fires kindled by the battle have left unaccomplished. The surviving soldiers march on to act the same scenes over again elsewhere, the remnant of the scattered inhabitants return to find the mangled bodies of those they had loved amid the blackened ruins of their homes; to mourn with more agonizing grief over the missing, of whose fate they are uncertain; to feel themselves bankrupt of the world's stores, and look from their children to the desolate fields and groves, and think of famine and pestilence engendered by the rotting bodies of the half-buried myriads of slain. The soldier marches on and on, inflicting and suffering as before. War is a continuance of battle—an epidemic striding from place to place, more horrible than the typhus, pestilence, or cholera, which not unfrequently follows in its train. The siege

is an aggravation of the battle, peaceful inhabitants of the beleaguered towns are obliged up, and cannot fly the place of conflict. The women are injured, flouted by assaults and excited are aggravated; their wails are heard; then come the storm and the capture, and the riot and lawless excesses of the victor soldiery, striving to quench the drunkenness of blood in the drunkenness of wine.

The erratic movements of war—the marching and counter-marching—often repeat the slow and drearily recovering from the first. Between destruction and the wasteful consumption of the soldiery, poverty prevails the land. Hopeless of the future, hardened by the scenes of which he is a daily witness, perhaps goaded by revenge, the peasant becomes a plunderer and assassin. The horrible cruelties perpetrated by Spanish peasants on the French soldiers who fell into their power were the necessary consequences of war. The families of the upper classes are dispersed; the discipline of the family circle is removed, a habit of living in the day for the day—of drowning the thoughts of the morrow in transient and illicit pleasure—is engendered. The waste and desolation which a battle spreads over the battle field, is as nothing when compared with the moral, which war diffuses through all the ranks of society, in the country which is the scene of war.

London Spectator.

## A MORMON MIRACLE WORKER.

It is very common for Mormons, in working miracles, to practise in the following manner:

One goes out alone in the garb and appearance of a poor traveller; calls at the house of some country farmer at night, leaving some token by which those who are his confederates may detect his whereabouts. And on one or more follow-up on, and snipe near by, so that in the morning he may soon reach the abode of the first traveller, to which place he proceeds about breakfast time, coming there just as his predecessor needs him. The first traveller about day-break, makes a piteous noise, as of one in deep distress, alarming the inmates, and calling them around his bedside. For a while the sick man struggles with disease and apparently dies in a fit. Just at that moment the second traveller enters—announces himself a disciple of the Mormons, and declares it is in his power to raise the dead man to life, and putting all aside from the couch of death commences his necromancy, and soon succeeds in raising the dead to life.

A couple of these impostors went out on an excursion of this kind about two years or more since, and in the course of their travels called at a farmhouse near Genesee. The foreman called on the plain looking farmer, and represented himself as a traveller who was poor yet on a merciful errand. The farmer was an honest-hearted Methodist making less show than some, but no less intelligent Christian, or shrewd than the most men. The traveller joined in the family devotions, and talked of God and heaven as a Christian. No one suspected his hypocrisy.

About 4 o'clock in the morning, the family were awakened by groans proceeding from the lodging room of the stranger. The farmer went into the room and was quite shocked to find his guest suffering apparently in the most intense degree. Many remedies were applied but of no effect; the sufferer grew worse every hour, until about 7 o'clock, he appeared to show signs of death. Just at that moment a knocking was heard at the door, and another stranger entered on his being opened.

The family were much frightened, and consequently much gratified with the arrival of any person, although it should be a stranger. He was immediately informed of the case and introduced into the room, upon entering which he announced himself a Mormon priest, and assured the astonished family that he could raise the dying man to life even should he die—and indeed to convince them of his power, he hoped he would die, which was soon the fact to all appearance. The new comer then ordered all present to stand aside, and no touch the corpse of the bed, but to send for neighbors if they pleased, in order to give full proof of his wonderful work.

Just at that moment it crept into the head of the farmer that a trick was about being played upon them of a blasphemous character, and he quickly resolved to test the same. "Hold," said he, "at the moment, and do not miracle until I return."—He went out and took an axe from the wood-pile and came in, and without saying a word—walked up to the bedside, and addressed the man of miracles as follows:

"You think him really dead?"  
"O yes."  
"Well then, I will just cut off his head, to make it sure, for if you can raise him to life from death at all, you can do it as well with his head off as on!" and without saying a word, raised the axe as if he would strike, when lo! with a loud shriek, up jumped the dead man, crying, "Murder, murder," at the top of his voice!

Before the proper authorities could be reached the rascal prophet and the prophet hauled, put out and fled as from a de-vouring plague such to the amusement of the sensible man, who departed his impositions. Since which time no Mormon finds his way into that region to remain long. *Syracuse Freeman.*

## JUDGING FROM APPEARANCES.

A good story is told by a Yankee editor, in illustration of the folly of judging from appearances. A person dressed in a suit of home-spun clothes, stepped into a house in Boston on some business, where several ladies were assembled in an inner room. One of the company remarked (in a low tone, though sufficiently loud to be overheard by the stranger), that a countryman was in waiting, and agreed to make some tea. The following dialogue ensued:

"You're from the country, I suppose?"  
"Yes, I'm from the country."  
"Well, sir, what do you think of the city?"

"It's got a laral sight o' houses in it."  
"I expect there are a great many ladies where you come from?"

"Oh, yes, a wounded sight; just for all the world like them," pointing to the ladies.

"And you are quite a busy among them, no doubt?"

"Yes, I basu's 'em to meetin' and about."

"May be the gentleman will be a glass of wine," said one of the company.

"Thankes, don't care if I do."  
"But you must drink a toast."  
"I sets 'most, what aunt D-bby makes, but as to drinkin, I never see'd the like."

What was the surprise of the company to hear the stranger speak clearly as follows:

"Ladies and Gentlemen, permit me to wish you health and happiness, with every other blessing the earth can afford; and I advise you to bear in mind that we are often deceived by appearances. You mistook me, by my dress, for a country boy; I, from the same cause, thought these men were gentlemen; the deception is mutual—I wish you good evening."

**Call at the Cap'n's Office.**—On board of the steamer, a few days since, soon after leaving the wharf, the bell rang, and with it came the well known cry: "All what has't paid their fare please call at the Cap'n's office and set-it-lee." Shortly after the supper bell rang, and a passenger, not altogether satisfied with his fare, called out: "Waster-er-er, take this cup of coffee to the Cap'n's office and have it set-it-lee!"

## THE YANKEE AND THE ENGLISHMAN.

Since the whig tariff of 1842 the Manchester cotton weavers have been unable to keep the American market. They are almost as rabid against the whigs as their allies the democrats of the last Congress. A new print makes its appearance in Lyons, Paris, Manchester or London. Some Yankee buys a small piece and puts it on board of his sailing steamer, directed to his friend in Boston or Providence. The American weaver views it and says to his workmen, can you copy that!

The ingenious Yankee mechanic, without hesitation, replies, "Yes, sir, and rather a little better than that are, too." He goes to work, head, hand and heart. By the time the packet arrives in New York with a cargo of the brand new fashionable splendid French prints on board, the Long Island train of cars is at Brooklyn with a load of boxes filled with the same style of goods, same pattern, and better cloth and colors. This is American enterprise. The Boston and Providence manufacturer puts a better article in the same market the same day at the same price, and the Englishman keeps his goods. They quit the country, he perhaps gets his drawback and goes off cursing the whig tariff. As he leaves the shore with his calicoes under his arm, he is happy to hear some portion of American citizens who will join him in his anathemas against this abominable whig Congress who treat English manufacturers so shabbily.

## MR. CLAY ON ASSUMPTION.

From the New York American.  
The audacity and pertinacity with which Locofoco presses and speakers misrepresent and actually falsify Mr. Clay's public acts and principles would, but for the daily experience which we have of it, seem incredible.

In the admirable letter from Mr. Clay, which we published yesterday, and which we join the Tribune in saying should be put into every voter's hands, he put to rest directly the lying pretext that he is as much an annexationist as Mr. Polk, and, indirectly, the whole-cloth lie that he is in favor of the Assumption of State debts.

On this point he had previously written a letter to a gentleman in this city, which we subjoin, together with the extract to which he refers from his speech in the Senate, and thus nail to the counter this lie.

Article, August 20, 1854.

Mr. Hays Sir: I received your favour of the 20th instant. If you will be so good as to turn to my speech on the assumption bill, pages 482 and 483, Greely & McFarland's edition, you will find a long and decisive expression of my opinion against the assumption of the State debts. I have never expressed or mentioned any other opinion. The only relief which I have thought ought to be afforded to the States, in the payment of their debts, was that which would incidentally arise out of a distribution of the proceeds of the sales of the public lands among all the States. But this distribution has no necessary connection with the payment of State debts. It was proposed by me prior to the conclusion of most of them. It is proper to add, that, for the sake of the credit of our common country, I fervently desire to see every State honorably fulfilling all of its obligations.

I am, with great respect, your friend and obedient servant,  
H. CLAY.

## EXTRACT ABOVE REFERRED TO.

"And he let me say, that, looking to the patriotic objects of these State debts, and the circumstances under which they were contracted, I saw with astonishment and indignation a resolution was submitted to the Senate at the last session declaring that the General Government would not assume the payment of them. A more wicked, malignant, Danion-like proposition, was never offered to the consideration of any deliberative assembly. It was a negative proposition—not a negative of my affirmative resolution presented to the Senate; for no such affirmative resolution was ever offered by any one. When, where, by whom, was the extravagant idea ever entertained of an assumption of the State debts by the General Government? There was no solitary voice raised in favor of such a measure in this Senate. Would it not have been time enough to have denounced an assumption when it was seriously proposed?"

"Yet, at a moment when the States were generally embarrassed, when their credit was sinking, at this critical moment was a measure brought forward, unecessarily, wantonly, and gratuitously to create the subject of an elaborate report, and exciting a protracted debate, the inevitable fact of which must have been to create a bad-rug in the ability and good faith of the debtor States. Can it be doubted that a serious injury was inflicted upon the States by this unprecedented proceeding? Nothing is more delicate than credit or character. Their credit cannot fail to have suffered in the only place where capital could be obtained, and when at that very time some of the agents of the States were negotiating with foreign bankers. About that period one of the Senators of this body had in person gone abroad for the purpose of obtaining advances of money on Illinois stock."

"My friends and I made the most strenuous opposition to the resolution, but it was all unavailing, and a majority of the Senate adopted the report of the committee to whom the resolution had been referred. We urged the impolicy and injustice of the proceeding; that no man in his senses would ever propose the assumption of the State debts; that no such proposal had in fact been made; that the debts of the States were unequal in amount, contracted by States of unequal population; and that some States were not in debt at all. How, then, was it possible to think of a general assumption of State debts? Who could conceive of such a proposal? But there is a vast difference between our paying their debts for them, and paying our own debts to them, in conformity with the trusts arising out of the public domain, which the General Government is bound to execute."

## THE GAME OF THE POLK PARTY.

From the Richmond Whig.

The whole study of the busy spirit of the party is to suppress facts which militate against them, and to throw into circulation discolored statements and misrepresentations which operate sectionally. For the North they have one set of documents, for the South a totally different set. At the North the Abolitionists are ogled, chucked under the chin, and Clay pointed as a monster who breaks down, and saps upon the sound of the lash and groans of his tortured slaves! In the South he is furiously denounced as an abolitionist; but in a tract which announces it is not allowed to circulate at the North.

While this me is played on the subject of Abolition, the Abolitionists are wowed by scandalous charges against Mr. Clay of his cruelty and mistreatment of his slaves, and the Southern people sought to be duped by the representation that he is an abolitionist and conciliating the abolitionists, a game equally profligate and unprincipled is played on the subject of the Tariff. In Pennsylvania, Polk is held up as the tariff candidate on the strength of his letter to Kane—not simply as being friendly to the protection of home industry, but as an enthusiastic champion, so far more friendly than Mr. Clay, who is insinuated to be rather misinformed as to his own long cherished policy! At the