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## RURAL ECONOMY.

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

From the Southern Planter.

### KENTUCKY BLUE GRASS.

In looking over the March number of the Southern Planter, I was surprised to see, under the signature of "Hampton," that the Kentucky blue grass (or, as some call it, the English blue grass) had lost favor in Rockbridge county. I have been informed that large quantities of seed have been sold in Lynchburg within the last three years from that county. I think Mr. "Hampton" must be mistaken in the kind of grass. It is extensively raised in our south-western counties; and I have been informed from a reliable source, that there are meadows now standing that were sown thirty years ago, which have improved every year, and now yield more hay than ever, without an aid except the manure dropped by young stock (such as mares and colts and calves), which are supported during the Fall and Winter by the blue grass meadows, except when the ground is covered with snow.

I have a lot of the grass which will be two years old in Fall. I was forced to graze it last spring until I hauled in my wheat, which I stacked in a corner of the lot. Nothing went upon the lot until the 10th of November, by which time the grass had gotten up nearly knee high and had lodged. The blades of grass were from ten to eighteen inches in length, and a richer, nicer looking pasture never saw before. A neighbor of mine on a northern hillside near his house which he had not claimed, on which he seeded blue grass, was so good, he had to cut it and spread wheat straw over it every year. In less than a year I was requested to look at it, and a thicker, nicer one never before saw in the same length of time.

I regard as being well adapted to the red soil of Eastern Virginia. I failed to get it to take on sandy, flat land, but have re-seeded again this Spring. I prefer mixing timothy, blue grass and clover. The clover gives way, and there is a long struggle between the remaining two, but I am assured that the blue grass finally gains the ascendancy, and the older it gets the better it is. It certainly grows later in the Spring, than any grass I have tried. I have felt myself bound to speak in favor of this grass; for grass, and grass alone, will be the salvation of Eastern Virginia. If every farmer will only sow ten acres, as I have above stated, he will at this season of the year have rich milk and yellow butter, when his neighbors, who stick to rotten shucks and straw, will have but little poor milk, and the whitest and meanest of butter.

I. I. HITE.  
Buffalo Springs, Va., 1851.

### Cutting Timber.

If oak, hickory or chestnut timber is felled in the eighth month, (August) in the second running of the sap, and barked, quite a large tree will season perfectly, and even the twigs will remain sound for years; whereas, that cut in winter, and remaining until next fall, (as thick as one's wrist,) will be completely sap-rotten, and will be almost useless for any purpose. The body of the oak split into rails will not last more than ten or twelve years. Chestnut will last longer, but no comparison to that in the eighth month. Hickory cut in the eighth month is not subject to be worm-eaten, and will last a long time for fencing.

When I commenced farming in 1802, it was the practice to cut timber for post fencing in the winter. White-oak posts and black-oak rails, cut at that time, I found would not last more than ten or twelve years. In the year 1808, I commenced cutting fence timber in the eighth month. Many of the oak rails cut that year are yet sound, as well as most of those formed of chestnut. If the bark is not taken off this month, however, it will peel off itself the second or third year, and leave the sap perfectly sound. The tops of the trees are also more valuable for fuel, than when cut in winter or spring.

I advise young farmers to try the experiment for themselves, and if the consequences will not last twice as long, forfeit all my experience as worthless.

New Jersey Herald.

### Cultivation.

There is nothing equal to stirring the earth where vegetables are growing. Some of the roots will be cut or broken by plows and hoes, but they soon shoot out again and supply all losses.

Where corn or potatoes have been well planted, there is but half so much labor required in hoeing. When the rows are planted straight, the plow or the cultivator can pass close by the plants, and there is but little left to be done by the hoe. In three hours a man with a horse will stir up an acre, passing twice between the rows; and an active man will hoe more than half an acre in a day. At the second hoeing he will go over a whole acre; also at the third hoeing.

In regard to orchards, the best system would be to keep the ground wholly covered with cheap hay or litter, for then none of the roots would be cut with the plow or hoe; they would come close to the surface of the earth and would obtain from the soil all the natural riches it could yield. But we cannot readily find hay enough, or any other light matter to cover large spaces. Three or four tons would be required for a single acre.

Therefore, if we would have thrifty trees and fair fruit, we must plow and hoe, or we must turn the pigs in to stir the ground and to pick up all the small apples that have worms in them. This will probably be the only feasible mode of destroying the curculio. Pigs would not only stir the ground and enrich it; they would destroy the canker-worm, the apple worm, and the curculio.

Mass. Ploughman.

### FIXING THE FLINT.

A STORY FOR BOYS.

BY COUSIN ALICE.

Chapter I.

"Take care, Charlie!"

"Why I'm sure it wasn't wrong, uncle Walter. He wanted my knife and offered me his little boat for it. I knew it was worth twice as much, but then I had no need to tell him so."

"Is that the way you do business in Boston, young gentlemen? Well, well, I don't know what your grandfather would say to it."

Uncle Walter looked serious for all his smiles, and the two boys rather foolish, as Charlie prepared to defend his "trade" as he called it. George offered to take the wet overcoat his uncle had just drawn off, into the hall, and their aunt Jeannie thanked him by a smile for his thoughtfulness.

"It has been a terrible day, my dear," said Dr. Monteith, encasing his tired feet in the comfortable slippers his wife had brought to the hearth-rug an hour before, that they might be properly warmed by his return. "A dressing gown is far more comfortable than a wet overcoat, and this easy chair decidedly preferable to driving the easiest buggy. However, if I had fewer patients we should not be quite so cozy here;" and he glanced with a great deal of satisfaction around the well ordered apartment.

"And how is the poor seamstress in Grand street?" asked aunt Jeannie, who seemed to know all about the said patient, and felt almost as much interested as the doctor himself.

"Coughs worse than ever, poor soul!"

"But don't you mean to cure her, Walter?"

"Of course, my dear madam, I intend to try my best. Bah! I thought I was speaking professionally. Well, then, I hope she will get at work by spring, but these February storms are terrible for a lung-ringing illness. I must take you to see her again. She asked for you this morning. Of course she only intends to flatter me, but you'd think she was the most grateful creature in the world, by the way she praises you. Well, I think you are a tolerably nice person myself. Charlie, let's see the boat."

Poor Charlie, he was in hopes his uncle had forgotten all about it. Still there was no help for it, and the tiny sail boat was produced from the hat rack in the hall, where it had been quietly deposited. It was very neatly carved and rigged, and worth, as he said, twice as much as the white handed knife he had given in exchange. "Clara" was painted in India ink upon the stern, and altogether it was as complete a little yacht, as any party of dolls could wish for a pond excursion on a summer's day.

"Now, I must say," uncle Walter commenced, holding the barque up to one eye, and looking along the rigging. "I don't think it was exactly fair, that is, exactly honest in you, to take this from Henry James. If you had told him of the difference in value, and he had still made you the same offer, that would have been another matter. Grown up boys do these things sometimes, and we call it *defrauding*. That is a hard word, don't you think so, Charlie?"

"Ah, but he did not intend it as such," urged aunt Jeannie.

"I'm afraid he calculated the chances pretty clearly," replied uncle Walter.

"And he is quite old enough to form good principles, and act from them. Why, I wasn't as old as he is by two years, when I began my life-long lesson of honesty. I don't think I could have been tempted to take an apple after that."

"Why, you never stole anything I am sure, uncle Walter," exclaimed George, who like all little boys thought that it was impossible for men to do wrong.

"Surely," commenced the doctor's wife, laying down the pretty pink sock she was knitting, and looking up with a very earnest air.

"Habit truth must be told, and things called by their right names, I'm afraid I must plead guilty. Don't look so shocked, my dear, and you Charlie, hold that whole array of your express in nefariousness, so you must be very attentive. Your grandfather was a stern Scotch Covenant, and so was my mother, a Stuart of Braeside, and as proud of her name as your mother is of you. So we children were brought up in the strictest possible way. Sundays were dreadful to us. We were up in the morning at the break of day; had prayers in winter by candle light, and then we all sat around in a group and studied the catechism. For a long time I thought the first question, 'What is the chief end of man?' an impenetrable mystery. 'Chief end,' it took for one word, and wondered what it could possibly mean. However, I'm none the wiser a man for that same catechism!"

"So you see that it was not my father's fault if I did not know the ten commandments, and how to use them. Especially 'thou shalt not steal.' I believe it summed up 'all the law' in my father's estimation, and it is still a proverb in Newtown, where he settled when he came to this country—'As honest as Hugh Monteith.'"

Aunt Jeannie smiled. She had heard this proverb often before, and knew that the Doctor was more proud of it than any legacy he could have received.

"You boys have never lived in the country," continued uncle Walter; "so you know nothing of the delights of 'General Training'—'Muster Day,' some people call it. After all, its rather a questionable amusement, but we boys thought it very grand. I wonder my father allowed us to go, but all the village boys did, and I went with them for the first time the spring I was nine years old. I can remember now what a grand event it was. I scarcely slept all night for fear I should oversleep myself in the morning. I had hunted an old rusty fowling piece out of the garret, exhausted my science in cleaning it, and started off by daylight with the gun upon my shoulder, as your aunt's new song says."

"The village was three miles off, and it was almost as good as the Arabian Nights when I reached it. The parade ground was filled with the militia men in their nondescript uniforms; the little fife blew 'Hail Columbia' in first rate style, and the six foot drummer was as energetic as the occasion required. There were but all along one side of the green, apples, and cakes, and meat for sale; (they didn't have mineral water in those days,) and candies, not quite as good as Stewart's refined, but full as tempting to us. Well, Charlie, how do you like my story?"

"Oh please go on," and Charlie, who had quite forgotten the occasion of the recital in his interest.

"Well, with all your grandfather's honesty, he wasn't particularly rich in this world's goods, leaving his nine boys out of consideration. So my pocket-money was rather slender. I had just five cents that eventful morning; so it needed a great deal of calculation to make the most of it. In the first place I must have some flints for my precious gun."

Ring-aling came the tea bell at this precise moment, and as Dr. Monteith had missed his dinner, wife was despot, and ordered them all to the dining room without further delay.

Chapter II.

"To go on with my story," said Dr. Monteith, after refreshing himself by repeated attacks upon cold tongue, and bread and butter:

"I think I was telling you about my pocket-money. I wanted flints for my gun, a glass of meat at two cents, and the rest, be it more or less, was likely to be invested in cakes and candies."

"So after counting over the coppers five times at least, I walked over to the store—for there was but one at Newtown-Corner, where the muster was held. It was full of goods, and full of people. There was everything that could be wanted in a country community, from plough to pins. Barrels of flour and pork, coffee, sugar, tea, fire irons, hoes, shoes, hats, bonnets, baskets—oh dear," said uncle Walter, "I can see it now. Such a collection! I had often been there with my mother, when she came to change yarn or butter for 'domestic muslin'—(isn't that what you call it, Jeannie?) and leasted my eyes on the fish hooks in the little glass case, the red and blue tops, and the tempting rows of marbles. That store was enchanted ground; and now I was

going all alone, on my own account, with a real errand.

"I marched boldly up to the counter, with such an air! It would have been the little Cupid himself. I expected every other customer would be let on the instant to attend to me; and, great was my surprise, when five minutes had passed, and my desires were not inquired after. One and another came and went; jangling me as if I was 'no account,' as your little cousin says. I began to feel quite indignant, and so I marched up to the owner of the store himself, and said, 'good morning sir'—just as I had heard the other customers do, in a very loud and important tone.

"He looked up with a very good natured smile, and said 'what can I show you, my little man?'"

"Flints, sir, if you please; for my gun," and I leaned in quite an attitude on the poor old thing, just like the volunteers, in your history, Charlie. I saw the man look at me, but I thought it was in admiration of my audacity, so I was shown the flints in a large bowl, I can see it now, with a blue case and brown curleques running in a stripe around it.

"The man had gone to the other part of the store to draw some vinegar. 'How much to pay sir?'"

"Two for a cent, my little man."

"Man again! What a pity my father would not recognize my importance! But then only two for a cent! And I had only five!"

Charlie and George looked at each other over the mast rack, with a smile. Five cent pieces were every-day affairs to them.

"Oh, you may laugh as much as you please, young gentlemen"—their uncle continued. "It was more to me than a quarter would be to you. However, it wasn't quite adequate to the demand that morning, for I had fixed my heart on four flints."

"I glanced hastily around me. The shop-keeper was still at the vinegar barrel, the boy was reaching down a bundle of painted lead balls. It was a dreadful nuisance for me—but when the man came back to the counter, I hid three flints in my pocket. I stretched out to the counter, and tried to feel as bold as ever. 'But it was no use. The flint was so small that it fairly split my ears. The drummer seemed to be t on deafening me. Yankee Doodle had lost its melody, and spruce beer its charms. I bought a cent's worth of peanuts, but half of them were worm-eaten. I tried a mint stick, but epsom salts would have been quite as satisfactory. Everything was 'stale, flat and unprofitable,' though I had not read Hamlet then."

"The flints burned in my pocket, they weighed me down like the mill-stone I had read about in my last Testament lesson. I began to feel as if they would sink me to perdition. Every body seemed watching me, and when I met the men I had seen in the store I could not look them in the face. I began to think of Cain, and he mark on his forehead. I put my hand up voluntarily, to see if 'thief' was not written there. I remembered Judas, and Annias and Sapphira; and felt myself worse than any of them. The boys said I was 'cross' and 'mean.' I did not care, all I wanted was to get away from them. Once there was a little disturbance on the green, and I heard them say 'the constable is coming!' I thought it was for me, and crept a trembling guilty creature, behind a farmer's wagon until he had gone by."

"That was the last stroke. I could not bear it any longer. But what was to be done! I could not go back and confess my theft. I was too proud for that; and besides it would shame my father so. How it would sound, that Duncan Monteith's son had stolen! Which ever way I turned, there was wretchedness. I had had one solitary cent remaining. I had reserved it for a cake to take home to my sister Margaret. I turned it over and over in my pocket. I turned the matter over and over in my mind.

"At last I marched back to the store with that confidence I could muster. Very different from the pert, jocular child of the morning. No wonder the man did not recognize me, as I inquired in a low dejected tone for flints.

"I saw he did not, and a great load was removed. I was afraid he had discovered my theft and would upbraid me with it. But no, the flints were placed before me to make my selection, and their owner went on with a bill he was making out with his back towards me. The boy was gone to dinner.

"How many for a cent, sir?" The culprit spoke in the very tremor of my voice. It was too much, the man's confidence in my honesty. The last and dearest stroke of all.

"Two for a cent, my little man." Exactly the answer I had received before. I put my penny on top of the pile, and took one flint. I had adjusted the balance, and left the store with a lighter heart; but, oh, so humble! and I threw the flints into a dish on my way home. Not one did I use after all."

Charlie looked very grave, and aunt

Jeannie said—"I don't believe you can forget that lesson, Walter."

"No, indeed," answered the doctor. "Another cop if you please, my dear! It was two cents well laid out. The best investment of a small capital I ever made."

### AN INCIDENT IN THE WEST.

Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast.

About a year since, a temperance man moved with his family from South Carolina to the West. The spotiness of the population, and the continual travel past his place, rendered it a necessary act of humanity in him, frequently to entertain travelers who could get no farther. Owing to the frequency of these calls, he resolved to enlarge his house, and put up the usual sign.

Soon after this an election came on; the triumphant party felt that it was a wonderful victory, and some "young bloods" of the majority determined, in honor of it, to have a regular "blow out." Accordingly, mounted on his fine frame horses, they started on a long ride. Every tavern was visited on their route, and the variety thus drank produced a mixture which added greatly to the noise and boisterousness of the company. In this condition they came, about a dozen in number, to our quiet temperance tavern. The landlord and lady were absent; the eldest daughter, fourteen years of age, and five younger children, were alone in the house.

"These gentlemen (for they considered themselves as such,) called for liquor."

"We keep none," was the modest reply of the young girl.

"What do you keep tavern for then?"

"For the accommodation of travelers."

"Well then, accommodate us with something to drink."

"You will see, sir, by the sign, that we keep a temperance tavern."

"A temperance tavern!" (Here the children clustered around their sister.)

"Give me an axe and I'll cut down the sign."

"You'll find an axe at the wood pile, sir."

Here the party, each one with an oath, made a rush to the wood pile, exclaiming:

"Down with the sign! down with the sign!"

The old leader, in going out, discovered in an adjoining room, a splendid piano and its accompaniments.

"Who makes that thing squeak?" said he.

"I play sometimes," said she, in a quiet, modest manner.

"Yo do! Give us a tune."

"Certainly, sir," and taking the stool, while the children formed a circle close to her, she sang and played "The Old Arm Chair." Some of them had never heard a piano before; others had not one for years. The tumult soon

flushed; the whip and spur were drawn back from the wood pile, and formed a circle outside the child leader again spoke:

"Will you be so kind as to favor another song?"

Another was played, and the children becoming re-assured, some of them joined their sweet voices with their sister's. After song was sung and played, she would touch the sympathies of the strangers, another melt them in grief; one would arouse their patriotism, another their chivalry and benevolence; until, at length, ashamed to ask for more, they each made a low bow, thanked her, wished her good afternoon, and left as quietly as if they had been to a funeral.

Months after this occurrence, the father in travelling, stopped at a village, where a gentleman accosted him:

"Are you Col. P., of S—?"

"I am."

"Well, sir, I am spokesman of the party who so grossly insulted your innocent family, threatened to cut down your sign, and spoke so rudely to your children. You have just cause to be proud of your daughter, sir; her noble bearing, her fearless courage were remarkable in so young and unprotected. Can you pardon me, sir? I feel that I can never give myself."

### THE RISE AND FALL OF FAMILIES.

Every young man should start in life determined to act upon the motto, *Nil desperandum, or never despair*. Let him, on commencing life, look around him, and see who are the courted and respected of society, and ask from whence they sprang. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he will find them to be those who, at his age, possessed as little of the world's gear, as little of aid extraneous as he himself possesses; men who commenced the world with nothing, and whose advancement in life solely depended upon their own husbandry, frugality, integrity and strict attention to business.

Most young men consider it a great misfortune to be born poor; or not to have capital enough to establish themselves at once in good business; this is a very mistaken notion, for, so far from poverty being a misfortune to him, if

we may judge from what we every day behold, it is really a blessing; for the chance is more than ten to one in favor of the success of such a young man over one who starts with plenty of money. Look back twenty years, and see who commenced business at that time with abundance of means, and trace them to the present day. How many of them can now boast of wealth and standing? On the contrary, how many become poor, lost their standing in society, and are passed by their once boon companions, with a look which plainly says, *I know you not*.

In this country, the wheel of fortune is constantly turning, and he who is at zenith this year, may be at nadir next, and excite no surprise. It is seldom that the third or even the fourth generation enjoys property or station in society, which was won by the industry of the first. This constant change is the natural result of causes in continual operation. The first generation starts in life poor, but industrious and honest; he resolves to acquire property, and at the same time sustain a character that shall command respect. By dint of long perseverance in business, and the attainment of a high character for integrity and fair dealing, he succeeds—such a man never fails—and becomes wealthy. His sons succeed him, perhaps maintain the character of their father, and add to the wealth he left them—they were educated to business, and know how the property they enjoy was acquired. But their sons grow up, and from infancy find themselves in the lap of luxury and rocked in the cradle of ease; their hands are never turned upon business—that is beneath them—they are engrossed in important nothings; scorn labor; run the rounds of folly; marry light headed and fashionable ladies, who have as sovereign a contempt for laborers, and the useful things of this life, as themselves; slash away a few years in their carriages; lose their parents; divide the property; attempt to carry on business; are incapable of managing it; fail—struggle to keep up appearances and their places in fashionable life—are obliged to retire—wretched and miserable at home—and get through the world as they can, carrying always the appearance of shabby gentlemen, and being looked at askance by their former companions. Their children are even more miserable than themselves; being brought up with the idea that labor is degrading, and that they are a superior order, while necessity compels them to resort to some means of getting a living; pride and poverty are at war with them, and they drudge out a miserable and precarious life.

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sally unhealthy, and so enervating to the body and mind of a man as to disqualify him for severe mental or physical labor. They are regarded as only suited for the abodes of savages and wild beasts, or for colonies of the nations subject to temperate zones. Such persons read only in singular forgetfulness or ignorance of history. Three thousand years ago, and for many ages prior to that time, the most enlightened, powerful and populous nations of the world, lived south of the thirteenth degree of latitude, and much of their dominions extended into the tropics. Egypt and India, the very cradles of science and arts, are on the border and within the tropics—while the Assyrian, Babylonian, and Persian empires, together