

HILLSBOROUGH RECORDER.

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

Vol. XXXI.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1850.

No. 1511.



GREAT ECONOMY.

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

From the Petersburg Intelligencer.

The Editor of the Intelligencer will oblige a subscriber by publishing the following justly merited recommendation of a grain which has not attracted the attention of the farming community in a way commensurate with its importance:

POLAND WHEAT.

During a call at the book store of Col. J. C. Swan a few days ago, I had the sight of a sample of Wheat raised by P. Foley, Esq., of Blandford, which certainly realized all my conceptions of the standard excellence of this important crop. The size, beauty, fullness and lustre of the grains, at once commends it to the admiration of all who examine it. In comparison to the Poland Wheat of Mr. Foley, the ordinary kinds produced and offered in this market at present are mere trash; even the best white wheat that I have seen is thrown far in the shade. In this section of Virginia, where the wheat crop has been so shamefully neglected and allowed to degenerate, the introduction of the Poland Wheat would be followed by the most beneficial results. The farmer would be richly rewarded for his labor, in a most prolific return both in grain and straw of the best quality,—the whole community would be benefited by a more sound and healthy food. I would recommend to all interested in improving the quality of our wheat crop, to try and obtain a sight of the Poland Wheat of Mr. Foley, and, if engaged in the cultivation of the soil, to procure some of it for seed.

Guano has been procured by the native Peruvians, from the Chincha Islands, (where Europe now obtains it,) from time immemorial. Only a slight impression has been made on the deposit, by the abstraction of guano, during half a century. Another enormous deposit of guano has, within the last two years, been discovered on the coast of Peru, near Casma, which will probably serve for future ages.

Lowell.—A friend recently returned from the North left in our office a sheet entitled "Statistics of the Lowell Manufactures," exhibiting at a glance the wonderful effects of intelligently applied manufacturing industry. The statistics embrace twelve incorporated manufacturing establishments, severally commencing operations at various times from 1823 to 1845. The aggregate capital stock is \$13,210,000; number of spindles, 319,947; looms, 9,885; female operatives employed, 8,260; males, 3,714. Number of yards made per week: cotton, 2,110,000; woolen, 20,477; carpets, 12,000; rugs, 40. Consumed per week: cotton, 653,000 pounds; wool, 69,000 pounds. The average wages of females, clear of board, is \$2 per week—of males, 80 cents per day. There are two Institutions for Savings, which together had on deposit, the first Saturday in October, 1849, from 5,265 depositors, \$868,362 41—the operatives in the mills being the principal depositors. The Lowell Machine Shop, included in the twelve establishments as above, can furnish machinery complete for a mill of 6000 spindles, in three months. The several Companies have a Hospital for the sick. There are three Banks in the city. And there is a valuable Library of 7000 volumes, belonging to the city. Other manufactures, besides the above, are produced in the city, of the value of \$1,500,000, employing a capital of \$400,000, and about 1,500 hands. The population of Lowell in 1828 was 3,542; it is now (1850) estimated at 35,000.

Getting Insured.—The Troy Post relates a "good one" of Jacob Barker, the Quaker, who, hearing of the loss of one of his vessels which he had omitted to get insured, wrote to a broker with whom he had spoken on the subject as follows:

"Dear Sir—If there has not filled up the policy which I bespoke on Saturday, thee need not, as I have heard from the vessel."

The broker, in fact, had not filled up the policy, but presuming from the tenor of Jacob's note that his vessel was safe, and tempted by what seemed a good chance to elude his per centage without risk, he filled it up forthwith and sent it to Jacob with the assurance that it had been made ready for him on Saturday. On Monday morning the first thing that met his eyes on opening the newspaper, was the loss of Jacob's vessel, which he had so wickedly insured on Sunday. Then, also, he discovered the cunning ambiguity of Jacob's note—he had heard from the vessel!

THE WIFE;

Or, the Cure for an Invalid.

"Mr. O, my!" soliloquized Charles Seaton, "it is too bad. I never come home but my wife is sick and complaining; she won't talk, read, or make the least exertion for my comfort. I am obliged to seek pleasure and enjoyment anywhere but at my own fireside, and this is only the second year of my married life; and if it continues thus, I wonder where it will end! In wishing myself a bachelor, I expect; but let me see—I have it now, and think it will cure her. However, there is no harm in the experiment; for she is forever lying on the sofa, or sick in bed—yet she looks remarkably well for one that eats nothing. I usually take my meals alone, and she is too ill to come down to the table; and I see she is not coming down to tea; so I will not go to her room this time to inquire after her health."

After tea, Charles took a cigar and walked through the hall, puffing with all his might volumes of smoke to keep his courage to the sticking point. He went out in search of company to spend the evening with; but feeling rather uncomfortable, as it was the first time he had shown his wife so little attention, and being one who was fondly in favor of domestic happiness, he concluded to return home. He re-entered the house silently, and seated himself in the back parlor, for he distinctly heard his wife's voice in the dining-room.

She had come down as soon as he had left the house so unceremoniously. Entering the dining-room, wrapped in a large shawl, she seated herself at the table in an indolent, careless manner, and half audibly murmured to the maid of all work:

"Has Charles gone out without coming to see how I was? And O, my head aches so wretchedly, and I feel so miserable!" placing her hands to her temples.

"A little tea and toast will help you, ma'am," said the serving-maid.

"Well, I think I will try a little," drawled out Mrs. Seaton.

A large slice was quickly prepared for her, and Betty noticed that she relished it exceedingly; so she thought she might as well tempt her appetite a little further by descending upon the delicacies set before her.

"Have a bit of chicken," said Betty; "for it will give you such a lot of natural strength—it's done brown, and not a bit too rich for you, neither, ma'am."

"I will take a small piece," answered the invalid, "and a slice of tongue with cranberry sauce; and you may hand me a biscuit, for they look very tempting, and my appetite seems to increase. I will have some chicken salad—another cup of tea, Betty, and some grated cheese and a soda cracker."

The poor serving girl began to look aghast, as she feared the table would soon be cleared and nothing left for herself.

"Will madam have anything else?" she inquired with a grave look.

"Yes, I believe I will try a preserved peach, with cream, and a slice of jelly cake. Dear me," she continued as she heard the door close, "I'm very ill, and I think I shall be obliged to lie down." She tottered into the room, and sank upon the sofa as she observed her husband, who had opened and closed the door as if he had just entered.

"Well, Helen," he said, "are you better this evening?"

"O, no, Charles," she faintly answered, "come and fix the pillow under my head, and spread the shawl over me—I don't know what has come over me—the least exertion almost kills me."

"Laziness, and a disposition to affect the invalid," thought Charles; and as he was in search of a book to while away the hours, Mrs. Seaton's cousin entered to spend the evening.

"I am obliged to you, Kate," said Charles as he greeted the fair girl; "for I hardly know what to do with myself, for Helen is always so ill."

"But how is my fair cousin this evening?" inquired Kate, while bending over the invalid.

"I continue to grow worse," she answered with her eyes closed.

"Her appetite has failed," replied Charles with mock seriousness, "and medical skill availeth nothing. I fear she will never recover."

A shriek, as if in pain, announced that the bait took well, as she was very anxious to impress her husband with the idea that her frail, delicate health was fast giving away, and she was exceedingly fond of being petted.

"Kate," said Charles, favor us with some music; you are such an excellent performer, and it has been so long since I heard good music. Helen never plays now, and I often wonder how she could give it up; for she played a great deal, and always tried to please and fascinate me before we were married, and I wish she would do so now!"

"Charles, Charles," she cried, "you know I have been too ill!"

"I beg your pardon, Ellen; you are ill so much, that I sometimes forget it."

Kate, fearing a scene, wrenched the keys

of the piano with exquisite grace, and her sweet voice warbled the song of the "Bachelor's Dream." And many beautiful songs were sung, while Charles bent over her, seemingly so delighted that he quite forgot the presence of his invalid wife. When Kate rose from the instrument he whispered:

"Kate, you must accede to what I say, as I am about to try an effectual cure for my wife's illness."

Kate bowed her head with a mischievous smile, and her beautiful eyes danced with delight at the idea of some rich sport—for Kate was a fun-loving girl—all life and animation, with a heart that delighted in the happiness of others. She had an intuitive knowledge of the cause of Charles' unhappiness.

"My cousin sleeps," said Kate, as she seated herself.

"We will let her rest, as sleep is the only remedy for one so ill," replied Charles, drawing his chair very near Kate, and taking her hand, he remarked; "What a diminutive and delicately formed hand you have—it is even more beautiful than Helen's," and gazing upon her as if enraptured with her loveliness. "And," continued he, "you are the most bewitching beauty I ever saw. Why did I not know you before I married!"

"Cease, Charles—no flattery," she ejaculated as if in anger.

"As I live, Kate, it is true—and won't you remain single for my sake, dear girl! as you know Helen can't last much longer in her present state, and you would make such a loving wife, and use every exertion to insure my happiness. Say, Kate, will you wait for me?"

"Shame, shame, Charles," added Kate; "how can you talk so before Ellen is dead; but I suppose I may as well promise: as I have no doubt you are my ideal of perfection," continued Kate, with a smile of merriment.

"Dear, noble girl!" answered Charles, "in a few months, and we—"

"Ungrateful, inconstant creature! dare you insult your wife thus?" wildly exclaimed Helen, as she flew between them like a young tigress; "and, O, can it be possible that I have outlived your affection," she continued, bursting into a passion of tears, "and you have already begun to lay out plans for one to supplant me! But I will see that you do not get rid of me so easily. No—I will live and frustrate your unreasonable plans. And remember, Charles, I am not always asleep when my eyes are closed!"

"Nor ill when you complain, answered he, with a mischievous smile.

"Unkind, cruel Charles, to care so little for my illness. What has come over you to change you so suddenly?" And turning to Kate, she exclaimed, with a frowning brow, and eyes flooded with tears,

"Foolish misguided girl, what have you done? But you shall pay for this!"

"Cease, Helen!" cried Charles, "do not get into such a passion—you will kill yourself immediately; pray, be calm; you are so weak from continued suffering, that you will injure yourself."

"Weak, indeed!" she exclaimed; "I am not at all ill; your heartless conduct has quite restored my health."

Kate was about to explain the whole affair, when Charles turned upon her a beseeching look to desist. Mrs. Seaton called the serving boy to wait upon Kate home, as she would not permit her husband to go. Poor Kate! she began to think she had paid rather dear for a joke; however, she concluded to let it rest until Charles saw fit to explain it to Helen.

The cure took amazingly. Mr. Seaton was well enough to come to down to breakfast with an improved appetite. She pouted, yet that was far more agreeable to Charles than her continued complaints, and when he returned home in the evening, she was practicing her music and a work table sat in the centre of the room, upon which stood a lighted lamp, and all the accouters of a lady's industry, together with the evening papers.

At tea she conversed with her usual vivacity, and the evening passed more pleasantly than any he had spent at home for many months. She continued to improve every succeeding day—her health recovered rapidly, and all drugs were banished from her room.

Charles explained the farce, and some time afterwards he whispered lovingly in her ear:

"Helen, dear, shall I bring Kate to spend the evening with us?"

"No, no," she answered, "I will be equally agreeable as Kate. Dear, good Kate, she spent yesterday with me, and I owe her much for the valuable lesson she taught me. And you say, dear Charles, if I had not changed you would have been driven to seek company among those dissolute beings who frequent the halls of Bacchus!"

Charles made no reply, for his risible faculties were in full play, while he thought how successful he had been in procuring the cure of an invalid!

The Way to Do It.—Boy, if you want to become dissolute and depraved; if you desire to be young in years and old in crime; if you want to become odious in

the eyes of all respectable men, keep the company of tipplers and hang around the rum shops.

Youth, if you would be shunned by the virtuous and the good; if you would be slighted by the fair, and abhorred by the pure; if you would be marked by the finger of scorn and written down as one doomed by infamy, patronize the gay gin place and keep the company of the fiends who dwell therein.

Man, would you provoke the enmity of your kind, destroy your influence, annihilate your credit, ruin your business, disgrace your kindred, beggar your family then tarry at the wine cup, and frequent the rum shop.

Woman, would you sink to a depth of degradation, whence scarcely the illimitable reach of the Omnipotent arm can pluck you; would you obliterate all that makes you lovely, all that assimilates you to the angels; would you stand in God's fair sunlight—a thing for scorn to point the finger at; would you become an object to make the flesh creep and the hair bristle with horror? drink alcohol!

Mortal! would you pervert your noble nature, foil your sublime destiny, abase your curious and wonderful body, ruin your race, abuse and defy your God? drink alcohol!

These directions are infallible; they are copied from the Pharmacopœia of Hell, where Brandyopathy is the dominant school of prescriptions that serves to glut the great revenge of Death, and surfeit the boundless appetite of the Grave.

Gethsemane.—Lieut. Lynch of the United States Exploring Expedition to the river Jordan and the Red Sea in 1848, visited the garden of Gethsemane about the middle of May. He says:

"The clover upon the ground was in bloom, and altogether, the garden, in its aspects and association, was better calculated than any other place I know to soothe a troubled spirit. Eight venerable trees, isolated from the smaller and less imposing ones which skirt the pass of the Mount of Olives, form a consecrated grove. High above on either hand, towers a lofty mountain, with the deep yawning chasm of Jehoshaphat between them. Crowning one of them is Jerusalem, a living city; on the slope of the other is the great Jewish cemetery, a city of the dead.

"Each tree in this grove, creaked and gnarled and furrowed by age, yet beautiful and impressive in its decay, is a living monument of the affecting scenes that have taken place beneath and around it. The olive perpetuates itself, and from the root of the dying parent stem, the young tree springs into existence. These are accounted one thousand years old. Under those of the preceding growth, therefore, the Saviour was wont to rest; and one of the present may mark the very spot where he knelt, and prayed and wept. No railing doubt can find entrance here. The geographical boundaries are too distinct and clear for an instant's hesitation. Here the Christian, forgetful of the present and absorbed in the past, can resign himself to sad yet soothing meditation. The few purple and crimson flowers, growing about the roots of the trees, will give him ample food for contemplation, for they tell of the suffering and ensanguined death of the Redeemer."

Exemplary Young Lady.—It has been mentioned in many of the papers, that a daughter of President Fillmore is, or was, a teacher in the public school in Buffalo. The Philadelphia Post says she was led thus to employ herself, not from any necessity, but from dissatisfaction with the fashionable frivolities which engage the attention of so many young ladies, and as a means of doing some good in the world.

We allude to this fact, adds the Post, not as a mere matter of idle gossip but in order to commend the example of both father and daughter to others. "Too many of our young ladies in the wealthier classes of society, live for their own pretty selves and selfish enjoyments alone, forgetful of the claims for service which the great Creator has upon all His creatures. While their fathers and brothers are engaged in laborious and useful callings, they are frittering away their time like butterflies, growing only more frivolous and selfish from day to day. There is a lesson to such in the example of Miss Fillmore, which we trust they may take to heart. In all ages, the highest and noblest ladies of the land, have never thought it any degradation to visit the poor in their afflictions, and to teach the ignorant. The very word Lady, itself, it will be remembered, means "bread giver." Let all then, who think they have a right to that name—a beautiful one in its place, as it is, in spite of some modern slanderers—prove themselves worthy of it, by giving a portion of their time and means to the distribution of the bread of knowledge to the ignorant, or of the bread of subsistence to the sick, infirm and poor.

The Prodigality of Wealth.—"The vast accumulation of wealth in the hands of a few individuals in this city, is, we presume, well known; but few are aware of

the lavish expenditure of some of our millionaires. It looks sometimes like going back to the days of Rome when the revenue of a province scarce sufficed to furnish a supper, to hear that at a party given in Lafayette Place, the flowers alone cost twenty five hundred dollars! Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore were all placed under contribution, to decorate a single New York mansion with exotics.

The family which could afford to entertain their friends at this expense were, of course, the favorites of fortune. But though such great wealth is not enjoyed by all of our fashionables, their extravagance would astonish folks unaccustomed to the aristocracy of republicans. It is no uncommon thing for a hundred or a thousand invitations to issue for one party, among the "upper ten," who crowd their houses to repletion, fill their guests with the choicest viands, the most costly wines—delight them with flowers and music at the cost of thousands; and rule their little hour through their extravagance and folly, the admiration and wonder of those they fete—then become bankrupt, and give place in their circles of fashion to some florist, confectioner or upholsterer, who grew rich in supplying their extravagance—and in his turn is ambitious for social distinction.

Above his Business.—It is a serious evil that many a young man has fallen into, to be above his business. A person learns a trade, but he is too proud to work at it, and he must go to shop-keeping or street-vending or turn politician. Fool! If he cannot make a living at his trade, we are sure he cannot in any other way. And then, young men brought up to shop-keeping must buy farms, or houses, or some other foolish things, they know nothing about, and what is the result? Head over heels in debt, and certain failure. Multitudes have been ruined by being above their business and branching out into what they knew nothing about.

There is no trouble about young men who do not feel their impotence, and who are willing to work at their trades or professions till they get a little before hand. With a small capital to fall back upon, they can feel like venturing into other business—and by this time they will have formed habits that will be likely to keep them straight. Those who succeed best in life are men who stick to their business and make money before they buy farms and houses, and commence speculating. Look at our successful men and you will see where lies the secret of success. You will find they never were above their business, and never paid for the doing of a job which they could just as well do themselves. We know a man worth from thirty to forty thousand dollars and no laborer works harder than he. He never hesitates to take off his coat and do any kind of work about the premises. Such a man is not above his business; but we think he is too far in the other extreme. Of this we are sure: if all men will be prompt and punctual—stick to their business and not be too proud—they will eventually succeed and become independent.

D. C. Chaceworthy.

The Camel's Revenge.—A few years ago it chanced that a valuable Camel, working in an oil mill in Africa, was severely beaten by its driver, who, perceiving that the camel had treasured up the injury, and was only waiting a favorable opportunity for revenge, kept a strict watch upon the camel. Time passed away, the camel, perceiving that it was watched, was quiet and obedient, and the driver began to think that the beating was forgotten, when one night, after the lapse of several months, the man, who slept on a raised platform in the mill, whilst, as is customary, the camel was stalled in a corner, happening to remain awake, observed, by the bright moonlight, that when all was quiet the animal looked cautiously around, rose softly, and stealing towards a spot where a bundle of clothes and a bannock, thrown carelessly on the ground, resembled a sleeping figure, cast itself with violence upon them, rolling with all its weight, and tearing them most viciously with its teeth. Satisfied that its revenge was complete, the camel was returning to its corner, when the driver sat up and spoke; at the sound of his voice, and perceiving the mistake it had made, the animal was so mortified at the failure and discovery of its scheme, that it dashed its head against the wall, and died on the spot.

Patriotic Sentiments.—Mr. Duer, of New York, in a letter to his constituents, declining to be again a candidate for a seat in the House of Representatives, concludes with the following remarks:

"The question is now settled; let it rest. The wounds are not yet deep; I know that there is a sound American feeling, however soured or perverted, at the bottom of every good man's heart. Let us return to our nationality; and, laying aside the cries of the North and the South, rally one and all for the Union and our common country.

"The settlement that has been made bears the marks of a genuine settlement.

It is not a triumph of the North or a triumph of the South; a triumph of Whigs over Democrats, or of Democrats over Whigs. It forced itself through by its intrinsic strength, breaking down party lines and sectional ties. No party can claim its merit. Yet as Whigs we cannot but regard it as fortunate, that it happened under the auspices of a Whig President and received the hearty welcome of a Whig Administration. It has disembarassed the executive branch of the Government, and enabled it to pursue its course towards a successful prosecution of public affairs. If now this dead question of slavery is to be galvanized, whether for the annoyance of the President or to prevent the adoption of beneficial measures of public policy, I can only say that the last men who should do this are Whigs, and the last Whigs who should do it are the Whigs of the State of New York.

Noble and Patriotic.—Mr. Bates, of Missouri, in answer to a toast given at some ceremonies at Yale College recently, exclaimed: "Sir, out there, we never ask who's a man's father. If he is a man he is honored. Nothing is hereditary; yet he is rejected to be here in the midst of such an extraordinary race of men as Yale educates for life's contests, and whom she has gathered around her to-day. He called Connecticut the glorious old little Commonwealth. The schoolhouse of the Continent, she sends her surplus exports of intelligence, enterprise and virtue abroad over the world, and they reap rich rewards. He said that out of the Mississippi eight millions of people drink. It runs through the whole country, and the people living on it would defend the Union of the States with hearts and arms. No war nor policy can divide it. We want no little rag-flag with a yellow spot upon it. Nature speaks loudest in her grandest works, and the giant West speaks loudest for the Union. The children of parents from Connecticut and Georgia on the Mississippi mingle together, and before they know what politics mean, they know what the frescoes of their father's fathers were. [Applause.] The North and the South seem to have forgotten that the West has an interest in the Union. By-and-by, when the North and South threaten to fight, the West will, as is sometimes done with pugacious boys—hold them far enough apart to prevent striking, but face to face till they grin each other into good humor.

A Great Country.—The United States has a frontier line of 11,000 miles, a sea coast of 5,340, and a lake coast of 1,160. One of its rivers is twice as long as the Danube, the largest river in Europe. We have single States larger than England, and bayous and creeks that shame the Tiber and Siene. New York harbor receives the vessels that navigate the rivers, canals and lakes to the extent of 3,000 miles—equal to the distance from America to Europe. From Mine to New Orleans is 200 miles further than from London to Constantinople, a route that crosses England, Belgium, Prussia, Germany, Austria, and Turkey. Truly this is a great country."

A Wise Judge.—A certain merchant left in his testament seventeen horses to be divided among his three sons, according to the following proportions:—The first was to receive half, the second one third, and the youngest a ninth part of the whole. But, when they came to arrange about the division, it was found that, to comply with the terms of the will, without sacrificing one or more of the animals, was impossible. Puzzled in the extreme, they repaired to the Cadi, who, having read the will, observed that such a difficult question required time for deliberation, and commanded them to return after two days.

When they again made their appearance, the judge said, "I have considered carefully your case, and I find that I can make such a division of the seventeen horses among you as will give each more than his strict share, and yet one of the animals shall not be injured. Are you content?" "We are, O judge," was the reply. "Bring forth the seventeen horses and let them be placed in the Court," said the Cadi. The animals were brought, and the judge ordered his groom to place his own horse with them. He bade the eldest brother count the horses. "They are eighteen in number, O judge," he said. "I will now make the division," observed the Cadi. "You, the eldest, are entitled to half; take then nine horses. You, the second son, are to receive one third, take therefore six; while to you, the youngest, belongs the ninth part, namely, two. Thus, the seventeen horses are divided among you; you have each more than your share, and I may now take my own steed back again." "Mashallah!" exclaimed the brothers, with delight. "O Cadi, your wisdom equals that of our Lord, Sulaiman ibn Daoud."

Let a woman be decked with all the embellishments of art and nature—yet, if boldness be read in her face, it blots out all the tinges of beauty.