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RURAL ECONOMY.

"May your rich soil,
Ere absent, nature's better blessings pour
Over every land."

MIXING SOILS.

SOME nine or ten years ago, in the early part of my farming, I had occasion to deepen a well about six or eight feet. The earth thrown out was a tenacious blue clay, just damp enough to cut into lumps, and adhesive enough to remain so. After finishing the well, the man who had charge of the farm was at a loss to know where to deposit it. Having a bare sandy knoll in one of the fields, which was not happily termed "personal property," from its being wafted about on every breeze, here to day, and there to-morrow, it occurred to me that the clay would hold the sand and form a soil. I accordingly ordered it deposited there in heaps, the same as if manure. This was in the summer. In the fall the lumps were scattered over the surface and left to the action of the rain and frost. In the spring it was found to have broken down, crumbled and slack- ed like lime. Those heaps were re-dug and the clay evenly spread over the surface. The field received a coat of manure, was plowed and sown with oats and peas. That where the clay was applied produced the largest and most vigorous growth of any other part of the field. In the fall it was sown with rye, and seeded down with timothy and clover. The rye as well as the clover was much more vigorous and heavier on that than any other part of the field, in fact, the person who occupied the farm after I left it, informed me that he lost his crop of grass on that part in consequence of its lodging. Thus the personal was made real or fast property, and remains so to the present day.

Having experienced such beneficial effects from mixing clay with sand, I was afterwards induced to try what effects sand would have on a rather retentive soil. The garden at Three Hills Farm, is a stiff clay loam, resting on a strong tenacious clay subsoil, rather inclining to moisture. The second year after I purchased and took possession of it, I caused a coat of sand from six to eight inches deep, to be put on one of the squares, which was spaded in with the manure, and I had the satisfaction to witness the most gratifying and happy results—the crop of that square was far superior to any other in the garden. Since then I have caused over five hundred one-horse cart loads of sand to be put in the garden, and the effects are still visible, although the sand has disappeared.

Cost of Hogs at Large.—Take a hog that has run out all summer, and confine it to a pen to fatten, and it will take at least 20 bushels of corn to make it weigh 200 pounds, whereas a hog that is shut up all the time, can be fattened with 10 bushels.

Hogs running at large are always in mischief. I am satisfied that, for the last five years, there has been more destroyed by hogs than all the exports would amount to of pork from Scott county for the same length of time.

You have to feed a hog that runs out about the same as one shut up, consequently you would save 10 bushels of corn on every hog you raise by keeping them confined.

Whooping Cough.—A gentleman of this city, who has tested it, says the following is a certain remedy for the whooping cough, always breaking it after the use of the medicine for three days, viz:

- 3 ounces flax seed,
- 4 " honey,
- 1 " liquorice,
- 4 " lemon.

boiled together in half a gallon of water. To be well strained, bottled tight, and kept in a cool place. Dose—a table spoonful six times a day, to be given always after the coughing ceases.

Pol. State Banner.
Which is the right Minister?—The late Rev. S. Pearce, being one week day evening in town, and not engaged to preach, asked his friend where he could hear a good sermon? Mr. S. mentioned two places. "Well," said Mr. Pearce, "tell me the characters of the preachers, that I may choose." Mr. D. said his friend, "exhibits the orator, and is much admired for his pulpit eloquence." "Well," said Mr. Pearce, "and what is the other?" "Why, I hardly know what to say of Mr. C.; he always throws himself in the back-ground, and you see his Master only." "That's the man for me," they said the amiable Pearce; "let us go and hear him."

ALICE WESTON.

It was ten o'clock, yet Alice Weston still sat in her little dressing room, her head resting on her hand, and an ivory comb glistened amidst the loosened tresses. A fifty dollar bill lay on the table, with which she intended to purchase a winter bonnet and pelisse. It had been bestowed that morning by her father, and she would have noticed the reluctance with which it was granted, but she was absorbed by the attempt to decide whether a certain Edgar Morris would prefer a pink or a white hat. She was still busied with the important question—but in vain she ransacked her memory for some remark which might furnish a hint as to his taste. He never conversed on such topics, and carefully avoided recommending any style of dress. The longer she dwelt upon the subject, the more perplexed she became.

"Ah!" said she to herself, "it is of little use to sit here. I must be guided by my complexion. I think I will get a white one, with a very rich, white feather, and the smallest of delicate flowers for the inside, such as I saw at Harlow's."

So saying, she finished dressing, glanced contemptuously at her last year's bonnet, as she put it on, thrust the bill into her purse, she took her way to the principal shops. She was still balancing the merits of silks and satins, pink and white, when she was stopped by a crowd of people, who were prevented from crossing the street by two entangled carriages. Her father was standing near, but he did not observe her, for he was engaged in conversation with his next door neighbor, Mr. Burton.

"Allow me," said the latter gentleman, "as an old friend, to inquire the cause of your anxious and harassed look. We were boys together on the bank of the Merrimack, yet while I remain comparatively young, your eyes grow dim, your hair whitens, and on your brow are wrinkles made by the unrest of perpetual struggles."

"Ay, my good friend, but my family is too large and our expenses great. For me, who inherit nothing, toil is great."

"My income is scarcely the half of yours, and my hours of leisure are double those you allow yourself. I have something to spare too, if your capital"—and he hesitated lest he might give offence.

"I understand you," replied Mr. Weston, "the offer you wish to make is generous, but such aid I do not need. Step hither, where we shall not be overheard."

Thus far Alice had listened with breathless eagerness. She must hear all. Her father might retuse her the communication he was about to make. She thought she had a right to know why he was growing old before his time. She followed the gentlemen, and stood unobserved beside them.

"The death of my wife," said Mr. Weston, "has imparted a degree of sacredness to the subject of which we are speaking, that has made me shrink from conversing upon it; but your kindness to me and mine has given you a claim upon my confidence. I married, as you know, the daughter of a wealthy man, a frail and beautiful girl, surrounded by every luxury that money could procure. I was in a prosperous business. A few years of economy would have made me rich; but I was unwilling to propose a different style of living from that which she had been accustomed to. I struggled with every power, bent every energy to the task of supplying the means of a lavish and ostentatious expenditure. Day and night were alike consumed in the toil. Even upon the Sabbath my spirit was in my counting room. Had my wife been aware of this, she would have insisted upon retrenchment, but she had seen her father thus engrossed, thus careworn, and she regarded my laborious life as a necessity, without suspecting whence the necessity arose. After her death I determined to reduce our expenses, but my children have been brought up in luxury. They repined at slight deficiencies—imaginary wants, and I feared lest they might think me cold and stern."

"You have misjudged," said Mr. Burton. "Though they murmured trifles, they will be active, vigorous, happy, in a great change. It will give them work for the heart, for the hands."

"Nay, my friend; my lot is fixed. Be the toil for me, the leisure for my family. I cannot risk the loss of my only pleasure, that of seeing smiling faces at my fire-side."

The gentlemen parted, leaving Alice overwhelmed by the discovery she had made—slowly she retraced her footsteps, thoughtful of her errand. She re-entered her dressing room and gazed regretfully upon its luxurious appointments. They seemed to reproach her, with the hours taken from life's highest duties and hurried for their perishable splendor. She laid aside her purse, thankful that its contents remained untouched; then she looked long and steadily upon the new pos-

sition in which she was so suddenly placed. Her heedless disregard of her father, who had indulged her every caprice, seemed to her little less than criminal. Her idle, selfish life, spoke to her with a hundred voices; there was reproof in all its tones. The retrospect was salutary though painful. From her very errors sprung the knowledge of right, and the true path once found, her loving spirit prompted her onward. She was certain of co-operation on the part of the family, and surveying the tastes, the habits and capacities of each member, down to the petted Effie, the darling of the whole, she opened her desk and sketched on paper the outline of her plan.

Her father left the same evening for New York, to be absent several weeks. Alice longed to reveal to him her decision, to ask his counsel, and received his sympathy; but she doubted her untried strength and preferred to make the attempt alone. Of six domestics she dismissed three. As she determined to give up the superfluities of the table, the party cook was no longer needed, while George and Charles proffered their services in the place of the errand boy. The seamstress could not easily be dispensed with. After much deliberation, however, Alice, Margaret and Kate, resolved to take charge of their own rooms, together with the parlors. Alice and Margaret also assumed a large part of the sewing, and thus enabled the chambermaid to supply the deficiencies in both departments. Effie, a child of eight years, who, during the various discussions, had been half envying her sisters, received a small brush and duster. Each one also yielded some favorite wish. Alice had planned a series of assemblies. Margaret had hoped for a brilliant party on her next birthday. Kate desired a superb volume of engravings which she had seen in a book store, and the smaller one had dreamed of expensive toys.

And yet this busy fortnight, which the world deemed full of humiliation and regret to the Westons, was, in truth, the happiest period of their lives. They were occupied, but not burdened. And breakfast hour, regularity and efficiency, brought each day in its appropriate place, and the leisure thus secured was far more acceptable than that which constantly possessed, and never prized. They were learning the rare beauties of the domestic relations, the wonderful excellence of which they had comparatively overlooked. They grew thoughtful for each other, proud of little kindnesses, and while performing the services before left to a servant, the sweet affections which before had been checked by defective education, sprang up and filled their hearts with perpetual joy.

At length Mr. Weston returned. The children surrounded him with their accustomed affection, but they were less bustling than usual in their welcome. The tea-table did not present its accustomed array of tempting viands; and when it was over, George, instead of ringing for a servant, placed an easy chair at the fire, and brought his father's dressing gown and slippers. Margaret now asked leave to read the paper, pleading the fatigue of his travel, secretly designing to make the practice if she should find it agreeable. As the evening advanced, instead of the usual delicacies, Alice quietly placed a basket of choice fruit on the table, and having partaken of it with the rest, she returned to her needle. All was simple and unostentatious, but Mr. Weston, though surprised, asked no explanation.

The next morning Alice dispersed her gay group, and sitting down by her father gave him a full account of her arrangements and their cause. When she had finished, she looked up to him for approval; but he could only articulate "God bless you, my daughter," and kissing her brow he stepped hastily into the street. The first person he met was Edgar Morris, and in the plenitude of his joy and gratitude he gave him a history of her noble efforts.

The young man paused a moment in embarrassment, then shook the hand of his friend, muttered some incoherent congratulations, and turning into the opposite street, walked hastily at a rapid pace. He was not altogether without excuse for his abrupt departure. He was strongly attached to Alice Weston—but with much judgment and good sense he had refrained from expressing his affections, because he believed she did not possess the sterling merit which he demanded in a wife. The communication of Mr. Weston at once removed his doubts and left him at liberty to obey the dictates of his heart. He chided the lingering moments, and so soon as the hour permitted he called on Alice. The subject of their conversation must have been of absorbing interest, for Mr. Weston, who had returned for a paper he had dropped in the morning, stood before them before they noticed his entrance. Both started and blushed, and Edgar, in manly but very earnest language, begged the hand of Alice.

Mr. Weston granted his request, promising, however, that she should remain in his home until the arrangements she had so wisely made should be perfected, and the family become accustomed to the mode of life she had introduced.

Mr. Weston grew young again, when exempted from excessive care. His family were deprived of no comfort. His table was abundantly, but not lavishly served. His children were neat in attire, courteous, loving, and happy. He confessed with fervent gratitude the mercies of his lot, and sorely regretted the want of frankness which had for so long a time tendered peace a stranger to his bosom.

EXTINCTION OF RACES.

In what way, and on what nations, will be executed the doom, uttered by the spirit of inspiration—that the nation that will not serve God shall perish, is more than we are informed. But the expectation that, attending the advance of the Gospel among the nations, there will be strange turns of the hand of Providence, laying in the grave once powerful nations—and not warranted in the Scriptures, has been very prevalent, and by no means confined to those holding peculiar theories respecting the next coming of Christ. Indeed, in all the history of the world, the birth and death of nations have come somewhat according to an established law of providence. Some nations indeed, whose origin was identified with that of the true religion, have been stamped with immortality. And some that have derived their strength and away from Christianity, and have their being identified with it, seem destined to live in its life, and grow with its expansion.

But one of the most remarkable features of Providence affecting the present position of the nations, appears in the depopulation of some portions of the earth, to make way for a different race. And where these changes are now in progress, the gain to christianity seems to be as clearly the result, and result intended, as was the gain to true religion, in exterminating the Canaanites and giving their land to the Hebrews. What the gain has been in sweeping off from the face of this country, a population perhaps more numerous than the present, and planting the race of the Puritans here, is manifest. And the depopulation which is now in progress through the Pacific Islands to give place to a similar race, is tending to a like gain.

And the hand of Providence is more apparent in this, from the fact that the natural causes are the more latent. The whole of this change does not come by the same class of causes which have melted away the Indian tribes of this country. To some extent, especially in the South Sea Islands, the British colonization has kindled the fire that is sweeping off the native tribes. But the decrease in other islands is not so easily accounted for. Take, for instance, the Sandwich Islands. There has been no colonization of Europeans there, nor bloody wars waged by foreign invaders. The fearful depopulation began long before our missions opened the islands to the better knowledge of the civilized world. In 1778 Capt. Cook estimated the population at 400,000. Mr. Ellis, in his Polynesian researches, gives his opinion in confirmation of that estimate. In a half a century after, Mr. Ellis, then residing on the I-lands, from his own observations, put the number down at 140,000. That is a decrease of nearly two-thirds in fifty years. By the official census of the present year—that is in twenty years from the last estimate, it has come down to 84,163, and average decline of two per cent. a year. Such a rate of decline would extinguish the race within thirty or forty years.

It was hoped that the spread of christianity would have eradicated the seeds of this decay. But Providence appears to have ordered it otherwise. The similar course of depopulation over other Pacific Islands, proceeds from similar hidden purposes of God.

From these Islands it is natural to glance at their neighbors in China. There the elements appear to be hatching a devastating storm. A writer from thence to one of the London papers, says:—"The general dissatisfaction prevalent in China, and the demand for reform, are now manifesting themselves. The principles of Socialism are progressing, and the day is rapidly approaching when civil strife shall have torn the empire in pieces." Rebellion is now in progress in some of the provinces. But opium is doing more than rebellion for the destruction of the Chinese. And the sweeping off of that whole population is an event no more improbable in itself, than other instances that have occurred of the extinction of nations.

But be it as it may, that nation will present no insuperable obstacles to the christianizing of the world. The resources are with God to convert or to take it out of the way. Whether the Chinese race, or a race reared under his Gospel, and brought in to occupy the ground, are to constitute his church, there, he only can decide.

How often do men mistake the love of their own opinions for the love of truth.

REMARKS OF THE REV. DR. COX,

(OF BROOKLYN.)
At the late Anniversary Meeting of the N. York Colonization Society.

In rising, said he, I am led to ask, Mr. President, Why I am here? For others both here and elsewhere, with more or less intelligence, will make the same inquiries. Whatever changes my mind may have undergone in fifteen or sixteen years, there are men so near to Omnipotence and Infinity that it will take a thousand years to overturn them. I am here at the urgent request of an officer of this society, yet if I had yielded to an earlier request I should have gone to Washington a year ago. I hold, sir, that a public man interested in national, secular, philanthropic and religious matters, cannot warrantably take an independent stand or make a Declaration of Independence, without "a decent respect to the opinions of mankind" requiring him to state the causes which have impelled him thereto. The subject of slavery is immensely grave, complicated and important. We cannot be a sect; we cannot, like St. Anthony, retreat to a distance, nor can we get rid of the subject any way. The problem is, what is wisdom?—what is best to be done? Theories apart, there seem two great sides, two grand standing points upon this question. One of them is agitation—aggressive, anti-national, interminable, intolerable agitation.

Those men who never change, ought to begin by learning, what I never knew, that the aphorism came from below and not above; that the wrath of man worketh the righteousness of God. These agitators seem to feel as Elijah once dreamed that the Spirit of the Lord is in the whirlwind, the storm and the fire, and they make so much noise, that the still small voice is over-looked. I am informed that I have lately been accused. Now I suppose thousands of stories have been told me, hundreds of which I never would notice at all, "for you can neither take nor kill—nor are they worth the game."—But I know they have gone forth, being a man of a sort of universal knowledge. (Laughter.) I can prove that—so I suppose it is an axiom. (Laughter.)

I have been accused, sir, of being on all sides of the Slavery question—I cannot speak of motives, but I considered this remark a great compliment, yet I was too modest to take it all to be what it seemed to be. I wish I could return the compliment, but I doubt whether my accuser has been on all the sides of any subject in his life, and I doubt whether he ever really understood one side of this Slavery question. We read of an immense octagonal obelisk, each side of which was of a different color. Some who saw it claimed that it was red, or blue, green, yellow, &c.; they quarrelled over it till at length they found that all were right and all were wrong. There are more sides to Slavery than one-thoughted gentlemen dream of. What danger to the philanthropist in looking at the many Southern as well as the many Northern sides, since it is North and South which make the Union. There are three things in which I have not changed, I say it solemnly, if I know myself, except as Christians change from strength to strength and from glory to glory.

1st. I have not changed (except by augmentation) in love for my country, my whole country, one and indivisible, now and till the resurrection trump.

2d. I have not changed in my love to black men, as brothers of the human species, and my desire to do them kindness.

3d. I have not changed in thinking that I am an accountable being, responsible to God; and while I regard the opinions of my fellow-men, I am above being merely influenced by them. Some one asked me in outrageous, irreconcilable, or to say the least, un-Chesterfieldian tones, what I supposed posterity would think of Mr. Postery? What care I for applause! If I am sure I can please my Lord Jesus Christ, that is enough; while life is so short not to let it be known if I get some new ideas in sixteen years.

But let me go back to the love of country. Americans do not love their country enough—the feeling is not deep enough—it is not general enough. There is George Thompson preaching against it—George Thompson, M. P. I wish it was M. T. and that the country was empty of him. If you wish to know how to love your country, read my honored brother Skinner's sermon on the subject. There are my sentiments. Do you ask the reasons why you should love your country? Without any order of importance I answer, first, because it has the crown of all other dominions, religious liberty.

I have no desire as a Presbyterian or a Protestant to extend my religion by dogmatic power. I would not have the freedom of religion infringed upon. I cannot myself too highly prize the country of my ancestors for eight generations. The spirit of agitation is an anti-American spirit of philosophy which has no philosophy in it. It is said that the idea of a pyramid could never have arisen in a

republic, it must have sprung up in some monarchy where royal emblems could be placed at its top. In England we see at the top a little girl with ten children around her and Prince Albert doing the honors; then just below are the princes of the realm; and further down are the barons and the bishops, the gentlemen and esquires, and the men who get themselves elected to Parliament and then come to America to agitate. The only way to carry anything in England is, to make a great noise around the base of the pyramid.

When in England, five years ago, I was requested to speak in Birmingham, the residence of John Angell James, during their great anniversary festival week, to tell them how Americans conduct their domestic and their foreign missions without the aid of imperial patronage or royal wealth. I always endeavored, in such positions, to be respectful and courteous; but when John Bull sneered at Brother Jonathan, or John Bull at the glories of America, I always chose to rear up and tell them that I was a man and a pur of the nation. During my speech a man in the audience rose and said, "Ay—ay—by don't you free your slaves in America! Talk about that, and leave us to think of missions." I turned to the chairman and said, that people in America, who were not very well informed, had an idea that at Birmingham, the residence of John Angell James, all the people were civilized. I then stated that at his request I came to speak on missions—that Americans should be concerned with the slavery question, and I appealed to him for support. The loud applause of the audience told me to go on, and the next day I heard that the man was so ashamed of his conduct that he could not go on change, while his posterity will rue their want of propriety, because of the disgrace which he acquired. I thought of saying something to him when he interrupted me, which would have been a wonderful fit and a decided hit, about our national temperance principles. I am sorry now I did not. Many there in England know nothing about our situation, and yet keep agitating on this slavery question. Lord Byron boasted that his poems were read in the capital of America—that is, Albany.

Sometime ago I received a letter from a dear friend, whose name I love too well to mention, saying that it was proposed to have the "Evangelical Alliance" meet in America, if we would vote that no slaveholders should have seats thereat. But I wrote him back that Americans would not tolerate such an Evangelical Alliance as that, and if they did it could do no good.

I received this afternoon a paper from Bristol, about three weeks old, containing several pieces on American slavery. I will read but one. *Ex uno disco omnes.* It states that "Garrison has done more to protect the Bible than three-fourths the ministers of the land." So we are completely Garrison-ed, it seems, and that is the reason infidelity has not taken us by storm. Some remarks are made on American clergymen preaching while in England, and the proposed to examine all the ministers who visit Albert's glass house, and ascertain whether they have right feelings against slavery, before they can be admitted to British pulpits. So you see a secular confession is not yet gone from England. When I was there I found it harder work to keep out of pulpits than to get in; but if I were there now, sooner than assent to such examination, I'd sooner them all to Guinea, or Liberia, or any other—

A voice on the stage—"No, not to Liberia!"

Dr. C.—No, not to Liberia, but I'd see them all to Guinea first.

England deserves the ignominy of introducing slavery here from the days of saucy Queen Bess; and while it is repelling so hard of our sin in having slaves, it had better repent of its own original sin in bringing slavery here when we were colonies. That slavery be orthodox. Many of the Statute laws were in fact made under their own kings. They ought in England to bear in mind that the body is equal to the malefactor, murderer, and thief; and they may profit, too, by the man who set out to punish his neighbor's son, because he thought it was intrinsically proper that the boy should be whipped, and as the father did not do it, the neighbor must.

The reasons for the changes in my own mind are—

First, because men who talk about liberty magnify it above God and the Bible. (The doctor here went on to explain his views of New Testament slavery, dwelling especially on 1 Cor. vii. 21, and on the last chapter of 1 Timothy.) He then proceeded to say, that God had never told his church to command slave holders to give up their slaves. Why is this not done! When Christianity commenced its career, at the height of the Roman empire, two great evils were every where present, idolatry and slavery. Now, why such a difference in God's commands if there is not a like difference in the evils themselves! Yet Moses Stuart, for upholding this distinction, is denounced, the