HILLSBJROUGH, N. C., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1851.



BYBLE BOOTONT. " May your rich soil, Emberant, mature's better blessings pour

Clearing, Fencing, and Manures.

O'er every faul."

FromBuckingham's Address before the Frankli County Agricultural Society.

The late Henry Coleman-whose labors in the cause of agriculture can hardly be estimated too highly,—states that "the great and distinguishing difference between British and American agriculture consists in the entire freedom of the cultivated fields of England from rocks and stones. Wherever they existed, they have been removed, and there is nothing to impede the progress of the plough. In England, too, on all improved and cultivated lands, there is a neatness and finish, that at once strike the eye with pleasure: every thing is done, as if were, b; line and measure; the corners and headlands are thoroughly cleared; the ditches are kept unobstructed; the crops are drilled in straight lines, and a recently ploughed field resembles a plaited ruf-fie from the ironing board of a neat laundress." Such exactness, he adds, is exceedingly beautiful; and though it may appear at first to consume much time, it will be found more economical in the long run, than the slovenly way in which things are often done in many places, and you freed fear no distemper.

Another peculiarity of British farsalting hogs has already been tries.

Another peculiarity of Prices in salting hogs has already been tried in ming, which it might be well for the ming, which it might be well for the instance of American farmer to adopt, is the como the gentleman in the question, with pefore its wondering innocent eyes. What was transfixed by the arrow of grief, and her weary feet in his narrow earth-home; Pastures for sheep and cattle, must, of course, be separated by fences of some kind or other, from the cultivated fields and meadows; but these seem to be all the fences that are absolutely necessary. The loss of land (says Mr. Coleman by too many fences, the loss of time in cultivating numerous small fields instead of one or two large ones, on account of the necessity of more frequent turnings, and the actual cost of making and maintaining the fences themselves, (not to add that they are a shelter for

weeds, and a harbor for vermin,) are serious considerations." A most important branch of the science of agriculture, and one in which our knowledge is more deficient than in any other, is the art of making and preserving manure. The earth is a voracious feeder; but still she is a just and generous parent. She rejoices to take that which her children reject as unfit for their sustenance, and returns it in substances adapted to prolong and comfort their existence, and in torms and colors of the most attractive beauty. In some climates kinder than ours, she does, indeed, produce spontaneously, the necessaries and some of the luxuries of life ; but in New England, that man has observed little and learned nothing from his observation, who supposes that the ground will always bear crops, if it never be replenished with those ingredien's which it impart. to vegetation. Much has been written and published on this subject, and we find that our agricultural journals are frequently and earnestly calling on the farmers to manure their fields and meadows. It is not supposed that these appeals are entirely unheeded, or that there are not many good husbandmen, who need no admonition, but may safely rely on their own intelligence and foresight; yet a superficial survey of the country would produce the conviction that too many are like the daughters of the horse leech, crying to their mother earth, Give, Give. Such unnatural children should know that the earth expects and demands something in return for the favors she bestows. It is but a poor apology for them to say they have not a sufficient quantity of manure to enable them to be liberal in its application. If they have not enough, let them make more; and, if they are ignorant of the process of manufacture, let them read agricultural works. It is easier to make manure than to make an excuse for the want of it. But there are large quantities of manures on every farm, by the sides of highways, and in the household establishment, which, if it were saved and properly applied, would be of unspeakable value. The liquid manure, which daily runs to waste in many farms, would richly repay the trouble of saving. It may be reserved for some sagacious husbandman or ingenious mechanic to contrive a plan for the preservation of this substance. Its value is urged by almost e ery writer on agriculture, and must be

apparent even to an indifferent observwhere the water settles that has been filtered through a dung-hill, and the ground drinks up the wash of the barn-yard. Would not a field sat-



To a Husband on the Death of his Wife.

us by a friend for publication. They are said to have been written by a lady in Virginia on the death of a friend, and were addressed to the hu band of the dereased.

" Blessed are the dad who die in the Lord." Another spotless soul has left This sorrowing world of ours; Another soul has winged its way Up to the land of flowers. Another angel's voice is tuned To sing redeeming love ; Another heart is still'd below. Another beats above.

No more can earthly shadows fall Upon her stainless brow, No more can sorrow touch her heart, She is immortal now. She is an angel in that home Where all the parted meet, Where comes no more the parting sigh,

Nor sound of parting feet. Thou mourning one, dry up thy tears, Lean on thy Father's breast; Go to him, trusting in his word, And he will give thee rest. Vain, valu are all the joys of earth, Vain all things here below To soothe thy griefs; thy heart has wound Which heaven alone can cure.

Faint not, though dark and heavy clouds Across thy way be driven; Thou knowest not why they gather now, But thou shalt know in heaven-Thou knowest not why thy heart should los The treasure of its love;

But murmur not, the tears of life Are turn'd to smiles above. E'en as a sun-beam on thy path, For many a year she stood, The kind, the gentle and the meek, The noble and the good. But she is parted from thee now,

The bright, the pure in heart, To dwell within that better world, Where loved ones never part. As glides a sun-beam from the sea, As sinks a zephyr's sigh, As fades a beaming star away

When morning gilds the sky; So was the treasure from thy heart, By God's high wisdom riven, So poured thy light of life away, And mingled into heaven. O, by thy changeless love for her,

B, all life's vanish'd hours, By all its sunshine and its shade, B all its thorns and flowers, Strive, strive to meet her in that land Where joys eternal flow, Where friends we love ne'er thange or die And tear drops fa I no more.

For the Hill-borough Revealer,

where the water settles that has been filtered through a dusp-hill, and the filtered through a dusp-hill and through a dusp-hill and the filtered through a dusp-hill and through a dusp-hi

sparingly till they become accustomed to it, after which be sure to give them enough, and your stock will be healthy, and you stock will be healthy, and you stock will be healthy, and you st eager grasp. An infant's dream of inno- with its display.

why this mutation of scene ? upon the heart, and a heaven searching "The bowl! the bowl! Let serpents et mally

upon its face, she saw its help'essness, gene DeLaine! she saw the image of herself stamped up-on it, she saw a living being that had de-

with an innocent, precious, infant soul in bed. danger and destruction, and drop its ansate harbor of Heaven!

ems of most exquisive beauty.

quented by them.

His advice to farmers is, to salt cattle, horses and hogs regularly, two or three times a week, perhaps a little three times a week, perhaps a little.

Steeping base—a same of deep, of happy and begged for it. The taker rose in give the son, yet he heard it not; it was a silent prayer of the son, yet he heard it not; it was a silent prayer of the son, yet he heard it not; it was a silent prayer of the son, and its burthen was that he might not tread in the footward advanced with an advance of Heaven's God. That prayer was for the execution hill. No tear watered the treated him not to do it, but he did, and when upbraided for it by his wife he because was that he might not tread in the footward advanced three son, yet he heard it not; it was a silent prayer of the son, yet he heard it not; it was a silent prayer of the son, yet he heard it not; it was a silent prayer of the son, yet he heard it not; it was a silent prayer of the son, yet he heard it not; it was a silent prayer of the son, yet he heard it not; it was a silent prayer of the son, yet he heard it not; it was a silent prayer of the son, yet he heard it not; it was a silent prayer of the son, yet he heard it not; it was a silent prayer of the son, yet he heard it not; it was a silent prayer of the son, yet he heard it not; it was a silent prayer of the son, yet he heard it not; it was a silent prayer of the son, yet he heard it not; it was a silent prayer of the son, yet he heard it not; it was a silent prayer of the son, yet he heard it not; it was a silent prayer of the son, yet he heard it not; it was a silent prayer of the son, yet he heard it not; it was a silent prayer of the son, yet he heard it not; it was a silent prayer of the son, yet he heard it not; it was a silent prayer of the son, yet he heard it not; it was a silent prayer of the son, yet he heard it not; it was a silent prayer of the son, yet he heard it not; it was a silent prayer of the son, yet he heard it not; it was a silent prayer of the son, yet he heard it n

get that waved its golden pinions gently stricken one closed and a strange sleep even her son, to quell the raging storm of near its face, and its innocence happily overpowered her physical energies, and grief in her soul that was fast tossing her -miled and grasped at the effulgent toy she dreamed-a half waking vision was little all to the whirlpool of destruction. that fled on wings of light beyond its' spread before her, and she was overcome No kind word balmed the wound of grief

The mother yet gazed upon the sleeper. was stamped upon his countenance, and lingering and tearful look at the inebriate's Why does she smile, and stoop to kiss when the dread sentence of "death!" his cherry lips, and then again to suffer a cloud of gloom to bust in terror upon her face, shrouding it in its funeral-like dra-

the hempen cord about his neck stood up. broken widow and the mother. The tear-fount again heaves up its bit. on the dread scatfold, and with the fires of ter waters, and the tongue that has hither. hatred lighting up his hideous features as to in our scene lain silent, now gives utter- he pointed to the gibbet with his long bony ance to a sentiment that has pressed sore finger, and screamed in his father's ear:

before her a sleeping infant, she saw a face fearfully, and his blood was mixed The victim stood upon the scaffold with smile of happy innocence dance gladly with the ruby wine. That boy was Eu- the officer of the law attending him. The

GLIMPSE THIRD.

In a desolate and solemn Potter's field, zied ear, and as the hour of execution pended upon her for its life, she saw it where the dusty remains of the poor, the drew near his frame grew agitated and cast as it were upon the ocean of life and outcast, the disgraced, the unfortunate, all shame covered his bloated face. He arose its frail barque gallantly riding upon the of poverty's legion, lay unmarked by a before the clamorous audience and in a Commons; and the Judges, who seemed billows of the mighty deep, proudly leap- written stone and forgotten save on the stammering voice confessed his guilt-a ing over the foaming waves of youth, and leaf of the pensive heart, a little assembly guilt that he had hither to denied; but when she saw in imagination the hidden were gathered. No gorgeous hearse, when he drew near the coast of the dread breakers washed by the fleecy surf, the decked with vain trappings, or mourners, ocean of eternity, when just ready to whirlpools, the crags, the hidden moun arrayed in the sable folds of flowing crape, launch his trembling soul upon its subtains, the snares that all lay in the track were there; but some sturdy sons of the time and awful waters, he disburthened of life, the deep unfathomed love of a forest had borne the burthen of death to it of its guilty freight and cast himself npmaternal bosom was touched with fear and anxiety, and with all the energies of the soul she prayed her simple prayer.

Would that it might be so! Would the wild was specified to the same of the skies.

While he was standing upon the scaffold of death awaiting the arrival of his the newly opened tomb, and the tears of appointed hour, a poor woman was wend-

willing ear to the tale of love or of flattery scars of care and grief, not of the battles willing ear to the tale of love or of flattery scars of care and grief, not of the battles poverty.

The prisoner exhorted the crowd to beware of the path of crime, and as he dian, is about forty years of age, and has they fell in circles they reminded one of weight of many, many sore trials and recounted the scenes of crine through been an inmate of the Utica Asylum,

where all who dwell therein were em- piteons hearts that sighed a prayer for her sin to another, a deep sedemnity gathered

was the infant's dream? Ah! what? It the wound was left to fester alone, unbalm-has never been told; no ear has ever heard the sound it heard—no eye has ever behad become transformed, and had done had it—no memory has it recorded on its dusty leaf, and the vision has died with the once would not had done—had left her alone to contend with the raven of dusty leaf, and the vision has died with the once would not be contend with the raven of the raven of the weary feet in his narrow earth-home; her son had become callous at heart and had forsaken her to the howling hyenas of despair. Her friends, that in her days livered at Clarksburg, Va., on his reductive for youthful joy and prosperity had clung to her with a worthy zeal, had now left London Exhibition, thus refers to his us fleeting shadow. An infam's dream! sorrow. "Why this change," murmur- her and could not be seen to comfort her; Most intricate problem-unsolved enig. ed the sad heart, "ean it be the Wine ?" the cherished shadow alone that memory ma! Perchance it was a glimmering ray The heart grew sick and weary, and held could be found in the mouldering of light that dashed and dimed before it, the flesh grew nervous and strangely stu-aye, on it may have been a watching anin her heart that was fast stealing her life

cence! Mystery of unfathomable depths, A culprit manacled in irons was ar-who can divine i? None, alas! none. A culprit manacled in irons was ar-raigned before a court of justice; guilt She arose to leave, and casting a long grave, marked by a rough sandstone, she pery, that was a moment ago radiant and seenes more tragic.

beaming with the studight of smiles? Ah! A gibbet was before her, the culprit with his inchriate father; the mourner his heart

> GLIMPSE FOURTH. Beyond the ci-y wall was the culprit's

hill, where many a poor victim expiated his crime and guilt by the forfeit of his life. Many hundred people were collectministers of a holy religious spoke kind words of counsel and comfort in his phren-

that the barque of the flesh, so richly laden grief fell thick and fast in the deep earthy ing her way among the excited audience, almost amounting to a mob, begging alms, freight, might steer clear of the breakers of The widow ! ah ! what misery is con- Misery and wretchedness were pictured, papers have published an account of a centrated in that single term; the feebler in her face, tagged poverty, clung to her "tomantic marriage" between "Okah chor in a peaceful haven of rest-in the heart of the two has been reft of its an- grief-bent form, and she begged of the Tubbee," an Indian Chief, rather famous chor and hope against the storms of life, thousands pennies to save her from the as a flute play r, as well as a worthless A gay throng were gathered in the ing heart is cast away on the gloomy noticed her plea for an alms, they were York State. It now appears that Okah drawing room of a rich man. Richly at- desert of earth, to speed its sadest wall too much excited, too eager to catch every tired gentlemen led the fairy-like ladies upon the unhearing, uncaring breeze of motion of the victim of the law, too clamin the whirl of the merry dance. It was the world. Her form and her face plain- orous for the blood of the poor unfortuna party of fashion, and all " went merry by evinced that her youth of life had not at being whose character was branded. This squaw was at Buffalo at the time of with the odious curse of nature. Here his marriage. The Indian says that he w re reflected in a thousand in ages by friended poverty that she now was fast and there a kind hearied one would drop was married to his first wife only for a the glittering jewels and gems that sparkld in the throng of the gay. All were
giv, glad and joyous; the ladies lent a

what it was in its more palmy days; the

MATILDA. the flowing robed sprites of fair, land, grievous burthens, and many were the which he had passed from one degree of which she evidently left too soon.

comfort when her fading glory was con- over the assembled multitude, and silence Heavy enreed glasses and decamers templated. The widow best over the long and profound, reigned supreme. The saded with wine were corried around by grave of her business and wept,

three times a week, perhaps a little sparingly till they become accustomed sparingly till they become accustomed light, and painted a living smile of the soul away to his business.

we understand the experiment of salting hogs has already been tried in the poor woman's heart was crushed by the poor woman's heart was crushed by the poor woman's heart was crushed by the harshness, and she wept the fountain this neighborhood, at the instance of after the vision of brightness, of tempta-

London Exhibition, thus refers to his visit to the British Parliament and the Courts of Justice:

"I was present on one occasion in the House of Commons, when a meas-financial policy of the Government, and the state and condition of all the industrial classes. It was debated by the Prime Minister, Lord John Russell; the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. D'Israeli; and a great many other of the leading members. The debate opened at six o'clock P, M., and closed at 12, when the vote was taken and the question settled. Thus, in a debate of ix hours, a great measure was disposed of, after a discussion so full that every one present was satisfied that all had been said, on both sides, that the subject required. Yet a measure, of a similar character, in the American Congress, could not have been disposed of under six weeks' constant discussion. I was forcibly struck with the close adherence of the English speakers to the subject of debate. There was nothing prayet is sped away to the upper sky world for her sleeping boy:

"Oh! Heaven, guard and guide my boy thr ugh the tempest voyage of life."

The drop fell, and she screamed and awoke. Her scream f ightened her boy who had clambered up to the decanter of boy thr ugh the tempest voyage of life."

Whis it in your sordid soul."

The drop fell, and she screamed and acriminal on the day of which we write.

Who had clambered up to the decanter of to witness the masses there in grant tical good sense, and an ability for constant tical good sense there is the properties. pects not good speakers. Their manners are cold, without action or fluency. They hesitate and stammer, and

frequently seem to be at a loss.
"In the courts of justice, the same brevity and condensation prevails in the speeches of the Barristers, that disto be a learned, dignified, hard-working set of men, deliver their opinions soconcisely and yet so distinct and clear that the minds of the most ordinary persons present can understand them.

Were this example adopted in the American Congress and American Courts, it would be of inestimable value to the administration of government and of

A ROMANCE SPOILED .- Some of the Tubbee acknowledges that he has another wife, to whom he has been married fifteen years, and had three children by her.