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SUBAL ECONOMY.

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

From the Charlottesville Advocate.
GUANO.

We learn, from the Agent at this place, that 500 tons of Guano have been brought to this county (upwards of 200 to the depot in Charlottesville,) on the railroad within the last two months; and we have no doubt that 7 or 800 tons will be used in Albemarle on wheat this fall, if the supply be equal to the demand. From so extensive use of a foreign and high priced manure, the belief must be very general among our farmers that "it will pay," and so we believe it was wherever used in the county heretofore. We presume we could not perform a more acceptable service to our readers (the agricultural portion especially,) than to give them all the light we can gather as to the effects of Guano upon the various crops, the profitableness of an investment in it, and the permanency of the improvement of land to which it has been applied. We publish with pleasure the following letter from one of our best and most intelligent farmers, and invite all who have used Guano to give their brother farmers the benefit of their experience, through our column:—
Mn. Editor:

I concur with a secret writer in the Whig, that Farmers who used this article last year, should give the results of their experiments to the public—in order that it is unquestionably a valuable manure, it may at once get into general use, and if it is a humbug, the sooner it is exposed the better. I used last fall one and a half tons on wheat sowed on red land. It was applied to corn land of pretty good quality—its product in corn was between 5 and 6 barrels to the acre. The Guano was applied at the rate of 200 lbs. to the acre,—ploughed under with a two horse plow, and the wheat harvested in about 10th October. It ripened 4 or 5 days earlier than the same kind of wheat on contiguous land of the same quality. I measured off four acres of land and had it threshed separately—the result was 124 bushels to the acre, of wheat of fair quality, though somewhat injured by the rust. I then threshed separately the wheat from four acres adjoining, on which there was no Guano; the result was 7 bushels to the acre. The Guano cost me \$5 per acre. The increased product of wheat being 54 bushels, at one dollar per bushel, would just pay the cost of the Guano with interest. It is proper to add, that the clover on the land dressed with Guano is decidedly more vigorous and luxuriant than on the land adjoining.

I also applied this spring 1500 lbs. to 15 acres of very thin land in oats—this too, was turned over with a two horse plow. The result was an increase of the oat crop, as nearly as I could estimate, of 6,000 lbs. of oat straw, over what the same land yielded in oats last year. Putting the oats at fifty cents per one hundred pounds, the increase from Guano would be \$30, against a cost of \$33. Here, too, vegetation is very luxuriant upon the land since the oats have been taken off.
Respectfully, &c.,
B. H. MAGRUDER.

MANAGEMENT OF ANIMALS.

In breaking or managing a horse, however intractable or stubborn his temper may be, preserve your own. Almost every fault of the brute arises from ignorance. Be patient with him, teach and coax him, and success, in time, is certain. There are tricks, however, which are the results of confirmed habit or viciousness, and these sometimes require a different treatment. A horse accustomed to starting and running away, may be effectually cured by putting him to the top of his speed on such occasions, and running him till pretty thoroughly exhausted.

A horse that had a trick of pulling at his bridle and breaking it, was at last reduced to better habits, by tying him tightly to a stake driven on the bank of a deep stream. With his tail pointing to the water, he commenced pulling at the halter, which suddenly parting, over the bank he tumbled, and after a summerset or two, and floundering a while in the water, he was satisfied to remain at his post in future, and break no more bridles.

A ram has been cured of a plucking at everything and everybody, by placing an unresisting effigy in a similar position; when the sudden assault on a winty day resulted in tumbling his ramship into a cold bath, which his improved manners took good care to avoid in future.

A sheep-killing dog has been made too much ashamed ever again to look a sheep in the face, by tying his hind legs to a stick ram, on the brow of a hill, while the

dork were quietly feeding at the bottom. On being set free, and somewhat startled at setting out, in his haste to rejoin his friends, he tumbled and thumped master Tray so sadly over the stones and gullies, that he was quite satisfied to confine himself to cooked mutton thereafter.
Man's reason was given him to control "the beast of the field and the birds of the air," by other means than brute force. If he will bring this into play, he will have no difficulty in meeting and overcoming every emergency of perverse intellect or bad habits in the dumb thing, by his superior cunning. Etc.

How to Make Home Unhealthy.

Where do you find the best part of a lecture?—not in the outside leaves. Which are the choice parts of celery?—of course, the white shoots in the middle. Why, sir? Because light has never come to them. They become white and luxuriant by being kept in the dark, and by contrivances which keep the sun at bay. It is the same with man: while we obstruct the light by putting brick and board where glass suggests itself, and mock the light by picturing impracticable windows on our outside walls,—so that our houses stare about like blind men with glass eyes,—while this is done, we sit at home and blanch, we become in our dim apartment pale and delicate, we grow to look refined, as gentlemen and ladies ought to look.

Ladies know that, To keep their faces pale, they pull the blinds down in the drawing room, they put a veil between their countenances and the sun when they go out, and carry, like good soldiers, a great shield on high, by same a parasol, to ward his darts off. They know better than to let the old god kiss them into color, as he does the peaches. They choose to remain green fruit; and we all know that to be a delicacy.

THE PRICE OF AN OPINION.

In a cold night of November, in the year 1825, a man enveloped in a cloak, rapped at the door of one of the most distinguished advocates of Paris. He was quickly shown to the chamber of the learned lawyer.

"Sir," said he, placing upon the table a large parcel of papers. "I am rich; but the suit that has been instituted against me to-day will entirely ruin me. At my age, a fortune is not to be rebuilt, so that the loss of the suit will condemn me forever to the most fruitful misery. I come to ask the aid of your talents. Here are the papers; as to the facts, I will, if you please, expose them clearly to you."

The advocate listened attentively to the stranger; then opened the parcel, examined all the papers it contained, and said: "Sir, the action laid against you is founded in justice and morality. Unfortunately, in spite of the admirable perfection of our codes, law does not always accord with justice, and here the law is for you. If, therefore, you rest strictly upon the law, and avail yourself without exception of all the means in your favor, if above all, these means are exposed with clearness and force, you will infallibly gain this suit, and nobody can afterwards dispute that fortune which you fear to lose."

"Nobody in the world," replied the client, "is so competent to do this as yourself. An opinion drawn up in this sense and signed by you would render me invulnerable. I am bold enough to hope that you will not refuse it to me."

The skillful advocate reflected for some moments, and, taking up again the papers which he had pushed away with an abruptness peculiar to him, said he would draw up to the opinion, and that it should be finished the following day at the same hour.

The client was punctual to his appointment. The advocate presented him with the opinion, and without taking the trouble to reply to the thanks with which the other overwhelmed him, said to him rudely—

"Here is the opinion; there is no judge, who, after seeing that will condemn you. Give me 3,000 francs!"

The client was struck dumb and motionless with surprise.

"You are free to keep your money," said the advocate, "as I am to throw this opinion in the fire."

So speaking, he advanced toward the chimney; but the other stopped him, and declared that he would pay the sum demanded, but that he had only half of it with him.

He drew, in fact, from his pocket-book 1,500 francs in bank notes. The advocate with one hand took the notes, and with the other threw the opinion into the drawer.

"But," said the client, "I am going, if you please, to give you my note for the remainder."

"I want money. Bring me 1,500 more francs or you shall not have one line." There was no remedy and the 3,000 francs were paid; but the client, to revenge himself of being so pillaged, hastened to circulate this anecdote. It got into the papers, and for a fortnight there was a deluge of witicism of all kinds upon the interestedness of the great advocate. Those

who did not laugh at it, said it was deplorable that a man of such merit should be tainted with a vice so degenerating as avarice. Even his friends were moved by it, and some of them went so far as to remonstrate with him publicly; but the only reply he gave was by shrugging his shoulders, and then, as every thing is quickly forgotten at Paris, people soon ceased to talk of this.

Ten years had passed away. One day the Court of Cassation, in its red robes, was descending the steps of the Palace of Justice, to be present at a public ceremony. All at once a female darts from the crowd, throws herself at the feet of the procureur general, seizes the end of his robe, and presses it to her lips. The woman was looked upon as deranged, and they tried to drag her away.

"Oh, leave me alone, leave me alone," she cries, "I recognise him—it is he, my preserver. Thanks to him, my old age is happy. Oh, you do not know me. One day, I was very unhappy then, I was advised to bring an action against a distant relation of my last husband, who had possessed himself of a rich heritage that ought to have come to my children. Already I had sold half my goods to bring about the action, when one evening, I saw enter my house, a gentleman who said to me—'Do not go to law; reason and morality are for you, but the law is against you. Keep the little you have, and add to it these 3,000 francs which are truly yours.' I remained speechless with surprise. When I would have spoken and thanked him, he had disappeared; but the bag of money was there upon my table, and the countenance of that generous man was engraved upon my heart, never to be erased. Well, this man—this preserver of my family, is here! Let me thank him before God and men!"

The court had stopped. The procureur general appeared moved, but conquering his emotions he said: "Take away this good woman; and take care no harm comes to her. I don't think she is quite right in her mind." He was mistaken—the poor woman was not mad—only she remembered, and M. Dupin had forgotten.

From Certain's Union Magazine.

THE DISCOVERY, OR PLOTS AND COUNTER PLOTS.

Kate Carlton was something of a coquette, and her lover, Frank Ingleyby, very jealous, which, of course, he had no good reason to be, for he knew perfectly well that there was no one so dear to the heart of Kate as he was himself, and that although she walked with one, rode with a second, danced with a third, and chatted like a little magpie with all the beaux of the village, yet, after all, when her eye met his, it was with a loving glance—such as she bestowed on no one else—and with a smile reserved for him alone. No, he had no right to be jealous; but as he was so, he should have kept it to himself, and not been continually upbraiding poor Kate, until he had the cruel satisfaction of bringing tears into those beautiful eyes. For, to do her justice, she had no intention of being a coquette. She was a sprightly, good-tempered little soul, and it was as natural for her to do all she could to make people happy around her, as it is for a bird to sing in the spring-time. Yet sometimes when she least expected it, when, in the innocence of her heart she was laughing and chatting with careless freedom, to make the moments pass pleasantly, to some chance visitor from village beau-dom—she would, all of a sudden, find Frank's eyes darting anger and reproach into her very heart. And then there was always sure to be a scene, as the French say. Frank would upbraid—Kate would smile sweetly, and try to reason—the idea of such a thing, reason with a jealous man—well Kate was young! Then Frank would work himself quite into a passion, and call her a flirt—at which Kate would pout, while her little foot beat time to the throbbings of her heart—still Frank would persist in his reproaches, and then Kate would begin to weep, which was sure to bring Frank plump down on his knees! Ah, now it was Kate's time to rule! sitting so dignified, with her little head turned scornfully on one side, while Frank begged like a sinner, as he was, for forgiveness. No—she would not forgive him—not she indeed—he was very cruel—of all things she despised jealousy—she had given him no reason to say what he had! And Frank confessed it, and swore he would never be so unjust again, if she would only forgive him this once—just this once. But no; Kate declared she would never, never, never. Ah did you hear that? it was only the adverb cut in two by two lips!

It was one of those beautiful evenings which seem made for lovers only, that Frank and Kate were strolling through the vine-trailled portico surrounding the pleasant little cottage of Mr. Carleton. It was in the rosy month of June, and the fragrance of

sweet blossoms seemed floating on the gentle evening breeze, and on the rippling stream which ran softly murmuring at the foot of the terrace. The stars looked out brightly from their azure depths. Mars cast his most beaming smile upon the gentle Venus, and all the little stars twinkled their bright eyes roguishly. As for the moon, she was too busy in her own reflections, to heed the wooing of celestial or terrestrial lovers.

Kate, looking up very bewitchingly in the face of Frank, said: "Now promise me, Frank, that when we are married, you will never be jealous again; for you must know that this unfortunate infirmity of yours sometimes makes me fear for our future happiness."

"No, my sweet girl, I cannot doubt you then," exclaimed Frank; "you will be my own, my own dear wife, Kate, and never again, I promise you, shall my foolish jealousy cause you regret."

"Ah, it is so mean to be jealous, now is it not, Frank? it is so unworthy a generous heart; it betrays such a want of confidence in the one you love! Really, Frank, I have been more than once tempted to resign you to some one whom you could put more faith in."

The stars winked at this. "Why, Kate, dear Kate, is it possible! and yet you have borne my folly so like an angel. I should be a wretch indeed if I ever doubted you again!" cried Frank.

"If I did not believe you—if I thought that if after we were married, Frank, you would still conjure up your jealous fears, I should be perfectly wretched!" and the tears stood in the fine eyes of Kate as she spoke, which, that they might not be lost, Frank prudently kissed away.

Earth, air, and sky united to bless the bridal day; and on a bright beautiful morning, when the leaves danced to the merry song of the birds, Frank and Kate were married, and bidding adieu to the dear old family roof-tree, took up their abode in a pretty little cottage, nestling like a dove-cot,

"Down in a dale,
Far from resort of people,
In which the birds sang many a lovely day,
Of God's high praise and of their sweet love's teen,
As if an earthly Paradise had been."

Ah, what harmony within the dove-cot! what peace! what felicity! Had Frank a hundred eyes he would have failed to discover any fault in Kate, and not all the microscopes in the world could have betrayed a single flaw in Frank. And then such perfect unanimity of opinion. Why, if, like Petruchio, Frank had declared the sun to be the moon, Kate, though not the vixen Kate of Padua, would have sworn the same. They "discoursed sweet music," too, for Kate sang like an angel; and if ever angel played the flute, then Frank had certainly got the knack of it, and although music is said to be the food of love, our happy pair pretended to till a little garden where less ethereal viands might be found; the little flower plat, Kate took under her more special care, but his roses were no brighter than her cheeks, nor the violet bluer than her eyes.

Now, in the second honeymoon there came a letter to Kate from a young friend and schoolmate, announcing her intention of passing a few weeks with the new married pair. Kate really loved Sue, that is, she spared her just as much as she could from Frank, you know, yet she almost dreaded the interruption to the charmed life she was leading; and as for Frank he was so much disturbed at the idea of a third party in love's tete-a-tete, that he was ungallant enough to consign this young lady over to a certain gentleman unmentionable.

In due time, Susan May arrived, the very personification of fun and mischief; a round merry face, large black eyes, which seemed to have caught their inspiration from the goddess of Mirth herself, red, pouting lips and a little nose—ah! excuse me—the nose, to be sure, is a very striking feature, but has never been immortalized by the poet, I believe; and therefore, I will only say of Sue's nose that it turned up a little, just a very little, and seemed a very arch, knowing nose.

Frank and Kate received their visitor as if they were truly delighted to see her, and really undertook to be very agreeable. As she was a stranger, of course it was incumbent upon them to invite other guests into their devoted solely for her amusement, and to say the truth, Susan would else soon have tired of the cooing of these tender pigeons.

And now a little cloud, a mere speck, "no bigger than a man's hand," arose on Love's horizon. Kate was just as bewitching as ever to her old admirers; it seemed so natural to hear her sweet

voice again in the songs she used to sing them, so pleasant to hear her merry ringing laugh, that all paid her the tribute of their gratitude for thus reviving old associations, by bringing her books, flowers, or music, and then, as Susan's captivating charms, and her versatile powers of pleasing broke more fully upon them, it followed that the cottage became quite a scene of gaiety, and Kate never once dreaming that she was arousing the "green-eyed monster," whose approach she had so much dreaded, welcomed and entertained their several guests with her usually sprightly tone and artless manners, yet always happier when she could steal a few moments with Frank.

She was one evening singing a merry little song, in which Sue and several of the company joined the chorus, and quite a little knot of listeners were gathered about the piano. Kate played and sang with more than her usual spirit, and as the theme of the song was the misery of a bachelor's life, she archly addressed it with her laughing eye, and a nod of her head to one of the gentlemen present. A general laugh marked the applause of her well aimed jest. Kate sprang up gaily; as she did so, she saw Frank leaning moodily against the mantel-piece, and ah! the pique-spot was on his brow!

Poor Kate, she saw it at a glance, and the tears came flooding up from her innocent heart.

"We have been so happy—but it is all over now!" she mentally exclaimed with a deep-drawn sigh, then quickly forcing a smile, she joined Frank, and linking her arm with his, tried to win him to himself again.

Frank had something in his throat to say to Kate the next morning before he went out; he had been trying for a long time to utter it, but he could only hem, and choke like a frog with the whooping-cough. At last, with a desperate effort:

"I really think, Kate, that for a married woman, you indulge in a little too much levity; I wish you would be more dignified."

Kate had not once thought about the dignity of a married woman of eighteen; therefore the heinousness this of oversight struck her so forcibly that she burst into a merry laugh, at which Frank slammed the door, and then Kate's mood changed to weeping.

"Why, Kate, dear, what is the matter with you?" cried Sue, suddenly entering the room, "are you sick? have you heard bad news?"

"Oh, no—nothing—nothing of any consequence!" sobbed Kate.

"And you are crying so! I don't believe you; what is it, Kate, do tell me?"

But Kate was a jewel of a little wife, and would not expose her husband's folly; however, Sue's great black eyes weren't made for nothing, and they looked directly into the business.

"Um! these men! Well, now, I should like to pull Frank's ears, breaking the heart of such a dear little soul as Kate!" thought Sue.

Well, it was a pity, but Frank adored his little wife to such a degree, that no sooner did he hear the creaking of a pair of boots, or see a gentleman's hat in the hall, than the enemy returned in full force.

Not so prudent as Kate, however, Frank confided his troubles to his friend Fred Starr.

"Now, I believe on my soul, Frank, you are wrong," said Fred, after listening patiently to the detail of his friend's grievances; "nay, I know you are."

"I will not deny that Kate loves me," returned Frank, "but not as I want to be loved. I would have her smile only on me—think only of me!"

"Nonsense, Frank! I am sure you must make yourself perfectly ridiculous to your wife, you are taking the very measures to bring about what you so much dread. Kate has no fears for your love, I'll be bound; perhaps it would be well if she had."

"What do you mean, Fred?"

"Why that it would be very well if your paid your court to some other fair lady, and not be for ever following your wife round as you do—this night, in turn, excite her jealousy, and draw her more exclusively to yourself."

"Ah, a capital idea, Fred; thank you for the suggestion—but with whom shall I commence my flirtations—let me see—suppose I begin with that witch, Sue?"

"No, Frank—some other lady if you please."

"Ah—ah! you are caught in love's net then, are you, Fred?"

"Fact, Frank! but I tell you what, if I ever do win Sue, I will give her liberty to paint me as black as Othello, if I ever make myself so perfectly ridiculous as you do, Frank! There is my sister Annette, she is just the one for you; and poor little innocent soul, she will never suspect she is in league against the most charming woman in the world, save one."

"I am going out this evening, K. te."

said Frank carelessly as he rose from the tea table.

"That was something new, to be sure. 'Are you, Frank? where?' asked Kate, looking up in some surprise."

"I have promised Annette Starr I would bring over my flute and play some duets with her; she is a splendid singer."

"Dear Frank, I would go with you, only you know I cannot leave Sue," said Kate, following him to the door, and putting up her rosy little mouth for a kiss.

"O, it is of no consequence—no consequence at all—don't sit up for me, I may be late," and away swaggered Frank with the air of one who has done a good thing.

Kate looked after him a moment, opened her beautiful blue eyes in some wonder, and then joined Sue in a stroll through the garden.

The next morning as Frank took up his hat to go, Kate said:

"By the way, dear Frank, shall you be at leisure about 10 o'clock? we want you to take a ride with us."

"Thank you," he answered, twirling his whiskers with a most provoking air; "I am going to ride with Annette—Miss Starr, I mean."

Kate's colour rose, but she answered with her usual pleasant smile.

"Are you well, then, we will defer our drive until after tea."

"O, go this morning, by all means, girls, for I shall probably take tea at Mrs. Starr's—good-bye."

Kate stooped down, and began to pull the dead leaves from the sweetbrier, but Sue saw large round drops like dew glittering upon them as she cast them to the winds.

"Well, Kate is an angel," thought Sue, "and Frank is—!" She did not say what, but she shook her little white hand with an air of defiance at the retreating form of that redoubtable husband.

As for poor Kate, she could not tell what was the matter with her; she never felt so miserable in her life before. Sue rattled on, and Kate tried to join her, but her heart was heavy, and in spite of all she could, the tears would come. Sue took no notice apparently; and, finally, hoping to beguile her thoughts, began reading aloud.

"They were soon interrupted, however, by the sound of horses' feet cantering up the avenue, and voices in gay conversation, and the next moment, galloping up the shady little path, came Annette Starr, on a beautiful white pony, looking most bewitching in her little black riding-cap, with long waving plumes, and her dark-green habit displaying to so much advantage her fine graceful figure. Mounted on a noble, spirited steed, Frank rode at her side, his countenance all animation, and his fine eyes too much absorbed apparently in the charms of his companion to heed the pale face of Kate at the window above.

"Dear me, Mrs. Ingleyby, how can you stay in the house such a fine morning as this!" cried Annette, snatching off the top of a beautiful rose with her riding whip as she spoke; "it is so lovely—why don't you ride!"

Kate answered in the same gay tone, and then bending still further from the window, she began to praise the beauty of the animal Frank rode.

He made her some careless reply, and at the same moment Annette said with a merry laugh, as she turned her horse's head:

"Now, Mrs. Ingleyby, you must not be jealous, and think I am running away with your husband."

"No, I am running away with you,—allow me," said Frank, gaily. And with a slight wave of the hand to Kate, off they galloped, the sound of their happy voices ringing through the shady grove like a knell at the heart of Kate.

Jealous! ah, that was it. Now Kate knew what ailed her. Jealous; yes, that was it. Could it be that she was really jealous of her dear Frank. Poor Kate! many bitter tears she shed, silently and alone, but making no complaint, and appearing just as kind and gentle as ever to her more than half repentant husband.

"But it won't do to give it up yet—no, indeed—the game is but half won!" said Frank. And so for two weeks longer he labored hard to make his wife miserable and himself too.

One morning Kate was found by Fred Starr sitting in the summer house bathed in tears.

Fred knew in a moment what the matter was, and felt as if he deserved to be hung for being instrumental in causing them. He was determined to make a clean breast of it.

"Mrs. Ingleyby—ahem—Kate!"

"Mr. Starr," exclaimed Kate rising quickly to make her escape, and to hide her tears.

"Stop a moment—ahem—Mrs. Ingleyby, it's only a joke."

"What is a joke! I don't understand you," answered Kate, still averting her face.

"Why Frank and—and Annette."

"Indeed I must go—indeed I must, Mr. Starr," said Kate.

"Now, I'll be hanged if you do!" answered