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Berkshire Hog.

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

From the Southern Cultivator.

**BERKSHIRE HOGS.**

Mr. Editor:—I have just received your "Southern Cultivator," volume third and third number, and have been a little amused at a communication which it contains from "Clodhopper," of Houston county. Together with a good many other things, he says: "I want to know the breed of hogs that will give the most good meat for the food consumed; how to feed, and what to feed with, to produce flesh and waste fat. But spare, oh, spare the Berkshire; they have brought me to bay park." Sir, the above lamentation reminds me very much of a gentleman of my acquaintance who called to see me sometime during the last year. In the course of conversation, the breed of hogs was brought up, and, like "Clodhopper," he concluded that the Berkshires—*I took him into my back yard* and showed him a pig I had, which is three-fourths Berkshire. He admitted it to be a fine pig of its age, but was fearful it would never be large enough. We continued our walk, and came upon a Berkshire sow and her pig. The sow I suppose would weigh four hundred and fifty, and the pig three hundred and fifty. Well, sir, said I, will they do? O yes, they are fine—*they are large enough.* We still pursued our walk until we came up to a sow, half Berkshire, the balance improved stock, that I supposed would weigh her five hundred pounds at any time when fully fat? My friend was much delighted with her. The hogs were there, and showed for themselves. His theory was put to flight by my demonstration; he could say no more, but turned off and said, "Ah, you feed your hogs!" Now, sir, if "Clodhopper" thinks that he can dispense with the use of corn, or a good substitute for it, because he changed his breed, he will find him self always a park boy.

And here permit me to say, that there are many hogs in the country that have been put on the people for Berkshire, that have but little, if any, of the stock about them. Some years ago I received as a present, a pair of pigs from a gentleman of my acquaintance, of Montgomery county, Alabama. My hogs were much improved by the cross, and consequently were considered the best in the neighborhood. Mind, I do not say the largest, but best; I mean by this that they were considered of fair size, and would yield the most flesh to the size of the bone and quantity of food consumed. I have since crossed them with the Berkshire. My neighbors think my stock still better; but, recollect, I feed them. I have the full blood Berkshire, and prefer them to the cross upon common stock. I never anticipated so great an advantage as many others expected.

I expected to get a hog of small bone, a good deal of flesh in proportion when fed; one that would be easily fattened, and that could be fattened also at any age; and, sir, I have not been disappointed. Now, sir, if "Clodhopper" is disposed to feed, and wishes to change his stock by a cross, I will venture to advise him to call on Col. David Bryan, near Blueville in this county, and obtain from him a pair of Kennelworth pigs. They are large plenty large; will weigh, when fully grown, from five to seven hundred pounds, (but mind, he feeds them.) They are generally perfectly white, very fleshy, and none too much bone, and can be fattened at any age. All things considered, I prefer them to any hogs I know of. If I have any objection, it is that they may be too large for our climate—small hogs being the easiest to raise. But then you know that difficulty could be obviated by killing them while young.

While upon this subject, I have no doubt of "Clodhopper's" getting we paid for his trouble and expense, by feeding his hogs on meal instead of corn when they are put up to fatten. This I have tried to my satisfaction, and I am fully persuaded that at least 33 per cent. may be made by adopting the plan of putting up hogs on a floured meal and feeding on meal, instead of letting them run out in a lot and feeding on corn. Gentlemen of the North say: Cook your food and you can save 33 per cent. by that. Of this, however, I am not prepared to say, not having tried it to my satisfaction, but my intention is to let the matter fall by using pigs of the same breed; yes, even Berkshires if you please, and should I live to do so, you shall know the result.

I have tried a cross of the Durham cattle on common stock, and find a decided improvement in the milking qualities—the mixed stock yielding more than double the quantity of milk that the common stock does, with precisely the same

treatment. This imbolders me to push my experiment even a-far as the full blood, but as this is yet to be done, I can say nothing of the result.

**ONE OF THE BUCKETS.**

Talbot county, March 12, 1846.  
**BORING IRON.**—A machine has been exhibiting for some time in Chicago, Illinois, for boring iron and steel. It is a very simple affair, occupying but a little space, is turned by a crank, requiring about the same amount of force as to turn a grindstone, and will bore into an iron bar as fast as the same work is done in wood with a common auger bit. The force for propelling the bit is obtained by four sets of double coil springs. The cost of the machine is from \$5 to \$10.  
*Prairie Farmer.*

**From the American Agriculturist.**  
**GUANO.**  
**Insoluble Supply of Guano.**

Many of our farmers have been deterred from making use of guano, from an apprehension that the supply might fail, and that so powerful a stimulus would injure the soil, unless the same substance could be annually applied. Erroneous as this notion is, it will perhaps be more or less entertained until repeated experiments shall have shown in this country, as in others, that its tendency is permanently invigorating.

The fear that there will not be an ample supply on the coast of Peru alone, for the wants of Europe and the United States, will cease with those who can give credit to an official report made to the Peruvian Government in 1842, and published at Lima, under the authority of the Treasury department (*Ministerio de Hacienda*). This report gives the result of a survey made by order of the Peruvian government, of the three islets in the South, in latitude about 14 deg. South, called the Chincha, where is found one of the many deposits of guano, which abound on the coast of Peru and Bolivia, to an extent of 800 miles. The surveyor, after some remarks upon the origin and nature of guano, states that, from admeasurement, he found the superficial extent of the deposits on these three islets to be 1,554,406 square varas—the vara is computed at 33 1/3 inches English; and the depth to vary according to the irregular surface of the rock upon which it is based; but making liberally estimated, the total quantity of guano then raised above the bed of the general mass, he calculates an average depth of 20 varas, which give the sum total of 93,264,360 cubic varas. He reports also, "The cubic vara of guano as found on these deposits weighs more than half a ton; but taking no account of the crevices, we have here 46,632,180 tons—which if extracted at the rate of 50,000 tons per annum, would last more than 900 years; and valued at \$50 per ton, amounts to \$2,331,609,000, a sum such as no mind has as yet produced."

Making every reasonable allowance for errors of survey, and over estimate of depth, I think here is abundant evidence that Peru, from these islets alone, can supply the world with guano for many generations. *EDWIN BARETLET*.  
New York, May 12, 1845.

**MANURE MAKING.**

There is one means of gaining manure on every farm which is too commonly overlooked, or not availed of; we mean from the wash and waste liquors of the house. Cart a load of loam near the outlet of your sink, and carry the spout on to it; shovel over the heap occasionally, and in six or eight weeks the mass will be enriched, and a fresh lot may be brought to undergo the same process. Thus, in the course of the year several loads of manure may be made at a trifling cost, and of a quality hardly inferior to that from the barn-yard. This hint is worth something.  
*N. E. Farmer.*

**ANTIDOTE FOR THE BITE OF A RATTLESNAKE.**—An intelligent lady from Tioga county, Pa., informs us that the settlers in that section of the country care little for the bite of a rattlesnake. She states that a piece of common indigo made into a paste with spirits of camphor, and applied to the wound, will prevent any serious consequences occurring, and in fact at once neutralize the poison.  
*Phil. Chronicle.*

**SAY NO.**—Multitudes of young men are ruined by not having decision enough to say no. They meet with companions who invite them to step into an oyster saloon, a bowling alley, or a bar-room; they are perfectly aware that they would not like to have their parents see them go into these places; they are aware that those who entertain are yet below themselves; and in moral character—but they have not firmness to say no. When they allow themselves to be led astray once they will again—and then they must return the compliment. This is the beginning of that course which leads to drinking, to tavern suppers, to the theatre—and then the ruin, the utter ruin of the young man is almost inevitable.  
*Rev. J. Todd.*

**From the London Phoenix.**  
**Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures.**  
**LECTURE VI.**

Mr. Caudle has been called from his bed to bail Mr. Priggman from the Watch House.  
"Priggman, Caudle—I know it would come to this. I had it when you joined those precious Sky-larks. People neong called out of their bed at all hours of the night, to bail a set of fellows who are never so happy as when they're leading sober men to destruction. I should like to know what the next base will think of you, with people from the police knocking at the door at two in the morning. Don't tell me that the man has been ill-used—*he*. Not the man to be ill-used. And you must go and bail him. I know the end of that—*he'll* run away, and you'll have to pay the money. I should like to know what's the use of my working and slaving to save a fanning, when you throw away pounds upon your precious Sky-lark. A pretty cold you'll have to-morrow morning, being called out of your warm bed this winter; but don't you think I'll nurse you—and I'll not a drop of greed do you get from me."

"I'm sure you've plenty of ways of spending your money—not showing it away upon a set of dissolute peace-breakers. It's all very well for you to say you haven't brown away your money, but you will. He'll be certain to run off, and you'll likely be fixed upon his trail, and you'll have a fine trial in the matter, because I know there is; it's for something more than quizzing with the policeman that he was looked up. People ain't looked up for that. No—*it's* for robbery or something worse, perhaps."

"And as you've bailed him, people will think you are as bad as he is. Don't tell me you couldn't help bailing him; you should have shown yourself a respectable man, and have let him be sent to prison."  
"Now people know you're the friend of drunks and other disorderly persons; you'll never have a right's step in your bed. Not that it would matter what fell upon you if it wasn't your poor wife who suffered. Of course all the business will be in the newspapers, and your name will be in the Old Bailey. A pretty thing that, to go down to your children. I'm sure it will be enough to make them change their all very well for you to say, go to sleep, sister such a disturbance. I shall not do."

"But here," says Mr. Caudle's MS, "happily, he slumbers off; for Mrs. Caudle had, once during the theme she had to talk upon, a remarkably short lecture."  
**LECTURE VII.**  
**Mrs. Caudle has been made a Mason—Mrs. Caudle indignant and curious.**

"Now Mr. Caudle—M. Caudle, I say; not you can't be asleep already. I know now, what I mean to say is this; there's no use, none at all, in our having any disturbance about the matter; but, at last my mind's made up, Mr. Caudle; I shall save you. Either I know all you've been doing to-night, or to-morrow morning I quit the house. No, no; there's an end of the marriage state, I think—an end of all confidence between man and wife—*if* a husband's to have secrets and keep 'em all to himself. Pretty secrets they must be, when his own wife can't know 'em. Not fit for any decent person to know. I'm sure, if that's the case. Now, Caudle, don't let us quarrel; there's a good soul, tell me what's it all about? A pack of nonsense, I dare say; it'll not be that I care much about; still, I should like to know. There's a dear. Eh! Oh, don't tell me there's no-thing in it; I know better. I'm not a fool. Mr. Caudle; just tell me the whole bit of it. I'm sure I'd tell you anything. You know I would. Well."

"Caudle, you're enough to vex a saint! Now, don't you think you're going to sleep; because you're not. You do suppose I'd ever suffered you to do to go and be made a Mason, if I did not suppose I was to know the secret, too? Not that it's anything to know, I dare say; and that's why I'm determined to know it."

"But I know what it is; oh yes, there can be no doubt. The secret is, to ill-use poor women; to tyrannise over 'em; to make 'em your slaves, especially your wives. It must be something of the sort, or you wouldn't be ashamed to have it known. What's right and proper never need be done in secret. It's an insult to a woman for a man to be a free mason, and not let his wife know nothing of it. But poor soul she's sure to know it some-how; for nice husbands they all make. Yes, ye-*is* part of her secret is to think better of all the world than their own wives and families. I'm sure men have quite enough to care for—that is if they are properly—*to* care for them they have at home. They can't have much care to spare for the world beside."

"I'd put an end to Free Masonry, and all such wampers, I know."

"Now, come, Caudle; don't be a quarrel. Eh! You're not in pain, don't! What's it all about? What are you lying laughing there at? But I'm a fool to trouble my head about you."  
"And you're not going to let me know the secret, eh? You mean to say, you're not! Now, Caudle, you know it's a hard matter to put me in a passion—not that I care about the secret itself; no, I wouldn't give a button to know it, for its all nonsense I'm sure. It isn't the secret I care about; it's the slight, Mr. Caudle; it's the studied insult that a man says to his wife, when he thinks of going through the world keeping something to himself which he won't let her know. Man and wife one, indeed! I should like to know how that can be when a man's a mason—when he keeps a secret that sets him and his wife apart! He, you men make the laws, and so you take good care to have all the best of 'em to yourselves; otherwise a woman ought to be allowed a divorce when a man becomes a mason. When he's got a sort of corner cupboard in his heart—a secret place in his mind—that his poor wife is not allowed to rummage!"

"Caudle, you shan't close your eyes for a week—no, you shan't—unless you tell me some of it. Come, there's a good creature; there's a love, I'm sure, Caudle, I wouldn't refuse you any thing—and you know it, or ought to know it by this time. I only wish I had a secret!—*To* whom should I think of confiding it, but to my dear husband? I should be miserable to keep it to myself, and you know it. Now, Caudle!"

"Was there ever such a man! A man, indeed! A brute! Yes, Mr. Caudle, an unfeeling, brutal creature, when you might oblige me, and you won't. I'm sure I don't object to your being a mason; not at all; Caudle, I dare say it's a very good thing; I dare say it is—*it's* only you making a secret of it that vexes me. But you'll tell me—you'll tell your own Maugre! You won't! You're a wretch, Mr. Caudle."  
"But I know why; oh, yes, I can tell the fact is, you're ashamed to let me know what a fool they've been making of you. That's it. You, at your time of life—the father of a family. I should be ashamed of myself, Caudle."  
"And I suppose you'll be going to what I call, indeed! Pretty place it must be, where they don't admit women. Nice gangs on, I dare say. Then you call our another brethren. Brethren! I'm sure you'd relationship enough, you didn't want any more."

"But I know what all this masonry's about. It's only an excuse to get away from your wives and families, that's all you may feast and drink together, that's all! That's the secret. And to abuse women—*as* if they were inferior animals, and not to be trusted. That's the secret; and a fine else."

"Now, Caudle, don't let us quarrel. Yes, I know you're in pain. Still, Caudle, my love; Caudle! Dearest, I say; Caudle! Caudle!"

"I recollect nothing more," says Caudle, "for here, thank Providence! I fell asleep."

**From the Bristol Phoenix.**  
**MARRIAGE AND MONEY.**

"Come—come," cried Mr. Lovecash, a wealthy miserly man; but the other doing father of Alonzo Lewis Lovecash, I care by the polish of your boots, and the particular fix of your deuce, that you think of riding over to Mr. Philbrick's to-night—*coasting*, I suppose, if I must speak out. Zounds, man! what upon earth can make you persist in running after that portentious girl Aziza? I have told you a thousand times that her father is as poor as a church mouse—not worth a thousand in the world—all, because I'll her pretty figure and face. There is Lydia Sewer and Julia Twiss, and Deacon Dotham's Nancy, all good girls;—*a*—there's plenty of money, and what more can you want? The horses I shall want rarely, so you cannot have them to ride five miles to night to Philbrick's. No, I nor never shall go in if I can prevent it."

"Father, replied Alonzo Lewis, I have once told you candidly that I loved Miss Aziza Philbrick. Not for her pretty face—*as* you insinuate; but for those high and amiable qualities which only can render me happy in domestic life. She is modest, sensible and industrious, and even yourself must acknowledge that she has a highly cultivated mind, and an amiable disposition; and this marrying for money is a poor business, and those who practice it seldom find enjoyment with it."

"Pshaw! what of all that mortifying! The girl is poor and that is an off set to all her fine qualities. Lydia Sewer, and Julia Twiss, it is true, at present have some goodly habits, but there's Deacon Dotham's Nancy, a teacher girl never tread shoe leather; always at home, always at work, always at Church on Sundays; not to be gaged at for her beauty, for she invariably wears a veil over her face, and—*I* would wear a veil over my visage, too," cried Alonzo, "if I thought it as shocking as I do here. A low forehead, pug nose, like a woodchuck, pig's eyes, no manners, and

a look of so much envy, all will, selfishness, ignorance and meanness; besides being clatteringly with all her wealth—*no*!—*Stop*, stop, young man. I thought that you considered yourself too much a gentleman to speak so lightly of a lady. A fiddlerstick on your love, and admiration of Aziza Philbrick. These things count nothing when a man once gets married; but a hundred cents always counts for a dollar. Love can never put you into a good mercantile business—*furnish* a house in style, introduce you into fashionable society—*slay* hunger or thirst, or replenish a wardrobe. But Deacon Dotham's cash can do all this. But hear me, sir—*if* you persist in going to Philbrick's, never look to me for a farthing! Repentance of your folly may come too late, and you may stare on your love and admirer. Alonzo Lewis bit his lips for a while in silence, then said—*Sir*, since it is your wish and desire, I will go to Deacon Dotham's and see what transfer I can make of my affections to Miss Nancy. Now, said Mr. Lovecash, you begin to talk rational. It is but six miles to Deacon Dotham's, and the horses and carriage are at your service. I shall be out of town for three weeks, and I wish you success in arranging your affairs by the time of my return."

Alonzo Lewis is afraid his father that his bargain was closed, and he was going to marry. I do not know, my son, said Mr. Lovecash, about your marrying Nancy Dotham, I have been to the city, and have found out that Mr. Philbrick has just come into possession of one hundred thousand dollars willed him by a rich relative lately deceased. Besides, you said that you loved Miss Aziza Philbrick, and I have come to the conclusion that love, after all, is an important item in the business, and I cannot think you will live happily without it. Love is to happiness, what the main spring is to a watch; without it, in domestic life, all is irregularity and disorder. And besides Nancy Dotham will not have more than fourteen thousand dollars when her father dies; and Miss Aziza is an only child. No—*after*, no—*said* Alonzo Lewis, you preferred Nancy Dotham with her money and imperfections, to the accomplished Miss Philbrick, with her good qualities and her poverty. I have now gone too far to recede with honor. To-morrow evening I contemplate being married in a private manner at the minister's in A—, and it is arranged

that after, should it so happen, as it may, to you, and hope you will be prepared to receive Miss Dotham as the daughter of your choice. Mr. Lovecash groaned aloud, when he thought of the splendid fortune he had lost by his wishfulness. Miss Nancy Dotham he had always despised in his heart, and his wife and daughters were extremely mortified at the thought of receiving her as a relative, and determined to treat her so coldly that her stay would be short in the family. Just at this crisis, a neighbor came in with the astonishing news that Deacon Dotham had failed, and had not enough to pay fifty cents on the dollar. Mr. Lovecash gave his son a long and despairing look, but he could not expostulate. Alonzo stepped into the carriage and drove off to visit his bride elect.

The next evening but one, when all the invited guests were assembled in the drawing-room at the house of Mr. Lovecash, Mr. and Mrs. Philbrick among the number; but no Aziza, who sent an excuse, but it was evident to all that she felt too much interested to be a spectator of that happiness in which she could never share, and all pined her disappointment. The carriage of Alonzo Lewis drove up to the door, but none of the friendly greetings of the family met them there. They kept their seats in silence. Alonzo entered the drawing room with his bride hanging upon his arm, who wore a thick veil over her face, reaching to the floor.—*Ladies and gentlemen, said the bridegroom, allow me the happiness of introducing to your acquaintance, Mr. Alonzo Lewis Lovecash.* After the formalities of shaking hands, the elder Mr. Lovecash whispered to her husband and daughters, saying, "I think her a fine figure, after all, and she bows gracefully, but oh! when she moves that veil, which you praise her for wearing, from that hated face, I am faint from the very thought. A look of anguish passed over the father's face, and he heaved a deep sigh. Soon refreshments were announced, and Alonzo led his almost silent bride to the table. The mother and daughters whispered to each other that her wedding costume became her much, and really improved her appearance; and were she to keep her veil down, she might be tolerated; but her pug nose and pug's eyes, will give us hysteric fits. Just then she threw back her long veil, and the family and guests were paralyzed with astonishment on beholding the beautiful and intelligent face of Aziza Philbrick. Now Mr. Alonzo Lewis Lovecash. As exclamations of joy and surprise rang through the house, and even Mr. Lovecash, the father, confessed that he could love her as a daughter; even if her father was as poor as a church mouse."

At this point, the judge turned his eyes to see in what manner the result of the charge. "Nothing, nothing, your Honor," replied the poor woman, laying her face on her boy's head, and staining him to her bosom, while her body swayed to and fro in the agony of grief: "I am guilty, guilty! But it was not for me; I took it. Ah, Sir! I'm a poor lone woman, and work hard when I can get work. But for the last ten days I have had nothing to do, and my money was all gone; and since yesterday morning we hadn't had a morsel to eat. I'm used to it myself; but I could not hear little Dennis cry for bread and not give it to him!" The judge was evidently touched by the woman's distress, and, turning to the complainant, asked if, under the circumstances, he should persist in the prosecution. "It," said he, "you will withdraw your complaint, it will be performing an act of mercy which I should be very glad to second." Vain appeal! Though the eye of every man in court was fixed upon the prosecutor with looks that pleaded for his victim, no emotion stirred the repose of his hard and selfish features. He kept no account with Mercy. The right of property had been violated, in his eyes the most sacred of human rights, and he claimed the penalty of the law. "This is a cruel case," said the Judge; "and really, I feel extremely loth to punish this poor woman for an act so venial, crime though it be in the eye of the law. But although this plaintiff might have pursued a very different course, without doing any injury to the cause of justice, or impairing in the least degree whatever title he may have to the love and respect of his fellow-men, still *my* duty in the case is imperative; the law allows me no discretion. I would it were otherwise. Purshe ran for one month in the House of Correction, Mr. Clerk." "Oh Deacon!" exclaimed the poor woman, in a paroxysm of grief, as she strained her boy still closer to her bosom, and bathed him with tears; "what'll you do now, my poor child, when you've no mother to look after you, and keep you from harm's way?" "Don't grieve yourself about that, Mrs. McGinnis," said one of her own country-women, who had hitherto stood in the back ground, but now came to forward, and took the prisoner by the hand; "don't grieve for the likes of that, Miss; I'll take care of your boy; and while I've a petaty in the pot, he shall have his mouth full." "God bless you!" exclaimed the mother winging the woman's hand; "may the Holy Virgin smile on you!" Come, step along ma'am said the officer, as he put the mittimus in his pocket; don't stand growling here; the cart is waiting for you.

The woman slowly and mechanically obeyed, followed by little Dennis, with one hand clasped in that of his new friend, and the other pulling at the skirts of his mother's dress. Arrived at the outer door, the little fellow was resplendent with ma-

**A HEARTLESS PERSECUTOR.**

The following affecting sketch comes to us in the hand-writing of a correspon-