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RURAL ECONOMY.

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

ORGANIC AND INORGANIC MATTER.

The following, from the pen of that accomplished Agricultural writer, Levi Bartlett, will be read with pleasure and instruction:

Mr. Breck—Not long since, a very good and intelligent farmer remarked to me that he did not understand the terms, *organic* and *inorganic* matters, as applied in agriculture; he did not know how or where to apply the proper distinction that he supposed ought to, or did exist, in the two forms of matter. Perhaps, there may be some of your readers that are not familiar with the right application of terms. But Prof. Johnston has made it so plain "that a child might understand," and for the benefit of such (if there be any,) I will quote a few passages: "All the forms of matter which present themselves to our view, whether in the solid crust of the globe on which we live, in the air which forms the atmosphere by which we are surrounded, or in the bodies of animals and plants—all are capable of being divided into the two great groups of organic and inorganic matter. The solid rocks and soils, the atmosphere, the waters of the seas and oceans, everything which neither is nor has been the seat of life, may generally be included under the head of inorganic matter. The bodies of all living animals and plants, and their dead carcasses, consist of organic or organized matter. These generally exhibit a kind of structure visible to the eye, as in the pores of wood, and in the fibres of hemp, or of the lean of beef, and are thus readily distinguished from inorganic matter, in which no structure is observable.

But in many substances of organic origin, also, no structure is observable. Thus, sugar, starch, and gum, are formed in plants in great abundance, and yet do not present any pores or fibres; they have never been endowed with organs; yet, being produced by the agency of living organs, they are included under the general name of organic matter.

All your readers are aware that animals and plants in part, are composed of the four elementary bodies—carbon, oxygen, hydrogen and nitrogen. When a portion of animal or vegetable matter is burned, it entirely disappears, or leaves behind it only a small quantity of ash. All that escapes into the air while burning, was derived from the four simple substances, or elements above named, and are therefore termed the organic constituents of plants. These four elementary substances are, by the mysterious operation of chemical changes and combinations by the vital principle in the living animal or plant, susceptible of assuming all that endless variety of forms and qualities of organic matter that are found in the animal and vegetable world.

Sugar, starch, vegetable oils, and fat, when burned, disappear entirely, and by the process of burning, they are resolved into their original elements—carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen; these, and all similar substances, are derived from, and are wholly organic matter.

The dry bones of animals contain about two thirds their weight of earthy, inorganic matter; the other third consists chiefly of animal matter, resembling glue, and is called the organic matter of bones.

When wood is burned in the open air, the organic parts of it are dissipated in the atmosphere, and a quantity of ashes is left, consisting of siliceous, potash, lime, magnesia, oxide of iron, &c. These are the inorganic constituents of plants, and are derived wholly from the soil.

If you think the above attempt in illustrating the difference between organic and inorganic matter, will in any way be useful, it is at your service.

N. E. Farmer.

COTTON AT THE SOUTH.

The editor of the Georgia Journal gives the following advice to the planters of the south.

"If you owe money, the best and wisest course for you to pursue will be to sell property and pay, rather than to plant largely in cotton expecting to realize therefrom enough to pay your debts. 'Cotton is down,' and will stay down, so long as there is so great a superabundance of it made, as there has been for three years past. The European markets are crowded with it. Spinners have, some of them, more than a year's supply already purchased, and many of them are provided for, for a length of time far beyond their provision at any former period. With these facts before you, will you not resolve to plant less, plant less? Have you not in your neighborhood a fine stream affording water power for a Mill or a Manufactory? If you have, make an effort to

build, either a mill to grind corn and wheat, or construct a manufactory, and set the spindle in motion. If not this, plant more wheat—flour will command money as well as cotton. Plant more corn and raise hogs—improve your stock of all kinds—manure your lands, and thus raise the value of them. In short, do any thing that affords the least chance for profit, but plant less cotton!"

MADDER.

There seems to be a general and simultaneous movement (says the Wilmington Chronicle), making throughout the Southern States to remedy the excessive production of the great staple of the country. We cut the following from the New-Orleans Bulletin, one of the ablest papers of the South:

"It is very evident from the present condition and prospects of the cotton market, that the planters of the Southwest must turn their attention, in some degree, to other articles of culture than that single staple. Among the commodities which have been mentioned as likely to flourish in this climate, is that of Madder, which will certainly remunerate the planter, if it can be successfully cultivated. It has not been grown in the United States to any considerable extent until within five or six years. Within that time a number of agriculturalists in Western New York and in Ohio and other of the Western states, have introduced it with good success in their fields. It is believed that in a milder climate it can be grown to even more advantage."

Translated from the German of Zschokke.

MARBLE AND CONRAD. MEND THE HOLE IN YOUR SLEEVE.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER VII.

The Superintendent Magistrate.

A few weeks afterwards Mr. Smith entered Conrad's room with a face beaming with joy, holding in his hand a newspaper.

"Friend!" he exclaimed, "you must follow me to Lord Wallerth. He is in want of a manager on his estates. He is owner of a whole village. He needs a man like yourself. He is my especial friend. Here is an advertisement in the journal. Seven hundred dollars, free board, light, and most probably many rich perquisites besides. What more do you want? Does it meet your approbation?"

Conrad shrugged his shoulders. "No objection. Follow me, then, doctor!" continued Mr. Smith. "Allow me to become the representative of father Marble. There is a situation for you!"

Conrad and Mr. Smith departed in a carriage to pay Lord Wallerth a visit.

Lord Wallerth, an elderly man, very courteous and good natured, said to Conrad—

"Although I have not the honor of your acquaintance, it is sufficient that my friend Mr. Smith has recommended you to me. You and none other shall have the situation. But I must yet acquaint you with various little matters. I must go to Paris on business of the court, and shall probably be absent for several years. Into your hands I place my estates, the superintendency of Alteck. You are not only to perform the duties of the magistrate, but you are also to represent my own person. My steward is subject to your command. I wish you to bring my neglected estates into some kind of order again—and what I have most at heart, humanize the peasantry, for they are wretched beings, rude, poor, and ignorant. The manor has only a year since come into possession; and as yet I have not been able to pay much attention to it. Every thing is in decay. I leave it to yourself to employ and send away whom you please. You must exercise all my rights. The revenue and accounts you will send every year to my friend Mr. Smith, by him to be forwarded to me."

Conrad made excuses by saying he was too little acquainted with agricultural economy, but his modesty availed him nothing. But the old gentleman importuned him with kindness. Lord Wallerth thinking Conrad considered the amount offered for conducting so extensive a business too small, offered to raise the salary, and at last nearly doubled the sum of seven hundred dollars first mentioned. Conrad was amazed and glad at the same time. "But," he said, "how have I deserved this unaccountable confidence?"

Lord Wallerth pointed towards Mr. Smith, and said the heart of this gentleman and mine are one.

The contract was properly made out in writing. Afterwards Lord Wallerth put in a clause, to which he seemed to attach great weight.

"All," he said, "are subject to your commands, with the exception of one person whom I greatly esteem, and to whose deceased husband I was bound by many obligations, although she scarcely knows me. She is the widow of a preacher by the name of Walter. She has her rooms, board and servants in my own house for life. You will therefore live with her under the same roof. She is a most excellent woman. I hope and wish that you may keep in good harmony with her."

Conrad could not make any objections

at all against that clause, and was only happy to find immediately a woman who would take the little cares of house-keeping off his hands.

In the same week Lord Wallerth set out with Conrad for Alteck, installed him with all proper form in his office, and left him with Mrs. Walter.

CHAPTER VIII.

Company.

The manor-house, as it was called, was pleasantly situated, in the midst of gardens, upon a hill above the village, and was supplied with stables, barns and a large square court-yard. Order reigned everywhere, and such cleanliness in the manor house. Every thing bore an inviting aspect. The best rooms had been fitted up in a simple yet tasteful manner for the Ballis-justice. Nothing was wanting. Even a small library and a piano were there. Mrs. Walter had put the house, garden and cellar in the most beautiful and the best order.

Mrs. Walter, a lively yet sombre woman of about forty-five, displayed much cultivation of mind and good manners. The paleness of her face, the silent dignified expression of her eye, which only became serene when she was engaged in conversation, bespoke her having experienced many hours of sadness. No one felt himself a stranger in her presence. On the first day of her acquaintance, Conrad felt as though he had known her for years—for she showed him the surrounding country, made him acquainted with the domestic, and initiated him in every thing within her management.

"With that woman a person can live!" thought Conrad, after the lapse of a few days; for he had begun to feel at home in Alteck; for he revered Mrs. Walter, and she had become necessary to him. He was happy when in the morning and evening the meals called him from his business, for except at those times they saw each other seldom. Then she and the steward, a good tempered, but ceremonious man, were his company.

Conrad was so satisfied with his condition, that he wrote a letter to the banker, expressing his heartfelt gratitude.

"Never, while I live," he wrote, "do I cherish a more agreeable prospect than to be placed in a situation where I can do much good; and it shall be done, as soon as I am acquainted with my sphere of action. Here the people have become as wild as the land, a part of which must be cleared and cultivated. I hope to be able to win Lord Wallerth's entire satisfaction."

Matters, however, were destined to undergo a change, and peace was not permitted to dwell long in Conrad's breast. Mrs. Walter had informed him of her having a daughter, whose return home from a visit to a neighboring town, she expected daily; and Conrad thought, "if the daughter is like the mother, she will not mar my comfort at Alteck."

He returned one evening from the forest, where some surveyors had been employed by him. He met a carriage on the way that was occupied by two ladies. They seemed to have come from the manor, and were apparently returning to town. When he entered the dining-room, he saw a young lady of about seventeen, of fine physiognomy. Conrad bowed very respectfully. The stranger blushed slightly, and returned the salutation. Mrs. Walter introduced him to her daughter Josephine.

Conrad forgot surveys and forests, although he had to give the steward many directions regarding them; he even forgot to say something agreeable to the new inmate, while she addressed him with all female tact and sweetness. At table, where he formerly had been so talkative and open, he was reserved, and only spoke in monosyllables.

When Conrad was alone, the form of the new inmate appeared to him in every corner of the room. He shook his head and thought—"With that girl a person cannot live! Why was the clause silent about her!" And when he had thrown himself into his bed, and closed his eyes, the vision would float before his imagination, a still lighter and still more beautiful being.

Next morning, his first thought was of Josephine, not of the surveyors. But how could it be otherwise, for he heard Josephine's voice accompanying the harp? He shook his head and thought—"a person cannot live with that girl!" He walked into the field without taking his breakfast.

CHAPTER IX.

The Preacher and his Congregation.

We become at last familiar with the most disgusting object, why should we not also get used to those which are beautiful? Conrad, however, could not be at ease with Josephine, even after they had lived in the same house for weeks. It was very singular that on no day did she appear as she had done on the preceding one, but seemed every day a different being. He was friendly and intimate with all in the house, and each person was so with him. But with Josephine, he could

not be so. Notwithstanding her vivacity—and she was seldom sedate—she was always as great a stranger to him as she had been on the evening when he first saw her. He loved to converse with her; she was intelligent and easy in her manner, without being pedantic or affected. But when he spoke with her, it seemed as if an impenetrable gulf was fixed between them. She was familiar with every one whom she treated in the same friendly manner, and all loved her; but to him she paid no more attention than common courtesy required.

"I shall have a tedious time of it here," thought Conrad; "I wish Alteck was behind Kaaschaka and I had never come into it." But that Josephine might not have come to Alteck, he did not wish and he would have taken any gift as a compensation for her going away again.

Much as he feared the future, he never experienced it. The manor, with all its estates, was surveyed; the agricultural economy, with all its defects, was taken into consideration; a new school-house was erected and a new teacher appointed. Willingly would Conrad also have changed the minister, but that he could not do; and yet he had aspired to improve the moral condition of the peasants. When the superintendent spoke to him about improving the school system, or about the brutality and ignorance of the people, he assented with a smile, and supported Conrad's opinion with many examples from experience. But on the following Sunday he would thunder against sectarians, who would destroy religion with worldly improvements.

The peasants of Alteck bore a great similarity to their minister. Their religion consisted more in fear of the devil than in love to God; for they had from time immemorial been used to serve taskmasters, and when one showed them too much leniency and kindness, they laughed at him. In their household and agricultural affairs they acted like their forefathers, who as they said, had been no blockheads. Poverty reigned every where. Their houses were full of filth, and they lived with their lean cows and ragged children, on potatoes and water.

Towards strangers they were uncouth and deceitful—towards their "parson" they were hypocritical—towards the inhabitants of the manor house they were as if they were in the devil's den. They were other they were hateful, envious, backbiting, proud and rude—such was their manner of life!

CHAPTER X.

A Hole in the Sleeve.

Conrad soon knew how to strike the proper string of these people. After having imprisoned about a dozen of them on account of some offence, and after having had another dozen of them whipped, they considered him an extremely sensible man.

When at last they began to confide in his sense, it became an easy matter for him to work much good. He wished to establish order and decency among the people, for most of them walked about like beggars, with their clothes torn. Then he remembered how he had been educated by the venerable father, and his tale about the man with the snow-white wig and the hole in the sleeve!

Except one sempstress, no woman in the whole village knew how to use a needle skillfully. What the mothers did not understand, the daughters understood yet less. If a new gown had the first hole in the sleeve, it became, without any difficulty, larger, and larger, until at last it was past mending. Thus the garment became old before its time. The mended hole in the sleeve was the cause of much uncleanness in their domestic lives; this uncleanness was followed by its usual consequences—sickness in every shape. We are more ready to excuse in ourselves, when wearing a ragged garment, indecencies of every kind, low behavior, depraved conduct. The hole in the sleeve is the cause of a thousand offences, of a thousand disgusting words and actions, and leads to vices not to be banished from a village by any pulpit oratory. As in the higher ranks of life the females soften the rough manners and dispositions of the men, so must also in villages the enlightenment proceed from woman, for it can have no other source.

Thus thought Conrad. The first thing he did, was to establish a sewing school for grown girls. But envy of trade made the sempstress refuse to instruct others in the art. The minister's wife complained of want of time, which prohibited her from devoting herself to the instruction of the daughters in the village, notwithstanding the high praises the parson lavished on the notion of the superintendent. On the next Sunday the peasants heard again a most edifying sermon against sectarians, and people of that sort, who wish to introduce sewing-schools.

CHAPTER XI.

The School.

While conversing at the table, Conrad introduced the object of his heart to his familiar companions. Josephine listened, as she always did when he spoke, most attentively, and gave the most lively approval. She asked permission to be her-

self the instructress. Mrs. Walter had expressed as much.

"Sewing alone is not sufficient," said Mrs. Walter. "The women in our village do not understand how to plant in their gardens nor to cook in their kitchens. Suppose we dismiss our cooks and other servants, and instead of them take alternately the village girls. I will be their instructress in the kitchen as well as in the garden. The art is simple, and soon learned. Small rewards, a new bonnet, will incite them to ambition and rivalry, and will be productive of taste in dress, and of a little emulation. Were it not for the vanity of women, men would sink down to the level of brutes. Love for the beautiful is the first germ of man's greatness, which also unfolds itself in the passage, and makes him more human. To be economical is good, but not every thing. The best must be considered, and the best of man is easiest changed by the beauty of woman."

Mrs. Walter spoke on various subjects with her usual vivacity. Conrad at times threw a timid side glance towards Josephine. Had she looked at him, she might have read in his countenance how true her mother was speaking. But Josephine was too flurried to pay any attention to her mother's fine discourse, and was teasing the steward. She never would leave Conrad. It almost seemed that she liked the steward best. When taking a walk, she would always hang to his arm. It generally fell to Conrad's lot to accompany the mother.

The school for learning to sew, and the business of gardening, forthwith were organized. The teachers were industrious, and when the village girls heard of red ribbons, straw hats, and new aprons, they all strove to become proficient in the art of housekeeping. The minister vented his spleen, the girls sewed, the boys learned, and thus every thing proceeded in regular order.

But every thing was not seemly with Conrad. While the peasants were mending the holes in their sleeves, he himself had so large a one, that he could not mend it by any means.

He was aware that Josephine's presence caused his uneasiness. He examined himself, and endeavored to find some means by which this unpleasant condition might be meliorated. When sometimes he was in a cheerful mood, and felt inclined to jest with her, she would come serious, and look at him with surprise. Was he serious, she could be extravagantly merry. If he succeeded in making her his companion when walking, she spoke in monosyllables; but with all others—and they often had visitors from the neighborhood whose visits they frequently returned—she was talkative.

CHAPTER XII.

Clouds.

Josephine's aversion was thus made manifest in all trifling and important matters. Conrad's love increased, and with his love his struggle against a hopeless passion. He assumed a greater air of indifference the less he felt in. The air we assume, he thought became second nature. The young man shunned Josephine's society so far as was in his power. He became a stranger in company. Since books had more attraction for him, he doubled his undertakings in improving the estates, conducted a few lawsuits in behalf of Lord Wallerth, which kept him often away from Alteck, and did every thing in his power to bring himself to an equilibrium, but he was only half successful.

It seemed as if Josephine scarcely took any notice of his absence. In her behavior there was no difference. She was, as she had been before, friendly and yet estranged. She and her mother contemplated, when spring announced itself, to take a journey to the distant capital. Josephine spoke of it enthusiastically, Conrad approvingly. Mrs. Walter received a letter. They prepared for the journey on the same night, and took leave of Alteck on the next morning.

"And is it so easy for you, dear Josephine, to leave our silent Alteck?" asked Conrad.

"I can find an Alteck every where," she answered with a smile.

"I believe you. You will scarcely think it worth your while to think of those you leave behind," replied Conrad.

"You are not serious when you say so. I feel indeed, sorry for my flowers and girl's schools—but what are four weeks! I have promised to bring for my pupils—I who, meanwhile, will certainly be most industrious of all others—some beautiful presents."

"And what will you bring for me?" asked Conrad, taking her hand in his, and looking into her eyes with a steady gaze.

She smiled. "For you! why, Mr. Eck, if you take good care of my flowers, I will bring you a new watering pot!" and as she said so she skipped merrily away. Conrad stood annihilated.

"Now she has acknowledged that she loves you not!"

He bade farewell to Mrs. Walter, but not to Josephine. He walked into the field, and did not even see them depart. All the fragrance of nature and the beauty of spring were brushed away. Every object laid spiritless and meaningless before him. A tree was a flourishing piece of wood; the nightingale a singing bird; the lake, with its surrounding bushes at the foot of the western hill, a great earthy vase full of water. He was annoyed with a world in which nothing was new, nothing fresh, a world that looked like an old garment. Even the poets were no longer able to lend wings to his imagination, greatly as at times he desired it—and the singers of nature he found somewhat irksome, and the singers of love somewhat foolish.

"Alas! thou art thyself the cause of all this trouble," he would sometimes exclaim—"Conrad, Conrad, thou hast an enormous hole in thy sleeve!"

Four weeks passed, as if they had been so many years. Josephine and her mother returned. He had determined to receive them with coolness, and a kind of tranquility had actually again returned to his heart. But the provoking girl!—As if to defy him, she was more beautiful than ever. Her joy at being in Alteck, was evident. She threw a glance toward Conrad, out of which her soul laughed. She gave him hastily her hand, then—at that moment the old steward came out of the house, and walked towards the carriage—she fell with outstretched arms around the neck of the stiff old gentleman.

Conrad was afraid to look at this. Something vexatious ran over his heart. She loves him, then! he thought, and as soon as it was compatible with decency, he walked into the field and whistled away his thoughts.

Peace deserted the house. The harp and piano became dumb. Conrad spoke but seldom to Josephine; and his answers to her were more in monosyllables than hers to him. When he came, her hilarity vanished; when he walked away, she looked silently and timidly after him.

CHAPTER XIII.

News of Mr. Marble.

One morning, when the family were at breakfast, a messenger, sent expressly by the banker Smith, entered the room. He brought letters. Conrad read them, and became pale as death. The others kept modestly silent, but his change of color did not escape their observation. He gave his direction to his messenger; went to his room and locked himself up. He also did not come to the table at dinner time. Mrs. Walter carried him his dinner to his room.

ing herself an inquisitive question; but her countenance bespoke that she pitied him.

He understood that language. He took the estimable woman by the hand, and said—"To-morrow, at break of day, I go hence. You will have another superintendent in Alteck. Accept my thanks for your friendship. To-night, I may perhaps tell you more."

"How!" exclaimed Mrs. Walter, with amazement. "You leave us! But surely not forever!"

"Very probably," replied Conrad. She said—"Why? Can Lord Wallerth—"

"To-night, you shall hear more"—answered Conrad.

Mrs. Walter left him silently and wept. Conrad continued his work—his resolution was taken. For the time, and by authority of Lord Wallerth, he had appointed for his successor a young jurist, from the neighboring town, with whom he was personally acquainted. He had given to him, and likewise to the steward, written instructions relative to the business transactions; and then at sunset he began packing his most necessary articles; for he contemplated nothing less than making a tour to the East Indies.

Mr. Smith had sent him a letter from Mr. Marble, which that gentleman had written from Calcutta in Bengal. Mr. Marble stated in this letter, that he had been cheated out of the whole of his property, to which he had the most just claims, and that he was living in the most wretched condition, neither having the means of seeing a lawyer to conduct his suit, nor having sufficient left him to live in decency. He should like to return to Europe, but had not the money to defray the expenses of the voyage; he would like to work, but he was old and weak, and unacquainted with the English language. He therefore requested Mr. Smith to make inquiries about the young Conrad Eck, whom he once had educated; to inform him of his destitute situation, and that all his hopes rested on him. Mr. Smith should write to him, and ask him if he were willing to undertake the journey, and come to Mr. Marble, prosecute the suit, and prolong the old man's days, by his manual or intellectual labour. Mr. Marble requested Mr. Smith, if Conrad could make up his mind to do this, that he would have the kindness to furnish him with the necessary money to defray the expenses of the journey, in case Conrad should have used the hundred louis' ore, which had been settled upon him for establishing himself in business.

"If Conrad"—so ended the letter—"cannot come and assist or support me, or should you not be able to find out his place of abode, or should he perhaps be dead, I request of you, my friend, to pity my destitute situation, and send me some money for old acquaintance' sake. I need