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REAL ECONOMY.

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

Garlic Manure applied in Fall and Winter.

Frequent complaints are made by those who are limited in their gardening operations, that whatever manures they do apply to their gardens, burn up their crops when the heat of summer comes on. We have felt this inconvenience too, and in looking around to find a remedy, have come to that whenever a garden requires active stimulating manures, they should be applied in the fall or winter; in this way rank stable manure may be applied, and spaded or ploughed under immediately. It will have become by spring the proper food of plants, and as all manures leach upwards the surface soil will be in fine condition for the growth of vegetables; whereas, if the manure is applied at planting time, especially the crude manures generally applied here, just as vegetables are most required, they are fired by the action of the sun on the manure, and the gardener has the mortification to find his labor and money thrown away. Whatever manures are applied in the spring, should be well rotted or of a cooling nature. There are many families that annually waste a barrel or two of leached ashes, when, had it been applied to the garden patch, they would have had "early yorks" as well as their neighbors. The soapuds from the wash tub is a manure that may be applied with safety and with profit in the spring, and yet how few ever use them, except to enrich the earth around their kitchens, and make loathsome mud holes, when perfumed flower, luscious fruits, and mammoth vegetables, might have been made by them. We do not yet properly appreciate the importance of a garden. The bearing that it has upon the happiness and health of a family, is plainly perceptible wherever we find a well conducted garden; how highly important then that we should understand the proper food of plants. He would certainly be a mad physician who would give his fevered patients stimulants to raise the fever higher, and until vitality was consumed. So with the garden, plants are frequently stimulated to death, for the want of proper cooling food. Our garden soils can scarcely be too rich, but it must be a richness retentive of moisture, and not, as would be the case if the stable manure was applied in the spring, be a richness which burned everything in contact with it. He, then, for your wagons and your wheelbarrows, load them up, and cover your gardens quickly; plough them up, turn the manure under, and when the early seed time comes, you need not fear but a harvest will follow. *Columbus Eng.*

A wife worth having.—Not many months since, a gentleman who resides at Chelsea, and is the book-keeper of a large manufacturing establishment, had the misfortune to severely injure his right hand. In addition to the pain of his wound, he had the discouraging prospect of being for a long time incapacitated from attending to his ordinary business, and consequently deprived of his means of support. But his wife, with a spirit and resolution worthy of her sex, in addition to the care of her household, (which is at all times a pattern of neatness,) undertook and actually performed all the writing necessary to keep in perfect order the books of the company with which her husband was connected. She carefully devoted several hours of each day to her self-imposed task, and the neat and faithful manner in which the work was performed, elicited the warmest encomiums from her husband's employers. Such a woman is equal to any emergency, and is an honour to her sex.

Moral Effects of Railroads.—The Rail Road Journal, speaking of the elevating effect of these great thoroughfares, says of every railroad: "It educates the people. It develops a higher interest than politics. It generalizes our views. It attaches us equally to every part of our country. It destroys clanship. It detaches us from sectional and party cliques. It lessens the importance of political questions in our eyes. In fine, it takes away our old and gives us new ideas and pursuits, which are identical in every part of our great domain."

The "Extraordinary" Number Seven.—On the 7th of the 7th month a holy observance was ordained to the children of Israel, who fasted 7 days and remained 7 days in tents; the 7th year was decreed to be a sabbath for all things, and at the end of 7 times 7 years commenced the grand jubilee; every 7 years the land lay fallow; every 7 years there was a grand release

from all debts, and bondsmen were set free. From this law might have originated the custom of binding young men to even year apprenticeship, and punishing incorrigible offenders by transportation for 7, twice 7, or three times 7 years. Anciently a child was not named before 7 days, not being accounted fully to have life before that periodical day. The teeth spring out in the 7th month, and are shed in the 7th year, when infancy is changed into childhood. At thrice 7 years the faculties are developed, manhood commences, and man becomes legally competent to all civil acts; at four times 7 a man is in full possession of his strength; at five times 7 he is fit for the business of the world; at six times 7 he becomes grave and wise, or never; at 7 times 7 he is in his apogee, and from that decays; at eight times 7 he is at his first climacteric; at nine times 7, or 63, he is in his grand climacteric, or year of danger; and ten times 7, or three score years and ten, was by the royal prophet pronounced the period of human life.

EXTRAORDINARY AVARICE.

In the year 1782, an extraordinary instance of avarice occurred in France. A miser, of the name of Foscue, who had amassed enormous wealth by the most sordid parsimony and the most discreditable extortion, was requested by the government to advance a sum of money as a loan. The miser, to whom a fair interest was not inducement sufficiently strong to enable him to part with his treasured gold, declared his incapacity to meet this demand; he pleaded severe losses and the utmost poverty. Fearing, however, that some of his neighbors, among whom he was very unpopular, would report his immense wealth to the government, he applied his ingenuity to discover some effectual way of hiding his gold, should they attempt to institute a search to ascertain the truth or falsehood of his plea. With great care and secrecy he dug a deep cave in his cellar; to this receptacle for his treasure he descended by a ladder, and to the trap-door he attached a spring-lock, so that, on shutting it would fasten itself. By and by the miser disappeared; inquiries were made; the house was searched; woods were explored, and ponds were dragged; but no Foscue could they find; and gossips began to conclude that the miser had fled with his gold to some part, where, by living incognito, he would be free from the demands of the government. Some time passed on; the house in which he had lived was sold, and workmen were busily employed in its repair. In the progress of their work, they met with the door of the secret cave, with the key in the lock, outside. They threw back the door, and descended with a light. The first object upon which the lamp was reflected was the ghastly body of Foscue, the miser, and scattered around him were heavy bags of gold and ponderous chests of untold treasure; a candlestick lay beside him on the floor. The worshipper of mammon had gone into his cave to pay his devotions to his golden god, and became a sacrifice to his devotion! What must have been the sensations of the miserable man—what the horrors of his situation, when he heard the door close after him, and the spring-lock effectually imprison him within his secret mine! How bitter must have been the last struggle of that avaricious soul! How terrible must have been the appeals of conscience within that sordid sinner! How each bag must have disgorged its treasure, and each piece of gold have danced, in imagination, around him as a demon! How hated, when the gnawing pangs of starvation came slowly upon him, must have been that yellow vision; his very heart must have grown sick at that which he once so dearly loved! Gold in bags; gold in chests; gold piled in heaps; gold for a pillow; gold strewn upon the ground for him to lie upon! Whilst his taper lasted, turn where he would his eyes, nothing met them but his gold. But when the last flicker died away, and the miser was left in darkness to dwell upon his coming death, and upon his many sins, how awful must have been the agonies of conscience! How, surely, amidst the gloom of that sepulchre of gold, must the poor whom he had oppressed, and the unfortunate whom he had ruined by his avarice, have risen up to reproach him; and, when the mind became fevered by its last deadly struggles, how the faces of haggard poverty, of hate and loathing for the miser, must, in one loud, discordant chorus, have cried for vengeance and retribution upon his guilty soul!

Sir Edward Coke says, we, often having occasion to go into the country, did in some sort envy the state of the honest ploughman and other mechanics. For one, when he was at his work, would merrily sing, and the ploughman whistled some self-pleasing tune, and yet their work both proceeded and succeeded; but he that takes upon him to write, doth evaporate all the faculties and powers of his mind and body, and must be only at enrive to that which he collecteth, without any expression of joy or cheerfulness while he is at his work.

SPEECH OF

HON. EDWARD EVERETT,

At the late New York Union Anniversary Festival in honor of the Memory of Washington.

The second regular toast having been read, viz: "The Constitution of the United States"—

The Hon. Edward Everett, of Massachusetts, responded as follows:

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen: I rise with great diffidence to address the company on this occasion, sensible as I am that there are gentlemen present much more capable of doing so acceptably than I am, and much more worthy of the honor conferred on me by inviting me to respond to the toast which has just been proposed. I thank you, sir, notwithstanding, for allowing me the privilege of being present on this most interesting occasion; especially, sir, do I thank you for the honor done to me in calling on me to respond to that great and noble toast, "The Constitution of the United States." [Applause.] Sir, you have done well to give an early and prominent place to a toast in honor of the constitution, on the birthday of Washington, for more than to any other influence, under Providence, the country owes the constitution to him. [Continued applause.] Did not the honorable gentleman who has, instructed and interested us so much this morning (Gen. Foote)—did he not tell us from history that the very first suggestion made towards the constitution—not the first official act, but the first private suggestion made towards the formation of the constitution—was made at Mount Vernon, in the house of Washington, and by Washington himself? [Applause.] And yet, gentlemen, I know not how to speak to you on this great theme; for after the most instructive, and appropriate, and reasonable commentary on the character, principles, and policy of Washington that we have just heard, it seems as if every thing had been said that could be said. Still, I know that it is a field in which an American audience can never tire. Washington is to us in our recent history—within our own days, within the experience of our fathers—he is all and more than all that history and tradition, and venerable antiquity, have accumulated on the name of Alfred, and the two or three great names of others like him; if others such there be, worthy to be remembered in comparison with Washington.

The memory of Washington is indeed an inestimable portion of the moral treasure of the country; and I do not know, gentlemen, but that I might almost say, but for the sacrifice of human life that would be occasioned by it, that one would rather that half the continent should sink than that we should lose the memory and the character of Washington—[great applause]—a character to be held up to the imitation of our children, to be pointed out to the admiration of the stranger, to be commended to the fervent applause of all mankind, and to be handed down to the latest posterity. Gentlemen, Washington was all this and more. It was his great mission to render the most important services to his country, in his own time, and to benefit all future ages, if we are but just to his memory and true to ourselves. And this year seems to be, out of many years, a most fitting one to commemorate the memory and services of Washington. In that ever-memorable address, given to the people of the United States, I think, on the 17th of September, 1796, he alludes to "forty-five years dedicated to the service of the country." Now, gentlemen, forty-five years from 1796 carries us back to 1751, just a century from this time, as the commencement of the career of Washington, according to his own statement. General Foote has given us so full a sketch of the more recent political services of Washington, that he drives me back to the beginning of his career. In this year (1751) he received, young as he was, boy as he was, his first military appointment as adjutant general in one of the districts into which Virginia was divided. Three years only had elapsed from the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle; but the movements which had commenced on the part of the Ohio Land Company, with a view to the settlement of the region west of the Alleghenies, had aroused the jealousy of the French and Indians; and, in reality, these insignificant local interests were the original source of that great seven years' war in which the leading States of Europe became involved, which ended in the capture of Quebec, the expulsion of the French from this continent, and, remotely, to the independence of the U. States. [Cheers.] Gentlemen, young as he was, Washington rendered the most important services in this war. He was but nineteen years old in 1751, when he received his first military appointment just alluded to. Two years after, as you

al recollect, he went on a most romantic and dangerous errand, to the residence of the French Governor in Venango, and his narrow escape from the perils of the elements and the rifle of the savage foe. You remember the campaign of the following year, 1754, when on an ever-memorable day—on the fourth of July—Washington, unfortunately for every thing but his fame, had to capitulate at what was well called Fort Necessity—the very same day on which the articles of union, proposed by Franklin, (alluded to by Gen. Foote,) were signed at Albany. We see him in the next year in the terrible campaign in which Braddock was slain, and in which two horses were shot under the youthful hero himself, and his clothing was pierced by four musket balls. The courage, the fortitude, the skill, and the perseverance with which, young as he was, he conducted the retreat of the wreck of the royal army from those inauspicious fields, and watched over the safety of the frontier for the residue of the war, raised him at once to a position before the public, and to a hold on public confidence, which years of success, on many occasions, are hardly enough to reach. Well was it said by President Davies, in 1756 or 1757, in a sermon to the volunteers of Hanover county, "let me point, as a remarkable instance of patriotism, to that brave youth, Colonel Washington, who, I can't help but think, has been so wonderfully preserved by Providence to render some important service to his country." [Great applause.] I ask you, gentlemen, where in uninspired history you can point to another prediction like this, of a youth of twenty-three, fulfilled as this was in the subsequent career of your Washington? Thus was he heralded into the service of his country.

In the great scene of that service, the revolutionary war, that mighty drama in human affairs—I need not remind you how every thing seemed to cluster about him. There were others who rendered invaluable services in the cabinet and in the field; but Washington was all in all to the cause. I would not on any account do injustice to any other honored name. There were many—more than I can number—who rendered invaluable services to their country—who spoke kindling words of patriotism in dark times—who rendered most important services to the country in most arduous and responsible diplomatic positions abroad—who reaped honorable laurels on hard fought fields—but it was on Washington alone that the heart of the country cast anchor in seasons of darkness, of calamity, and, but for him, of despair. [Great applause.] And, sir, when the revolutionary war was brought to a triumphant close, and the colonies seemed unable, under the old Confederation, to recover from their exhaustion, and the character of a strong Central Government? Gentlemen, they well knew into whose hands it would first go—they knew that he would set up precedents of administration that his successors would not lightly depart from. I am almost tempted to quote the sublime words of Milton—

"Far off his coming shone."

They needed in his case none of the poor machinery of electioneering—none of the nominating conventions in Philadelphia or Baltimore—[applause]—it needed none of those to point out Washington to the choice of the people. In his case, that great civil act by which a free people constitute their rulers—an act which I think we ought always to discharge with something of the solemnity and conscientiousness with which we approach our religious duties (an act too little deemed of in these modern days)—in Washington's case even this great civil act was but an august ceremony. From the moment the Federal Convention had decided that there should be a President, and nine States had adopted the constitution—although there were arrangements and contrivances intended to cause some uncertainty in the designation for office—although there were electoral colleges interposed between the people and the candidates, and votes were to be given for two persons for President and Vice President, not naming which was intended for either office, yet in Washington's case these were all but forms; for from the moment when the constitution was adopted, he was already chosen in the hearts of the people. [Enthusiastic cheering.] All the stages of the election, all the forms of suffrage, were but the outward promulgation of this spontaneous moral choice.

Well, gentlemen, after he was elected, how often in his administration did

his personal weight of character and his individual influence carry the country through the severest trials? In that memorable instance, especially, when the minds of the people were embittered on the one hand by the detention of the western posts, and the interference of the British cruisers with our neutral trade, and when, on the other hand, we were drawn very strongly towards France by the contagion of political reform, and the grateful remembrance of valuable services in the revolutionary war, the influence of Washington was able to subdue the sensibilities of the people to the measure of a just policy, and restrain them from rushing into those wars of the French revolution which wasted the strength and shook the stability of Europe for more than thirty years.

Now, gentlemen, what I would earnestly ask is this: Must all this mighty influence of the character, and principles, and memory of Washington—must they all be buried in his tomb? [Voices—never, never.] Is all that he was to us, and to mankind—all his political wisdom, his experience, his unsuspected disinterestedness—all, in short, that made him to be Washington, in distinction from the multitude of meritorious citizens of earlier or later days—is all this to be consigned to oblivion, in that dark and narrow house on the banks of the Potomac? [Cries of "No, no," from all parts of the room.] No; Heaven forbid! It is the great prerogative of our rational nature that mind and its influences can never die; and unless we are cold and dead, we shall listen to the voice which speaks to us through his immortal address with deeper reverence even, if possible, than that with which we should listen to his living counsels.

That address was the most carefully prepared product of a mind from which nothing crude or ill considered ever went forth—the mature result of his life-long experience. At the close, as he believed, of his political and military career, having fought through two great wars, one of which ended in establishing the independence of his country, having in posts of high responsibility assisted in bringing about two organic changes of government—having been twice unanimously called to the Chief Magistracy, and about to withdraw from office for the last time, and, as he thought, for ever, into that beloved retirement, as he called it, which he so earnestly coveted—he gave to the people of the United States the last counsel, as he calls them, in language I can never repeat without emotion—"of an old and affectionate friend." You have read it a thousand times. You place it in the hands of your children—you appreciate, as you ought, those last words of wisdom and love, which gushed from that noble heart but a few years before it ceased to beat forever.

And what is the leading advice of this ever memorable address? Is it not adherence to the Union? I believe, if its pages were roused, a full fourth part of it would be found devoted to this theme. He tells us to watch over its preservation with the most jealous anxiety. As to love of liberty, which you might suppose would be the principal topic in an address from one who had devoted his life to promote it, there is but a single sentence—a couple of lines; he just alludes to it as an indwelling sentiment of the American heart, which needs no recommendation from him. As for the preservation of State rights, which forms so leading a topic in modern systems of policy, I believe that Washington does not so much as allude to them. I think he does not name them—not that he undervalued State rights, but he knew there was centrifugal tendencies enough in so large a body of States for their preservation. No, gentlemen, it is Union, Union, Union—the first, the last, the constant strain of this immortal address.

And what could my poor voice add, if were presumptuous enough to attempt to do it, to the parting counsels of Washington? I say again, if their influence ceases to be felt, it is not because Washington is dead, but because we are dead and cold—buried in the grave of criminal indifference and apathy—absorbed in the gilded cares of that prosperity which we enjoy under the Constitution which he did so much to procure for us; or, what is worse, misled by prejudice, by false theories of government, by imaginary sectional interests, or, still worse, blinded by party, and maddened by faction. I agree with Gen. Foote, that it is time for every man to utter his voice in accordance with the parting voice of Washington. I know it is said, and by many excellent patriots, but, as I think, greatly mistaken citizens, that the Union is not seriously threatened; that the alarm is fictitious; that the danger is wholly imaginary, or greatly overrated. I wish I could think so; but I must say that in the result of all the anxious inquiry I have been able to make, I have come to the conclusion that the Union is in great danger. I am not so much moved by the acts of organized bodies, of Legislatures, of Conventions, or by acts of riot

disorder, and lawlessness in any part of the country. These things carry with them their own corrective, to a certain extent, in the North and South. I know how much has been done by excellent and patriotic citizens of the South, to stay the disaffection to the Union in that quarter. [Applause.] I agree with the sentiment of Mr. Webster, in the admirable letter just read, that ninety-nine hundredths of my section of the country are for the constitution and the laws. [Tremendous applause.] For that reason, I say, I am not so much led to the opinion I have expressed by public acts and demonstrations, as I am most deeply grieved by symptoms I have seen in both extremes of the country—of a deep feeling of bitterness and ill-will, a spirit of denunciation of the motives, character, and policy of the opposite sections of the Union, and of all at home who are suspected of having any charity or sympathy with their fellow-citizens at a distance. This, sir, is what grieves and alarms me. Why, if the several portions of the country belonged to different nations—if they were alien in language, in religion, and in race; if they were sworn, like Hannibal at the altar, to wage a war of destruction against each other, they could not use stronger or more bitter language than I have read within a few weeks, by men, both at the North and the South, who entertain extreme opinions on the agitating subjects of the day. I say it is this which gives me the greatest alarm for the continuance of the Union. The outward facts are but the manifestation of the spirit of disaffection and bitterness which, if not checked, sooner or later, or rather very soon, will cause the Union to crumble.

I am not an alarmist—I never have been. If I may allude to a matter so unimportant, I would say that, in all my humble addresses to the public, I have ever looked on the bright side in reference to the future of America. But if there is to be no relaxation of those unkind feelings between the different sections of the country—if men will not make up their minds to live in good feeling and good faith under the constitution and the laws—that constitution which was framed by our fathers, as good, as wise, as patriotic as ourselves, and under which the country has enjoyed a degree of prosperity unexampled in the world—if they will go on indulging this fierce spirit of mutual hostility, it will, at no distant day, result in a separation of the States, to be followed by a war, or rather a series of wars, which will change the aspect of this country, and injuriously affect the cause of constitutional liberty forever. [Great applause.] I do regard it as demonstrable that, in the event of a separation of this Union, as certain as the sun in heaven in mid-day, that the sun of the republic will go down from the meridian and set in blood. I know that some persons of sanguine temperament, dallying, as I think, unwarrantably with these dreadful fatalities, have persuaded themselves that it would only be a change of two confederacies instead of one, and that in other respects all would go on much as it did before. Sir, I am very loth to enter into any speculations of this kind, on one side or the other; but, in my humble judgment, there will not be two confederacies, nor any confederacies, but as many despotic governments as, in the chances of conquest and reconquest, military chieftains may be able and willing to establish. [Prolonged applause.] Gentlemen, let Germany teach us. How did she come out of the chaos of the dark ages, after a thousand years of intestine war? Did she come out of it with two or three confederacies? Gentlemen, she counted more than three hundred independent principalities, as they called themselves, but all lying at the mercy of the nearest despot and the strongest army.

I presume not to look into that dark abyss. I turn from it with the same horror, a thousand fold increased, that I felt when in my youth I was surprised on the black and calcined edge of the crater of Vesuvius, when the sides of the mountain were already quivering with the convulsive throes of an approaching eruption. To attempt to give form and outline—to measure the force—to calculate the direction of the molten elements, boiling and bellowing in the fiery gulph below, and just ready to be let loose by the hand of God on this pathway of destruction, would be as unavailing and presumptuous in the political as it is in the natural world. [Applause.] One thing, however, I think is certain. We talk of the separation of these States, assuming that they would still remain the States which they now are; but I think it is certain as demonstration, that their ancient sacred boundaries, founded, in many cases, not at all on features of physical geography, running as they do in open defiance of the mountains and rivers, drawn without the slightest regard to military defence, as if it were the design of Providence that we should be bound together, not by material barriers, but by the cords of love—boundaries resting on charters, on prescription and agreement, and rendered as law sacred by the constitution and Union of the United States—I think it certain that some of these boundaries