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SPECIAL ECONOMY.

"May your rich soil,
E'er afford, nature's better blessings pour
O'er every field."

BEES.

Every farmer should keep bees: a few swarms to furnish honey for his own use, if not more. They toil with unremitting industry, asking but a full sweep of the wing and no monopoly. Every man in either town or country can keep bees to advantage. Dr. Smith, of Boston, has an aviary on his house-top, from whence his little winged laborers traverse the air eight or ten miles in search of food. What a delicious banquet they afford from the rich nectar gathered! They collect honey and bread from most kinds of forest trees, as well as garden flowers; orchards, forests and trees, all contributing to their wants, and their owner gratified with the whole. Sweet mignonette is especially mentioned as easily cultivated by drills in a garden, and is one of the finest and richest flowers in the world from which the honey-bee can extract food.

The cobweb must be kept away from the immediate vicinity of the hive, and all other annoyances removed. Never kill a bee. The smoke of fungus maximus or common puffball, when so as to hold fire, has a stupefying effect on the bee, and renders them as harmless as brimstone does without any of the deadly effects. By means of this, weak swarms, which would not live through the winter, may be united in strong stocks. It is a fact borne out by experiment, that a hive thus double will not consume more honey in the winter than a stock in its natural state. This was discovered by a Swiss pastor, De Golier. The additional heat seems to serve, instead of additional food, to keep up the vitality of the half torpid bees. A cold, dry room is the best winter quarters for bees. They will consume less honey than if left on their summer stands, and will not be weakened by the loss of thousands, which, tempted out by the premature warmth, are caught by the cold winds, fall to the ground, and never rise again.

Dryness is essential, and ventilation or proper airing of the hives in summer, is the most valuable improvement in bee-keeping.

Western Emporium.

WHEAT AND WHEAT STRAW.—It is the opinion of the best judges, that wheat straw of this year's growth, owing to its clearness and freedom from rust, will prove a good substitute for hay and fodder, which are becoming more and more scarce every year. We trust the farmers of this state will take care of their wheat straw; it is easily stacked, and should not be suffered to lie in bulk after being thrashed, exposed to rain and dew. If used only for manure, it should never take the rains, which wash the substance out of it. The sooner wheat is thrashed after it is cut and cured, the better for the wheat and the straw both. Farmers should act on the maxim, that a dollar saved is a dollar made; but how many suffer their crops to waste after the labor and expense of making them. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

Greenville Mountaineer.

We have ever doubted the policy of allowing the oat crop to become fully mature before cutting, when the straw was to be fed to stock. We have heard objections to cutting the oats in a green state, that when they become dry they are harder than when allowed to mature; but thanks to the invention of the straw-cutter, that objection is done away with. The matured oat in the head, is but a small portion of the real nutriment contained in the stalk, if judiciously cut and carefully saved. It is not only cheaper, but infinitely better, to feed stock of any kind on ground food. One half the diseases of our horses spring from indigestion and heating food. We venture the assertion, that there would not be found one blind horse where there are now twenty in the South, if corn went through the mill before going into their stomachs. Better pay big to! at the mill, than to purchase chafe and horse remedies, and too frequently lose your horse.

Soil of the South.

IMPORTANT TO FARMERS.—The Hartford Times mentions a farmer who took up a fence after it had been standing fourteen years, and found some of the posts nearly sound, and others rotten off at the bottom. Looking for the

cause, he discovered that the posts which had been inverted from the way they grew were solid, and those which had been set as they grew were rotted off. This is certainly an incident worthy of being noted by farmers.

CURE FOR ERYSIPELAS.—Miss Mary Ann Pettit, of Penn Township, has furnished us the following receipt for the cure of erysipelas, which, she assures us, has never been known to fail in any instance where it has been used in early stages of the disease: Take a quantity of sassafras bark from the root, boil it well, add weak ley, drain off the liquors, thicken it with wheat bran, (or shorts, if bran cannot be had,) make a poultice of it, and apply it to the parts affected, renewing it as often as it becomes dry. While using it, in the water the patient may desire to drink add a piece of saltpetre, the size of a pea, to a pint of water.

THE COLD WATER BOY.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

A boy named Frank, who had heard a great deal said about the evils of intemperance, passing the door of a tavern kept by a man who drew a good deal of custom by his agreeable manners, and the pleasant way he had of talking to every one. Frank was whistling a lively tune as he went by, and the landlord said to him in a playful way:

"Good morning, my fine fellow! Won't you step in and get something to drink?"
"I don't care if I do," said Frank.
And he straightened himself up, and walked with an erect air, as if he were a man, into the bar-room.
"Well, sir! What will you take?" said the landlord. "A brandy punch, mint julep, sherry cobbler, or a hot whiskey punch?"
"I'll take a glass of Adam's ale, if you please, landlord."

"O! Adam's ale," returned the landlord. "Yes,—a very good drink that, only a little too weak." And he poured Frank out a glass of pure, sparkling water, which the lad drank off with the air of one who enjoyed it.
"How does it taste," inquired a tippler, thinking to throw the laugh upon Frank.
"Try a little, won't you?" said the boy, with a serious face. "I'm sure you'll like the taste. It makes you feel good all over, nor hasn't a particle of headache nor fever in it."

"Indeed! so you're a young teetotaler."
"I'm a cold water boy," said Frank, as he stepped back from the bar. "And, in return for your compliment this morning, invite you to join our army. We'll make you captain."

A day or two afterwards, while Frank was passing Hartley's tavern again, the landlord happened to be at the door; and, although sensible that he had obtained rather the worst in his encounter with the cold water boy, felt very much inclined to have another passage of wit with him.
"Good morning! Good morning! How are you, my little cold water friend?"
"Right well, I thank you," replied Frank.
"Won't you walk in," said the landlord.
"No, I thank you," returned Frank.
"We've got some first-rate Adam's ale. Won't you have a glass?"
"No, I believe not! I'd rather take it at the pump."

"From the old iron taste!"
"Yes. That doesn't taste nor smell of brandy."
"As my glass did?"
"Your glass smells rather strong, landlord; and the taste of the brandy completely spoiled the water."
"Did it indeed! I'm sorry. But come in—come in! I want to talk with you. You're an odd sort of a little fellow. We'll have a glass washed so clean that you'll not hear the taste nor smell of brandy."
"I don't think you can," replied Frank.
"Hot water will hardly scald out the taste of the vile stuff."
"Vile stuff! Why do you call brandy vile stuff?"
"Because it makes wise people fools, and strong men as weak as babies. Wasn't it brandy, or gin, or some of this vile stuff, as I call it, that made Mr. Perkins strike his wife and kill her? You know that he is now in prison, and had like to have been hung!"

"He was drunk."
"Water did not make him drunk. I go to the pump and take ladle after ladle of the clear cold water; but I never was drunk in my life."
"Nor do people who drink brandy get drunk, unless they drink too much."
"But why do they drink it at all?" asked Frank, growing serious.
"Because they are dry!"
"Water would answer a better purpose, and they might drink a gallon of it without getting drunk. And then you know it is so much cheaper."
"O, yes. But if everybody drank water only, we landlords would starve," said Frank, shrugging his shoulders.

"Well, my young cold water man, what do you say to that?"
"Why," replied Frank with a smile, "that it would be much better for a few landlords to starve or get into some more useful calling, than for a hundred thousand people to die every year from drunkenness."
"Who says a hundred thousand people die drunkards every year?"
"O! I've always heard that."
"I don't believe it."
"Well, say fifty thousand, or even twenty thousand. Isn't that number awful to think of?"

The landlord's face became serious. While he stood musing, Frank said—
"Come down to the hall to night, and you'll hear all about it."
"To the temperance hall?"
"Yes, sir."
"Ho! Wouldn't the folks start." "Suppose they did? Would they do any harm?"
"O, no! I don't care for that."
"Just say you'll come, won't you? Say it for my sake. I know that if you really saw that you were doing evil in the world, you wouldn't sell another drop of brandy, would you come?"

"O yes, I'll come, if it's just to please you. It can do no harm."
And Hartley was as good as his word. It so happened that a lecturer was exhibiting the appalling consequences of intemperance, and he read from a pamphlet in his hand statement after statement, from men in all positions, bearing upon the evils of drunkenness. Having done this he went on to show, in the clearest manner, the responsibility of those engaged in the liquor traffic. The landlord was forced to think now, and he thought until his knees trembled.

The cold water boy was there, and his eyes were, for scarce a moment at a time, off the landlord. With pleasure did he observe the effect produced. But how gladly did all his pulses bound, when, after the lecturer sat down, Mr. Hartley deliberately arose to his feet, and said—
"I have sold liquor for twenty years; and if all that I have heard to-night be true, I have been the means of doing more evil than the repentance of a thousand lifetimes can atone for. But my eyes are now open, and seeing the dreadful consequences that follow this traffic, I do hereby solemnly pledge myself to pour all the liquid poison in my bar-room and cellar in to the street, at sunrise to-morrow morning."

Personal Appearance of George Washington.

Rev. Dr. Ely, at the celebration of the 4th of July, at Springfield, Mass., made a brief speech in reply to a sentiment commemorative of Washington, and narrated a personal incident as follows: "When a boy, I resided in West Springfield and worked on a farm. In the autumn of the year 1789, I was engaged with my employer, in gathering a load of cornstalks from a field not far distant from the Connecticut River. My employer had driven his loaded team from the lot, and left me as usual, to put up the bars. Whilst thus occupied, I noticed the approach of four fine horses and a large vehicle. There was no driver upon the carriage, but astride the high horse of each span, was a young mulatto postilion. There were also two outriders and a footman. The vehicle (in which was seated a gentleman whose striking personal presence impressed me,) was called in those days a chariot. It was entirely unique, and unlike anything in present use, except in its running part. I saw the outriders gallop on in advance of the chariot, and I soon perceived that the carriage was a 'turn out,' when the cortege passed by. I soon overtook my employer and inquired who the distinguished personage was who had just passed us, and was informed that it was George Washington! I obtained permission to run on and see if I could not catch another glimpse of the great chief, whose deeds during the war had so filled my fancy.

As there was no bridge across the Connecticut at that time, I hoped that the ferry-boat might be on the opposite side, and that I might reach the beach before it arrived. In this I was not disappointed. I found General Washington standing upon the shore of the river, dressed in a snuff-colored surcoat, with a long lapped vest of the same color and material, and in "small clothes" and the most majestic and dignified man he was I ever saw. Whilst I was gazing upon him, one of his postillions drove up and dismounting, and uncovering his head, said in the most deferential manner, and with an expression of injured dignity: "You Excellency, as we were driving along a little way back, we overtook a man with a loaded cart, who occupied the entire road. I asked him to stop his team that we might pass by. He declined. I then told him that

President Washington was in the chariot.

He again refused and said that he would not stop, that he had as good a right to the road as George Washington had." The simple reply of Washington to this, was, "And so he had." The postilion, after a moment's look of wonder and astonishment at the concession of the President of the United States, quietly put on his hat and again mounted his horse. I watched the cortege until it was out of sight, but my impression and memory of Washington are as vivid and distinct this moment, as if I had seen the great man only yesterday."

THE IRON DUKE.
A correspondent of the New York Herald, thus describes the appearance of the Duke of Wellington at the Peabody Festival, on the 4th of July:—"As the old Duke entered the room, walking slowly, and bent with age, a rush was made on all sides towards him. The company, however, gave way, leaving a clear passage, and he came along; in the crowd, on his way, several who knew him, stepped out and shook hands with him; among whom I noticed the Countess Paulette, with other noble ladies in her company; he cordially shook hands as he passed, and they, smiling and laughing, stood back again in the line of beauty, fashion, republicanism and nobility, along which he was making his way. He was dressed in plain clothes, in ball costume—knee breeches and silk stockings, and around his left leg the insignia of the order of the garter, shining with diamonds. He looked well, being the evident debility of old age, which, to the spectators, and especially those who, like myself, saw him for the first time, made the predominant feeling at sight of him to be a sort of compassion. His physiognomy was noble and striking, very like the common pictures of him, with the remarkably prominent nose, yet an air of gentleness, quiet kindness, and placidity was printed upon his countenance, producing an impression of his character very foreign to the thoughts which one had been prepared to entertain of him. The Duke of Wellington is an Irishman by birth, and his real family name is Wesley, or Whelley. It is a family which has been distinguished by more than one remarkable man belonging to it. His brother, the marquis of Wellesley, (the same who married Miss Caton, of Baltimore,) was a man of talent as much distinguished as a statesman as his brother, the Duke, has been as a soldier. It is a singular circumstance, not so generally known, that the Duke is a near relation of the famous John Wesley, the founder of the religious sect of the Methodists. It is the same family."

Arteries and Veins.—The knowledge of the distinction between arteries and veins is of the utmost importance, particularly to people residing in districts remote from surgical aid, where those who receive serious wounds may actually bleed to death, for want of such easily acquired information. The arteries are composed of no less than four very firm, strong, elastic membranes, or coats, and these, as well as their being generally deep seated in the flesh, to guard them from injury, renders them less liable to be hurt by accident; but when cut or wounded, the firmness of these coats prevent their closing, and hence arises the fatal tendency of wounds of large blood vessels, which remain open till they are tied up, or till death ensues. Another distinctive character is, that the pulse of the heart is felt in the arteries only.

The veins lie near the surface; and bleeding from them may readily be stopped, in common cases, by closing the orifice, and bandaging in the manner usually adopted by operators after having opened a vein in the arm or foot.

When a person, or animal, is seriously wounded, and a surgeon cannot be immediately procured, ignorant by-standers will often content themselves with laying on a little lint, or cob-web, or some other trifling application, wholly inadequate to the case; they ought to know that when such remedies fail, and more especially when the blood flows on the wound by pulsatory leaps, it should be arrested by mechanical compression, until professional aid be obtained. This can be easily done by the most ignorant persons present, by winding a string or bandage tightly above the wound. Those more skillful or better informed, may take the severed artery, and twist, or tie it up.

The Extra Session of the Legislature of the State of New York was brought to a close on Thursday. The act providing for the enlargement of the Erie Canal, the principal measure of the session, passed the House of Assembly on Wednesday by the decisive vote of yeas 81 to nays 36. It had previously passed the Senate by even a larger proportionate majority, and has become a law; the most important act of legislation by any State within our memory, excepting perhaps the first canal law passed by the Legislature of the same State.

Let us search ourselves in the first place, and afterwards the world.

ORATION OF MR. WEBSTER,

Delivered July 5, 1851,

At the Capitol, on the occasion of Laying the Corner-stone of the Extension of the Capitol.

(Concluded.)

Fellow-citizens, there are some diseases of the mind as well as of the body, diseases of communities, as well as diseases of individuals, that must be left to their own cure; at least it is wise to leave them so, until the last critical moment shall arrive. I hope it is not irrelevant, and certainly it is not intended as reproach, when I say, that I know no stronger expression in our language than that which describes the restoration of a wayward son—"he came to himself." He had broken away from all the ties of love, family, and friendship. He had forsaken every thing which he had once regarded in his father's house. He had quitted his natural sympathies, affections, and habits, and taken his journey into a far country. He had gone away from himself, and out of himself. But misfortunes overtook him, and famine threatened him with starvation and death. No entreaties from home followed him to beckon him back; no admonition from others warned him of his fate. But the hour of reflection had come, and nature and conscience wrought within him, until at length "he came to himself."

And now, ye men of the new States of the South! You are not of the original thirteen. The battle had been fought and won, the revolution achieved, and the Constitution established, before your States had any existence as States. You came into a prepared banquet, and had seats assigned you at table, just as honorable as those which were filled by older guests. You have been and are singularly prosperous; and if any one should deny this, you would at once contradict his assertion. You have brought vast quantities of choice and excellent land at the lowest price; and if the public domain has not been lavished upon you, you yourselves will admit that it has been appropriated to your own uses by a very liberal hand. And yet in some of these States—not in all—persons are found in favor of a dissolution of the Union, or of secession from it. Such opinions are expressed even where the general prosperity of the community has been the most rapidly advanced. In the flourishing and interesting State of Mississippi, for example, there is a large party which insists that her grievances are intolerable, that the whole body politic is in a state of suffering, and all along, and through her whole extent on the Mississippi, a loud cry rings that her only remedy is "secession," "secession." Now, gentlemen, what infliction does the State of Mississippi suffer under? What oppression prostrates her strength or destroys her happiness? Before we can judge of the proper remedy we must know something of the disease; and, for my part, I confess that the real evil existing in the case appears to me to be a certain inquietude, or uneasiness, growing out of a high degree of prosperity and consciousness of wealth and power, which sometimes lead men to be ready for changes, and to push on to still higher elevation. If this be the truth of the matter, her political doctors are about right. If the complaint spring from over-wrought prosperity, for that disease I have no doubt that secession would prove a sovereign remedy.

But I return to the leading topic of which I was engaged. In the department of invention there have been wonderful applications of science to arts within the last sixty years. The spacious hall of the Patent Office is at once the repository and proof of inventive art and genius. Their results are seen in the numerous improvements by which human labor is a bridged.

Without going into details, it may be sufficient to say that many of the applications of steam to locomotion and manufactures; of electricity and magnetism, to the production of mechanical motion; to the electrical telegraph; to the registration of astronomical phenomena; to the art of multiplying engravings; the introduction and improvement among us of all the important inventions of the Old World, are strikingly indicative of this country in the useful arts.

The network of rail roads and telegraph lines by which this vast country is reticulated have not only developed its resources, but united emphatically, in metallic bands, all parts of the Union.

The hydraulic works of New York, Philadelphia and Boston surpass in extent and importance those of ancient Rome. But we have not confined our attention to the immediate application of science to the useful arts. We have enlarged the bounds of scientific knowledge.

Sixty years ago, besides the brilliant discoveries of Franklin in electricity, scarcely anything has been done among us in the way of original discovery. Our men of science were content with repeating the experiments and diffusing a knowledge of the discoveries of the learned of the Old World, without attempting to add a single new fact or principle to the existing stock. Within the last twenty five or thirty years, a remarkable improvement has taken

place in this respect. Our natural history has been explored in all its branches; our geology has been investigated with results of the highest interest to practical and theoretical science. Discoveries have been made in pure chemistry and electricity which have received the approbation of the world. The advance which has been made in meteorology in this country, within the last twenty years, is equal to that made during the same period in all the world besides.

In 1793 there was not in the United States an instrument with which a good observation of the heavenly bodies could be made. There are now instruments at Washington, Cambridge and Cincinnati, equal to those at the best European observatories, and the original discoveries in astronomy within the last five years in this country are among the most brilliant of the age. I can hardly refrain from saying, in this connection, that La Place has been translated, explained, and in some instances his illustrations improved, by Bowditch.

Our knowledge of the geography and topography of the American continent has been rapidly extended by the labor and science of the officers of the United States army, and discoveries of much interest in distant seas have resulted from the enterprise of the Navy.

In 1807 a survey of the coast of the United States was commenced, which at the time it was thought no American was competent to direct. The work has, however, grown within the last few years, under a native superintendent, in importance and extent beyond any enterprise of the kind ever before attempted.

These facts conclusively prove that a great advance has been made among us, not only in the application of science to the wants of ordinary life, but to science itself in its highest branches—in its application to satisfy the cravings of the immortal mind.

In respect to literature, with the exception of some books of elementary education, and some theological treatises, of which scarcely any but those of Jonathan Edwards have any permanent value, and some works on local history and politics, like Hutchinson's Massachusetts, Jefferson's Notes on Virginia, the Federalist, Belknap's New Hampshire, and Morse's Geography, and a few others, America had not produced a single work of any reputation in literature. We were almost wholly dependent on imported books. Even our Bibles and Testaments were, for the most part, printed abroad. The book trade is now one of the greatest branches of business, and many works of standard value and of high reputation in Europe as well as at home have been produced by American authors in every department of literary composition.

While the country has been expanding in dimensions, in numbers, and in wealth, the Government has applied a wise forecast in the adoption of measures necessary, when the world shall no longer be at peace, to maintain the national honor, whether by appropriate displays of vigor abroad, or by well adapted means of defence at home. A navy, which has so often illustrated our history by heroic achievements, though restrained in peaceful times in its operations to narrow limits, possesses in its admirable elements the means of great and sudden expansion, and is justly looked upon by the nation as the right arm of its power; an army, still smaller, but not less perfect in its detail, which has on many a field exhibited the military aptitudes and prowess of the race, and demonstrated the wisdom which has presided over its organization and government.

While the gradual and slow enlargement of these respective military arms has been regulated by a jealous watchfulness over the public treasure, there has, nevertheless, been freely given all that was needed to perfect their quality; and each affords the nucleus of any enlargement that the public exigencies may demand, from the millions of brave hearts and strong arms upon the land and water.

The navy is the active and aggressive element of national defence; and, let loose from our own seacoast, must display its power in the seas and channels of the enemy; to do this, it need not be large; and it can never be large enough to defend by its presence at home all our ports and harbors. But, in the absence of the navy, what can the brave hearts and strong arms of the army and militia do against the enemy's line-of-battle ships and steamers, falling without notice upon our coast? What will guard our cities from tribute, our merchant vessels and our navy-yards from confiscation? Here, again, we see a wise forecast in the system of defensive measures, which, especially since the close of the war with Great Britain, has been steadily followed by our Government.

While the perils from which our great establishments had just escaped were yet fresh in remembrance, a system of fortifications was begun, which now, though not quite complete, fences in our important points with impassable strength. More than four thousand cannon may at any moment, within strong and permanent