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REAL ECONOMY.

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

"What are Birds good for?"—The American Agriculturist for December, in answer to this inquiry, relates the following anecdotes:

"In connection with this subject, we will give an anecdote related to us last winter by Gov. Aiken, of South Carolina, of the rice birds. These little creatures gather around the fields at harvest time in countless myriads, and of course consume considerable grain. Some years ago it was determined to make war upon them, and drive them out of the country, and the measure was in some degree successful, so far as getting rid of the birds. 'What are birds good for?' The rice planter soon found out; for with the decrease of birds, the worms increased so rapidly that, instead of a few scattering grains to feed the birds, the whole crop was demanded to fill the insatiable maw of the army that came to consume every young shoot as fast as they sprung from the ground. Most undoubtedly the birds were invited back again with a hearty welcome. Rice cannot be cultivated without their assistance.

"A few years ago the blackbirds in the northern part of Indiana were considered a grievous nuisance to the farmer. Whole fields of oats were sometimes destroyed, and the depredations upon late corn were greater than can be believed, if told. The farmers sowed and the birds reaped. He scolded and they twittered. Occasionally a charge of shot brought down a score, but made no more impression upon the great host of birds than the removal of a single bucket of water from the great salt puddle. A few years later every green thing on the land seemed destined to destruction by the army worm. Man was powerless—a worm among worms. But his best friend, the hated blackbirds, came to his relief just in time to save when all seemed lost. No human aid could have helped him. How thankful should man be that God has given him for his companions and fellow-laborers, in the cultivation of the earth, these lovely birds. 'The laborer is worthy of his hire.' Why should we grudge the little moiety claimed by the busy little fellows which follow the plow, and snatch the worm away from the seed, that it might produce grain for his and our sustenance?—No honest man would cheat a bird of his spring and summer's work."

Agricultural Capabilities of California.

A Californian correspondent of the Journal of Commerce represents that country as an inviting field for farming operations. His sentiments are expressed in the decided tone:

A general impression has gone abroad, that from the fact that there is no rain for 6 to 8 months, nothing could be raised there without irrigation; but the few experiments which have been made have abundantly proven that not only the finest vegetables in the world, but rye, oats, barley and wheat, can be raised here, to greater perfection, and in larger quantities to the same amount of labor, than in any other part of the world; and that, too, from the fact, there is no rain in summer, either to hurry the farmer or spoil his crops when made. We sow small grain from the commencement of the rainy season, say November, until the first of March, and gather it from July till October. The grain will not fall out or spoil in the field, for two months after it is ripe; which enables the farmer to gather more than five times as much as he could do in the Eastern States, where the harvest time is so short, and the necessity exists for saving his crop the very day it is ripe.

It has also been said that a very small proportion of the State is susceptible of any kind of cultivation. This, too, is equally a mistake. I have been nearly six years in California, have been engaged in cultivation, and have traveled over much of the country. I have no hesitation in saying that, from the foot of the Sierra Nevada to the seashore, the proportion of arable land is greater than that of Ohio, and will yield a better average, in quantity and quality, to say nothing of the greatly superior market, and the facilities for reaching the home market: there being always a home market, for the inexhaustible minerals. Much of the best land is covered by old Mexican claims, which are now in market, and as we are at last admitted, it is to be hoped that Congress will soon provide for the survey and sale of the public lands.

Mineral Riches of Arkansas.—Mr. Suel,

an accomplished chemist and mineralogist, who has lately been exploring the mineral treasures of Arkansas, says he found in the interior and mountainous regions of the State abundant indications of mineral and metallic wealth. He collected a large number of specimens of silver, iron, lead, copper, and zinc, and he reports having seen indications that some of these metals exist in great quantities, and that veins may be worked with much advantage. He also discovered signs of extensive coal beds, the strata in some places being quite thick, and the quality of the coal is said to be similar to that of Pittsburg, and equal to it in combustibility and calorific power.

A DOWN EAST FISHERMAN'S LUCK, Or, Capt. Spinnet's Adventures with the Pirate.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, J. R.

There lived not many years ago, on the eastern shore of Mt. Desert, which is a large island off the coast of Maine, an old fisherman by the name of Jedediah Spinnet, who owned a schooner of some hundred tons burden, in which he, together with four sons, was wont to go, about once a year, to the Grand Banks for the purpose of catching codfish. The old man had five things, upon the peculiar merits of which he loved to boast—his schooner and his four sons. The first had seen her sixth year, and was a stout, well built craft, but as for beauty and remarkable speed, she could not be said to possess much of either quality. The four sons, however, were all that their father represented them to be, and no one ever doubted his word when he said that their like was not to be found for fifty miles around. The oldest was thirty-two, while the youngest had just completed his twenty-sixth year, and they answered to the names of Seth, Andrew, John, and Samuel.

One bright morning in early spring, Captain Spinnet was sitting upon the bottom of a small skiff which had been keeled upon the beach, earnestly engaged in smoking an old pipe, and congratulating himself on his possession of the schooner, which lay at anchor about a cable's length from the shore, when he was aroused by the approach of a stranger. The new comer was a man of about fifty years of age, very good looking, and, withal, one whose appearance betokened the man of wealth.

"Good morning, sir," said he, as he came up to the spot where the old fisherman was sitting.

"Same to you, sir," answered Spinnet, removing the pipe from his mouth, and at the same time enveloping his head in a cloud of smoke.

"Can you inform me where I can find Capt. Spinnet?" asked the stranger.

"Well, you needn't go any farther, for I reckon I'm the only Capt. Spinnet in this quarter."

"Ah, I'm glad of that, for I feared you had gone to sea."

"If you'd a'come a day later, I guess you would 'ave found me gone."

"Then I'm just in time."

"P'haps so," laconically replied the fisherman, as he gave another whiff at the old pipe.

"You have been recommended to me as a man who might be trusted."

"I never get trusted, stranger. I'm one of those kind as pays every thing on the nail."

"Ah, you misunderstood me," said the new comer, with a smile. "I alluded to your faithfulness when placed in charge of an important trust."

"That's it, eh? Then 'o'll find a man that says Jed Spinnet ain't as honest as a hard silver dollar, I'd like to see him, and the old man's fist came down with a tremendous thump, upon the bottom of the boat."

"I don't doubt it in the least," replied the stranger; and now I'll tell you what I want of you. I have a large quantity of goods not far from here, which I wish to have carried to Havana. Do you think you could find the way there?"

"Just give me a true chart, and I reckon I can put Betsy Jenkins through anywhere."

"Who is Betsy Jenkins?" asked the stranger, while another smile played around his mouth.

"Do you see that schooner out there?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's Betsy Jenkins," replied the old fisherman, as he cast a look of pride at his favorite craft.

"Can you take a cargo to Havana for me?"

"That depends all together 'pon circumstances, stranger."

"The business is honest, the cargo is light, and the pay shall be good. You must have it on board before the week is out, and get out as soon as possible."

"You say the cargo is light—might I ask what it is?"

"I said it was light, because there is but little of it; but what there is, is iron machinery for putting up steam engines on the sugar plantations. The vessel in which it was shipped from Liverpool was cast away near Goledsborough, and now I must find some other conveyance."

In less than an hour it was settled that the Betsy Jenkins should be "put through" to Havana, and all the preliminaries were satisfactorily arranged to that effect. Capt. Spinnet got his sons on board the schooner, hove up the anchor, and started for the place where the cargo laid, taking the owner, Mr. Morton, along with him. All hands set to work with a will, and in two days everything was safe and snug in the fisherman's hold, all ready for a start. Mr. Morton did not accompany his goods, as he had business to attend to in New York, and so Capt. Spinnet and his sons received all the necessary instructions, and then set sail for their destination.

The schooner had a fair wind, and she went walking along in a right merry mood, at the rate of six and even knots, nothing of importance occurring until one morning just after Sam had cleared away the breakfast things, (Sam was the youngest, and had to do these things.) Well, just as Sam had got the last tin pan cleanly washed and stowed away in the locker, he happened to cast his eyes out at the cabin window, and as the schooner's stern rose upon the top of a heavy sea, the flutter of a white sail caught his attention off upon the starboard quarter, and hastening on deck he made known his discovery. In less than half an hour the stranger was made out to be a topmast schooner, coming directly down upon them. The Down Easter was heading S. S. W., and had the wind from the north'd and west'rd, while the stranger was coming down, wing and wing, right before it. Now, there was nothing very astonishing about seeing a strange schooner in those latitudes, but still Capt. Spinnet could not help feeling that under existing circumstances there might be danger abroad. Had the sail in question been discovered ahead or astern, or had she even been making in for the coast, nothing would have been thought of it; but as it was, the fisherman could only think that he was the sole object of the fellow's course.

"Seth," said the old man turning to his eldest son, who had the helm, "that chap's after us, an' no mistake."

"S'pose we luff a bit, an' see," remarked Seth.

The fisherman's head was brought three points nearer to the wind, and in a few moments afterwards the stranger's main boom was swung over, she, too, varying her course in proportion.

"That settles it," said Capt. Spinnet. "Now, my boys, that feller's a pirate."

"A pirate!" interrogated the four sons, while a slight blanch appeared on their cheeks.

"Yes, returned the old man. 'I've been in these waters before, an' I know something about those chaps. If that 'd been an honest craft they wouldn't 'a' dogged us in such a fashion, for its the same one I saw last night. Now, if he'd been on any particular course he wouldn't 'a' been there, for you see, he can sail twice as fast as we can, an' he ought to 'a' been out of sight long afore this."

"Then what are we to do, dad?" asked Seth, as he brought the schooner once more upon her true course.

"We must wait an' see what he's a goin' to do, first," coolly replied the old man, at the same time raising the long glass to his eye.

"There, just look at her," continued the captain, as he handed the glass to Andrew.

"Full of men, by thunder!" exclaimed the latter, as his eye caught the heads of some twenty or thirty ill-looking chaps who were crowded around the pursuer's bows.

Whatever may have been the doubts existing in the minds of our Yankees, they were all put to rest in a short time by the no very agreeable whizzing of an eighteen pound shot just under their stern.

"That means for us to heave to," remarked the old man.

"Then I guess we'd better do it, hadn't we?" said Seth.

"Of course."

Accordingly the Betsy Jenkins was brought into the wind, and her mainboom hauled over to the windward.

"Are you the master of that Schooner?"

"Yes, sir."

"What is your cargo?"

"Machinery for steam engines."

"Nothing else?" asked the pirate with a searching look.

At this moment Capt. Spinnet's eye caught what looked like a sail off to the south'rd and east'ard, but not a sign betrayed the discovery, and while a brilliant idea shot through his mind he hesitatingly replied:

"Well, there is a leetle else."

"Ha, and what is it?"

"Why, sir, 'praps I hadn't ought to tell," said Spinnet, counterfeiting the most extreme perturbation. "You see, 'twas given to me as a sort of trust, an' 'twouldn't be right for me to give it up. You can take anything else you please, for I s'pose I can't help myself."

"You are an honest coddler, at any rate," said the pirate; "but if you would live ten minutes longer, just tell me what you've got on board, and exactly where it lays."

The sight of a cocked pistol brought the old man to his senses, and in a deprecating tone, he muttered:

"Don't kill me, sir, don't. I'll tell you all. We've got forty thousand silver dollars nailed up in boxes, and stowed away under some of the boxes just for'ard o' the cabin bulkhead, but Mr. Defoe didn't suspect that any body would have thought of looking for it there."

"Perhaps so," chuckled the pirate, while his eyes sparkled with delight. And then turning to his own vessel, he ordered all but three of his men to jump on board the Yankee.

In a few moments the pirates had taken off the hatch, and in their haste to get at the "silver dollars," they forgot all else; but not so with Spinnet; he had his wits at work, and no sooner had the last of the villains appeared below the hatchway, than he turned to his boys.

"Now, boys, for your lives. Seth, you clap your knife across the fore-throat and peak halyards, an' you, John, cut the main. Be quick, now, an' the moment yove done it jump aboard the pirate. Andrew and Sam, you cast off the pirate's grapplings, an' then you jump—then we'll walk into them three chaps aboard that clipper. Now for it!"

No sooner were the last words out of the old man's mouth, than his sons did exactly as they had been directed. The fore and main halyards were cut, and the two grapplings cast off at the same instant, and as the heavy gaff came rattling down, our five heroes leaped on board the pirate. The moment the clipper felt her liberty, her head swung off, and before the astonished buccaniers could gain the deck of the fisherman, their own vessel was half a cable's length to the leeward, sweeping gracefully away before the wind, while the three men who had been left in charge were easily secured.

"Hallo, there!" shouted Capt. Spinnet, as the luckless pirates crowded around the lee gangway of their prize, "when you find them ere silver dollars, just let us know, will you?"

Half a dozen pistol shots, was all the answer the old man got, but they did him no harm, and crowding on all sail, he made for the vessel he had discovered, which lay dead to the leeward of him, and which he now made out to be a large ship. The clipper cut through the water like a dolphin, and in a remarkable short space of time Spinnet luffed up under the ship's stern, and explained all that had happened. The ship proved to be an East Indian, bound for Charleston, having, all told, thirty men on board, twenty of whom at once jumped into the clipper and offered their services in helping to take the pirates.

Before dark Captain Spinnet was once more within hailing distance of his own vessel, and raising a trumpet to his mouth, he shouted:

"Schooner ahoy! Will you quietly surrender yourselves prisoners if we come aboard?"

"Come and try it!" returned the pirate captain, as he brandished his cutlass above his head in a very threatening manner, which seemed to indicate that he would fight to the last.

But that was his last moment, for Seth was crouched below the bulwarks, taking deliberate aim along the barrel of a heavy rifle, and as the bloody villain was in the act of turning to his men, the sharp crack of Seth Spinnet's weapon rang its fatal death peal, and the next moment the pirate captain fell back into the arms of his men, with a brace of bullets through his heart.

"Now," shouted the old man, as he levelled the pivot gun, and seized a lighted match, "I'll give you five minutes to make up your minds in, and if you don't surrender, I'll blow every one of you into the other world."

The death of their captain, and withal, the sight of the pointed pivot gun—the peculiar properties of which they knew full well—brought the pirates to their senses, and they immediately threw down their weapons, and agreed to give themselves up.

In two days from that time Capt. Spinnet delivered his cargo safely in Havana, gave the pirates into the hands of the civil authorities, and delivered the clipper up to the government, in return for which he received a sum of money sufficient for an independence during the remainder of his life, as well as a very handsome medal from the governor.

The old man has since passed away from earth, but if any of our readers should ever chance to land upon Mount Desert, some of the boys may still be found there, and from them you can learn all the particulars of Captain SPINET'S ADVENTURE WITH THE PIRATES.

Carry a thing through.

Carry a thing through. That's it, don't do anything else. If you once fairly, soundly, wide-awake, begin a thing, let it be carried through, though it cost your best comfort, time, energies, and all that you can command. We heartily abominate this turning backward, this wearying and fainting of soul and purpose. It bespeaks imbecility of mind, want of character, courage, true manliness.

Carry a thing through. Don't begin it till you are fully prepared for its accomplishment. Think, study, dig till you know your ground, see your way. This done, launch out with all your soul, heart, life, and fire, neither turning to right or left. Push on giantly—push on as though you were born for the very work you are about beginning; as though creation had been waiting through all time for your especial hand and spirit. Then you'll do something worthy of yourself and kind.

Carry a thing through. Don't leep and dally from one thing to another. No man ever did anything that way. You can't. Be strong minded. Be pluckish, patient, consistent. Be hopeful, even and manly. When once fairly in a work don't give it up. Don't disgrace yourself by being on this thing to-day, on that to-morrow, and on another next day. We don't care if you are the most active mortal living; we don't care if you labor day and night, in season and out, be sure the end of your life will show nothing if you perpetually change from object to object. Fortune, success, fame, position, are never gained but by piously, determinedly, bravely sticking, growing, living to a thing till it is fairly accomplished.

In short you must carry a thing through if you would be any body or anything. No matter if it is hard. No matter if it does cost you the pleasure, the society, the thousand pearly gratifications of life. No matter for these. Stick to the thing and carry it through. Believe you were made for the matter, and that no one else can do it at all. Put forth your whole energies. Stir, wake, electrify yourself and go forth to the task. Only once learn to carry a thing through in all its completeness and proportion, and you will become a hero. You will think better of yourself—others will think better of you. Of course they will. The world in its very heart admires the stern, determined doer. It sees in him its best sight, its highest object, its richest treasure. Drive right along then with whatever you undertake. Consider yourself amply sufficient for the deed. You'll be successful, never fear.

Waverly Mag.

Man a Student.

I say every man is to be a student, a thinker. This does not mean he is to shut himself within four walls, and bend body and mind over books. Men thought before books were written, and some of the greatest thinkers never entered what we call a study. Nature, Scripture, society, present perpetual subjects for thought; and the man who collects, concentrates, employs his faculties on any of these for the purpose of getting the truth, is so far a student, a thinker, a philosopher, and is rising to the dignity of a man. It is time that we should cease to limit to professional scholars the titles of thinkers, philosophers. Whoever seeks the truth with an earnest mind, no matter when or how, belongs to the school of intellectual men.

In a loose sense of the word, men may be said to think; that is, a succession of ideas, notions, pass through their minds from morning to night; but in as far as this succession is passive, undirected, or governed only by accident and outward impulse, it has little more claim to dignity than the experience of the brute, who receives with like passiveness, sensations from abroad through his waking hours. Such thought, if thought it may be called, having no aim, is as useless as the vision of an eye which rests on nothing, which flies without pause over earth and sky, and of consequence receives no distinct image. Thought, in its true sense, is an energy of intellect. In thought, the mind not only receives impressions or suggestions from within, but reacts upon them, collects its attention, concentrates its forces upon them, breaks them up and analyzes like a living laboratory, and then combines them anew, traces their connections, and thus impresses itself on all the objects which engage it.

The universe in which we live was plainly meant by God to stir up such thought as has now been described.

Dr. Channing.

Indiana.—The Legislature of the State of Indiana commenced its session on the 30th ultimo, and the Message of Governor Wright was laid before the two houses on the following day. The Governor expresses himself in terms decidedly strong in favor of colonization. Speaking of the Fugitive Slave Law, he says:

"Whatever difference of opinion may exist as to the late compromise measures enacted by Congress—however ultra men in the North and South may oppose or denounce them—there is but one course of action for the true patriot to pursue—this is, unhesitatingly and in good faith to carry out these enactments. There is no safety for property or life except in the absolute supremacy of the law; no higher duty of the citizen than to maintain, by word and deed, that supremacy, as we value the heritage, rich beyond all price, purchased, not with silver or gold, but with the life's blood of the good and brave; the heritage bequeathed to us by our fathers, and which, in turn, we must bequeath to our descendants. Let us bear in mind that the first public act of disobedience to the law is the first fatal step on the downward road to anarchy."

The House agreed to elect a United States Senator on the 8th of January, but the Senate laid the resolution on the table.