

HILLSBOROUGH RECORDER.

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

Vol. XXXII.

HILLSBOROUGH, N. C., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1851.

No. 1606.



RURAL ECONOMY.

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

MANAGEMENT OF SOIL.

A soil would never get exhausted, if managed with skill, but would continue to improve in depth and fertility in proportion to the industry bestowed upon it. The food of plants, it is true, may be exhausted from the soil by a repetition of cropping with any one family of plants, if we neglect the application of such fertilizers as may have been taken from the soil by that family, but no part of the growing season is required for the soil to rest, or be fallow, if judiciously managed by a successive cropping of the crops, or by supplying to them such food as may be a compensation for what has been taken off by the previous crop. The first object to be attained for securing a certain and profitable return of produce from the soil must be the rough drainage; the next object is breaking into the subsoil to the desired depth—not without first considering whether it is proper and profitable to shift or turn up the subsoil at once to the influence of the atmosphere, or whether it be best to break into the soil first by shifting the surface soil and allowing the subsoil to remain and receive, first, the beneficial influence of the atmosphere, and then, at the trawling, a portion of the subsoil may be safely stirred up and mixed with the surface soil; this practice continued for every succeeding crop, will establish a healthy, fertilizing surface soil to any desired depth.

If repeated stirring of the surface are adapted according to the nature of the soil and weather, every growing crop will continue in healthy luxuriance, without ever suffering by receiving injury from too much moisture, drought or frost. In addition, by constantly scarifying, hoeing, and forking the surface soil, not only obnoxious insects and their larvae are expelled, but weeds would never make their appearance, much less have a chance of committing their accustomed robbery of soil and crops. Besides, by such repeated stirring, the soil is always prepared, sweet and healthy, for succeeding crops—no man can consider either when we observe the loss of time and produce occurring to such a ruinous extent in some localities, by allowing weeds to grow and choke the growing crops, and to shed their seeds, productive of a progeny similarly injurious to the crops next in rotation.

The application of manure is most essential, and may be applied most beneficially when the soil is established in a healthy condition and maintained thus by a constant attention to surface stirring. Yet the application of manure is a secondary consideration; for though it may be very liberally applied, and with considerable expense, yet, without first insuring the healthiness of the soil, much property and labor will be sacrificed.

TO FARMERS.

Here's a hint that may be worth the price of the "News" twelve months to any farmer who takes it. We are indebted to an old friend for it, who assures us he has tried it for many years with uniform success.

Warrenton News.

To kill lice on hogs and cattle.—Sturgeon Oil is infallible in killing lice either on hogs or cows. For hogs—rub it about the flanks and belly, or any other part to which the lice are attached; they will fall off almost immediately. For cows—apply it in the same way, or take a soft cotton string of the bulk of the little finger, saturate it with the sturgeon oil and tie it around the cow's neck as tight as possible as not to choke. Our old friend says the lice on cows draw their sustenance entirely from the region of the mouth, to which they repair at least once in twenty-four hours; they are excluded by the oiled rope around the neck, therefore they die or fall off.

Rats may be destroyed or run off from corn cribs by the same oil. Take a mop dipped in the oil and draw it along the cracks and sides of the house, and the rats are taken with an immediate leaving. Half a pint is sufficient for a crib 10 by 12 and of the usual height.

The common train oil may be used when the other cannot be obtained, but the sturgeon oil is best.

THE CHINESE GOOSE.—We saw on Saturday last, a species of Goose, originally imported from Hong Kong, and most generally known as the Antelope Goose. There seems to be a connection link between this goose and the pelican, having the "bug" along the neck, a topknot just above the bill, with a body strongly resembling the ordinary goose. They were

on the farm of Mr. Henry Fitzhugh, and are represented to weigh 60 pounds to the pair when full grown. They are quite prolific, breeding twice a year; and what makes them still more valuable is the fact that each goose will yield four pickings during the year, affording four pounds of feathers per annum. Mr. F. has only one pair which cost him \$20.

Fredericksburg Herald.

From the Observer.

Ray, &c.—Somebody has said, that "he who makes two blades of grass to grow where but one grew before, is a public benefactor." We do not think that our townsmen, whose communication will be found below, aspires to so eminent a distinction; but we do think, that if many others in this State, and especially in this part of the State, would follow his example, we should soon wipe out the disgrace which has so long attached to this, essentially an agricultural State, of importing annually from New York, Connecticut, Maine, &c. a large portion of the forage with which our horses and cattle are fed. Two or three years ago, the large field which Mr. Curtis now cultivates, within our town limits, was almost unproductive of aught but pestilential miasma. Now, it is a model farm, teeming with luxuriant crops of oats, corn, and hay—the natural result of cultivating well the land which one undertakes to cultivate at all.

Messrs. Hale & Son: I have generally little wish to publish my own labors or their results, but I should like those who have paid but little attention to such matters to know the quantity of Hay that can be produced on a small quantity of land. It might suggest some profitable action to those interested in such matters; the consumers, I mean, of that article.

I have just had a piece of land, 60 yards by 40 yards, making 2400 square yards, less than half an acre, mowed, the hay cured, weighed, and I may add, sold at 75 cts. per 100 lbs. The Hay weighed 4791 lbs. It was entirely what we call Crab Grass, and equal in quality to any I ever saw. The land was new swamp; this the second crop made on it, has never received a pound of manure in any form, nor had any seed sown on it; and more, I think at least 100 square yards was lost from trees and stumps. As astonishing as this product is,—say 9700 lbs. per acre,—at that rate almost any quantity of land could be found in the immediate vicinity unoccupied and uncultivated. Many will ask why that is the case, when we annually import large quantities from the northern States? I will leave you to answer such questions, if you choose to do so, as I only intended to state a fact, instead of writing a newspaper article.

Yours,
THO. J. CURTIS.
Fayetteville, Oct. 8, 1851.

LIVING LIKE A LADY.

BY PAUL CREYTON.

Mr. Hamilton Burgess was a man of limited means; but, having married a beautiful and amiable woman, he resolved to spare no expense in surrounding her with comforts, and in supporting her, as he said, "like a lady."

"My dear Ammy," said Mrs. Burgess to her indulgent husband about a year after their marriage, "you are too kind altogether. You are unwilling that I should work, or do anything towards our support, when I actually think that a little exertion of my part would not only serve to lighten your expenses, but would be quite as good for my health and spirits as the occupations to which my time is now devoted."

"Oh, you industrious little bee!" exclaimed Mr. Burgess, "you have great notions of making yourself useful, I declare! But, Lizzie, I shall never consent to your propositions. I did not marry you to make you my slave. When you gave me this dear hand I resolved that it should never be soiled and made rough by labor—and it never shall as long as I am able to attend to my business."

Mrs. Burgess would not have done anything to displease her husband; and she accordingly allowed him to have his way, without offering further remonstrance.

But Hamilton's business was dull, and it required the greatest exertion on his part, and the severest application, to raise sufficient money to meet the daily expenses of his family.

"My affairs will be in a better state next year," he said to himself, "and I must manage to struggle through this dull season some way or other. I will venture to run in debt a little, I think; for any way is preferable to reducing our household expenditures, which are by no means extravagant. At all events, Lizzie must not know what my circumstances are, for she would insist upon a change in our style of living, and revive the subject of doing something towards our support."

Mr. Burgess then ventured to run in debt a little; he did not attempt to reduce the expenses of his household; he never gave his wife a hint respecting the true

state of his business matters, but insisted upon her accepting, as usual, a liberal allowance of funds to meet her private expenses.

Lizzie seemed quite happy in her ignorance of her husband's circumstances, never spoke again of assisting to support the establishment, but seemed to devote herself to the pursuit of quiet pleasures, and to procuring Hamilton's happiness. But Mr. Burgess's circumstances, instead of improving, grew continually worse. His venture of "running in debt a little" resulted in running in debt a great deal. Thus the second year of his married life passed, and the dark shadows of disappointed hope and the traces of corroding care began to change the aspect of his brow. One day a friend said to him:

"I am surprised at your conduct! Here you are, making a slave of yourself, while your wife is playing the lady. She is not to blame; it is you. She would gladly do something for her own support if you would permit her; and it would be better for her and for you. Remember the true saying:

Satan finds some mischief still
 For idle hands to do."

"What do you mean?" demanded Burgess, reddening.

"I mean that, generally speaking, young wives of an ardent temperament, when left to themselves with nothing but their pleasures to occupy their minds, are apt to forget that their husbands, and find enjoyment in such society as he might not altogether approve."

"Sir, you do not know my wife," exclaimed Hamilton. "She, thank Heaven, is not one of those."

"I hope not," was the quiet reply. Although Hamilton Burgess had not a jealous nature, and would never have entertained unjust suspicions of his wife, these words of his friend set him to thinking. He remembered that Lizzie was always happy, however he might be oppressed with cares; and now he wondered how it was that she could be so unmindful of everything except pleasure, while he was so constantly harassed. The consistent Mr. Hamilton Burgess doubts less forgot that he had taken the utmost pains to conceal his situation from his wife.

It was in this state of mind that Mr. Hamilton Burgess one day left his business and went home unexpectedly. It was at an hour when Lizzie least thought of leaving him, and on this occasion she appeared considerably embarrassed; nor did Mr. Burgess fail to observe that she was very tardy in making her appearance in the sitting-room.

On another occasion Mr. Burgess returned home under similar circumstances, and, going directly to his wife's room, found to his astonishment, that he could not gain admittance. After some delay, however, during which Hamilton heard foot-steps hurrying to and fro within, and whispering, Mrs. Burgess opened the door, and blushing very red, attempted to apologize for not admitting him before.

"Who was with you?" demanded Mr. Burgess.

"With me," cried Lizzie, confused.

"Yes, madam, I heard whispering; and I am sure somebody just passed out through that side door."

"Oh, that was nobody but Margaret!" hastily exclaimed Mrs. Burgess.

Hamilton could ill conceal his vexation; but he did not intimate to his wife that he suspected her of equivocation, nor did she see fit to attempt a full exposition of the matter.

Nothing was said of this incident afterwards; but for many weeks it occupied Hamilton's mind. All this time he was harassed with cares of business, and his brow became darkly shrouded in gloom as his perplexities thickened. At last the crisis came! Mr. Burgess saw the utter impossibility of longer continuing his almost profitless trade under heavy expenses which not only absorbed his small capital, but actually plunged him into debt. But one honest course was left for him to pursue; and he resolved to close up his affairs, and sell off the stock that remained to pay his debts.

It was at this time that Mr. Burgess saw in its true light the error of which he had been guilty in opposing his wife's desire to economize, and devote a portion of her time to useful occupation.

"Had I allowed her to lighten our expenses in this way," thought he, "I might not have been driven to such extremities. And what has been the result of my folly? Why, I have kept her ignorant of our poverty until the very last, and now the sudden intelligence that we are beggars will well nigh kill her!"

Satisfied of the danger, if not the impossibility, of keeping the secret longer from his wife, Mr. Burgess went home one day resolved to break the intelligence to her without hesitation. Entering the house with his latch-key, he went directly to Lizzie's room, which he entered unceremoniously. To his surprise he found on the table a gentleman's cap, of that peculiar fashion which he had seen worn by postmen and dandies about town. Anxious for an explanation, he looked around for his wife; but Lizzie was not in the

room. Then, hearing voices in another part of the house, he left the room, by a different door from that which he entered, and hastened to the parlor, where he expected to find Mrs. Burgess in company with the owner of that cap. To his surprise, he found the parlor vacant, and meeting Margaret in the hall a moment after, he impatiently demanded his wife.

"She is in the room, sir," replied the domestic.

Without saying a word Hamilton again hastened to Lizzie's room, where he found her reading a late magazine with affected indifference.

"Madam," cried he, angrily, "what does this mean? Here I have been chasing you all over the house, without being able to catch you. What company have you just dismissed?"

"What company?" cried Lizzie.

"Yes, madam, what company?"

"Do not speak so angrily, dear Ammy. Why are you so impatient?"

"Because I wish to know what gentleman has been favoring you with such a confidential visit."

Hamilton remembered other occasions when, on his coming home unexpectedly, his wife had shown signs of embarrassment; added to this, her present equivocation rendered him violently jealous. She appeared to shrink from him in fear, and became alternately red and pale as she answered—

"There has been no gentleman here to see me."

"No one?"

"No one, dear Ammy."

Mr. Burgess was on the point of demanding to know who was the owner of the cap which he had seen on his wife's table, and which had now mysteriously disappeared; but emotion checked him, and he paced the floor in silence.

"This is too much!" he muttered, at length, in the bitterness of his heart. "I could endure poverty without uttering a complaint for myself; I could endure anything but this!"

"Why, Ammy, what is the matter?" cried Mrs. Burgess, in alarm.

"Nothing—only we are beggars!" answered Hamilton, abruptly.

"Have you been unfortunate?" calmly asked his wife, affectionately taking him by the arm.

"Yes—the most unfortunate of men! I am ruined—we are beggars—but—"

"Dear Ammy, you must not let this cast you down. Business failures frequently happen, but they ought never to destroy domestic happiness. Come, how poor are we! Are we really beggars?"

"My creditors will take everything," answered Hamilton, gloomily.

"They will not take us from each other," said Lizzie.

Mr. Burgess looked at his young wife with a bitter smile.

"Are you such a deceiver!" he muttered through his teeth. "Can you talk thus when you have just dismissed a lover?"

"Sir!" cried Mrs. Burgess, a glow of indignation lighting up her face. "What do you mean?"

"Don't deny what I say!" replied Hamilton. "You were having an interview with a gentleman when I came in."

Lizzie trembled with indignation.

"I saw his cap on the table."

Lizzie laughed outright. "Come here," she said, leading her husband away.

Hamilton followed her, and she went to a bureau, unlocked a deep drawer, and opening it, called her husband's attention to its contents.

It was half full of caps.

Hamilton looked at Lizzie in perplexity. Mrs. Burgess looked at Hamilton and smiled.

"I suppose you will now declare there are twenty gentlemen in the house," said Lizzie.

"Lizzie," cried her husband, clasping her in his arms, "I am already ashamed of my suspicions. I ask your forgiveness. But explain this matter to me. I am dying in perplexity."

"Well," replied Lizzie, archly, "I made those caps."

"You?"

"Certainly; that is, I and Margaret. I kept my work a secret from you, because you were opposed to my exerting myself; and, although you have come near surprising me more than once, I have carried on my treacherous designs pretty successfully until to-day."

"But, dear Lizzie, how could you?"

"I can answer that question. I saw pretty clearly into your business affairs, and know that we could not live in this style long. So I thought I would disobey you. My cousin George, the hat manufacturer, seconded my designs, and privately sent me caps to make nearly a year ago."

Hamilton opened his eyes in astonishment.

"Surprising, isn't it?" But this isn't all. You insisted on my keeping Margaret when I might just as well have done my housework myself. I thought I would make her useful, and make her help me work on the caps. Besides, you were not satisfied if I neglected to use all the spending money you allowed me, and I pretend-

ed to use that, just to please you. Now before you scold me for my disobedience, witness the result of my industry and economy."

Lizzie opened her desk, and displayed to Hamilton's bewildered sight a pile of gold, which filled him with greater astonishment than anything else.

"There," continued Lizzie, without allowing him to speak—"there are three hundred dollars. Of course, this little sum wouldn't make any one rich, but I hope it will convince you that a wife's economy and industry are not to be despised."

"Lizzie! dear Lizzie!"

"Oh, this is nothing—only a sample of what I can do. Come, no acknowledgment of your error, and say I may have my own way in future."

Hamilton replied by clasping his wife in his arms.

"There, say nothing more about it," she continued. "Don't think of your misfortunes, but remember that we can be happy, even if we both have to work hard. Poverty cannot crush us; and I hope I have already convinced you that work will not make me less attracting in your sight."

"The young husband's heart overflowed with gratitude and joy."

"How have I misunderstood you, dear Lizzie!" he exclaimed. "You are more valuable to me than eastern rice; and now that I know poverty cannot crush you, my mind is at ease."

"And I may have my way?"

"Yes, always."

"Remember this!" said Mrs. Burgess, archly.

With a lighter heart than he had felt for many months before, Hamilton went about the settlement of his business affairs, while Lizzie devoted herself to perfecting a new system of housekeeping.

When Mr. Burgess came home in the evening he was surprised at the wonderful change which had taken place during his absence.

"Don't scold," said his wife, regarding him with a smile; "you said I might have my way."

"True—but what have you done?"

"I have been making arrangements to let half the house to Mr. Smith's family, who will move next week. They are pleasant people; and, as we had twice as much room as we really needed, I thought it best to take them. Then, again, we shan't need so much furniture; and, if you like, you can sell Mr. Smith some at a fair price."

Mr. Burgess neither frowned nor looked displeased; nor did he ever afterwards oppose his wife's designs. He soon found his expenses so reduced that, with the fruits of his wife's industry added to his own, they were able to live comfortably and happily; and, although he soon became engaged in more profitable business, he never again urged her to indulge in the folly of "LIVING LIKE A LADY."

HUNGARIAN NOBILITY.

A "Civil Engineer," in a letter to the London Times, after alluding to the case of the Baroness Von Beck, gives the following amusing account of the Hungarian nobility:—"In the years 1844 and 1845, I had under my command on the Hungarian Central Railway about six thousand workmen. One day one of these workmen had wilfully broken some of the tools, and insulted several of the workmen, and being a little exasperated, I told my hodnet (servant) to go and lay his stick about the insolent fellow's back and send him off the works, which he did. The man went to the richter (magistrate) at Waitzen, and laid his complaint, and at the same time produced his passport, on which was stamped his 'family crest.' The richter sent me word that I had better give the man ten or fifteen florins and make the matter up, for if the man proceeded against me (being a 'nobleman') in the Hungarian superior courts of law, it would cost me at least from £150 to £200. The magistrate persuaded the man to take five florins, (10s.) and so the matter dropped. The richter afterwards told me that if my hodnet had nearly killed one of the ignoble ones, no one would have taken any notice of it."

In consequence of the above, I gave orders that no 'nobleman' in future should be employed on the works; but, sir, you can judge of my surprise when I found that out of my six thousand work people, men and women, I had four thousand noblemen and noble families in my employ, and under these circumstances I was compelled to chance (not sign) the Magna Charta I had caused to be issued. Just imagine, sir, my noble 'baron navvies' wheeling the barrows, and their noble 'baronesses' filling them, besides four thousand nobles to do homage to me every morning, without any shoes or stockings on, (these were pulled off and stowed away while they were at work.) Mr. Paget states in his work that two-thirds of the Hungarian population are nobles, and you will see, from what I have stated, he is not far out in his calculations. A great number of these nobles are under the impression that it is a disgrace to work. Some of them are markers at the billiard tables, others are waiters, agitators, dancing mat-

rons, fortune hunters, gamblers, &c., but all of them are ever ready to turn their nobility to the best account, and the present so-called 'political refugee' system, with their noble titles, without doubt must be a good trade.

THE ILLUSTRIOUS DEAD.

We make the following extract from a letter from a friend, dated Philadelphia, September 25, 1851:

"I was invited, a few days since, by John Fanning Watson, author of Annals of Philadelphia and many other works, to visit with him the battle ground of Germantown, which, on the 4th October, 1777, was literally watered with the best blood of North Carolina. Gen. Francis Nash, of Orange, Col. Henry Irvin, of Edgecomb, Capt. Jacob Turner, and others, fell here nobly fighting in the cause of liberty. Mr. Watson has, with pious patriotism, gathered the remains of Gen. Nash, and erected over them a beautiful monument. I saw the grave of Col. Irvin and Capt. Turner. It bears this inscription:

"IN HONOR OF THE BRAVE!
His feet in pace.

Col. HENRY IRVIN, of North Carolina, Capt. TURNER, Adj. Lucas, and six soldiers killed in the Battle of Germantown.

ONE CAUSE, ONE GRAVE!"

Their bodies were recognized by an aged gentleman, Mr. Koyser, who saw them interred in 1777, and on their disinterment for reburial in 1836, by Mr. Watson, the mostly form of the brave Turner was still known amid the decaying relics of humanity. A piece of cloth from the breast of his coat, with the buttons, was still undestroyed. This he presented to me, and I shall deposit the sacred memento with one of the Societies of our University—an object well calculated to inspire our young men with the noble patriotism which animated him.

"And by his light
Shall every gallant youth with ardor move,
To do brave deeds."

I cannot close this letter without again expressing my admiration of the conduct of Mr. Watson, a stranger to our State and our people, gathering with patriotic reverence the bones of her gallant sons, and marking the hallowed spot that holds its mutilated remains. He deserves the regard of every North Carolinian.

Mr. Watson has a son who recently settled in Wilson, Edgecomb, for the purpose of practicing medicine.

N. C. Standard.

HOW SCHOLARS ARE MADE.—Costly apparatus and splendid cabinets have no magical power to make scholars. In all circumstances, as a man is, under God, the master of his own fortune, so he is the maker of his own mind. The Creator has so constituted the human intellect, that it can only grow by its own action, and by its own action it will certainly and necessarily grow. Every man must, therefore, educate himself. His books and teachers are but helps; the work is his. A man is not educated until he has the ability to summon, in an emergency, all his mental powers into vigorous exercise to effect its proposed object. It is not the man who has seen most or read most, who can do this; such a one is in danger of being borne down, like a beast of burden, by an overloaded mass of other men's thoughts. Nor is it the man who can boast merely of native vigor and capacity. The greatest of all warriors that went to the siege of Troy, had not the pre-eminence because nature had given him strength, and he carried the largest bow, but because self-discipline had taught him how to bend it.

Daniel Webster.

The wire of the Submarine Telegraph between the English and French coasts is not yet finished, though it is being made at the rate of a mile and a half per day. It is thus described:

"The line of communication consists of four copper wires, of the thickness of an ordinary bell-wire, cased in gutta percha, and twined with a corresponding number of hempen strands steeped in a mixture of tar and tallow into a rope of about an inch in diameter. Another strand similarly prepared is wound transversely round this, and finally ten wires of galvanized iron, about a third of an inch thick, are twined round this central core, and form a solid and at the same time flexible casing. The whole, when thus completed, has the appearance of an ordinary four and a quarter inch metallic cable. The machinery by which this is effected, is extremely simple, and the work proceeds, night and day, with the utmost regularity. A huge coil is thus being formed in one continuous piece, which will finally attain the length of twenty-four miles. The weight of the entire rope when finished, it is estimated, will be from one hundred and seventy to one hundred and eighty tons. From time to time, as the work proceeds, a galvanic current is passed through the wires, and their conducting power is tested by a galvanic meter.