

# HILLSBOROUGH RECORDER.

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

Vol. XXXII.

HILLSBOROUGH, N. C., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1851.

No. 1607.



## RURAL ECONOMY.

"May your rich soil,  
By honest nature's better blessings pour  
On every land."

### AGRICULTURAL IMPROVEMENT.

It gives us pleasure to cite from the *Fredricksburg Herald* the following interesting account of perhaps the most remarkable success in experimental farming yet attained in Virginia:

#### "SHRUBWOOD FOREST"—Stafford County.

A striking exemplification is manifested in this fine state of the result of industry and good judgment. We here have a farm which was once almost worthless, now richly cultivated, and productive in the highest degree.

This estate came into the possession of Mr. Henry Fozzough, a few years ago, and consists of some nine hundred acres. It is situated along the borders of the Rappahannock river, but was once a very unproductive tract, and was almost without the pale of reclamation. When Mr. F. took possession, the farm under cultivation yielded less than five bushels of wheat in the acre. Believing that the farm was susceptible of improvement, and possessing an indefatigable energy, which is commendable in the highest degree, Mr. F. set to work with a purpose.

After acquainting himself with the soils of the farm, Mr. F. adopted the Pamunkey or five field method of cultivating the land. Having a strong belief in the efficacy of deep ploughing, the sub-soil system was adopted, and the results are such as almost to stagger human credulity.

There has never been a pound of guano on the farm, and the only compost used has been an application of lime; and after growing a heavy crop of clover, ploughing the soil under. The adoption of the sub-soil mode of cultivating the land, is what Mr. F. attributes his success. The entire cost for manures has not averaged a cent over \$300 in any given year.

Where, a few years ago, five bushels of wheat could not be grown, there was raised last year over forty bushels, and we are assured that the average crop, this year, of the land under cultivation, was over forty bushels to the acre! Although this was the average, yet there was a portion of the land that yielded much larger in such a quantity as almost to appear incredible. About fifteen acres of the land produced eighty-six bushels to the acre!

The entire crop this season, of wheat, was rising six thousand bushels!

The corn crop was on some of the poorest land; and as is known, the season was detrimental to the growth of this grain. Yet with all the disadvantages, Mr. F. averaged eight barrels, or 40 bushels to the acre, and he feels confident that in 1853, with a fair season, he will double in quantity his present corn crop! His entire crop of corn will be about five thousand bushels. Fifty bushels of Ruffin's purple straw wheat was sowed, which produced eleven hundred bushels. Twenty-three bushels of crease wheat was put in, which yielded seven hundred bushels.

As an evidence of the method pursued, we may state, that in connection with another gentleman, Mr. F. has a standing order in New York, for one tierce of seed wheat from the Baltic, each year.

The general arrangement of the farm is excellent. Five large shelters are provided for stock—a well of excellent water is in the barn yard—a pen for agricultural implements—each field provided with gates—fencing in fine order, and all those externals which add in appearance, comfort and advantage to a large tract of land.

The farm occupies a decidedly pretty situation, running from the pines in the rear, with a graceful slope, down to the waters of the Rappahannock. The mansion overlooks the entire tract, and occupies an elevation which renders it capable of being made a charming spot. It is already surrounded by hand-some ornamental trees, the walks gravelled, and partially enclosed with clusters of sweet scented flowers.

We trust the example of Mr. Fozzough may be speedily followed, and we shall soon have many handsome and productive farms rising up from where there is thought not a wilderness of pine-trees covering the nakedness of the soil.

### DISCOVERY OF NEW FARMS.

Laymen have known for a long time, that a landholder owned ever so far down below the surface. But farmers never have seemed to suspect that their deeds gave them any right to more than about six inches of the surface. Nobody hardly has thought of looking deeper than that,

except the diggers for gold and water. The sub-soil plough is revealing to our agriculturists treasures, before unknown. Discoveries in the earth are keeping pace with those of the sky, and a new heaven is opened to the astronomer. The following conversation at the Farmer's Club, cut from the New Yorker, brings some intimation of the new:

Dr. Underhill—I omitted speaking of another great source of phosphate of lime, and that is one which some few farmers have hit upon. I mean that part of the farm which lies six inches deep under the farm. There, since the deluge, lies undisturbed, the fertilizer, usually hard. Roots of the grass and annuals cannot penetrate it. There it is and has been accumulating for thousands of years, insoluble, except when roots apply themselves to it. Not one farmer in ten ever ploughs deeper than five inches. The roots cannot get at the mine below—it is too hard. He cannot afford to buy guano or bone, but he can afford a sub-soil plough. Let him go down fifteen inches into his good farm below and he may have a new farm, good for fifty years to come. I never thought until this year that my loose, sandy, gravelly land wanted sub-soiling! It is so very loose that one almost wades in it. But, nevertheless, this year I have sub-soiled 12 to 14 inches deep, and my corn on that tillage has given me a double crop. I found the bottom of my very loose top soil hard packed; the annual plants could not put their roots through it. My double crop has succeeded in spite of a pretty severe drought. I have for many years always ploughed to the depth of eight to ten inches, but this season I have resorted to the farm which lies under mine successfully.

Dr. Church—is it necessary to sub-soil every year?

Dr. Underhill—I think not; but I mean to sub-soil every year I cultivate at all. It operates, also, as a drainer. It also receives the fertilizer from the atmosphere. The first store of manure is our earth; the second one is our atmosphere. That from the latter enters the earth by means of dew and rain—by dew even in times of drought—when a deep-dipped soil can take it in, while a shallow one cannot. Up to this day the shallow work prevails. Nineteen out of twenty farms are so abused. A farmer who can neither buy books nor attend Farmers' Clubs, can nevertheless plough deep. Let him try it, and he will let him come to this Club and tell us so! The Farmer.

Pea Vines for Cows.—Mr. J. L. Hewlett of Baltimore, informs the editor of the American Farmer, that he took his cows off an excellent clover field and fed them on the vines of the black pea. The result was that in the first week their product of butter was increased from 16 to 21 lbs., and in the second a still farther improvement from 21 to 24 lbs.

This experiment is interesting, and furnishes a valuable hint to all our readers. With due attention to pea culture, stock of all kinds may be kept in good condition. One can have plenty of milk and butter, and at the same time produce a large quantity of superior manure. Pea vines should be cut, cured and housed before they are ripe.

## ROBERT HOE:

A REMINISCENCE—BY LAURIE TODD.

In September, 1805, the yellow fever prevailed to a fearful extent in this city. As I never left town while it was raging, I was sitting in my tent door in the cool of the day, and lifting up my eyes I beheld a stranger, a rare sight in fever times. He was moving from Cedar street along Massau, having his face set toward Maiden Lane. He walked in the middle of the street and was reading signboards on the right and left. He paused in front of my open door, and mine was the only store open in the block. As he stepped in, he said, Mr. Thorburn?

"Where did you learn my name?" I inquired.

"I saw it over the door," said he. "I have just come on shore from the ship Draper, from Liverpool. I am a carpenter by trade; my name is Robert Hoe; I am now in my eighteenth year."

Says I, "Robert, was your indenture fulfilled before you left England?"

Says he, "I never was bound. I learned the trade with my father; I can't find work, I have no money; can you recommend me to a house in a healthy part of the city, where I may board till I get employment, when I will pay them honestly?"

I knew the heart of a stranger myself, and there was so much of honest simplicity in his speech and deportment, my heart warmed toward him; I gave him a chair, and ran up stairs; says I, "Gude wife, a stranger standeth at our door; shall we take him in?" "If these please," she replied. "If he takes the fever, will they help me to nurse him?" "I will," she answered. "Thank you dear for this; God will bless you. Now, says I, come and look on his hon-

est English face. The impression was favorable. Says I, Robert, this neighborhood is accounted the most healthful in the city; you will lodge here; if you take the fever, my wife and I will nurse you; you shan't go to the stranger's hospital." His eyes spoke thanks more eloquent than words. As he had no business abroad, I advised him to stay at home.

The fever seized him, however, in less than a week. I procured an eminent physician; my wife and I nursed him. In seventeen summers that I've nursed among the sick, I do not think that I ever saw a case so violent but it terminated in death, his only exception. On the fourth day, generally the crisis, the burning fever was coursing through his veins and drinking up his English blood. His skin burning, dry and yellow, heart-sick, home-sick, all bound sick; and his spirits sunk down to his heels. I sat by his bed side; he fastened his restless eyes on mine:

"O, Mr. T., Mr. T., I shall die, I shall die—I never can stand this!" and he threw his brawny arms across the bed, as if going to grapple with death. "Die," says I, "Robert, to be sure, we must all die, but you are not going to die this week." In this I spoke unadvisedly with my lips, but I thought of Pope Pius and his bull, to wit, that the end would sanctify the means. He was under the influence of powerful medicine at this moment; I knew there would be a lull, as the sailors say, soon; and I meant to take advantage of the circumstance to persuade him to live, if possible. Fancy kills and fancy cures. I left him for fifteen minutes. On my return I felt his pulse; said I, "Robert, you are fifty per cent. better already, I hope to see you walk from the bed and sit by the window to-morrow." I sat by his bed conversing to cheer his spirits. I continued, death is nigh at hand at all times, and in all places; but my impression is that you will not die with this attack. I hope to see you a thriving master builder, married to one of the bonny Yankee lassies, and to hold your grand child in my arms."

From this hour the fever left him. Shortly after this the fever disappeared from the city. He became a master builder, and died in 1843 aged 56. But his name will never die while types are set and printers breathe. *Hoe's Printing Press* is probably the most useful discovery that has blessed the world since the first sheet was struck from the press. Formerly we paid one hundred and fifty cents for a bible; now we buy one as good for twenty-five cents. It may be said of his sons, (a rare occurrence in his country,) that they are better men than their father, inasmuch as they have added many improvements to their father's plans. Mr. Hoe dwelt in New York thirty-eight years. After his recovery from the fever in 1805, we met times without number; his never-failing salutation was, "Grant, as the instrument under God, I have to thank you for my recovery from that fever."

I have received many tokens of kindness from his worthy family of sons and daughters. And nothing in my past life affords such pleasing reflections as this act of duty and humanity to a stranger. When his aching head lay on my breast, as I held the cooling draught to his parched lips, I little thought that in this head lay the germ of a machine destined to revolutionize the world of literature, and shed light on the dark places of the earth whose habitations are full of horrid cruelty.

About seven years ago I stepped from the cars in a country town. Among them who were looking on, stood a man of genteel appearance; said I, "Sir, I wish to stop here for a week; I don't like to put up in a hotel; can you direct me where I may lodge in a private family?" He said he could. We entered the next street, and stopped in front of a respectable two story brick tenement; on the front stoop sat a comely matron. She might have seen twenty-eight summers; on her lap sat a babe. Said my friend to the matron, "Gude wife, this is Mr. Thorburn, from New York; he wishes private board for a week; can you accommodate him?" "Yes," says she, "for a year or for a lifetime, if it is his wish. Oft has my father told me, that when he was sick and a stranger, Mr. T. took him in, and ministered to his wants."

"What was your father's name?" I inquired.

"Robert Hoe," she replied.

"And is this your child?"

"It is."

I held the babe in my arms; it smiled on my face.

"Now," says I, "madam, this day my prophecy is fulfilled in your eyes; it's just forty years, at a critical period in your father's life."

### Louis Napoleon.

"Louis Napoleon is a little under size—say five feet eight inches high—with rather broad and square shoulders,

a somewhat thick neck, and a German rather than a French head. His complexion and expression, his wide face, his ample brain, expanded at the sides and rather lowered at the forehead, all would have led me, had I seen him without knowing him, to say he was a German. His hair is dark brown, his moustache very massy, and reddish brown; his eyes is dark grayish blue, almost covered by thick and folded eyelids, and shaded by heavy, fleshy eyebrows. His movements are simple, natural and moderate, with a touch of dignity, which is the more effective, as it seems suggestive of something more behind it.

On the whole, Louis Napoleon might pass in the crowd as an ordinary man, unambitious at heart, bound to no fame by fortune, consecrated to no high purpose or achievement by Providence. I looked intently at his countenance for some trace that might remind me of Josephine, whose blood beats in his heart, but in vain. I looked again for the semblance of the Great Napoleon, of whose lineage he is, whose name he bears, whose sceptre he all but wields.

"Die," says I, "Robert, to be sure, we must all die, but you are not going to die this week." In this I spoke unadvisedly with my lips, but I thought of Pope Pius and his bull, to wit, that the end would sanctify the means. He was under the influence of powerful medicine at this moment; I knew there would be a lull, as the sailors say, soon; and I meant to take advantage of the circumstance to persuade him to live, if possible. Fancy kills and fancy cures. I left him for fifteen minutes. On my return I felt his pulse; said I, "Robert, you are fifty per cent. better already, I hope to see you walk from the bed and sit by the window to-morrow." I sat by his bed conversing to cheer his spirits. I continued, death is nigh at hand at all times, and in all places; but my impression is that you will not die with this attack. I hope to see you a thriving master builder, married to one of the bonny Yankee lassies, and to hold your grand child in my arms."

From this hour the fever left him. Shortly after this the fever disappeared from the city. He became a master builder, and died in 1843 aged 56. But his name will never die while types are set and printers breathe. *Hoe's Printing Press* is probably the most useful discovery that has blessed the world since the first sheet was struck from the press. Formerly we paid one hundred and fifty cents for a bible; now we buy one as good for twenty-five cents. It may be said of his sons, (a rare occurrence in his country,) that they are better men than their father, inasmuch as they have added many improvements to their father's plans. Mr. Hoe dwelt in New York thirty-eight years. After his recovery from the fever in 1805, we met times without number; his never-failing salutation was, "Grant, as the instrument under God, I have to thank you for my recovery from that fever."

I have received many tokens of kindness from his worthy family of sons and daughters. And nothing in my past life affords such pleasing reflections as this act of duty and humanity to a stranger. When his aching head lay on my breast, as I held the cooling draught to his parched lips, I little thought that in this head lay the germ of a machine destined to revolutionize the world of literature, and shed light on the dark places of the earth whose habitations are full of horrid cruelty.

About seven years ago I stepped from the cars in a country town. Among them who were looking on, stood a man of genteel appearance; said I, "Sir, I wish to stop here for a week; I don't like to put up in a hotel; can you direct me where I may lodge in a private family?" He said he could. We entered the next street, and stopped in front of a respectable two story brick tenement; on the front stoop sat a comely matron. She might have seen twenty-eight summers; on her lap sat a babe. Said my friend to the matron, "Gude wife, this is Mr. Thorburn, from New York; he wishes private board for a week; can you accommodate him?" "Yes," says she, "for a year or for a lifetime, if it is his wish. Oft has my father told me, that when he was sick and a stranger, Mr. T. took him in, and ministered to his wants."

"What was your father's name?" I inquired.

"Robert Hoe," she replied.

"And is this your child?"

"It is."

I held the babe in my arms; it smiled on my face.

"Now," says I, "madam, this day my prophecy is fulfilled in your eyes; it's just forty years, at a critical period in your father's life."

"Louis Napoleon is a little under size—say five feet eight inches high—with rather broad and square shoulders,

the hands of brave men, may be the defence of republicanism from "external" enemies; and the ballot-box, kept pure, may preserve republicanism from all "internal" enemies, the Secessionists and Abolitionists not excepted. But "the band-box" is the "eternal preservative" of republicanism, and it may be added, of every thing else worth preserving.

## THE COMPROMISE MEASURES.

Correspondence with the Hon. Henry Clay.

Hon. Henry Clay, Ashland, Kentucky.

RESPECTED AND DEAR SIR: There are periods in the history of nations when the bold and manly course, the sagacious foresight, and timely and persevering efforts of the firm and patriotic statesman can succeed in averting a fearful crisis; at the same time the warning voice of the wise and the good may require to be repeated and amplified, until it shall resound throughout the land.

Your introduction of the Compromise measures into the Senate of the United States, and their passage by Congress, marked an epoch in our history; they arrested the nearer approach of national calamity, and, as was fondly hoped, laid the foundation for returning harmony.

It has since, however, become but too apparent that unmitigated and unremitting efforts in favor of Union sentiments are necessary to resist the current of error, and secure the maintenance of sound principles of attachment to the Constitution, in order that our country may reap the blessed fruits that were expected from the compromise of peace.

Several of your noble coadjutors in the cause of the Union have already addressed the people, and are now addressing them, in the words of truth and patriotism, of eloquence and power; and we have thought it right to appeal to the Senator from Kentucky, and entreat that one whose voice has been so often raised in defence of the people's rights may not be silent now.

We have a well-founded conviction that the great body of the American people are in favor of maintaining and enforcing the compromises of the Constitution; nevertheless, in the resolutions and addresses adopted at conventions lately assembled around us, we have seen with regret, as well as alarm, that the question of adherence to the compromise measures is avoided or evaded, that modification and amendment are declared to be requisite, and repeal itself admissible; as if the requirements of the Constitution, in carrying out an integral part of our national compact, was of no higher obligation than any ordinary act of legislation.

It is evident, therefore, that there requires to be more generally diffused a spirit that will not tamper with politicians whose course must inevitably lead to the destruction of the Constitution; a spirit that will not hold communion with those who advance and support doctrines, in relation to the great national adjustment, fatal to the future peace and harmony of the Union; who merely acquiesce because they have no alternative, while on all important occasions they too plainly disclose, under a flimsy veil of apparent contentment, a determination to resist and oppose the efforts of the friends of the Compromise and the Union.

We feel confident that you will not favor the abettors of such doctrines, but rather reprove and denounce them. We therefore respectfully but earnestly ask of you to leave for a time your retreat in Kentucky to appear among us at New York.

The people are profoundly grateful for your past efforts, and are proud and willing to acknowledge your timely and efficient services. They know and honor your Union principles and your national sentiments; and none are more deeply penetrated by these feelings, nor more desirous to acknowledge those obligations, than your fellow-citizens generally of this commercial emporium; and did we not think that the present crisis required your warning voice, your presence, and your name to arouse your countrymen to a sense of their duty and their danger, we would not attempt to disturb the repose of the sage of Ashland.

(Signed by five hundred citizens of N. York.)

Ashland, October 3, 1851.

GENTLEMEN: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt yesterday of the address which you transmitted to me from a number of gentlemen in the city of New York. Emanating from a source so highly respectable and imposing, from friends and fellow-citizens so numerous and intelligent, and to whom I am under such great obligations, I have perused it with profound attention and deference. After adhering to the present state of public affairs, to the spirit adverse to the measures of compromise adopted during the last Congress which prevails in certain quarters; to the necessity of unremitting exertions to preserve our glorious Union; and to what has been so seasonably and well done, with so much ability, eloquence, and patriotism, by some of our eminent countrymen, you invite me to leave, for a time, my

quiet abode here, to appear in your great city, and to address my fellow-citizens on the actual condition and menacing danger of our country.

I feel, gentlemen, with the greatest interest and the deepest solicitude, the full force of all that you have expressed; and I would gladly comply with your wishes, and even dedicate the remnant of a life, the largest and best part of which has been spent in the public service, to the cause of the Union, if the state of my health would allow me, and if I believed that my fresh exertions of mine would be useful. But ever since the long session of the last Congress, during which my arduous duties were greater than I was well able to encounter, my health has been delicate, and it has remained so throughout the past summer. I hope that it is improving, but it still requires the most assiduous care; and I entertain serious apprehensions that if I were to accept your invitation, and throw myself into the scenes of excitement incident to it, my strength might fail me, and my present debility might be much increased. There is no place, I am fully aware, where I should find more ardent and enthusiastic friends in one party, and more courtesy and respect in the other, than in the commercial metropolis of the Union. Whilst I am constrained, with much regret, respectfully to decline the invitation you propose, I avail myself of the occasion to present some views which I trust may be received as a substitute for any oral exhibition of them which I could make before a large concourse of my fellow-citizens in New York.

It was not supposed by the authors and supporters of the compromise, in the last Congress, that the adoption of the series of measures which composed it would secure the unanimous concurrence of all. Their reasonable hopes were confined to the great majority of the people of the United States, and their hopes have not been disappointed. Every where, North, South, East, and West, an immense majority of the people are satisfied with or acquiesce in the compromise. This may be confidently asserted in regard to thirteen of the slaveholding States, and to thirteen, if not fourteen, of the free States. In a few of both classes of the States, and in some particular localities, dissatisfied action exists; exhibiting itself occasionally in words of great violence and intemperance; but this feeling is, I trust, where it has most prevailed, gradually yielding to an enlightened sense of public duty. I will present a rapid survey of the actual state of things, as it appears to me both at the North and the South, beginning at the former.

In all that region there is but one of the various compromise measures that is seriously assailed, and that is the law, made in strict conformity with the constitution, for the surrender of fugitives from lawful service or labor. But the law itself, with two exceptions, has been everywhere enforced; opposition to it is constantly abating, and the patriotic obligations of obeying the constitution and the laws, made directly or indirectly by the people themselves, is now almost universally recognized and admitted. If, in the execution of the law, by the public authority, popular discontent is sometimes manifested, it has, with the exceptions mentioned, been invariably repressed, or prevented from obstructing the officers of justice in the performance of their duties. If I am correctly informed, a great and salutary change has been made, and it yet in progress, at the North, which authorizes the confident anticipation that reason and law will finally achieve a noble triumph.

The necessity of enforcing and maintaining that law, unrepented, and without any modification that would seriously impair its efficiency, must be admitted by the impartial judgment of all candid men. Many of the slaveholding States, and many public meetings of the people in them, have deliberately declared that their adherence to the Union depended upon the preservation of that law, and that its abandonment would be the signal of the dissolution of the Union. I know that the Abolitionists (some of whom openly avow a desire to produce that calamitous event) and their partisans deny and deride the existence of any such danger; but men who will not perceive and own it must be blind to the signs of the times, to the sectional strife which has unhappily arisen, to the embittered feelings which have been excited, as well as the solemn resolutions of deliberative assemblies, unanimously adopted. Their disregard of the danger, I am apprehensive, proceeds more from their desire to continue agitation, which augments it, than from their love of the Union itself.

You refer, gentlemen, to "resolutions and addresses adopted at conventions lately assembled around us, in which we have seen with regret, as well as alarm, that the question of adherence to the compromise is avoided or evaded," and you justly deprecate the tendency of these resolutions. I have not been an inattentive or indifferent observer of them, and with you I deeply regret their adoption. I wish that these respectable bodies could have been less ambiguous and more ex-