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RURAL ECONOMY.

"May your rich soil,
E'er bear its nature's better blessings pour
Upon every land."

WHY NOT GROW MORE WOOL?

The following, from the Wool Grower, may prove valuable to our readers. The increased manufacture of wool throughout the country, calls loudly for increased supplies of raw material, while the general money panic now pervading our large sea-port towns, notwithstanding the immense receipts of ballion from California, gives evidence that our imports are exceeding our exports, and that every philanthropist should encourage the home production of such articles as can be easily produced, but which are now imported. Among these may be enumerated wool; and every dollar's worth raised here will prevent the parting with the precious metals to that amount.

Ed. Working Farmer.

It has been the aim of this journal to so awaken the attention of farmers as to enable them to adopt the most profitable system. We have therefore urged upon them, from time to time, an increase of their flocks of sheep. Our own experience and observation have satisfied us that there is no kind of farming that is so generally profitable as raising sheep and wool. It matters not whether you are upon the bleak mountains of Vermont or in the fertile plains of Texas—upon the prairies of the West or the now solitary hills and mountains of the South. Everywhere and anywhere the sheep will live and thrive, and, with proper care, pay more for the labor and capital invested than any other animal, or any system of farming. It is one of the most useful and economical machines which has been given us to convert the vegetation of the farm into money.

For the first time now prepared to show, we should consider it one of the most wonderful animals nature has produced for the use of man. Its annual growth of wool so admirably calculated for human clothing, and used in every portion of the globe—its skin and flesh, and, in many localities, its milk, all serve for the necessities or luxuries of man. There is no animal in which there is so little waste or so little loss. For at least seven years of his life it will give an annual fleece equal to each year the value of the carcass; and the yearly increase will be nearly or quite equal to the cost of keeping; giving, as a general thing, a profit of cent per cent. Of all other animals, the cow comes nearest to the sheep in the profit it returns to the farmer if well cared for; it will pay for itself each year by the milk it yields, and defray also the cost of keeping.

Is there any branch of farming, or any other kind of legitimate business, that will yield for a series of years a profit of 10 per cent? We assume that there is none. The very idea that a profit of 50 per cent could be realized, in any branch of business, would set the whole capital of the country in motion. Farms would be sold, merchants would sell off their stocks, bankers close their banks, and every body who had money to invest would rush into this gold mine.

We aver, without fear of contradiction in truth, that there is hardly a locality in the whole Union, where any kind of farm animal can subsist, that sheep, if properly attended to, will not give a net profit on the investment of at least 50 per cent., and that with the ordinary management of farms it will give some 20 to 40 per cent.

That there is no danger of overdoing the business, we have shown repeatedly in previous numbers. The annual increase of population in the Union requires the wool from three millions of sheep; so that to clothe the increased population would require an annual increase of sheep equal to four millions. But when we come to consider that there is now an annual deficiency of over seventy millions of pounds, there can be no doubt that wool growing is the most stable pursuit that can be engaged in. We cannot glut the market, nor will there be any long time that the market will be depressed below a point of profitable production. On the contrary, it is certain that no farm product goes less below this point than wool. It has long been a source of constant wonder to us that so many farmers in the Western States neglect the sheep for the very precarious business of grain growing. Every year will give

them a crop of wool if they do but take care of their sheep. But there is no certainty in wheat, prepare the ground, sow the seed, if you have been informed of the wheat raised in the West, has cost the farmer more than the wool obtained for it in market. The dependence has been placed upon the most uncertain and expensive crop. We have tried wheat growing upon probably as good a wheat farm as can be found in Western New York, and we have also tried sheep upon the same farm, and we are free to confess that, although we have a good market at our own door, yet we can raise a given amount of money quicker and much easier from a flock of sheep than with wheat. Some now find it well to raise wheat and wool, as by that means we can get a better profit than to be confined to either alone. With us, and in this region, four years is as long as it proves profitable to leave land to grass. Very few now resort to naked fallow. Some now their clover early, and then let it grow till August, when it is turned under, cultivated and sown to wheat; others mow the first year, and pasture with sheep the second, and then plow. Every good farmer keeps a few good sheep at least. Very many who have been in the habit of putting up a large quantity of pork for summer use, now select out a few weathers and give them extra keep, and make their summer meat of mutton, decidedly the most healthful that can be used, and thus realize the money for their pork flesh.

The inducements to grow more wool are—a sure market, less fluctuating from the point of profitable production than any farm product, a larger interest of profit on the capital invested than any other business, and therefore the best business, as a general thing, that the farmer can follow.

RECIPE FOR MAKING BEER.—To make the best beer in the world, take one pint of corn and boil it until it is a little soft, add to it one pint of molasses and one gallon of water; shake them well together and set it by the fire, and in twenty-four hours the beer is excellent. When all the beer in the jug is used, just add more molasses and water. The same corn will answer for six months, and the beer will be fit for use in twenty-four hours by keeping the jug which contains it warm. In the absence of molasses, sugar or honey will answer its place. In this way, the whole ingredients used in making a gallon of beer will not cost exceeding four cents, and it is better and more wholesome than cider.

Paulding (Miss.) Clarion.

Preservation of Fat and Oils.—An article in the Western Lancet, by Dr. C. W. Wright, of Cincinnati, states that the hunters of Ohio, in ancient times, had a curious way of preserving their bear's fat from becoming rancid, by melting it along with the powder of fine shreds of the bark of slippery elm—about a drachm of the former to a pound of the latter—and then straining it. The bark communicates an odor to the fat resembling that of the kernel of the hickory nut. Dr. Wright has subjected other fatty bodies, including butter and lard, to the same experiment, and in every instance, he states, with success. Butter thus prepared, he says, was, a year afterwards, as sweet and free from disagreeable odor as on the day it was made—a fact, if it really be a fact, of no mean interest to housekeepers and others.

A HORSE WITHOUT HAIR!—An extraordinary phenomenon, in the way of horse-flesh, was brought to town yesterday afternoon by the steamer Gordon. It is a mare, captured on the plains of Venezuela by a party of American hunters, headed by the well known traveller, Juan Percy, and Capt. Hall. She is 15½ hands high, of great beauty and symmetry, and without one particle of hair on any part of the body! The skin resembles indiarubber, and is almost as soft as velvet.

The owner of this singular animal is now on his way to Macon, where he intends to exhibit her at the approaching Fair. From Macon he will return to this place, when those of our people who are curious in such things will have an opportunity to see her. She will spend the winter at the South, as it will be rather cold to return to the North, from whence he brought her, in her present hairless condition.

San. Rep.

Mice may be expelled from drawers and cupboards most effectually by placing fish twigs of the elderbush within. The odor of the elder is intolerable to the animal.

Of the thirty-eight churches in New Orleans, twelve are Roman Catholic, seven Episcopal, five Methodist, six Presbyterian, two Baptist, three Lutheran, and three are Synagogues.



The Lovely Sonnet.

When for eternal worlds we steer,
When seas are calm and skies are clear,
And faith in lively exercise,
And distant hills of Canaan rise,
The soul for joy then claps her wings,
And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
Vain world, adieu!
With cheerful hope her eyes explore
Each landmark on the distant shore,
The tree of life, the pasture green,
The golden streets, the crystal stream;
Again for joy she claps her wings,
And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
Vain world, adieu!
When nearer still she draws to land,
More eager all her powers expand;
With steady helm and free-bent sail,
Her anchor drops within the veil,
The soul for joy then folds her wings,
And her celestial sonnet sings,
I'm now at home.

LOVE IN THE FAMILY.

We have not half confidence enough in the power of love to disarm the violent and to reclaim the vicious. We do not seek enough to bear with each other's faults. We mistake our selfish impatience of each other's follies, or faults, for a righteous indignation at wrong; and our obstinacy and pride, which would conform all others to our own ideas of things, for firmness of principles, and fidelity to duty. We do not seek enough in our own homes to call forth the better qualities in each other's hearts. The faults of our friends are often the reflection of our own weakness or errors. Our carelessness causes their petulance, our jealousy their suspicious, our selfishness theirs, our injustice their anger.

So likewise it is with our children. We do not love them enough to make them love us better than themselves. We do not make sacrifices for them in little things. We do not teach them disinterestedness by our willingness to give up our treasures for them. We punish them because they annoy us, or hurt them when they do us wrong, rather than when they do the quickest way of correcting a misconduct which shocks our nerves, or disturbs or interrupts our occupations, is resorted to.

Oh, how quickly parents lose the confidence of their children, never to be regained, by injustice, selfishness, and the absence of love. If the child only has faith in the love of its parents; if the son and daughter only love, and love tenderly, truly, enough at home, how much less probably it is that they should wander far, or erring should not be speedily reclaimed! This is the grand rule in domestic education—love! Give your children a general loving atmosphere in which to grow. Bear with their faults, which are often the beginning of their best excellences—in patience wait upon the growth of their characters. Do not quench the spirit of truth, of beauty, of love in them, by your harsh violence.

Live as near God as you can, and trust your children rather to the gentle influences of the atmosphere you create, than to your wearisome precepts and corrections, and to the pruning-knife of your standard of right and propriety. Throw them on their own tender consciences, and do not substitute in their minds artificial zins for real ones; and err, if at all, on the side of indulgence. It is not too much well directed love, but too little, that spoils children. Obedience, not to God, but to the arbitrary will of a parent, is often procured at the expense of a thousand sacrifices of the heart, and the sternness which was made also the broken spirited, suspicious, and cold hearted man or woman. Deal with your children as God deals with his children. Do not meet their anger, their petulance with your own, or their obstinacy with willfulness still greater. Overcome evil with good. When God called himself a Father, he chose a name which he designed to be significant of overflowing love, tender mercy, and long continued forbearance. Parents, provoke not your children to wrath.

What will not love do? Who can describe its powerful subduing influences? Who ever accomplished anything by reproaches, or violence, or harsh measures? You gratify a private and dark passion in your own heart, and arouse another in their bosom. Perhaps we have all tried it. God forgive us! Go, try the mighty efficacy of love. One smile of genuine sympathy is worth all our words to the beggar. "Beloved, let us love one another, for love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God and knoweth God."—1 John iv. 7.

DON'T WASTE YOUR TIME.

This caution is applicable to all, but more especially to young men; and the

incident we are about to relate is one of so forcible a character, that we think it will be productive of good.

Two young clerks in a large American and French house in Pearl street, were particularly intimate; so much so, that although they boarded in different houses, yet were constantly together during the hours of recreation from business.

One of them had been prevailed upon by a little French quack, and he at once set about his exertions to perform all those little tricks for which the breed are famed.

For some time his companion witnessed his persevering efforts to make "Grotto" bring his handkerchiefs, catch pennies, stand upon his hind legs, and do many other trifling business-like tricks. At length he got tired of being a looker on at so much waste of time, and resolved that whilst his friend was being the tutor of "Grotto," he himself would be a pupil to a French teacher, and endeavor to master the French language, by the time Grotto's education was completed.

With this view he applied to his friend, he commenced his studies, and being diligent, fast acquired the knowledge of the language. He also learned from hearing a good deal of French spoken in the store, though he carefully avoided uttering a word. At length (the day was finished and had very truly acquired the knowledge of an infinite number of words, and his own private little on his acquisitions.

The owner of "Grotto" was a little the senior of the other in the store, and of course ranked higher in promotion. One morning he came out of the private room of the principal member of the firm, and looking somewhat downcast, approached his friend.

"Tom," said he, "the firm want to send one of the clerks to France to buy goods, and they have offered the chance to you. You do not speak French, but as you are about the extent of my French in this school. Heavens! what a fool I was in not studying it when I was a boy!"

"Well," said Tom, "whose chance is it?"

"Whose chance, of course, ha! ha! ha! they will be the question all around out of politeness, and so none of us can parley with them, but why somebody will be engaged to go, and he headed off."

In the excitement of the morning Tom was called to the office in glowing terms, and he was to be sent to France to buy goods, and in a wordly clucked at the surprise he would give them.

"Of course," said one of the firm, "you should have the situation, if you could only speak French, but as you cannot, we shall have to employ someone else. Very sorry, great pity, &c."

"Well," said Tom, "it can't be helped, there is no time, I suppose, to study now, so I must just do the best I can. Mr. Tourette, shall you and I have a little chat, and perhaps I may pass muster."

Mr. Tourette and Tom entered into an animated conversation, very much to the surprise of all present, which after being kept up in double quick time for some fifteen minutes, Mr. Tourette very politely told his partners that he was in a impatient for the place.

Tom was a great favorite, and his firm were heartily glad that he was capable of holding the situation, and he was instructed to prepare himself for departure by the next steamer, with the privilege of peeping into the World's Fair.

Tom now returned to his friend, who met him with a right good "Ha! ha! ha!"

"Well, Tom, no use, I told you so."

"Ah!" replied Tom, "you are out of this time. My French has been approved of, and I am done here—I sail in the next steamer."

"You don't say so; but Tom, when did you learn French?"

"When you were teaching 'Grotto,'" said Tom, "a new light flashed across the vision of 'Grotto's' master. 'What!' said he, 'whilst I was fooling over that dog, you were studying?'"

"Just so; and you know with what success our time has been rewarded."

By the judicious disposal of time, one young man is on the high road to mercantile fame and fortune, whilst by throwing away time, another, equal in abilities, is doomed to deadweight and clerkship perhaps all his days.

Voltaire's Attempt to Translate the Fifty-First Psalm.

Presumptuous individuals who venture to attack the Holy Scriptures with unpurified hearts and mere scholastic learning, without being enlightened by the Holy Spirit, are punished with confusion, blindness, and delusion. Voltaire was once daring enough to verify that affecting psalm in the fifty-first. Everything went on well until he came to the ninth verse, where it is said, "Create in me a clean heart, O God." But his pride, and truly infernal hatred against God and his worshippers, did not permit him, with the royal penitent, to entreat of God a pure and sincere heart; however, he strove to translate the

verse poetically, but suddenly the terrors of hell seized him; the pen refused to move beneath the hand of the reprobate who had imbibed so many blasphemies and obscenities for the destruction of innocence and the fear of God. He sought to flee, but could not; he fell half senseless on his couch, and afterwards confessed several times to his friends, that he never could think of this appalling occurrence without inward tremor and uneasiness.—[Preface to Dr. Van Ess's New Testament.]

FATAL GENEROSITY.

The negro preachers at the South are often marked by great shrewdness and mother wit, and will not only point the truth, but barb it so that, if once in, it will stick fast. One of these in Old Virginia was once descending with much earnestness on different ways in which men lose their souls. Under one head of remark, he said that men often lose their souls through excessive generosity.

"What!" he exclaimed, "you tell me you never heard of that before. You say, ministers often tell us we lose our souls for our stinginess, and for being covetous; but who ever heard of a man that hurt himself by going too far 'other way? I tell you how they do it. They sit down under the sermon, and when the preacher touches upon this sin or that sin, they no take it to themselves; but give this part of the sermon to one brother, and that part to another brother, and so they give away the whole sermon, and it do them no good. And that's the way they lose their souls by being too generous."

There is great truth in this remark. The want of a self-applying conscience causes much of the best of preaching to fall like rain upon a rock, from which it soon runs off; or, if a little is caught in a hollow, it only stagnates, and then dries away, leaving no blessings behind. A sermon, however true and forcible, thus disposed of, does no good to those among whom it is so silently distributed, while it leaves him who squanders its treasures to perish at last in the poverty and emptiness of his soul.

The late Judge Story.—The following anecdote is told of Judge Story and his successor upon the bench:

It was Judge Story's habit, after the session of the court on his return to Cambridge, and before the publication of the reports, to submit the cases decided to the class for argument. On one occasion Judge Marshall had delivered the opinion of the court, Judge Story dissenting. When the points were before the class, Mr. Curtis took the same position assumed by Judge Story on the bench; and that eminent man, on his return to Washington, said to Judge Marshall, that, if the case had been argued with half the ability before the court that it was before the class, the decision would have been reversed.

"And," added the judge, "B. R. Curtis, the young man not yet admitted to practice, who made that argument, will yet stand at the head of the New England bar."

That prediction has been verified, and the student occupies the seat his distinguished instructor so well filled.

N. Y. Express.

How much good could be done, if those who can pay, should do it promptly.—The Cleveland Herald publishes the following, as applicable to their latitude; but Cleveland is but one of a thousand places where the delay in the payment of debts to the laborer, works the most cruel injustice:

"I'll call around and pay."—What a world of woe is contained in these few words to the poor artisan and mechanic!

"I'll call around and pay," says the rich man, to avoid the trouble of going to his desk to get the necessary funds, and the poor mechanic is obliged to go home to disappoint his workmen and all who depend upon him for their due. It is an easy matter to work—the only real glory in this life is an independent idea to be able to sustain yourself by the labor of your own hands, and it may be imagined what crushing force there is in "I'll call around and pay," to the laboring man who depends upon that pay for subsistence. If those who could pay would pay at once, it would place hundreds and thousands in a condition to do likewise, and prevent much misery and distress.

Here are two or three hints for juvenile tobacco chewers, which we extract from the Boston Olive Branch:

Tobacco has spoiled and utterly ruined thousands of boys, inducing a dangerous precocity, developing the passions, softening and weakening the bones, and greatly injuring the spinal marrow, the brain, and the whole nervous fluid. A boy who early and freely smokes, or otherwise largely uses tobacco, never is known to make a man of much energy of character, and generally lacks physical and mental vigor, as well as mental energy. To people older, who are naturally nervous, and

particularly to the phlegmatic, tobacco may be comparatively harmless, but even to these it is worse than useless. We would especially warn boys who want to be sturdy in the world to shun tobacco as a deadly poison.

The Portsmouth Journal, in allusion to the alleged ruinous effects of our Liquor Law, thus concludes with the good people of Maine:—

THE MAINE LIQUOR LAW.—The operations of this law, in some of its bearings, is decidedly against some of the old usages. The city of Portland is now suffering in consequence of the operation of the law, being driven to the necessity of hiring workmen to perform the duties which have heretofore been done by the inmates of the almshouse, without pay. If the law continues, it is questionable whether almshouse establishments will be worth sustaining. It is said that their patronage is dwindling one fall steadily! This onslaught on pauperism, disease and crime is a serious thing to think of! The interests of doctors are seriously affected; officers in criminal courts are in danger of losing their business, and the prisons in most counties will soon be let. Will the people uphold this state of things! All men of spirit will of course cry out against it; but they will and must submit to the mandate of the people.

A True Lawyer.—Alexander Hamilton was once applied to as counsel by a man having the guardianship of several orphaning, who would, on coming of age, succeeded to a large and valuable estate, of which there was a material defect in the title deeds known to their guardian who wanted to get the estate vested in himself. Hamilton noted down the faithless executor's statement, and then said to him, "Settle with these unhappy infants honorably to the last cent, or I will hunt you from your skin like a hare." The advice was strictly followed, and the man who gave it was an ornament to the bar and the age he lived in.

Southern Press.

Madame D. had a magnificent cat; Monsieur C. amused himself one day by killing it, for want of something else to shoot. M. D. caused to be set in her own house and in the houses of her friends all sorts of mouse traps; and when three or four hundred mice were caught, she had them put into a box, which was forwarded to Madame C. at her country house. The lady eagerly opened the box herself, expecting to find in it some new modes; the mice jumped out and presently filled the house, while at the bottom of the box was found a note directed to Madame D. "Madame, your husband has killed my cat, I send you my mice."

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—Do trees talk? Have they no leafy lungs? Do they not at sunrise, when the winds blow, and the birds are caroling their songs, play a sweet music? Who has ever heard the soft whisper of the green leaves in spring time on a sunny morning who did not feel as though rainbow-gleams were running through his heart? And then when the peach-blossoms hang like rubies from the stem of the parent tree; when the morning glory, like a nun before the shrine of God, unfolds her beautiful face, and the moss-roses open their crimson lips, sparkling with the nectar that falls from heaven, who does not bless his Maker?

COL. FREMONT A MILLIONAIRE.—The St. Louis Union of the 17th, says Col. Fremont has completed and confirmed the sale of his Mariposa tract of gold land in California. The sale was made to a company in London, for one million of dollars; one hundred thousand of which (that being the first installment) is to be paid to Col. Fremont in the city of New York, on or about the 15th of this month. Col. Fremont may now be considered among the wealthiest millionaires of the United States. He has besides the Mariposa tract just sold, a vast amount of property in San Francisco.

The Late Gov. Russwurm.—The friends of Colonization have heard with deep regret the announcement of the death of Gov. John B. Russwurm, of Cape Palmas.

This valuable officer was born in the West Indies, whence he came, when quite young, to reside at North Yarmouth, in the State of Maine. He graduated at Bowdoin College in 1827, the only person of color, it is believed, who has ever been educated at that institution.

Early in his career he emigrated to Liberia, and for some years edited a paper at Monrovia. Soon after the establishment of the colony of Maryland in Liberia, Mr. Russwurm was chosen superintendent, and removed to Cape Palmas, where he resided until his death; retaining throughout the confidence of the executive board in the United States, as well as the affection and respect of the people of color.