

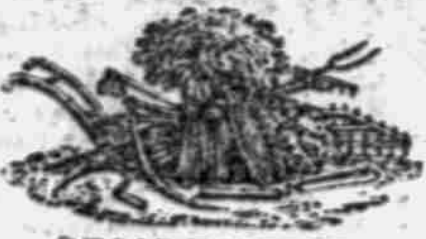
Mill's thoroughly Recorder.

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

Vol. XX:11.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 25, 1846.

No. 1320.



RURAL ECONOMY.

“May your rich soil,
Exultant, nature's better blessings pour
On every land.”

TO PREVENT WASHING.

It is clearly to the interest of every farmer in this State to prevent his land from washing away. It is generally admitted by the best practical farmers in the country, that this can be easily and effectually done at a very trifling cost of labor, by means of hillside ditches and horizontal cultivation.

Read the following extract from the address of Mr. Sargent, of Georgia:

My plan, whenever it is practicable, is to plant corn after cotton, row small grain after corn, and to plant corn after stubble. I prefer the drill system for corn; I think it has many advantages over the old method of hill cultivation. I endeavor to have all my upland—and especially if it is rolling—well fortified against that greatest of all scourges is this Southern climate, heavy washing rains, by cutting the proper number of guard drains, or hillside ditches in every field. I then lay off my rows horizontally, and as near upon a level as I can get them. This I accomplish by first laying off a guide row with a level; and by this guide row a smart active plowman, with the aid of a guide stick, commences the business of laying off the fields into rows. It will be seen that every subsequent row serves as a guide row; but where the field is very undulating, having a number of saddles, knobs, and nooks, it is impossible to keep on a level without laying off with the level again, at frequent intervals, other guides, and filling in between the old and new guides with short rows. This plan should invariably be followed by farmers just commencing this system. A better mode, however—one which is attended with much less trouble and loss of time—and is sufficiently accurate for all practical purposes—when you are varying from a level too much, instead of laying off a new guide row, is to commence on or near the highest part of your row, if you are descending the hillside; and if ascending, on the lowest part, and run on, or butt up short rows until you again bring your rows upon a level. This may be done, in most instances, by the eye, without the use of the level. This, however, should not be attempted unless by an experienced and practiced eye, as there is nothing about which one is more liable to be deceived than in levelling and grading by the eye alone. The guide stick is a very simple though a very useful implement in this business. It is nothing more than a reed or hickory switch, which serves as a measure by which to regulate the width of the rows, which the plowman should keep constantly in his hand, and at the end of every row should lay it down as he would a stake to measure the next row. He should stop frequently while laying off rows, and measure to see that he is keeping his rows the proper distance apart, especially at the ends and curves. By paying strict attention to this at first, he will soon become so expert as to lay off his rows more uniformly of the same width, and have fewer wide and narrow places in them, than by the ordinary method of laying off with stakes.

But it may be asked where is the advantage to be gained by all this trouble of laying off guide rows—running rows upon a level—having so many short rows, and so much turning and twisting. I answer that twelve years experience and observation has convinced me that it is the only practicable method in this climate and with our system of cultivation, whereby our deeds can be made to hold our arable uplands.

It has been handed down to me as a maxim, that land was the safest and surest property which man could hold in this country; that it did not eat or drink, and that it never dies nor runs away. Now, this may be true so far as the land in the forest is concerned, but I am sure it does not hold good when applied to broken arable land; for there is no species of property with which I am acquainted that requires more, and that pays better for high feeding. And most farmers in Georgia, I apprehend, especially those who did not plow deep and prepare well, have been made to feel this year that drink is indispensable. As to the running away part, I know to my cost, that it is the easiest thing in nature to run away, and the hardest thing in nature to bring back again. I therefore conclude that the old maxim which says that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, is a much truer and safer maxim to be observed. Six years experience and observation has also convinced me that it is perfectly practicable by cultivating land according to this method, to prevent it from

losing but very little of its original fertility, other than that which results from our exhausting system of cultivation, viz: excessive cropping and no manuring.

But hillside ditches and horizontal rows are objected to by some, on account of their taking up and causing too great a waste of land. Now these objectors seem to forget that a ditch takes up much less land than a gully; and they need only travel over some of the counties in the middle parts of Georgia, to be convinced that on many plantations the gullies have been appropriated by far the largest shares of the land to themselves; whereas, the ditches would have been perfectly content to have occupied the space of a few corn rows. I am certain that so far as taste and beauty are concerned, all will agree that the gentle curvature of a ditch is a far more comely sight than the yawning chasm of a gully.

Where a field has been ditched, the rows must not be so laid off as to make it necessary to plow across the ditches; because, by going across, the ditches are continually liable to be filled up by the horses walking over them; careless negroes suffering their plows to drag across them, tearing the embankments to pieces; thereby making them liable, in heavy rains, to break over and ruin the land below. The better plan is to lay off the rows between the ditches, as though each ditch was the boundary of the field; and by running the rows upon a level, there will be no more turning than in any other way; for if there are more short rows, there will also be more long ones. The whole philosophy of good drains and horizontal cultivation consists in this: each row is intended to hold its own water, which it will do in ordinary rains, where due care has been taken to keep the rows upon a level by throwing up high beds and by keeping the water furrows in each row well open. But to guard against excessive floods of rain, such as will fill the water furrows and break over the beds, guard drains are cut at proper distances on each hillside, to intercept the water and carry it off gradually before it can accumulate in such quantities as to do serious damage to the land. But there are other advantages independent of these, which I think would go very far towards recommending this system of cultivating upland to the favorable consideration of every farmer in Hancock, who has not already adopted it. It is, as my deliberate opinion, founded on several years' practical experience, that broken lands which have been well ditched and cultivated upon the horizontal plan, will yield from 20 to 25 per cent. more in the way of crops, than when cultivated according to the old method of planting in hills, and up and down hill plowing. This, I think, I demonstrate to the satisfaction of every gentleman in present, as clearly in theory, as I have demonstrated it in practice on my own farm to my own satisfaction.

From the Ohio Cultivator.

THE MODEL FARM OF OHIO.

The model farm of this State contains one hundred acres, seventy five of which are well cleared, and the whole under fence. Sixty acres are embraced in one enclosure, and this includes all the arable and meadow land upon the farm. The buildings are all of stone, neat, durable and commodious. The dwelling is not large, but spacious enough for the use of the family and a room and a bed or two for an occasional friend. The kitchen and stables are supplied with water from the same spring. No stock but hogs and sheep are permitted to graze. The cattle and horses are constantly kept in their stalls, and are always in good order. The cows are at all times fat enough for the butchers and the growing stock at two years old attain the weight of ordinary steers at four. During the summer they are soiled with green food, consequently twenty acres in grass is sufficient to keep four horses and ten cows with their offspring until the young stock are ready for the market at three for four years old, when they average him thirty dollars per head. Of these he makes it a point to sell ten a year. For his stock he raises about an acre of roots, sugar-beets, mangel-wurtzel, and turnips each year, which yield him, on an average, about fifteen hundred bushels. On corn he cultivates five acres a year, which, by proper culture and judicious rotation, yields him five hundred bushels. Five acres in wheat gives yearly one hundred and fifty bushels. Five acres of oats, three hundred bushels.

He has an orchard of eight acres, in which he has two hundred apple trees, twenty-five pear, twenty-five plum, one hundred peach and fifty cherry trees. This is divided into four compartments of two acres each. Two of these he ploughs up every year, and in the spring plants them in Jerusalem artichokes. Here he keeps his hogs. In the two that are not ploughed, he has a clover and a grass ley, in which the swine feed from the middle of May to the first of August, when they are let into one of the artichoke yards and range at will into the two grass yards, and this till winter, when they are passed into the second artichoke yard, where they are kept till the grass has sufficiently advanced in one of the fields to turn

them into that. Thus upon grass, root and fruit, the swine are kept so that that a few bushels of grain are sufficient to make them ready for the butcher. In this way he manages to kill thirty hogs a year, which will average four hundred pounds each. He gives them beet wintering.

His sheep range principally in the wood with a small pasture of five acres. He keeps seventy five head, which yield him three hundred pounds of wool a year. As this farmer has raised a large family, and raised them all well, having given each child a good practical education I was curious to look into his affairs, and as he keeps a regular account current of his transactions, it gave him no trouble to inform me of the result of his mode of proceeding, which is briefly as follows:

Product of the farm.

10 beef cattle averaging \$30 per head,	\$300
25 hogs, at \$12 per head,	\$300
200 bushels corn, 25 cts. per bushel,	\$50
Product of Sheep,	
Do. dairy,	100
Do. orchard,	200
Other and smaller crops,	100
Average cost of hired labor,	\$1,250
	300
	\$1,650

Thus from one hundred acres of land even in Ohio, this man has been able to lay by and invest at interest, on an average, \$500 dollars a year for the last twelve years. Who has done better on a farm of one hundred acres? Of course, like others, he has suffered somewhat from unfavorable seasons, in some of his crops, but his correct system of culture, and intelligent management, generally makes up for every loss experienced from this source.

His system of saving and making manures turns every thing into the improvement of his soil—wreeds, ashes, the offal of his stock, soap-suds, bones, and every thing that will enrich it, is carefully saved and properly applied.

The history of this man is brief, but, to the farmer, interesting. He began with the patrimony of good sense, sound health, and industrious habits. Excellent so far. In 1830, he had three thousand dollars in cash. He bought this farm in a state of nature, in 1830, for which he paid four hundred dollars. He expended four hundred dollars more in clearing his land in addition to his own labor. He first put up a temporary cabin, into which he moved his family. One thousand dollars he put on a permanent annual interest, and the remainder, with the earlier profits of his farm, he appropriated to the erection of his buildings, which were completed in 1834.

In the selection of his fruit, he sought the best varieties, which always gave him preference in the market. So of his stock. Everything he does is done well. Everything he sends to market commands the highest price, because it is of the best kind.

In his parlor is a well selected library of some three hundred volumes, and these books are read. He takes one political, one religious, and two agricultural papers, and the North American Review; refuses all offices, and is, with his family, a regular attendant at church, and a pious, upright, and conscientious man. He is the peace-maker in his neighborhood, and the chosen arbiter in all their disputes. He loans his money at six per cent. and will take no more.

He says he wants no more land for his own use than he can cultivate well; no more stock than he can keep well.

Here is a model of a man and of a farmer, and the model of a farm.

CHEVY CHASE.

The old and popular ballad of Chevy Chase, which we have given before, was thought worthy of a critique in the Spectator, by Addison; see Spect. Nov. 70 and 74. He says: "The old song of Chevy Chase is the favorite ballad of the common people of England, and Ben Jonson used to say he had rather have been the author of it than of all his works. Sir Philip Sidney in his discourse of poetry, speaks of it in the following words: 'I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas, that I found not my heart more moved than with a trumpet; and yet it is sung by some blind crowder with no rougher voice than rude style, which being so evil appraised in the dust and cobweb of that unskillful age, what would it work trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindar?' For my own part, I am so possessed an admirer of this antiquated song, that I shall give my reader a critique upon it, without any further apology for so doing."

In some editions of the Spectator, the following note is added to the above paragraph: "Mr. Addison was not aware that the old song so much admired by Sir Philip Sidney and Ben Jonson, was not the same as that which he here so elegantly criticises, and which in Dr. Percy's opinion, cannot be older than the time of Elizabeth; and was probably written after the eulogium of Sir Philip Sidney, or in consequence of it."

As this popular ballad is so nearly out of print that copies are difficult to obtain, it will be new to most of our readers; and as a friend has furnished us with it in manuscript, we unhesitatingly place it in our columns, not doubting that it will be received with something of the favor which it originally obtained. We might add some reflections upon the bright picture of the horrors of war

presented in this poem, and commend them to the Hotspur of the present day, possessed of power and influence; but we leave this for our intelligent readers.

CHEVY CHASE.

God prosper long our noble king,
Our lives and safeties all;
A woful hunting once, there did
In Chevy Chase befall.
To drive the deer with hound and horn
Earl Percy took his part;
The child may rue that is unborn
The hunting of that day.
The stout earl of Northumberland
A row to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summer's days to take;
The chiefest harts in Chevy Chase
To kill and bear away.
The tidings to earl Douglas came
In Scotland, where he lay;
Who sent earl Percy present word
He would prevent his sport.
The English earl, not fearing this,
Did to the woods resort,
With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,
All chosen men of might;
Who knew full well, in time of need,
To aim their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran,
To chase the fallow deer;
On Monday they began to hunt,
When daylight did appear;
And long before high noon, they had
A hundred fat bucks slain;
Then, having dined, the drovers went
To rouse them up again.
The bowmen muster'd on the hills,
Well able to endure,
Their backs all, with special care,
That day were guarded sure.
The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,
The nimble deer to take;
And with their cries the hills and dales
An echo shrill did make.

Lord Percy to the quarry went,
To view the slaughter'd deer;
Quoth he, "Earl Douglas promised
This day to meet me here;
"If that I thought he would not come,
No longer would I stay."
With that a brave young gentleman
Thus to the earl did say:
"To yonder doth earl Douglas come,
His men in armor bright,
Full twenty hundred Scottish spears
All marching in our sight;
"All men of pleasant Trivale,
Fast by the river Tweed."
"Then cease your sport," earl Percy said,
"And take your bows with speed;
"And now with me, my countrymen,
Your courage forth advance;
For never was there champion yet,
In Scotland or in France,
"That ever did on horse-back come,
But, if my hap it were,
I durst encounter man for man,
With him to break a spear."

Earl Douglas on a milk-white steed,
Most like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of the company,
Whose armour shone like gold;
"Show me," said he, "whose men you be,
That hunt so boldly here;
That, without my consent, do chase
And kill my fallow deer?"
The man that first did answer make,
Was noble Percy he:
Who said, "We list not to declare,
Nor show whose men we be;
"Yet will we spend our dearest blood,
Thy chiefest harts to slay."
Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,
And thus in rage did say:
"Ere thus I will outbrave be,
One of us two shall die:
I know thee well; an earl thou art,
Lord Percy: so am I.

"But trust me, Percy, pity it were,
And great offence, to kill
Any of these our harmless men,
For they have done no ill.
"Let thou and I the battle try,
And set our men aside!
Accurs'd be he," lord Percy said,
"By whom this is denied."
Then step'd a gallant squire forth,
Witherington was his name,
Who said, "I will not have it told
To Henry our King, for shame,
"That e'er my captain fought on foot,
And I stood looking on:
You be two earls," said Witherington,
"And I a squire alone:
"I'll do the best that do I may,
While I have strength to stand;
While I have power to wield my sword,
I'll fight with heart and hand."

Our English archers bent their bows,
Their hearts were good and true;
At the first flight of arrows sent,
Full three-score Scots they slew.
To drive the deer with hound and horn,
Earl Douglas had the bent;
A captain, mov'd with mickle pride,
The spears to shivers sent.
They closed full fast on ev'ry side,
No slackness there was found;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.
O Christ! it was a grief to see,
And likewise for to hear

The cries of men lying in their gore,
And scatter'd here and there,
At last these two stout earls did meet,
Like captains of great might;
Like lions moved, they laid on loud,
And made a cruel fight.
They fought, until they both did sweat,
With swords of temper'd steel;
Until the blood, like drops of rain,
They trickling down did feel.
"Yield thee, lord Percy," Douglas said;
"In faith I will thee bring,
Where thou shalt high advanced be
By James our Scottish king.
"Thy ransom I will freely give,
And thus report of thee;
"Thou art the most courageous knight
That ever I did see."
"No, Douglas," quoth earl Percy then,
"Thy proffer I do scorn;
I will not yield to any Scot
That ever yet was born!"
With that there came an arrow keen
Out of an English bow,
Which struck earl Douglas to the heart,
A deep and deadly blow:
Who never spoke more words than these:
"Light on, my merry men all;
For why? my life is at an end:
Lord Percy sees my fall."
Then leaving life, earl Percy took
The dead man by the hand:
And said, "Earl Douglas, for thy life
Would I have lost my land!
"O Christ! my very heart doth bleed
With sorrow for thy sake;
For sure a more renowned knight
Mischance did never take."
A knight amongst the Scots there was,
Which saw earl Douglas die,
Who straight in wrath did vow revenge
Upon the earl Percy.

Sir Hugh Montgomery he was call'd;
Who with a spear most bright,
Well mounted on a gallant steed,
Ran fiercely through the fight;
And pass'd the English archers all,
Without all dread or fear;
And through earl Percy's body then
He thrust his hateful spear.
With such a vehement force and might
He did his body gore,
The spear went through the other side
A large cloth-yard, and more.
So thus did both these nobles die,
Whose names none would stain.
An English archer then perceived,
The noble earl was slain;
He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a trusty tree;
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
Up to the head drew he;
Against Sir Hugh Montgomery
So right the shaft he set,
The grey-goose wing that was thereon
In his heart-blood was wet.
This fight did last from break of day
Till setting of the sun;
For when they rung the evening bell
The battle scarce was done.

With the earl Percy there was slain
Sir John of Ogerton,
Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,
Sir James that bold baron;
And with Sir George, and good Sir James,
Both knights of good account,
Good Sir Ralph Raby there was slain,
Whose prowess did surmount.
For Witherington needs must I wail,
As one in doleful dumps;
For, when his legs were smitten off,
He fought upon his stumps.
And with earl Douglas there was slain
Sir Hugh Montgomery;
Sir Charles Currel, that from the field
One foot would never fly;
Sir Charles Murrel of Ratcliff too,
His sister's son was he;
Sir David Lamb, so well esteem'd,
Yet saved could not be.

And the lord Maxwell, in likewise,
Did with earl Douglas die:
Of twenty hundred Scottish spears,
Scarce fifty five did fly.
Of fifteen hundred Englishmen,
Went home but fifty three;
The rest were slain in Chevy Chase,
Under the gum-wood tree.
Next day did many widows come,
Their husbands to bewail;
They wash'd their wounds in brinish tears,
But all would not prevail.
Their bodies, bathed in purple blood,
They bore with them away;
They kiss'd their dead a thousand times,
When they were clad in clay.
This news was brought to Edinburgh,
Where Scotland's king did reign,
That brave earl Douglas suddenly
Was with an arrow slain.
"O heavy news!" king James did say;
"Scotland can witness be,
I have not any captain more
Of such account as he."

Like tidings to King Henry came,
Within as short a space,
That Percy of Northumberland
Was slain in Chevy Chase.
"Now God be with him," said our King,
"Sith 'twill no better be;
I trust I have within my realm
Five hundred good as he."
Yet shall not Scot nor Scotland say,
But I will vengeance take;

And be revenged on them all
For brave lord Percy's sake."
This vow full well the king perform'd,
After, on Humbleton.
In one day fifty knights were slain,
With lords of great renown.
And of the rest, of small account,
Did many hundreds die.
Thus ended the hunting of Chevy Chase
Made by the earl Percy.
God save the king, and bless the land
In plenty, joy, and peace;
And grant henceforth that foul debate
"I wist nobleman may cease."

The Sailor's Apology,
OR THE CONSCIENTIOUS CAPTAIN.
BY HAWSER MANTINGALE.

Captain Christopher Cringle, was a short, thick set, spruce old human kind, and with a broad, good humored face, and a bright eye, which said as plainly as an eye could say, that a soul inhabited that body. At the time I knew him, he commanded the ship Oodites of Boston, and enjoyed the reputation of being a good sailor, a straightforward man; one who was not backward to express his sentiments on all occasions, with but too little regard to time or place. His feelings, were kind, but his temper bordered a little on the choleric.

One morning, Captain Cringle was standing in front of Delorme's Coffee House in Matanzas, a place where Yankee shipmasters in days past, especially those who indulged in a habit of loafing, were wont to congregate. He had been conversing with some friends, and was in the act of telling an interesting story of an adventure he once met with in the uninhabited Island of Crookston, in the straits of Sundra, where he once landed during a calm, and was chased by a monstrous serpent while exploring among the bushes. Mr. Mayduke, a well dressed gentleman, well known in Cuba, having resided for several years in Havana and Matanzas, came up, without being perceived by the company, and tapped Captain Cringle on the shoulder, saying—

—with a conciliatory smile—
"Captain, a word with you, if you please."
Cringle turned around, and when he saw Mayduke before him, started back as if he had suddenly come in contact with the identical serpent from which he had escaped in the East Indies. A pale hue overspread his visage, his eyes flashed with more than ordinary fire, and a dark frown rapidly gathered on his brow. He returned Mayduke's salutation, however, with a slight inclination of the head, and dryly said, Mr. Mayduke, what is your wish?"

"Oh, I only wish to speak to you about a little matter; a trifling thing, perhaps; but it is an affair which deeply concerns me—my character; I should say my reputation,—but which I dare say you will be able to explain satisfactorily."
"Well, sir, what is it?" demanded Cringle, with ill suppressed indignation.
"Why, Capt. Cringle, I have no doubt that it is all a mistake, and you will be quite surprised to hear it, but—in these cases I—" Here Mayduke was so embarrassed, that he could not proceed. He evidently did not like the looks of Cringle, who was keenly eyeing him all the while.
"Mr. Mayduke," exclaimed Cringle, in a clear tone, "I don't understand you. What is the mistake?"

"Oh!" said Mayduke, who saw the necessity of forthwith bringing the matter to a crisis, "it is rumored in Havana, but I don't believe it, Capt. Cringle, that you have on more than one occasion said some rather hard things about me."
"Indeed!" said Cringle, musingly, "and what hard things, according to rumor, have I said on these occasions?"
"Why," replied Mayduke, who seemed to be gathering courage from the quiet manner of the worthy seaman; "I have been told, and by pretty good authority too—but it must be a mistake; that on one occasion, at a dinner given by Maristagni, Knight & Co., you denounced me as a swindling blockhead! Hard words, those, Captain Cringle, to apply to a gentleman."

"Any thing else?" inquired Cringle in a quiet tone.
"On another occasion, if I have not been grossly misinformed, you applied to me the epithet of thick headed scoundrel!"
"It is all true, Mr. Mayduke," said Cringle. "I have applied such epithets to you."
Mayduke was taken all aback at this candid avowal. "Do I understand, then, Captain Cringle," said he, "that you are prepared to justify your language in relation to me?"
"By no means," said Cringle, "I am glad that you have directed my attention to the subject, that we may come to a fair understanding. I have always regretted that I used such language on those occasions when I was speaking of you."
"Pray listen to him, gentlemen!" said Mayduke parenthetically, addressing the bystanders.
"I consider it ungentlemanly," continued Cringle, "to apply abusive epithets