

Willoughby Recorder.

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

Vol. XXII.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 18, 1846.

No. 1319.



PIG ECONOMY.

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

From the New York Farmer and Mechanic.
ON THE HOG.

Messrs. FLETCHER & STARR.—At your request, I forward you an account of my mode of treating hogs. I have on my farm an orchard, containing many choice fruit trees, bearing sweet apples. They were planted expressly for hogs, apples being the principal food on which they fed during the season; sometimes, by way of change, they receive sour apples, always fed raw, at regular hours. The food is occasionally varied by adding garden refuse, such as cabbage leaves, cauliflower, &c., together with the slops from the house. Unless so fed, a more expensive animal can scarcely be kept, especially in a country where corn can be sold for from 62 to 75 cents per bushel, and other grain in proportion. This is a luxury my hogs never partake of. If corn and apples were worth the same per bushel, I would feed apples in preference; the pork is sweeter, and fifty per cent. whiter; it may lose a little in boiling; if it does, however, I have never noticed it. They are the most prolific animal we have, producing at a birth numbers varying from six to twelve, and in each year, if found desirable by the owner. In eleven years a single sow, averaging at each litter six pigs, will, in ten generations, produce six millions four hundred and thirty-four thousand eight hundred and thirty-eight pigs. Extend the calculation to the twelfth generation, and the result would be as great a number as all Europe could support, and to the sixteenth generation, the whole world would be overstocked.

When my sows are pregnant they are kept apart from other hogs; at the birth of the young pigs they are removed for a few hours from the stall, as they are in danger of being injured by her motions. She is fed judiciously for the first five days, after which she is allowed a full quantity of food three times each day, but never over-fed. Her troughs are cleaned after each meal, and her pen daily, after which it is littered with fine broken straw.

The pigs are daily accustomed to feed on milk mixed with bran, and at the age of two months weaned. They are always kept in confinement, converting rubbish into manure. My second brood of pigs are sent to the New York market, and are sold to the packets as choicest.

The store hogs are wintered chiefly on carrots and turneps, occasionally boiled potatoes, and frequently charcoal dust, which keeps them in perfect health, their legs are often rubbed with a corn oil, to keep the joints and cause the blood to circulate freely, otherwise staggers may ensue. I fattened two hogs year before last entire; on sweet and sour apples, fed alternately. For three or four months they received no other food, except occasionally charcoal—water even was denied them. They weighed, when killed, two hundred and fifty pounds each; the whole hog was covered with a very thick layer of fat, perfectly white and firm; the skin was thin, and the pork pronounced by connoisseurs exceedingly fine and sweet; the hams were not inferior to Westphalia.

This last year, 1845, on the 1st of October, I confined sixteen hogs in an enclosure about sixty feet square, in one corner of which I placed all my pumice, after having extracted the cider, and permitted the hogs three times each day to partake of it one hour, in which time they completely filled themselves to repletion. They were allowed no other food during October and November; the first week in December they were killed, and fatter animals I never saw. They were sold in New York for two cents per lb. above the market price. I am, &c. R. L. P.

Remarks.—We deem the experiments of Mr. Pell of great importance, especially in the older States. If farmers can cultivate fine fruit, send the finest to market, feed the refuse to stock, and thus avoid fattening their hogs in particular, on grain, a very considerable per centage will be added to the profit of farming.

A LITTLE FARM WELL FILLED.

BY J. S. SLEEPER.

The greatest obstacle to the improvement of Agriculture in New England, is the propensity of the farmer, the mania I might well call it, to own more land than he can well till to advantage. And it is thus that we see scattered over the country, large tracts of sterile, unproductive land; which under good cultivation, would yield bountiful and valuable crops. Not only the dictates of sound philosophy, but numerous facts, drawn from experience, are constantly and loudly calling upon the farmer, from every

quarter, to occupy a small farm and cultivate it well. I wish that this admonition would be thundered into the ears of the agricultural population of New England, until a complete revolution should be produced in the farming system.

This great truth is also beginning to be understood in other countries, and is attended with corresponding advantages. The densest population in Europe may be found in Flanders and Lombardy, where the land is divided into small farms, and, being thoroughly tilled, produces abundant food for the inhabitants. And the experience of a quarter of a century in France proves that by the occupation of the country under small working farmers, the land is producing one-third more food, and supporting a population one-third greater, than when it was possessed in large masses.

The law is universal—it applies to every country—that the secret of success in Agriculture consists in the thorough cultivation of a small piece of ground, which, well-manured, and well worked, yields up its treasures in prodigal profusion. In almost every part of New England, one capital error runs through the whole system of farming. A great deal of money is invested in land, and a very little money is employed in its cultivation. And it is sad to see the owner of a large farm, pride himself on the number of acres which he possesses, and undertake to cultivate the soil without sufficient means. Such a man has been happily compared to a merchant, who expends all his capital in building for his own use large and roomy store, and is afterwards seen gazing with complacency on his bare walls and empty shelves.

He has chalked out to himself a hard lot, and voluntarily enters on a state of servitude, worse than Egyptian bondage. His work is never accomplished. He toils at all hours and yet is never ahead of his work, and his work is never half done. He has no time to accomplish anything thoroughly. His house is out of repair, his barn dilapidated, his cattle poor, his fences in ruins, his pastures overrun with bushes, and acres of land, which under proper cultivation, might be made to yield a rich harvest, are but little removed from barrenness, perhaps dotted with mullen, burdocks, thistles, or filled with sorrel, white weed, and other noxious plants, which rob the soil of its fertility, and up the life of the soil, without affording nourishment to man or beast.

What a harassed unhappy being must be the owner of such a farm! He has no time for recreation or mental improvement. He is doomed to the treadmill for life, with his spirits depressed—despondency stamped upon his haggard lineaments, and the worm of discontent gnawing at his heart; with him there is no pleasant associations with the past, the present is full of anxiety, care and hard labor—and a dark cloud rests upon the future. He reminds me of Hood's touching 'Song of the shirt'—and it may be well said or sung of him:

Work—work—work!
From weary chime to chime,
Work—work—work!
As prisoners work for crime—
Plough, and harrow, and hoe!
Till the heart is sick, and the arm benumbed—
And misery stamp'd on the brow.

Such a man has little reason to pride himself on his extensive possessions; and paradoxical as it may appear he would in nine cases out of ten, add to his riches as well as his enjoyment, by giving away one half of them at least. He is in the true sense of the word, miserably poor, in fact a slave; and when his eyes are opened to his real condition, it is no wonder that he is glad to emancipate himself, by selling his farm for what he can get, and escape, post haste, to Texas or Iowa.

EARLY POTATOES.

Mr. HARR.—One word on a mode of planting potatoes. For very early crops I cut off the crown of the potatoe, (where the most eyes are) about one quarter of the potatoe; these I put in boxes at this time of year; with earth about as deep as we commonly plant them. I eat the other parts of my potatoes. These crowns put out, roots begin to vegetate, and as soon as I can set them out in the open air, I do so, and have potatoes from them for my table by the middle of June, nearly one month earlier than common.

Farmer & Mechanic.

THE UNKNOWN.

Daylight was fast fading from the sky, on a cold and lowering evening in November, when a poor woman, leading a little boy by the hand, rang at the door of a handsome house, in the outskirts of the pleasant town of W—.

The girl who answered the bell soon returned and told the lady of the house that a poor woman was at the door, begging a night's lodging.

The lady cast a troubled look at the dead leaves that were whirling in eddies along the streets, and then at the dark clouds drifting together overhead, and sighed. Her husband had a nervous distaste to admitting unknown persons into his house, and had often charged his family not to suffer any such to pass his threshold. She, therefore, arose with a heavy

heart, and went to the door where a stranger stood holding the hand of a pale-looking little boy, about six years of age. The woman, dejected and worn, seemed ready to sink with fatigue. The lady kindly inquired into her situation, and heard the following account.

Several years ago she had emigrated the West with her husband and five children, in hopes of bettering their condition. Their hopes had been disappointed—since they had entered their cabin—the husband and father was carried off by one of the fevers of the climate, and the children, one by one, had followed—the poor little boy which she held by the hand, alone remained. When all was over she and the little property that remained, and with her boy began, on foot, their melancholy journey, back to their native place at Cape Ann. That evening, for the first time, she found herself obliged to ask charity, but was so hard to bring her feelings to it, that she had passed through the whole town without having courage to stop at a door until she made her first application at the house.

"But," said she, "we do not want food, nor clothes, nor money, we only a shelter for the night."

The lady felt that this was a case in which she ought rather to risk the displeasure of her husband than send the stranger away. Accordingly, she led them to the house, and while the bed was preparing, she urged them to rest, but they both refused food, and as soon as their beds were ready they retired, and soon fell asleep.

When the master of the house returned and heard what had happened, he exclaimed, angrily:—

"They shall not stay here—my father never would harbor any vagrants, neither will I."

"But my dear," said the lady, "they are now asleep; you cannot send them away now—it is very dark, and what hurt can they do here?"

"They will get up when we are asleep, and rob the house, and be off before we know any thing about it. It is all a pretence to get inside of the house—but they must be off."

"O pray do not turn them out this dark night," said the lady. "If you are afraid of their robbing the house, I will sit up and watch them; but they are now out and unable to go any farther."

"We will soon see how that is," said he, and going into the small room where they slept, he called out, in a loud voice, "Come, get up and be off—you cannot stay here—I cannot have you here."

The woman raised her eyes with a look of silent despair, but the little boy, with a nervous agitation, painfully different from the motions of a happy, healthy child, sprang from the bed and clasping his thin hands together, fell on his knees and cried out in a shrill, imploring tone, "O, sir! don't turn us out this dark night! we are tired almost to death. O, do let us stay till daylight!"

The gentleman relented at the appeal, and turning to his wife said, "If you choose to give up your night's rest for the sake of their staying, I have no objections, but you must watch them all the while."

The lady willingly consented, and soothing the little boy, sent him back to bed. She then took a seat in the neighboring room, and prepared to fulfil her promise, by watching them all night.

The stranger slept heavily, but not quietly. The poor woman groaned often, and murmured in her sleep, of many sorrows. Once or twice she said with a deep sigh, "Well! Well! my heart is breaking, but the Lord is good."

After years, that lady was called to endure less after loss, and trial after trial, until her heart was almost crushed within her; but often, when she was ready to sink in despair, the sleeping words of that unknown widow came home to her heart and brought strength and comfort, and she felt herself richly repaid for a sleepless night when she had learned to say, "Well! Well! my heart is breaking, but the Lord is good."

Poor unknown woman! if you are still an inhabitant of this world—if the Physician has healed your breaking heart, know that your words unconsciously spoken have often strengthened the spirit of a widow almost as desolate as yourself, and in return she now longs to tell you what she has since learned. If we truly know and acknowledge that the Lord is good, our hearts will never break, but grow stronger and stronger under trials.

From the New York Observer.

BRIEF HINTS TO A YOUNG MINISTER.

1. Be well acquainted with your own heart. In proportion to the difficulty of self-examination should be your efforts to be thorough and faithful in that neglected branch of duty.

2. Prayer—prayer—prayer—the first, second, and third element of the christian life, should open, prolong and conclude each day. The first act of the soul in early morning, should be a draught of the heavenly fountain. It will sweeten the taste for the day. If you can have but ten minutes with God at that fresh, tranquil, and tender season, make sure of those

minutes. They are of more value than much fine gold. But if you tarry long so sweetly at the throne, you will come out of the closet as the high priest of Israel came from the awful ministry at the altar of incense, suffused all over with the heavenly fragrance of that communion.

3. Live with your Bible at your right hand. Consult often—ponder deeply—hide safely in your memory's heart its precious truths. They will be your strength and joy.

4. If the word of Christ dwell richly in you, that wealth will be recognized and respected by your people, and they will be enriched by it. Let them but see the gems of scripture set gracefully in your discourses, and they will love it the more.

5. Read the scriptures twice on the Sabbath in public, and each chapter or section three times in private, baptizing it with prayer. Study emphasis, tone, spirit. Let the first be correct, the second natural, the last congenial. These qualities will be as good as a commentary. If a passage is obscure, explain it, but let the explanation be concise, clear and satisfactory. If some striking lesson can be deduced in a very few words, give the audience the benefit of it, for it comes fresh from the living oracles. My soul has been pained at the careless, unapprehensive and slovenly manner in which the Bible is sometimes read from the pulpit. Yet what part of the service is more important?

6. Let your psalms and hymns be precisely selected, carefully read in private, and their very spirit incorporated with the music of your soul while communing with God.

7. Let all notices be read before sermon, and when you have your own to give, neither forget them, mumble them, confuse them, nor draw them out to a tedious length. A handsome announcement of notices is no mean accomplishment of the pulpit. Would that it were not so rare.

8. Let the eyes be closed in time of prayer; otherwise even the children will be troubled. Seem not to be looking about on the audience.

9. There are many little things that will occur in large assemblies, against which both eyes and ears might as well be closed, especially when there is no design of disturbance. Be not always scolding. If you must speak, speak for the good of the church, and not for your own glory. Christ speak to that youth? Preach in the pulpit is like the bearded thistle in the beautiful flower.

10. Visit your people—so many a day. Do it even at the expense of tearing yourself from the enchantments of the study. Three visits a day for six days amount to 18 a week, and 936 in a year. No man has such a charge as 936 families. Suppose you have 200 families. Twelve visits a week (three out of each four successive days, in the afternoon when you should be out of study,) would complete all the families in about four months. Only systematic and you can do any thing. Dr. —, not a man of splendid parts, a plain plodder of the best kind, wrote capital sermons, and taking the right time, was incessantly in the houses and hearts of his people. He knew all about them.

When abroad, visit all in one neighborhood. Don't let a parishioner look out of his window, and see you call on his neighbor, except it be on special business, without giving him a call. You will not escape notice any where.

11. Listen to no idle tales, seek not for men's opinions of yourself, but study to show yourself approved unto God. Meddle not with matters out of your sphere. Abjure criticisms on persons. Some things that pain you must be let alone, for you can do no good by taking hold of them. You might as well take hold of a dog's ears. Let your doctrines be as full, and your principles as broad as the word of God. Withhold not the truth, spare not sin, but be not too curious to spy out that which will soon enough come to light.

12. Utterance to all is a jewel. A kind word will work wonders, and it is easily bestowed. Always know your people when you meet them, and think it not grievous to cross the street just to say ten words to a parishioner. Chastise your memory into the art of calling the children by name. Through their hearts you walk into those of their parents. To the gender sex be gentle, and you will win your way to their souls. Look not sour when the overflowing vivacity of some gay young maiden makes all sparkle around you, but let your features relax into a sympathetic smile. You will yet gain her heart for Christ if you seize the right moment to spread the beauty of salvation before her.

But I am becoming garrulous; I must therefore say, farewell. SENEX.

Great Accuracy of the Bible.

An astonishing feature of the Word of God is, that notwithstanding the time at which its compositions were written, and the multitude of the topics to which it alludes, there is not one physical error—not one assertion or allusion disproved by the progress of modern science. None of those mistakes which the science of each succeeding age discovered in the works of

the preceding; above all, none of those absurdities which modern astronomy indicates in such great numbers in the writings of the ancients—in their sacred codes—in their philosophy, and even in the finest pages of the fathers of the Church—not one of these errors is to be found in any of our sacred books. Nothing there will ever contradict that which, after so many ages, the investigations of the learned would have been able to reveal to us on the face of our globe, or on that of the heavens.

Peruse with care our Scriptures from one end to the other, to find there such spots; and whilst you apply yourselves to this examination, remember that it is a book which speaks of every thing, which describes nature, which recites creation, which tells us of the water, of the atmosphere, of the mountains, of the animals, and of the plants. It is a book which teaches us the first revolutions of the world, and which also foretells its last. It recounts them in the circumstantial language of history, it extols them in the summiest strains of poetry, and it chants them in the charms of glowing song. It is a book which is full of oriental rapture, elevation, variety, and holiness. It is a book which speaks of the heavenly and invisible world, whilst it also speaks of the earth, and things visible. It is a book which nearly fifty writers, of every degree of cultivation, of every condition, and living through the course of fifteen hundred years, have concurred to make. It is a book which was written in the centre of Asia, in the sands of Arabia, and in the deserts of Judea; in the court of the temple of the Jews, in the music schools of the prophets of Bethel and Jericho, in the sumptuous palaces of Babylon, and on the idolatrous banks of Chebar; and finally, in the centre of Western civilization, in the midst of the Jews and of their ignorance, in the midst of polytheism and its idols, as also in the bosom of pantheism and its sad philosophy. It is a book whose first writer had been forty years a pupil of the magicians of Egypt, in whose opinion the sun, the stars, and the elements, were endowed with intelligence, re-acted on the elements, and governed the world by a perpetual alluvium. It is a book whose first writer preceded, by more than 900 years, the most ancient of Greece and Asia—the Thaleses, and the Pythagorases, the Zalmoxises, the Xenophanes and the Socrateses. It is a book which carries its narrations even to the hierarchies of angels—even to the most distant epochs of the future, and the glorious scenes of the last day. Well! search its fifty authors—search among its sixty-six books, its 1,189 chapters, and its 31,713 verses—search for only one of those thousand errors which the ancients and the moderns committed when they spoke of the heavens or of the earth, of their revolutions, of their elements—search, but you will find none.

From the German of Gausen.

THE WHITE HORSE.—A letter from Texas to the New York Spirit of the Times, says that the "White Horse of the Prairies," seen by the "Ex-Santa Fe Prisoners," and other travellers, has been caught alive. The writer says:

"I saw him a prisoner tied by one leg, deprived of his freedom, and visited by many as a natural curiosity. He is a flexible ten grey, about 14 hands high, well proportioned, and built a good deal after the pattern of a Conestoga No. 2. His head and neck are really beautiful—perfect Arabian—face-smile of the Godolphin—Beautiful ears, large nostrils, great breadth of forehead, and a throat as large as any I have ever seen in any blood-nag. His beautiful white mane is two feet long, and his foretop in proportion. He was very much lacerated about his head and legs, the effects of the lasso in catching him. From his appearance he must be quite old—say 20 or 25."

Fat and Lean.—An Irishman who had a pig in his possession, was observed to adopt the constant practice of filling it to repletion one day, and starving it the next. On being asked his reason for doing so, he replied, "Och! sure, and isn't it that I like to have bacon with a stroke o' fat and a stroke o' lean squally one after t'other."

A FACT FOR THE DESPONDING.—Mr. Gilmore, the new President of the Western Rail Road, has the offer of five other situations, besides that which he has accepted, in either of which he might have a salary of \$5000 a year. The "Worcester Spy" says, it is less than twenty years since he went into the city from the country, a common laborer, and was for some time Porter to the Store of Whitwell & Bond, and while laboring with his hand, was as distinguished for his faithfulness, industry and intelligence in this humble employment, as he has since been in other avocations.

THE VALUE OF BATHING.—Once on a time a French doctor came to Damascus to seek his fortune; when he saw the luxuriant vegetation, he said, "This is the place for me—plenty of fever." And then, on seeing the abundance of water, he said, "More fever—no place like Damascus." When he entered the town,

he asked the people, "what is this building?" "A bath." "And that other building?" "A bath." "Oh!" exclaimed the physician, "I was mistaken—three baths will take the bread out of my mouth; I must seek practice elsewhere."

PAPA DON'T DRINK, AND I WON'T.—About ten years since, I was called upon to help one of my neighbors raise a barn frame, and after the hands were collected, the rum bottle was passed, as was customary in those days, and after the men had drunk the rum was handed to some boys who were collected and looking on. They all took it except one little boy about seven years old, who refused to take any. He was urged very hard to take a little, but all to no purpose. His mind was fixed. He was then asked to give some reason for not drinking, and the little lad bravely replied, "Papa don't drink, and I won't."

Every night, when our spirits are exhausted with action and our minds tired with thoughtfulness; when we are become weary not of doing only, but almost of being; we should conclude our toils, and wrap up our cares in the sweet sense and grateful memory of His goodness, who hath protected so many hours from the manifold dangers and more sins to which, by our weakness, and our folly, and our bad inclinations, we are through every minute exposed; and withal hath provided us so easy and so delightful a means of recovering our spent activity, of repairing our decayed strength.

Truth enters into the heart of man when it is empty, and clean, and still; but when the mind is shaken with passion as with a storm, you can never hear the voice of the charmer, though he charm never so wisely.

Affliction is a divine diet; which though it be not pleasing to mankind, yet Almighty God doth often, very often, impose it as a good, though bitter physic, to those children whose souls are dearest to him.

An Irishman, a witness in a cause before one of the New-York courts of law, attempted to pass himself off as a native of this city, and underwent, in consequence, a very severe cross-examination, in the course of which the counsel, in a threatening tone, demanded, "Now, sir, on your oath, were you not born in Ireland?" to which the witness replied, in a solemn tone, "Although present at the event, I swear on my oath I have no recollection of the fact."

HERALDRY.—There is some talk of establishing a College of Heraldry in this county. Some object to it that it is not in accordance with our republican institutions. The objection is not well taken. Whatever enlightens, improves, or enlarges the mind, is the very thing for which Republics are fitted. There is a great deal of curious knowledge acquired in the study of heraldry. There is a significance in the emblems used, which are often as true as ingenious. The notion that a "coat of arms" is always conclusive of high birth or renowned ancestry is erroneous. They often prove the reverse. It is a very innocent desire to know who were your ancestors, and, having found them out, there is no harm in his adopting, if he choose, an armorial, bearing some emblem of the occupation, which, industriously followed, led them to riches and honor, with an appropriate device.

The Boston Journal tells a story in point of an "old Commodore," residing in one of the Middle States, who once sported a plain carriage for the accommodation of himself and family. His wife, who liked display, and had a leaning towards aristocracy; urged him to have a handsome "coat of arms" painted on the panels of the carriage.

"Certainly, my dear, (replied he,) if you wish it. What shall we have? I can think of nothing better or more appropriate than a Tar-Bucket for my side of the carriage, as my father was a sailor, and a Loaf of Bread for your side, as your father was a baker!"

There is much good sense in the Commodore's suggestion, and we hope that this example will be followed by others.

Balt. Patriot.

The Washington correspondent of the New York Telegraph writes—

The Administration considers the state of things in Mexico as extremely critical—more so by far than at any other time since the annexation of Texas. An Agent has been sent down, with instructions to Mr. Slidell, to demand a reception forthwith, and if refused to return. This will bring the whole matter to a close of some sort, and, looking to extremities, our Squadron in the Gulf has been ordered off Vera Cruz. I must permit myself to hope, notwithstanding all these embarrassing appearances, that some understanding will be effected by which a rupture with Mexico may be avoided. I cannot disabuse my mind of the conviction, that a war with Mexico would before many months inevitably extend itself to other and more formidable Powers. To avert one is to save the other.