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RURAL ECONOMY.

"May your rich soil,
Exuberant, nature's better blessings pour
Over every loaf."

HAY MAKING.

The following is an extract taken from a description in an agricultural paper in New York, of the mode of making Hay in Orange county in that State:

"As to the time of cutting hay, I find diversity of opinions among farmers. Some prefer mowing when the grass is fairly in blossom; others between the blossoming stage and the hardening of the seed; and still others when quite ripe. I am inclined to the belief that grass contains more of the nutritive properties in the middle stage than the others, and, when practicable, ought to be cut at that time. "But that which I deem of the most importance in the haymaking process is the amount of moisture it should contain when placed in the mow or stack. On this subject there is but one opinion with our most efficient and successful graziers. I think it may be laid down as a general rule, that the more moisture the hay contains, without danger of combustion, the better. But the moisture must be the arterial juice of the grass, not of dew or water, nor absorbed from the wet soil. I am constrained to believe that water alone, in some form or other, causes a dusty or mouldy hay, and that the juice of the grass near does. I had two stacks of hay put up during my absence, in so green a state, that they were perfectly charred at the centre for two or three feet around, without dust or mould in any part of them, and the remainder of the stacks as profitable and good hay as ever I fed out. "In the early stages of haying, greater care is necessary than the latter, as the grass then contains more juice; but in the latter part of July and August, we cut our grass in the morning, and mow it away in the afternoon, and often put it in rock early in the day, to prevent it from becoming dry and brittle. At this season of haying, little more is necessary than for the grass to be wilted.

"We use about four quarts of salt to a load of half a ton of hay, sprinkling it on twice while unloading, and my plan is (although not generally done) to increase the quantity of salt when the hay is too dry, and diminish it when too green, as the salt increases the moisture. "It is not uncommon for our stacks of hay to smoke three or four weeks after put up, and the top of the mows to be thoroughly saturated with the steam. That hay which we think best preserved, has, on being opened, a light mahogany or foxy appearance; lies very compact in the stack or mow; so much so, that it requires a vigorous arm to thrust an ordinary pitchfork one inch into it. "The advantages of making hay on the plan I have named are great. I think we save at least one-fourth of the weight, and as much of the nutritive property of the grass; all which is obvious to those who have had an opportunity of seeing cattle fed upon hay made upon the two different plans. I will offer as a proof of this, that a farmer on visiting me some winters since, supposed that our cows were well fed upon grain. He also remarked that he found it difficult to bring his stock of cattle through the winter in so good condition as they were when the winter commenced. Our graziers buy their cattle from the west and north in the fall, calculating that they will gradually improve throughout the winter on hay; and this, too, without the advantages of stabling, which is so generally practiced. "Permit me to note another advantage that occurs to me. Hay is made on our plan more speedily, and with less risk of weather, and a greater quantity secured in the same space. I have heard but one objection made to hay of this description; it is, that cattle do not eat a sufficient quantity of it. Such persons judge from the bulk, and not from the weight, and make no account of the nutritive properties of the grass retained by a short, instead of a long exposure to the sun and air. I apprehend that the reason that cattle eat less of the one kind than they do of the other, is much the same that a man eats less in bulk of pork or animal food than he does of vegetable."

From the Albany Cultivator.

AGRICULTURE AND MINES OF NORTH CAROLINA.

Having passed over the principal part of this State during the last year, I have thought perhaps it might interest some of your readers to give a sort of flying account of it. This State possesses as many natural advantages as any other in the Union. The eastern part of it has large and extensive fisheries for herring and cod. The planters who live on the coast stand on the banks of the rivers, nearly all during the season. The offal of the fish is used by them as manure. This, together with the shell and beads which are found in all the lower countries, enable the planter to make large crops of corn, wheat and cotton. The soil, however, is not much used, as its application is not well understood. The land is generally low and level, formed of a deep alluvial bottom, and strongly acid. About five feet from the surface the formation of shell deposit commences, and extends in some places to the depth of ten feet. The marl lying so near the surface renders its application easy, which would neutralize the acid and render the soil more friable. Large tracts of land, which will now hardly bring weeds, by a good marling could be made to produce heavy crops. The county of Tyrrel is celebrated for its grapes and Scuppernon wine, several thousand gallons of which is made every year, but mostly for home consumption. On the bank of the Cape Fear river some attention is paid to the culture of rice; the fields are quite extensive and very handsomely laid out. The lands in the western part of the State are generally good, especially when you approach the mountains, nearly all the west of Raleigh, are rich in minerals; several extensive gold mines are in active operation, and pieces of native gold have been found worth seventy dollars. In Davidson county there are some silver mines which are worked daily with from fifty to one hundred hands, yielding a good profit. Copper mines are numerous, but little or no attention is paid to them, as the process of smelting is not understood, and the transportation of the ore too expensive, with the present state of the road, to send it to market. A survey of turnpike roads was ordered by the last Legislature, and as soon as it can be completed there is little doubt but that copper mining will be as profitable as the others. The principal crop of the mining region is cotton, but the low price and the distance from market, has caused many of the planters to turn their attention to mining, which will shortly prove very lucrative. There is great want of labor-saving machines here, both in mining and agriculture. "Your paper has a good circulation in North Carolina; and its effects are plainly to be seen. Almost every intelligent planter will tell you, or show you, something that he has learned from the Cultivator. The low price of lands, and the facility with which they could be improved, offers great inducements to emigrants, and the investment of capital in this State."

Your friend,

JOHN C. MATHER.

Raleigh, North Carolina, July 14th, 1845.

TO MAKE VINEGAR.—Take eight gallons of clear rain water, add three quarts of molasses, put into a good cask, shake well a few times, then add two or three spoons full of good yeast, or two yeast-cakes. In the winter, place it in the sun; if in the winter, near the chimney where it may be warm. In ten or fifteen days add to it a quart of sheet of brown paper, torn in strips, dipped in molasses, and good vinegar will be produced. The paper will in this way form what is called the "mother," or life of vinegar.

NORTHERN ENTERPRISE.

From some excellent remarks on the subject of Northern Enterprise, in the Richmond Times of the 13th instant, we extract the following:

"The character of the people of Massachusetts affords a subject of useful study. Inhabiting a land so barren that a Southern planter would regard it as unworthy of cultivation, they cause it to sustain a denser population than is supported in any other State. They have made the barren rocks themselves a source of productive wealth; and the rigor of their climate only enables them to turn its frozen waters into gold. With the noble harbour of Boston, almost their only natural advantage, they command the commerce of America. Their manufactures are sent to every quarter of the globe. But not content with a thriving agriculture, a prosperous foreign and domestic commerce, and flourishing manufactures, they are now engaged in successful efforts to make their State the conduit of the vast Western trade from the Northern Lakes. They act with a unity of purpose, a promptness of resolution, and a discretion of judgment, which are seldom witnessed in Republics. There are no local prejudices to impede the universal progress. Every citizen loves the State and its city. Springfield, and Worcester and Lowell are not jealous of Boston, nor Boston of them. All move on in harmony, promoting the general prosperity. "What is the secret of the remarkable success of these people, working against natural impediments which we would consider insurmountable? Is it merely because they are able to get improvement laws through their legislature? By no means; though this is an important preliminary. It is the individual enterprise of the people. They have an unbounded public spirit, combined with a keen intelligence, which is wide awake to what is passing in the world. Honest, industrious and vigilant, they let no opportunity

slip of advancing their private wealth or the public good. "And this is the spirit and the enterprise that some people foolishly attempt to put down by free trade objections and chivalric banalities. Better go to work—better go and do likewise, that we may be prosperous also. Independent."

From Arthur's Ladies' Magazine for July.

A DOMESTIC SKETCH.
How to Correct a Husband's Faults.
BY FANNY GRAY.

"Now just look at you, Mr. Jones! I declare it gives me a chill to see you go to a drawer. What do you want? Tell me! and I will get it for you."

"Mrs. Jones springs to the side of her husband, who has gone to the bureau for something, and pushes him away. "There now! Just look at the burr's nest you have made! What do you want, Mr. Jones?"

"The husband throws an angry look upon his wife, mutters something that she cannot understand, and then turns away and leaves the room.

"It is too bad!" scolds Mrs. Jones, to herself, rummaging the work of restoring to order the drawer that her husband had thrown in all top-sy-turvy. "I never saw such a man! He has no kind of order about him; and then, if I speak a word he goes off into a huff. But I won't have my things forever in confusion."

In the meantime, Mr. Jones, in a pet, leaves the house, and goes to his store without the clean pocket-handkerchief for which he had been to search. Half the afternoon passes before he gets over his ill humor, and then he does not feel happy. Mrs. Jones is by no means comfortable in mind. She is sorry that she spoke so roughly, although she does not acknowledge, even to herself, that she has done wrong, for every now and then she utters, half aloud, some censure against the careless habits that were annoying and irksome. They had been married five years, and all that time Mrs. Jones had complained, but to no good purpose. Sometimes the husband would get angry and sometimes he would laugh at his wife; but he made no efforts to reform himself.

"Mr. Jones, why will you do so?" said Mrs. Jones, on the evening of the same day. "You are the most trying man alive."

"Pity you hadn't a chance to try another. The office given was a careless overturning of Mrs. Jones' work basket, and the scattering of needles, cotton, scissors, wax and a dozen little etceteras about the floor.

The reply of Mr. Jones hurt his wife. It seemed unkind. He had brought home a new book, which he intended reading, but the face of Mrs. Jones looked so grave after the overturning of the work basket, that he felt no disposition to read to her, but contented himself with enjoying the book to himself.

It must be said, that Mr. Jones was a very trying man indeed, as his wife had alleged. He could open closets, and drawers as handy as any one, but the thought of shutting either ever entered his mind. The frequent reproaches of his wife, such as—

"Had you any doors in the house where you were raised?" or

"Please to shut that drawer, will you, Mr. Jones?" or

"You are the most disorderly man in existence," or

"You are enough to try the patience of a saint, Mr. Jones," produced no good effect. In fact Mr. Jones seemed to grow worse and worse every day instead of better. The natural habit of order and regularity which his wife possessed, were not respected in the least degree. He drew his boots in the parlor, and left them in the middle of the floor—put his hat on the piano, instead of hanging it on the rack in the passage—tumbled her drawers whenever he went to them—left his shaving apparatus on the dressing table or bureau—splashed the water about and soiled the wall paper in washing, and in spite of all that could be said to him would neglect to take the soap out of the basin—spattered every thing around him with blacking when he brushed his boots—and did a hundred other careless things that gave his wife a world of trouble, annoyed her sorely, and kept her scolding at him nearly all the time. This scolding worried him a good deal, but it never for a single moment made him think seriously about reforming bad habits.

One day he came in to dinner. It was a hot day. He went up into the chamber where his wife was sitting, and threw himself into a large rocking chair; took off his hat and tossed it over upon the bed right in the midst of half a dozen lace collars newly done up,—and kicked off his boots with such energy that one of them landed upon the bureau, and the other in the clothes basket, soiling a white dress just from the ironing table. Poor Mrs. Jones was grievously tried. The husband expected a storm but no storm broke. He looked at his wife, as she lifted his hat from the bed and put it on the mantle piece, and took his boots and put them in a closet from which she brought out his

slippers and placed them beside him, but he did not understand the expression of her countenance, nor feel comfortable enough. Mrs. Jones did not seem angry, but after she had handed him his slippers, she took the soiled dress from the clothes basket, over which she had expended a half an hour in the ironing and attempted to remove the dirt which she had laid upon it. But she tried in vain. The pure white muslin was hopelessly soiled, and would have to go to the washing tub before it would be again fit to wear.

"You know, Henry," she said in a voice that betrayed her husband's feelings, as she laid aside the dress, "how much trouble you give me sometimes. I am sure you could be more particular."

"So I really give you much trouble, Jane?" Mr. Jones asked, as if a new idea had broken in upon his mind. "I am sure I am sorry for it."

"Dear you do. If you would only be more thoughtful, you would save a great deal. I have to wash out the dress myself, on the washer-woman's gone, and I can't trust Sally with it. I spent nearly half an hour in ironing it to-day, but as it is—

"Am very sorry indeed, Jane. It was a careless trick in me, I am I confess; and you will forgive me, I will promise not to offend you again."

Both Mr. and Mrs. Jones felt surprised at themselves and each other. He had intended and she did not get angry; she had been annoyed, and he was really sorry for what he had done. Light broke into both their minds, and both made an instant resolution to be more careful in future of their words and actions towards each other; and they were more so.

When Mr. Jones, on the following day, as he went to his office, he perceived that, and appreciating her self-denial, commended himself in consequence, to be more orderly in his habits. A few years wrought so great a change in Mr. Jones, that to use hyperbole, he hardly knew himself. He could shut a closet door as well as open it—could get a hamper chief, or anything else from a drawer, without turning it upside down—could hang his hat upon the rack, and put his boots away when he took them off. In fact, could be as orderly as any one, and without feeling that it involved any great self-denial to do so.

The Parisian correspondence of the Newark Daily Advertiser describes the execution of a man, which he lately witnessed, and the instrument by which it was performed, as follows:

On a platform erected four or five feet above the ground, surrounded by a railing, was a frame work rising to the height of between eight and ten feet. Those who have witnessed the operation of a spile driver will conceive a very good idea of its action and appearance. The whole was painted red. The cutting instrument resembled a yankee h-y cutter, except that it was much larger. One corner being placed lower down than the other, facilitated its operation. The axe or knife was fixed into a heavy block of metal, and drawn up nearly to the top of the frame. There it remained dull and sudden, like revenge, awaiting its opportunity. Two companies of mounted municipal guards, and one of foot, with some twenty "Sergeants de ville" kept the square open till 8 o'clock, the fixed hour. In the mean time the crowd augmented, and the number of women began to be quite numerous. One old woman was peddling about a biography of the victim, and another endeavoring to let her staid and chairs, both screaming their merchandise at the top of their voices. At eight o'clock precisely came the guard of cavalry, at a fast trot, surrounding the covered cart, which contained the prisoner and the priest, the vehicle was backed up to the scaffold, the door behind was opened, the priest descended, and after him the criminal. The latter mounted the scaffold, accompanied by two officers, with a firm step. He was clothed in his usual dress, a blouse of blue cloth, but without a hat. The hair was cut short, that it might from no impediment to his speedy exit from the world. The officers quickly drew the blouse over his head, and he stood exposed with his naked shoulders. He then began to scream with the intention of making himself heard by the crowd, as I thought, but like many unaccustomed orators, ignorant how to use his voice. It might have been an ebullition of either anger or fear. In France the liberty of speech is not permitted, and he was interrupted by the officers, bending his neck and placing his head in the groove destined to receive it. The collar, which was intended to check the least movement, was adjusted, and like the weight of the spile driver in our wharves,—the axe was drawn up to the top by the officers. It was instantly disengaged, and dropped, the head disengaged completely fell into a basket, and this officer's duty being finished, he descended. Two minutes did not elapse from the time he arrived till his head was detached from his body. Without the smallest loss of time

it was tumbled into a vehicle similar to a hay cart, his body tipped on after it, a small guard escorted it beyond the barrier, and in five minutes from the entrance to the prison he was housed away, and the place left nearly vacant. The body was conveyed away for interment without the city for some hour or two, to be dug up again and be carried to the dissecting room for anatomical purposes.

THE GIRARD COLLEGE.

A correspondent of the N. Y. Journal of Commerce has recently given the following account of the progress of this College.—Is it true, as he says, that a portion of the munificent bequest is spent for electioneering purposes? If so, its managers should be made responsible for the gross perversion. *Ch. Observer.*

Notwithstanding all the misfortune which have happened to the magnificent fund of this institution, the work of construction is still going on in a style which shows that nothing has been stated of the grandeur of the original design. Perhaps it would be more proper to say that the city and the trustees have receded in no one iota from their designs; for I believe the old millionaire left a sketch of the edifices far more humble in dimensions, cost, and plan, than those now going on. What a signal example does the mismanagement of this great trust afford to all rich men, of the wisdom of that precept of holy writ, which enjoins upon them to do good while it is called to-day; for in the sleep of death no man can work. This great bequest amounted in the whole to about seven millions of dollars. But some two millions consisted of the stock of the U. S. Bank, Schuylkill canal, &c. &c., and of course all that has disappeared. The other five millions consisted, I believe, mostly of real estate in Philadelphia and elsewhere. Some of this is productive, and yields a revenue which is applied, apparently, in unequal proportions, to the discharge of electioneering expenses in the desperate contest of municipal parties, to the payment of liberal salaries, and the construction of the main edifice of the institution and the four auxiliary buildings. The amount appropriated this year is said to be \$250,000, whether to the last of the above enumerated purposes, or to all of them, I cannot say.

The Girard College will be undoubtedly the most beautiful structure in the Grecian style upon this continent, perhaps not inferior to any in the world. It is huge proportions and most rich and elegant chiseling. The capital, it is said, cost the moderate sum of \$2000 each, and the whole column costs, without the architecture, sixteen thousand dollars. I think there are twelve columns on each side, and six on each end, making the whole number thirty-six. The total cost of the columns, therefore, if these items are correct, will be \$576,000. Mr. Girard, the founder, commenced life a cabin boy in a Havre and Philadelphia packet ship.

The inside arrangement of the building is not admitted, and it seems to me that two much has been sacrificed to a grand effect upon the outside. The roof is shingled with marble slabs, eight or ten inches thick, like your Custom House. The view from the roof embraces the whole city and suburbs, and the country for miles and miles around. The effect is exceedingly fine. This principal edifice will be completed, it is expected, this year. The foundations of two more of considerable extent, intended for the residence of the faculty, and other officers, are just appearing above the ground. They will cost \$90,000 apiece.

From the Columbia (S. C.) Chronicle.

THE TARIFF.

We cut the following from the "South Carolina" of last week, in order to show that "it is not true in point of fact," that in the article of *Lucas* "the poor are taxed more heavily in proportion than the rich."

From the Carolinian.

How the Tariff Operates—Who Pays the Duty?—It has often been alleged that the Tariff operates, if against any, only against the wealthy cotton planter, and that the allegation that the necessary articles of the poor are taxed more heavily in proportion than the luxuries of the rich, is not true in point of fact; but the following, which we clip from the New York Evening Post, in relation to the single article of lace, will enable our readers to form some idea of the extent of the injustice in the operations of the present Tariff law. How long will they be suffered to exist, a reproach and stigma upon the intelligence and honesty of the country?

"The article I wish to refer to is that of lace. Every family throughout the country uses more or less of the article of lace for trimming and other purposes. Silk lace is expensive, and few but the really wealthy can use it in any great quantity. Cotton laces are cheap, and are used by every female who has not the means of purchasing the silk article. Now see how these tariff makers have managed to throw the tax, or the burden of this great article of consumption upon the poor, and almost entirely

exempt the rich. A few days since, I saw an invoice of the silk lace, amounting to one thousand dollars, which weighed twenty pounds. It pays duty by weight, at the rate of \$2 50 per pound. Of course, the whole amount of duty on the invoice was but \$50, or five per cent. I at the same time saw an invoice of cotton laces, amounting to one thousand dollars, which paid a duty of \$200, or 20 per cent. Let me state it thus:—The rich, in buying one thousand dollars worth of lace, pay a tax to the government of only \$50. The poor or middle classes, in buying one thousand dollars worth of lace, pay a tax to the government \$200. And this is the tariff so just in itself, so equal in its benefits, and so necessary to the prosperity of the country! Its justice is but its robbery; its benefits but cruelty and wrong. Let its iniquities be swept from the statute book.

In the foregoing extract from the N. Y. Evening Post it is asserted that "silk lace is expensive, and few but the really wealthy can use it in any quantity." This is not so. Silk lace is the meanest and cheapest kind of lace, and is but little used at all by either rich or poor. Almost the only kind used is black, for trimmings; and some idea may be formed of its cheapness when it is considered that it is but a little stouter than cobweb, and that it will take from one to five thousand yards of it to weigh a pound! White silk lace tumbles easily and will not wash, as every lady knows, and therefore is not much used.

"Cotton laces are cheap, and are used by every female who has not the means of purchasing the silk article," says the *Post*. The first part of the sentence is correct.—"Cotton laces are cheap,"—but that they are only used by females "who have not the means of purchasing the silk article," is false. They are used by both rich and poor, because they are both cheap and durable. An estimate may be formed of their cheapness when we state the fact that a merchant of this place exhibited to us, the other day, the invoice of the whole of his cotton laces, contained in two boxes, and measuring nearly one thousand yards, the whole cost of which in New York was less than eleven dollars! The original cost was probably half of this amount, and, consequently, the duty is about three-sixteenths of a cent per yard. Very onerous, this, upon poor people! As to durability, they have become so popular as to almost exclude the article of cheap laces, which were dearer than lace, and only worn by the rich. If any one doubts the facts we have here stated, they can be confirmed by applying to any dry goods merchant. It is not true, therefore, that in the article of laces "the poor are taxed more heavily in proportion than the rich."

It is not stated in the extract from the *Post* that this onerous duty is laid to protect the American manufacturer, and put money in his purse; but, we presume, it was left to be inferred. Now we have no silk or cotton lace manufactures in this country (except what is made in families for their own use) to come in competition with the foreign article, consequently the duty on these articles is purely a revenue one, and goes to the support of the Government.

We advise our neighbor of the Carolinian to be more cautious in his selections hereafter, when he wishes to demonstrate "the injustice in the operations of the Tariff law." We think in the present instance he has been peculiarly unfortunate. But we presume he was misled by his sympathy for the poor to adopt the article without proper examination. This sympathy is a very amiable feeling, and evinces a soft and tender heart in those who display it; but to make imaginary oppressions the theme for jeremiads, indistinct also that there is a soft spot somewhere else.

INSTINCT, OR REASON.—The New York Evening Gazette tells the following story of a dog: What will our friend of the Knickerbocker, whom we know to be a lover of dogs, say to the following instance of sagacity and reasoning power which occurred a few days since at Elizabethtown? A noble jet black mastiff with, it may be, a cross of the St. Bernard blood in his veins,—weighing 116 pounds—one of the largest and most powerful dogs we have ever seen, was furiously attacked by a large and savage bull terrier, which fastened upon his chest and defied all attempts to shake him off. Finding that he could not get rid of his furious antagonist, the mastiff deliberately lifted him from the ground and carried him a number of yards to an adjoining bridge, from which he plunged into the water, to the great discomfiture of the terrier, which immediately let go his hold to paddle to the shore as soon as possible. Now came the mastiff's turn, however, and overtaking his antagonist, he seized him by the head, held him under water, and would inevitably have drowned the dog but for the interference of his master, who called him off. If this whole proceeding was not the result of reason, what was it?

A New Paper Mill, capable of working from four to five tons daily, is about to go into operation at Wilmington, in Del.