Mary Mendenhall

Hillsborough Recorder.

UNION, THE CONSTITUTION AND THE LAWS—THE GUARDIANS OF OUR LIBERTY.

Vol. XXVI. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1845. No. 1297.

RURAL ECONOMY.

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

From the Farmers' Cabinet.

Broadcast and Drilled Wheat.

At the present period, when the price of agricultural produce of every description is so reduced, it becomes of great importance to the farmer to look round and see whether he cannot increase the produce of his soil without increasing his expenses. This is particularly needful in raising wheat. From some causes, perhaps not well understood, the wheat crop has become, in the Eastern and Atlantic States, exceedingly precarious.

Our wheat, even when not attacked by enemies—such as rust or fly—has been gradually diminishing in the amount raised to the acre. The report of the Farmers' Club of New York states that the quantity has decreased there from 30 to 10 or 15 bushels per acre. This diminution is owing, probably, to the land being gradually robbed of the chemical constituents of the wheat, by sending the grain away, while we return the straw for food to supply succeeding crops; hence if we put on enough of this kind of manure, we may raise large crops of straw, but not grain, in proportion. And further as if we thought we had yet too much grain, we have our manure yards so planned, that the saline parts (which are the most important in the formation of the grain, and which are soluble in water) have every facility to enable them to be washed away by repeated showers.

But is our present method of planting or sowing wheat the most likely to insure the largest yield? This is what I now wish to speak of. In the work of Jethro Tull, (the father of thorough tillage,) printed about one hundred years ago, he states that, while other farmers were sowing two or three bushels of wheat to the acre, and reaping only fifteen or twenty bushels, he drilled about half a bushel in three rows, about eight inches apart, in the middle of six feet wide lands, and usually obtained about 40 or 50 bushels per acre—and this without the aid of much manure. This success he attributed to tilling the land while the wheat was growing. He turned the furrow with what he called his hoe plough, alternately from and to the rows of wheat, like many who use the plough are in the habit of tilling their corn. In the spaces of eight inches between the rows, the ground was loosened by hand hoeing.

This plan, though not adapted to American farming, for the reason that generally, we wish grass to follow our wheat crop, was yet deemed sufficiently plausible to determine us to give a fair trial to the drilling, in comparison with the broadcast plan. Accordingly, in the fall of 1843, our field (the clover being all ploughed under, and a light dressing of manure—about ten-horse cart loads to the acre—being spread on the surface) was nicely harrowed. We commenced at one side, sowed broadcast about six acres, with two bushels of seed to the acre. In about a week afterwards, we were furnished with a drill by our enterprising neighbor, John Jones, of Bohemia Manor, who owned the only wheat drill in the State of Delaware. Commencing on the 20th of the 9th month, we drilled about 27 acres, putting in about 10 acres a day, with one bushel and one peck of seed to the acre. The cost of the drill (including the services of one man and one horse) was 50 cents an acre, though horses were required to work the drill. All the wheat, both drilled and broadcast, stood the winter well. To appearance the broadcast looked best; it appeared thicker, both in the fall and in the spring. The drilled wheat by our neighbors generally was pronounced too thin, and was considered by them a failure.

In the 4th month the weather was very dry and warm, which seemed unfavorable for wheat. It appeared to stop it from stooling sufficiently, causing it to shoot up prematurely, and too thinly; but when the heads were formed, there was a manifest difference between the length of the drilled and the broadcast—those on the drilled wheat being decidedly longer. The whole crop was free from rust or fly, excepting along one head land, which had been eaten off by cattle when about one foot or 18 inches a height, where we found the fly in abundance—showing, certainly, that insects are most likely to attack those plants whose powers have been impaired; thus teaching farmers that the most likely way to avoid the fly, and even rust, is to keep their plants, by all known means, in as healthy a condition as they possibly can; for where one field of vigorous wheat will be destroyed by the fly or rust, ten will be which are either put in badly, or are too poor.

Previous to harvest, we had five acres carefully measured with the chain and compass, by W. Pennington, the surveyor of the neighborhood, assisted by John Jones.

The surveyor was present when the wheat was cradled, and saw that each acre had its share. It was put away in separate mows, and threshed separately, and the grain all measured.

Nos. 1 and 2. Two acres of the broadcast surveyed together—
Two bushels of seed to the acre;
Seventy-five shocks;
Fifty-five bushels of wheat, or 27½ bushels to the acre.

No. 3. One acre drilled, adjoining the above; the land, if any different, rather inferior; treated exactly alike—
One bushel and one peck of seed to the acre;
Forty-two shocks;
Thirty-five bushels.

No. 4. One acre drilled, little distant from No. 3.
One bushel and one peck of seed;
Forty-two shocks;
Thirty-five bushels.

No. 5. One acre drilled, a little distant from No. 4.
One bushel and one peck of seed;
Fifty shocks;
Forty bushels to the acre.

Here we see that, by the use of the drill alone (the soil being in the same, or perhaps an inferior condition,) the crop was increased 7½ bushels per acre, and, adding the amount saved in the seed. (3 pecks,) make 8 bushels and 1 peck to the acre; and further, that the amount of straw on the drilled acre, with a smaller quantity of seed sown, increased 12 per cent.; and the amount of grain on the same acre was increased more than 27 per cent.

It may be proper here to state, that the whole field (between 30 and 40 acres) was measured and treated alike; although, from causes existing previously in the soil, some parts of the land, being naked and barren, was more denuded than others. The surface soil, being washed away, did not yield as well as other parts. I suppose that, without the clover and manure, the field would not have averaged more than 3 bushels—certainly not 5 bushels to the acre.

The drill used was invented and made by M. Pennock & Sons of Kennet Square, Chester county, Penn., the inventors of the revolving horse rake. Seven rows, about 8 inches apart, are planted by it at one time, about three inches in depth; the planters stand perpendicular; their points projecting forward, produce small furrows, similar in shape, but deeper than those made by the teeth of the cultivator. The wheat, thus growing in the bottom of the furrow, is protected from the bleak winds of winter, and the fine earth, pulverized by the frosts, fills up the furrows by spring, and nourishes the young plants.

Our own convictions have been sufficiently strong upon the above experiment to cause us to purchase a drill, or, as it should be called, a wheat and corn planter—for it plants either equally well—for our own use; with which we have put in, this fall, the entire field of wheat, containing about 40 acres.

Respectfully,
CHARLES NOBLE.

Philadelphia, 10th month, 1844.

P. S. The acre yielding 40 bushels of wheat, it will be seen, I have not compared with the broadcast in their per centage yield, because of their distance apart; supposing that the difference of yield might have been owing to some difference in soil.

AN INTELLECTUAL PRODIGY.

The following article, taken from the Western Episcopalian, published at Gambier, Ohio, is from the pen of the Rev. George Denison, formerly Professor of Mathematics in Kenyon College, and now a resident of Newark, Ohio:

A WONDERFUL CHILD.

Mr. Editor: Perhaps you have seen in the political papers of the day mention made of a child in this vicinity of most astonishing intellectual ability. Being on a visit to my father, I yesterday went to see this child, and verily I believe him to surpass any thing on record in the history of man, and to open a door by which we are permitted for a time to see something of what our minds are, and what they can become when this natural body shall have been exchanged for the spiritual.

This child's name is T. H. Safford, Jr.; he is now nine years and six months of age, of small statue, and pallid countenance; his little arms not much larger than my two fingers; he is of noble carriage, frank, and yet not forward. His eye is his most remarkable feature, being very large and very bright, and when excited it rolls in its socket with an almost spasmodic force, while his little hand is thrown over them both in such a way as to indicate pain. I am told that there is scarcely any thing in the circle of sciences with which this child is not acquainted. History, and particularly natural history, is his favorite. I examined him, however, in nothing, but mathematics and astronomy. His father and myself were old Sunday school scholars together, and every opportunity was given me to test the child thoroughly.

I will now proceed to give some account of a long examination. While the child was not yet come in from the field, where, with his little sister, he was gone to gather berries, I examined an almanac in manuscript for A. D. 1846, all of which this child has wrought out alone; much of it, including one of the eclipses, before witnesses with whom I am acquainted. About twelve days have already been spent by an adult in copying in a fair hand the almost illegible writing of his tiny fingers. We were examining the projection of the eclipse which he himself had made and subsequently calculated, when he came in. I told him of the blind student in Kenyon College, who was studying the Differential and Integral Calculus. He seemed much pleased, and said he did not think he could have done that without sight. I then asked him of the projection on which he had been at work; he immediately commenced a full explanation, and I felt, as his fore infant hand ran over the diagram, and I listened to his child-like expressions, as if I were in the presence of some superior being. In one instances I puzzled him, but never did he appear fretful; and when I told him any thing he did not already know, he always repaid it with a smile.

I asked him, if two equal circles cut each other to the extent of 1-12 their diameter, what area would be thus cut away? Quicker than I could think, he said "the 144th part." I then asked him, if 3-12, or digets, were thus cut, and he instantly said "1-16." I asked him how he knew, and he said "3-12=1-4, and 1-4 squared is 1-16." He said, "it is so in a semicircle and must be so in a circle." I then told him the rule of homologous sides, and he smiled and said he understood it. I then asked him, if two legs of a right angled triangle were given, one 12 and the other 16, what the hypothenuse would be? and he instantly replied, "20; would'nt it! Yes!" I then said, suppose the legs were 8 and 16, then what? In half a minute, and without a pencil, he replied, "17.8885." I then asked, if the legs were 7 and 15, then what? He was rather longer in answering, but took no pencil, and replied, "16.553." I asked him why he carried this last to three decimals when he had carried the other to four? He said the other was easier, and tried to tell why it was so. I asked him if he could carry that to any further decimals with a pencil? He said he thought he could, and taking the pencil, in, say three minutes, returned the following: "16 552944149." I believe there is an error in about the 7th decimal, although neither of us went over it again to find it. He could have detected it as quick as thought had he tried.

I asked him the product of 1-14X7 654? He instantly replied 1-1308. I asked him the square root of 5? He instantly replied 2.236067, said he had a "lot" of them in his memory and did not have to cast them.

I gave him the following questions: The square of 465? He said "216225" The cube of 26? He answered 17576. I asked him if I might try him on the fourth power? He said yes, if I would not go beyond two figures. I asked him the fourth power of 75. His eye whirled, and he sprang like an arrow to the door, hung by one hand to the door post, and came, in say three-fourths of a minute, and replied, "thirty-one millions six hundred and forty thousand six hundred and twenty-five, (31,610,625.) His father asked him to verify that with a pencil? He replied, "it is just as well to take the cube of 75 from the book and multiply it by 75, and 75 is 3-4 of 100, add two ciphers, multiply by 3 and divide by 4;" all of which was done as quickly as I have written it, and with the same result as before. I asked him what were the factors of 7610. He instantly said "40X191, or 20X382, or 2X3820, or 5X1528" I asked him the factors of the decimals 6.7854? He immediately said "it is not regular, it will take a double factor 1.1 X 1.7 X 0.6 X 07;" which as I wrote down I omitted the points before the 6 and 7, and he instantly took the pencil and made them himself.

As he had performed all these in his head, I was desirous of knowing what his process was. I therefore gave him a sum of four figures to be multiplied by another of four figures, on the slate. He took the first figure and run it through as we do from right to left, and then wrote the second line back again from left to right, and so on. He did not multiply one figure of the multiplicand by itself, but always two; e. g. in the case I gave him the multiplicand was 5612, and the left-hand figure of the multiplier was 3, and, instead of saying 3 times 2 are 6, and setting it under the 2, he said 3 times 56 is 168, which he wrote in its proper place, but recorded it 169, because the next figure being 4 he knew there must be one to carry; he then said 3 times 42 is 126, and the one having already been recorded, he wrote the 26 at the right of the others, thus, 16926. His calculations entirely outstrip the capability of his pencil to record them.

I tried to make his parents feel that he was a treasure lent. The mother evidently felt it so, but the father seemed unwilling to yield the fond belief that he might become as wonderful a man as he surely is a child. At all events, I cannot but feel as if I have seen something of what we yet may be when mortality shall have been swallowed up of life.

GEORGE DENNISON.

Royalton, Vermont, August 2, 1845.

LOOK OUT FOR THE SNAKE.

We find in the Boston Watchman the following extract of a lecture on Temperance, recently delivered by the Rev. Mr. Turnbull, in the Odeon, furnishing a very striking illustration of the conduct of many in relation to the deceiver.

"Allow me, for a moment, to transport you, in imagination, to the banks of some lonely stream far off among the hills. There, beneath the shade of a wide-spreading tree, you perceive a lovely boy asleep, in the soft recruits of unconscious innocence. The air is bland, the bees are humming among the flowers, the birds are singing among the branches, and all nature is instinct with beauty and gladness. The boy is dreaming of his home, of his mother, perhaps, or of his little sister, with whom he has been playing all the morning in the woods. But look again—do you not see that serpent gliding stealthily along, with its eye fixed upon the boy? It draws nearer and nearer—here, it mounts upon his body—rears its crested head—swells and quivers with rage, and now—now, with the rapidity of lightning, bores its fangs in his neck. Awakened to the danger of his situation, he screams with terror, and struggles for a moment with his enemy, but all is vain. A change comes over his countenance—his bright blue eyes grow dim—a convulsive shudder passes over his frame, and all is still. By and by friends come to the place, discover the melancholy catastrophe, carry the child to his heart-broken parents, and afterwards follow him, with slow and mournful steps, to the grave. What will be done to the serpent? 'Kill it' cries one. 'O, no!' cries another, 'that would be wrong!' He is a creature of God! See how beautiful his colors! how graceful his movements! We shall tame him—bring him under discipline—use him very moderately and carefully, bring him into our houses, or put him into the bar-room of the village, and render him a source of infinite amusement.' "But look," cries a third, "there is blood upon his jaws! he has killed the child, and ought to be stoned without delay." "Not quite so fast, my good friend," exclaims the former speaker—"that was a mere accident—it was not the fault of the serpent, but of the child, who ought to have known better, or of his parents, who ought to have kept him at home." "But," says an old, sagacious looking man—who till this time had taken no part in the conversation—"I advise you all to look out for him, for he may bite again!" "O!" it is replied, "we shall take care of that." "I'm sure he wont bite me!" says one. "Nor me!" says another. "Nor me!" cries a third. So exclaim the majority, in their unparalleled sagacity. The serpent is therefore introduced to the family circle, and with some few precautions, is permitted to gambol with the children.

"Why is it, that in this city, the most polished, the most intelligent, and perhaps the most religious in the land, a more malignant serpent, is not only suffered to roam at large, but is nursed and guarded by municipal regulations. Why is it that his trail is found in every street, that his fiery eye looks out from every tavern, and that he lies coiled up in every grog shop? Why is it that he is permitted to plant his deadly sting in the hearts of our friends, our acquaintances, and our children? Have not we—have not our municipal authorities, listened to the shrieks of his dying victims, and followed them in multitudes to the grave? Where is our benevolence, where is our wisdom, where, above all, is our religion, if we suffer this? Can we answer it to our conscience, or our God, if we longer permit the monster to roam at large, or even to exist?"

John L. Dimmock, Esq., President of the Warren Insurance Company, (Boston,) has at his office a very curious specimen of the wonderful operation of the sea upon substances deposited upon its bottom. It is a concreted mass of submarine substances, such as various shells, &c., united with the solidity and weight of stone, from which are protruded several silver Spanish milled dollars. This is part of a large quantity which has been recently taken up from the place where the Spanish ship Saint Pedro was blown up, February 11th, 1815. An enterprising company fitted out the brig Frances Amy, Captain Bunney, from Baltimore, for the purpose of making an experiment for the recovery of the money known to have been on board the Spanish ship at the time of her destruction. We are happy to hear that the attempt has so far proved successful that they have raised and brought home over $27,000—nearly all of which was in the same state as the specimen of which we have here spoken. Among other curious formations which were raised in the course of the search, we learn that a single cannon ball was brought up with thirty dollars firmly imbedded in it. Some of the solid masses of rock and shells, on being broken open, were found to contain rows of dollars, as if they had remained there in the same order in which they came from the boxes in which they were originally packed. This property is now brought into use again, after having lain thirty years on the bottom of the ocean, subject to all the wonderful changes incident to such a situation. *Boston Atlas.*

From the Editorial Chit-chat of 'Neal's Saturday Gazette.'

CONCEALED WEAPONS.

Unless a man has the most perfect command of himself—sure of it—under all possible circumstances of excitement and provocation—unless he is positive that his blood can never overthrow his judgment, and that sick or well—drunk or sober—(some men will get drunk)—assailed or assailing—his reason must always predominate over his passions—he had better leave his bowie knife, sword-cane or patent revolvers at home, and go forth into the world with nothing about him but nature's weapons—his hands—and if they are not enough, why then, perhaps his legs will answer. But, in all seriousness, you are safer without that ugly instrument in your pocket—you, my young friend of fever-heat—a great deal safer than you are with it—inasmuch as it is better sometimes to endure an insult and even outrage, than to stand the chance, suddenly and unexpectedly, of finding your hands imbrued in blood and your soul laden with a crime that will embitter all your future life with remorse. In the first place, no man can be disgraced but by himself—we are perfectly satisfied of that—superior strength may fell him to the earth—but a disparity of muscular power is not disgrace—and then again, admitting that the emergency may arise when it will be proper to resort to extreme measures of self defence—for we do not deny that there are such in the best regulated communities—still, in the proportion of a hundred to one, your deadly weapon is dangerously at hand, in moments when it should not be resorted to, though the impulses of rage will prompt to use it. Think, therefore—we beg of you—as you deposit those means of death about your person and go forth into the turmoil of existence, that happy and innocent as you are now, the lapse of an hour may behold you a self-condemned murderer—not punished by law, perhaps—but blasted in public estimation—accursed in your own thought—wishing, in very agony of soul, that the victim were yourself. Not possible? But it is possible—ay, and probable—we read of it every day—there are hundreds of evidences that it is both possible and probable; and they that rely too much on their self-control in this particular, will find themselves deceived. And besides, as to manliness—courage—confidence in himself—yes, as to honor, too—who has the highest claims to these—the man who walks without concealed advantages, or the other who moves a magazine of arms, hidden, secreted, out of sight and unsuspected? Is there not fear in the very fact? If weapons must be worn, let them be worn legally, in the face of the sun.

Anecdote of Father Taylor.—While Father Taylor was delivering one of his powerful discourses, at the Boston seamen's Bethel, and "in the middle of one of his most terrible pictures, an old rusty-looking salt got up and was walking towards the door, when the parson sung out, 'the enemy flies—our fire is too hot for him—we have knocked his top hamper down, and now he is crawling off under his lower masts.' All eyes (the church was crowded, as it always is when he preachers) were turned towards the sailor, who, perceiving that the last remarks were levelled at him, turned round and looking the old man full in the face, said in a pretty loud voice—'You're damnable mistaken, old cock, if you think your shot has made this craft haul off—you never saw the day you could make me a story lower. I'm only just going to get a glass of grog, and if you'll take a turn there till I come back, I'll let you see how I can stand your broadsides.' 'Good!' cried half a dozen sailors; 'go it, Jack,' cried others, 'you'll make a first rate parson—try again,' and other expressions followed. The whole audience was in an uproar, some laughing, others more pious hushing and endeavoring to restore order. When all was quiet again, Father Taylor, by no means disconcerted, having apparently enjoyed the joke himself, said: 'That is a tough old sinner; but we have hulled him—he has got it hot and heavy between wind and water, and unless he hauls into the gospel dock he'll go down all standing; pumping can't save him now.' The sailor returned, and Father Taylor resumed his discourse; and it is a remarkable fact, that he never lost sight of the old salt until he succeeded in converting him. The sailor is now a very respectable man, and would blush to the eyes if any one would but even allude to this circumstance. *Boston Post.*

There are about fourteen hundred newspapers printed in the United States, giving employment to something like 12,000 hands.

THE LETTERS OF "SOUTHERNER."

No. 3.

Patterson, N. J., August 11th, 1845.

To the Editors of the Richmond Whig:

Gentlemen—I am now in this enterprising town. Through the kindness of the Hon. Judge Meigs of the American Institute, who furnished me with letters of introduction to some of the principal citizens of this town, I was induced to take my valise and umbrella in hand and jump aboard of the ferry boat at New York and cross the Hudson for Jersey City, where I took the cars to witness here with my own eyes, and hear with my own ears, what I had so often read of, the wonders of this place. We travelled on the Newark route for six miles, when we "took to the right as the law directs." We soon emerged into a fine plain, along which the Hackinsack and Passaic flow to the Newark Bay. The landscape of the plain, where Nature from her genial bosom had overspread the surface with decorations of gorgeous green, made the scene one of interest and beauty; while upon my left the scene was reversed by the undulations of a wild dale, with here and there, on some low mound, a cottage and a palace. These, thought I, are the results of education, temperance and industry, and are the hallowed homes of peaceful, useful and happy freemen. While these thoughts filled my mind with joy and admiration, involuntarily my spirits sunk when I thought of the "home of my fathers," my own beloved section of this illustrious Union: I thought why not we, too, enjoy these blessings, which Providence has so largely conferred on us, instead of neglecting and trampling them under our feet, to become angry and sour with our brethren of the North, because they have improved theirs by being more wise and industrious. After reaching Aequeanonck, five miles from Patterson, we lost the rivers and the plains to greet the hills, along which we dashed until we reached the depot, where we dismounted, and made through a crowd of "thick and thin" for some Hotel.

Patterson is located in a valley embracing in its chartered limits parts of the counties of Bergen and Essex, surrounded by a range of cliffs and hills. The scenery around gives a romantic grandeur to the place: It has the appearance from its position mong the everlasting hills, of a walled or fortified town. The Falls over which the Passaic is driven, is certainly a picture, in the curiosities of Nature, of the greatest beauty. While standing on the heights above, gazing up at the placid motion of the stream as it came gliding between the hills on either side until it reached the precipice, over which it was thrown some one hundred feet or more, I could not help believing that it was a scene of the higest interest, and one that was calculated to excite the most gifted strains from the pen of the poet. The convulsions which have here, in ages past, rent these rocks in twain—dividing the hills and forming canals through which the water passes, after the fall, produced on my mind, alternately, awe and admiration. The hand of Divinity has been here, and there is eloquence, poetry and grandeur in the view. The position of the rocks below have the appearance that the bed of the river has suddenly given way, and the rocks, by either losing their hold in the sides of the bank, or by the magnitude of the convulsion, have been thrown from the cliffs above the bank into the abyss beneath.

Two incidents occurred at these Falls, which it may be well to mention. This is the place where the celebrated Sam Patch commenced his career. While standing on the bank surrounded by the crowd who were perambulating on the garden grounds, he gave notice that he was going to leap from the bluffs into the terrible abyss below. No one believed the man mad and daring enough for such a fete, they therefore set up a laugh at him; but he very coolly equipt himself and deliberately walked up to the heights and made the terrible plunge down the precipice. For a moment after he was gone the feeling of the bystanders was indescribable! they could hardly believe their eyes. Silently they went, one by one, to the edge of the bank to look below, when suddenly Patch was seen rising, blowing the water from his nostrils and mouth, and swimming down the stream for the rocks. The moment the men saw that he was safe, the shout was tremendous. This he repeatedly after done. The notoriety which this act gave him, made him very powerful and popular with the operatives, as he was one himself. He even infused a very bad spirit among the workmen, and one day assembled them together, and mounted a hogshead, and harranged them against their employers, the result of which was to put a stop to all the factories for six weeks. The hands becoming pushed for money, gradually went to work again, and forsook him. On account of this act of rebellion, he could get no work, and became odious to the people, which lead him to leave the place. His last leap was down the Niagara Falls, from which he never rose.

The other case is one of painful reflection, and should operate as a warning to others. The Rev. Mr. Cummings, of Newark, was invited by the First Pres-