

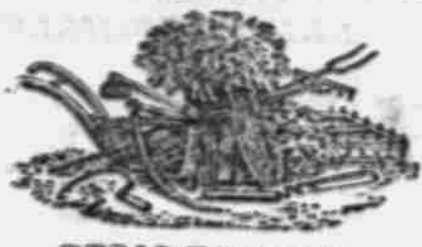
Willsborough Recorder.

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

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No. 1213.



RURAL ECONOMY.

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

DIRECTIONS FOR USING INDIAN CORN.

LETTER FROM MR. SKINNER.

To Dr. Bartlett, Proprietor of the Albion:
DEAR SIR:—If the very interesting pamphlet addressed by you to Lord Ashburton in 1842 on the introduction of Indian corn, free of duty, into Ireland, could have had a circulation in England proportioned to the importance of the subject and the ability with which it was there presented, it could not have failed in making an impression on that government, and might have gone far to mitigate the calamity under which there is too much reason to fear that Ireland is now suffering.

It is, however, an interesting fact to know, that gentlemen are now writing out to their correspondents in this country to send them small parcels of the nicest samples of Indian Corn Meal; and it is important to the last degree that nothing shall happen to discourage these essays to bring that great staple of our country into popular use in England. Under that persuasion I think it of some importance, not only that measures be taken to accompany these samples with the best culinary instructions, but to suggest, what from the best information I believe to be true, that a little depends on the region of our country where the corn has been produced. The facts which seem worthy of regard as to corn, and which influence its quality for leavening or lightening, and for keeping sweet, apply as well to wheat as to Indian corn.

Nothing is better known than that Richmond flour commands a better price, especially in the South American markets, and other warm climates generally, than flour manufactured further north. Why is this? No machinery can be better, nor manufacture more perfect than that of Rochester or Baltimore. Yet Richmond flour will keep better, absorb more water and make more bread; in a word, remain sound longer and go farther when made into bread. The cause is to be found, I am well persuaded, in the dryer and lighter wheat of the Southern growth, and the more spongy and absorbent nature of the flour. If we had flour manufactories yet farther South, the flour would be equally as good as such in demand, as the Richmond brand, if as well manufactured. But the fact is, I understand, that Northern wheat is heavier than Southern wheat, has more gluten in it, is moister, and hence will not keep so long, or make as good flour for the baker. The same thing may be said, probably, of Indian corn; that, as well as oats, and other Northern grain, or grain grown in mountainous regions South, is heavier than Southern corn and other grains along the Southern sea board, which supplies Richmond with wheat. Much of their supply comes from James River and south of it. Now my fear is that all the experiments made in England and Ireland with Indian corn meal will be with Northern corn, heavier and better for stock, but not for men who are to be converted to the use of it. At the City Hotel, where I live, and where the cooking department (as well as others) is managed with great care and skill, the corn bread, though much in demand at the table, and judiciously made, is not comparable with such as you meet with on the table of a Virginia housewife. It will be clammy and solid when broken or cut. The cakes too are adhesive and not light, porous and open like a honey-comb. In the South, make the Indian bread as you may, it will be light and dry, mix and bake it as you will.

It is but proper to add, that the suggestions I have here made, of the validity and soundness of which I have no doubt, are the result of a recent conversation with T. J. Randolph, esq., a grand-son of Mr. Jefferson, and who, true to his blood on this subject, was recently a conspicuous member of the Education Convention at Richmond.

The views I have thrown out, are in part corroborated by the following extract from a recent number of the London Mark Lane Express:

"A subscriber in your paper of September 15, asks why wheat in the present day becomes injured and rots quicker than used to be the case in remote times, when it was stored away and kept sound for an indefinite period? Could the wheat so stored away have been similar to the kinds now cultivated? He also inquires, whether the Egyptians and other people in the earlier ages of the world cultivated other than the bearded and many-spiked wheats? This cannot now be decided, but the Romans were acquainted with both Winter (or beardless) wheats and the true Spring wheat, which is termed tremois,

or three months, on the continent, &c. in the present day. The great stores of wheat gathered up with a government influence and for national purposes at the times 'Subscriber' alludes to, will be found to have been chiefly in the south of Europe and the north of Africa; and as the wheat of those districts are both harder and tougher in the present day than those of the North of Europe, and also contain less moisture, it is only natural to infer that there was the same coincidence of circumstances in older times; and as the natural quantity of moisture in wheat will be increased in the North of Europe to perhaps double the quantity it contains in the South, so also will be the chances against its keeping for any long period beyond the tropical portion of the earth. Moisture, therefore, in wheat must be considered as one of the principles which tend to its decay; and although artificial means, as kiln drying, may be used for robbing it of a considerable portion of the moisture, yet it does not appear probable that any such process will ever render the soft wheats of the North so well adapted for keeping as the hard and horny wheats of warm countries.

I have only to repeat the expression of my hope that the experiments in England will not be generally on the flour of Indian corn or northern growth, which may prove unfavorable to success; but if gentlemen sending this article to their correspondents would procure it from Richmond, or south of the Chesapeake, and with it send a copy of the recipes I have appended to this for making Egg Pone and Virginia Cakes, I will undertake to promise that they will become the favorite bread at the breakfast table of Queen Victoria herself, as the Indian meal cake ever was with General Washington. It shall ever augment that desire which she, and it is to be hoped every Christian human being entertains, to preserve peace and all sorts of kind offices between the mother and the daughter country.

Yours with best wishes,
J. S. SKINNER,
Edit. Farmer's Library,
New York, December 16th, 1845.

TO MAKE GRIDDLE CAKES.

Best way to make them is to use milk altogether, instead of water—two eggs, both yolk and white, to be allowed for a pint of corn meal—the milk to be a little warmed and the whole to be well beat up with a spoon or ladle. There must be milk enough used to make the whole so liquid as that it will pour out of the sauceman on the griddle—one spoonful of wheat flour, and lard (pure butter still better) the size of a walnut.

THE GRIDDLE.—Much nicety is to be observed in the preparation of the griddle, which, as must be well known, is a flat, round, iron concern, standing on three legs, and of any size—it must be made not very hot, because then it would burn the cakes, and it must be well cleaned and greased while warm, that it may be perfectly smooth, so that the cakes may be easily turned, that they may be done brown (not burnt) on both sides—to promote their turning easily is the object of adding the wheaten flour. Be it remembered that the dough, or rather, the batter, as above directed, must be well beat up and prepared directly before being cooked—though it might set an hour—this is mentioned to prevent its being supposed that it, like some other bread, would bear to be mixed over night. The cakes are usually poured on until they spread on the griddle to the size of the bottom of a breakfast plate. You will think this recipe rather prolix, but it is my way in all such cases to be very exact. Better be too particular than to omit any essential item.
J. S. S.

EGG PONE.

Three eggs to a quart of meal—no wheat flour—to be made also with milk—water would make it heavy—a spoonful of butter, all well beat together and made up of a consistency thicker than the cakes—too thick to pour out—but just thick enough to require to be taken up with a spoon—may be baked like the cakes, immediately after being mixed—must be baked in a tin pan, which must be placed in a Dutch oven, not too hot at first, but the fire under it to be increased. The object is to have it begin to bake at the bottom, when it will rise in the process of baking, become brown on the top, and when put on the table and cut, resemble what we call pound cake. If your friend will exactly follow these directions, and then eat his cakes, or his egg pone, hot, with good fresh butter, he will find that that Indian corn bread is fit for other persons as well as pigs to eat, the assertion of a corn-law member of Parliament, to the contrary, notwithstanding. Divers other preparations of corn and corn meal might be given. For instance "hominny and ash-cakes," which a certain George Washington had cooked for his own eating to the day of his death. J. S. S.

P. S. Salt, of course, add as usual, in both cases.

PLEASE TO STOP MY PAPER.

"I am going to stop my paper," said a sincerely subscriber to a newspaper, to

one of his neighbors, "I cannot afford to take it."

"What is the price of it per year?" said the other.
"Three dollars," was the reply.
"And can't you afford three dollars a year? Think of it, truly, three dollars a year! A year is a long time. Perhaps you have only a few such to spend here on earth. A year! a whole year! and only three dollars! And what do you get for your money? A large, closely printed, useful sheet; giving you the news of the week, and a large amount of miscellaneous trading. And you can't afford three dollars for such a paper a whole year?"

"Well, I declare, neighbor, you talk like an experienced man. I never thought of it just in that light before. It is only three dollars for a year, and yet the paper comes to me every week, and I love to read it; I always find something in it that interests me. And moreover, on a second night, I perceive that, after all, a good newspaper is about the cheapest thing a man can have. He gets more reading for his money than he can in any other way."

"True, neighbor, and this shows that what I have always said, is true: newspapers seem to have been designed almost exclusively for the benefit of the poor. No man is too poor to take a good newspaper, because it is the cheapest thing he can have."

Here both the speakers joined and said:
"Blessed are the editors, for they feed the poor with knowledge," and then they separated with looks of high satisfaction.

From the North State Whig.
THE OLD NORTH STATE VISITS OREGON AND TEXAS.

Mr. Editor.—We do not boast of "tall things," as do some of our neighbors in this vicinity, but we believe we can tell a story equally important and interesting to our brother farmers of the "old North State."

I have this day finished housing my corn crop, and I find that, from the labor of sixteen hands, I have made twenty-four hundred barrels (12,000 bushels) of merchantable corn, besides other crops, and the larger part of which crop was made on reclaimed swamp lands which have been under cultivation only three years.

Of such land as this the State has thousands of acres in this county, which the Literary Board will be glad to sell at a very low price, and which, if its brought under cultivation, would, under favorable circumstances, yield an annual income of from twenty to twenty five dollars per acre. If our friends in the Western part of the State were fully aware of the value of these State lands, and the pecuniary advantages offered to purchasers, instead of leaving our good old State, and emigrating to Oregon, Texas, or California, we should find them wending their way to the East, to reap from her generous soil the rich reward of their labor. We invite our friends of the State who have been casting a longing eye to the "far west," to come and see if some good things may not be found in "old Hyde."

DAVID CARTER,
Fairfield, Hyde County, January 14, 1846.

THE LAST KISS.

"I was about five years old when my mother died; but her image is as fresh in my mind, now that twenty years have elapsed, as it was at the time of her death. I remember her, as a pale, gentle being, with a sweet smile, and a voice soft and cheerful when she praised me; and when I had erred—for I was a wild, thoughtless child—there was a trembling midness about it, that always went to my little heart. Methinks I can now see her large blue eyes misty with sorrow, because of my childish waywardness, and hear her repeat, 'My child, how can you grieve me so?'"

"She had for a long time been pale and feeble, and sometimes there would come a bright spot on her cheek, which made her look so lovely. I thought she must be well. But then she spoke of dying, and pressed me to her bosom, and told me 'to be good when she was gone, and to love my father a great deal, for he would have no one else to love.'"

"I recollect she was ill all that day, and my little hobby-horse and whip were laid aside, and I tried to be very quiet. I did not see her for the whole day, and it seemed very long. At night they told me my mother was too sick to kiss me, as she always used to do, before I went to bed, and I must go without it. But I could not. I stole into the room, and laying my lips close to hers, whispered—"

"Mother, dear mother, won't you kiss me?" Her lips were very cold, and when she put her hand upon my cheek, and laid my head in her bosom, I felt a cold shuddering pass all through me.

"My father carried me from the room; but he could not speak. After they put me in bed, I lay a long while, thinking: I feared my mother would die, for her cheek felt as cold as my little sister's did, when she died, and they carried her sweet little body away where I never saw it a-

gain. But I soon fell asleep, as children will.

"In the morning, I rushed to my mother's room, with a strange dread of evil to come upon me. It was just as I feared. There was the white linen, over the straight cold bed. I tore it aside.

"There was the hard cheek, the closed eye, the stony brow. But, thank God, my mother's dear, dear smile was there also, or my heart would have broken."

"In an instant, all the little faults, for which she had so often reproved me, rushed upon my mind. I longed to tell her how good I would always be, if she would but stay with me.

"I longed to tell her, how, in all time to come, her words would be a law to me. I would be all that she had prayed me to be.

"I was a passionate, head-strong boy; but never did this frame of temper come upon me, but I seemed to see her mild, tearful eyes fall upon me, just as she used to look in life; and when I strove for the mastery, I felt her smile sink into my very heart, and I was happy.

"My whole character underwent a change, even from the moment of her death. Her spirit was forever with me, to aid the good, and to root out the evil, that was in me. I felt it would grieve her gentle spirit to see me err, and I could not, would not do so. I was the child of her affection; I knew she had prayed and wept over me, and that even on the threshold of the grave, her anxiety for my fate had caused her spirit to linger, that she might pray once more for me.

"I never forgot my mother's last kiss. It was with me in sorrow; it was with me in joy; it was with me in moments of evil, like a perpetual good."

The above is a part of a letter of an old man, who has seen his children and his grand-children about him, and who is a cheerful man, with his gray hairs, full of reverence.
Mrs. Seba Smith.

GENERAL PAREDES.

This general, who appears, at the present time, to hold the destiny of Mexico in his hand, is thus sketched by a Washington correspondent of the N. Y. Herald:

Gen. Paredes is a man of about forty-eight years of age; frail and slight in form, and not ungraceful, though marked by the wounds of many battles. His eye in repose is as mild as sunshine, but when excited, it gleams like the edge of his own good sword. He is known throughout the republic as "El Manco" Paredes—or, "the hand wounded." He may be considered the Must of Mexico, as he knows no fears in his almost mad and reckless daring. He was once banished to this country, and as an exile studied our institutions and worshipped our enterprise. His American feelings are strong, and in all business transactions he is a man of honor. Amid the thousand opportunities that he had for amassing an immense fortune, his poverty has remained a monument of his patriotism.

It was his skill, energy and indomitable courage, that made Santa Anna President of the Mexican Republic; and when he trifled with the liberties of his beloved country, it was he who hurled the Dictator from place and power, and banished him an exile in a land of strangers. A favorite with the people—he is above the tawdry and garish military pomp and display that ostentatious cloys and disgust them. A favorite with the army—he never lost a battle. A favorite with the priesthood—he has ever advocated their rights, and been their steadfast friend. The commander of the forces, and the governor of one of the richest departments of the republic, his influence is seen and felt throughout the land. Such is General Paredes; who is the embodiment of the spirit of reform at this moment at the Mexican empire.

THE BATTLE FIELD OF MARENGO.

BY REV. J. T. HEADLEY.

I have been four days on the way to Milan, in order to visit the battle field of Marengo, which is a half day's journey out of the way. I was struck with the care taken of the road over the Apennines. It is not only smooth, and in excellent order, but men are stationed at certain intervals during the summer months to wet it once a day, as we do in Broadway, to keep the dust down. We should regard this at home an entire waste of labor.

We did not arrive at Marengo in time to visit the field that evening, so passed on to Alessandria, where we stopped over night. This is the strongest fortified inland place I have ever seen. Well manned and provisioned, it would be impossible to take it. It is a singular city, and soldiers seem to form the majority of the population. The peasantry that come in at morning to sell fruit, &c. cetera, are a squalid looking race.

The field of Marengo, is not like most other modern battle grounds, overrun with guides, who tell you some truth and a good deal of fable. It is left undisturbed, and not a guide can be found. Few visit it, and I found a written description I had in my pocket indispensable. This was one of those battles, where Bonaparte escaped, as by a miracle, utter defeat. The

Austrians were full 40,000 strong, while Napoleon could muster but 11,000 more than half that number. Napoleon formed three lines; one in advance of Marengo at Padre Bunn; one at Marengo; and one behind this little hamlet, which indeed consists of scarcely more than a half dozen houses. The first line was under Gardoune, the second under Victor, and the third commanded by Napoleon in person. It is a broad plain, with nothing to intercept the charge of cavalry for miles, besides scattering trees and huts; with the exception of a narrow, but deep stream, with a miry bottom, that passes directly in front of Marengo. Here Victor stood. The Austrian heavy infantry formed in the open field, and came down on Gardoune, driving him back on Victor, posted on the other side of the ravine. The tirailleurs of both armies were ranged on opposite sides of this stream, and there, with the muzzles of their pieces almost touching, stood and fired into each others faces and bosoms for two hours. It did not seem possible, as I stood by that stream, so narrow that I could almost leap across it, that two armies could stand for that length of time so close to each other and steadily fire at each other. They were but a few rods apart, and the cannon and musketry together, swept down whole ranks of living men. At length the indomitable Victor was compelled to retire before such a superior force, and fell back on Lannes, who was advancing to meet him. The two formed a second line of defence, but the furious charge of the Austrians drove them back, while General Elsniz having marched round, attacked him on the right flank, and began to pour squadron after squadron of his splendid cavalry on the retreating columns of the Lannes. But the stern hero immediately formed his troops "en echelon," and retired without confusion. But the retreat became general, and had the Austrian commander, Mollat, pushed the battle here, nothing short of a miracle could have saved Bonaparte from utter ruin. But he thought the battle already won, and that it was now only a pursuit, and retired to the rear, weary and exhausted; and no wonder, he was eighty-four years of age. But at that moment, Desaix appeared on the field bringing up the reserve. Desaix rode up to Bonaparte and said, "I think this must be put down as a battle lost."

"I think it is a battle won," replied Napoleon, "push on, and I will rally the line behind you." Riding along the army he had just stayed in its rapid retreat, he said, "Soldiers, we have retired far enough—let us now advance—you know it is my custom to sleep on the field of battle." At that moment Desaix led on a fresh column of 5000 grenadiers, but at the first fire he fell dead, shot through the heart. "Alas! it is not permitted me to weep," said Napoleon. "On!" And they did on, sweeping line after line, till the whole army was routed, and the battle became a slaughter. The Austrian cavalry fell back on their own infantry, trampling them to death, while the French horse charged like fire over the broken columns. The routed army at length reached the Bormida, and were precipitated down its steep banks, till its stream was choked with the bodies of men and horses rolled by thousands into its purple flood.

Bonaparte's star was still in the ascendant.

How changed was the scene as I looked upon it. The herdsman was watching his herd on the quiet plain, and the careless husbandman driving his plough through the earth, once heaped with the dead. The Bormida looked as if it never had received a slain army in its bosom, nor its bright waters been discolored with the blood of men.

"DOING A LANDLORD."

In the course of our journey from the Eastward, we chanced to be witness to the following specimen of nonchalance—which we set down as one of the coolest pieces of genteel swindling we have ever seen.

A biped of the genus "sucker" had been tramping for several days in one of the crack Hotels in York State, and his only reply to the third weekly bill presented by his obsequious and obliging host was that he "lacked the needful." He had been lavish in his style of living, and his bill for wines, cigars, and accompaniments, was by no means an inconsiderable feature in the account. The young gentleman was in his room—with a trio of boon companions, and singing the bell, he ordered a champagne and "fixings" for four.

The servant returned from below with the information that the landlord declined to enlarge his indebtedness—accompanied with a hint that the old account should now be adjusted. He immediately waited upon the landlord—remonstrated with him touching the mortification attendant upon being thus shown up before his friends—the wine was up—the party frolicked and finally separated, and the next morning after breakfast the following "scene" occurred.

"Mr. ———," said the landlord—"I must now insist upon the immediate adjustment of your account."

"Can't meet it, sir, to-day, really!"
"And why not, sir?"
"Haven't the tin by me, sir."
"And you probably won't have?"
"Probably not, sir, at present."
"When do you propose to settle?"
"Couldn't say, sir, upon my honor."
"Have you the slightest idea of paying it at all?"
"I can't say, sir, the prospect is exceedingly dubious!"
"Your luggage?"
"It is in my room, sir."
"I shall detain your trunks then."
"Do—if you please, sir."
"The luggage?"
"Is filled with wood, sir."
"The best of eastern wood."
"And the other?"
"Contains the same article, both sacred and split."
"And your wardrobe?"
"Is on my back, sir."
"Upon my word you take it coolly."
"I always do, landlord. The world owes me a living and I must have it."
"Your are a scamp, sir."
"I know it, you, sir, are a gentleman, and I am aware—"

Our host stopped him, bit his lips, but a moment afterwards, turned to the bar, and placed a bottle of wine upon the side-table near by. Having filled a brace of glasses, he handed one of them to the surker, and the liquor disappeared. He then presented him a vase filled with "regalins."
"Take another," said the landlord in the politest possible manner, "take a half a dozen sir, there, that will do. The world may owe you a living, perhaps it does. I think you will agree with me, however, that I have paid my share of the account. I have in my days seen a good deal of impudence, and my calling has brought me in contact with a variety of rascality, but must say, without intending, however, to be too personal in this matter, that with an exception, you are the coolest specimen of a genius scamp, that I have ever been in my luck to meet with."
—John T.

A bully servant answered this summons.

"John, remove this fellow into the street—and if you value your situation, see that he doesn't return!"

The hint was an un-ought—our customer did not wait for farther demonstration; but immediately decamped, to "do" some other ho—while his gentlemanly landlord proceeded to examine those trunks the contents of which as it turned out, had been faithfully described."

From the Lexington (Va.) Gazette.

WAR.

For now nearly thirty years, the civilized world has enjoyed entire peace. And well had it earned the profuse repose which it has during that time enjoyed. It had surfeited itself with war. Glory had become a familiar thing. Honor, about which nations as well as individuals are so sensitive, had been sought and found, and they who were most eager for it, after diembling the earth with blood, had come to pretty much the same conclusion with valiant Jack Falstaff: "Honor pricks me on. Yea, but how if honor prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honor set a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or taken away the grief of a wound? No. Honor hath no skill in surgery then? No. What is honor? A word. What is it in that word, honor? What is that honor? Air. A trim reckoning. Who hath it? He that died of Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible then? Yea, to the dead. But will it live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it;—therefore I'll none of it."

Our own country had taken a part in the universal broil, and though less exposed than other nations to the full force of the tempest, and never encountering but a limited portion of the power of her antagonist, was abundantly gratified with the termination of the controversy. She had gained laurels upon the seas—she had achieved some renown upon the land—and she was satisfied. The rights for which she went to war were never acknowledged; and yet she welcomed peace with the most profound joy. We have recently seen a statement confirming what we had always heard was the fact, of the effect produced upon the minds of the people by the intelligence that hostilities were at an end. A messenger arrived in New York almost breathless with excitement. He could scarcely find power to utter his message. At last, he gasped forth—"Peace!" A thousand voices caught up the blessed word. It rang through the streets and bye-ways of the city—it was echoed from house to house—men, women and children joined in the general anthem of praise. The song of the angels "Peace on earth, Good Will toward men," found a response in every breast. Peace! Peace! Millions of glad voices sent forth the cheering sound in a universal burst of thanksgiving to God.

Since that time, another generation has come upon the stage of action. It knows nothing of war except through the page of history. There it sees its glitter, its