

The Southerner.

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THE SOUTHERNER.
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Agriculture is the chief foundation of a nation's power, as it not only furnishes man with food and clothing, but also with materials for the mechanic arts, and commerce.

From the Farmer's Journal.

Eastern Carolina.

THE RESOURCES FOR IMPROVEMENT IN FARMING.

We have now, with the exception of a few counties, been in the whole of what is properly speaking the Eastern part of our State, and we feel much more competent to speak of the lands than we did before seeing them. Our opinion heretofore in regard to the great advantages which this portion of our State has over any other country, has been necessarily drawn from what others have said, though now we have seen these advantages, and feel no hesitation in saying that they indeed have excelled in many parts our most sanguine expectations.—The lands in most of the lower counties have a good texture, an excellent foundation, and are generally as fertile as could be expected, considering the improper system of cultivation practiced by those who have hitherto had the management of them. Wherever they are exhausted, it is almost universally the case that there is near by the very ingredient to enrich them; marl and muck abound in abundance on every side; and where these do not exist, the farmer can find means close at hand for renovating his lands. The farmers of old Edgecombe will ever be remembered as the prime movers of the spirit of enquiry, which exists among us in relation to improvement in farming. They have put the ball in motion, and we are glad to say that they have not put their "lights under a bushel," but some of them have contributed to the farmer's own paper, and by this means have told to hundreds what they are doing and what has been its effects. To these we here say, go on, and continue to tell to every enquiring farmer what he should do in order to make his home cheerful, his business profitable, and his life useful. The farmers of our State are just awaking from their slumbers; old men are now heard to say: Why have we not known these things before?—What a country we might have had! To such we would say, enter upon the race at once, and make your last days most useful to your fellow-man—confess your ignorance, and abandon the idea that a man must be old in order to be wise. Go wherever we will, we hear Edgecombe spoken of, and the large sale of Mr. Hines last winter has caused many men to open their eyes and be convinced that they were doing merely nothing in comparison to what these farmers were doing. The standard of good farming is now in a great degree changed. Instead of a farmer asking his neighbor how much he tends or cultivates, it is, How much do you make? In retracing our steps in those counties where we have been, we are on all sides hailed as being one of the main-springs of this new action. Farmers are beginning to say that they are sick of politics, and want to hear something upon farming. We have commanded their attention wherever we have been—they listen to us as though we were relating some fancy story—their minds seem to be carried away in what we say, especially when we describe what is being done in our old native county, Edgecombe. Indeed, if we ever become eloquent, it is when we speak upon this part of our subject. We say now, let us keep the ball in motion. Keep it before the farmer, that "book farming" is the only plan at this time to make money; and also bear in mind that our correspondent, in the July No. of this paper, distinctly states that Agricultural papers were the first cause of his making improvements in farming. Let those farmers who take the Journal

hand it over to their neighbors to read, and see and get them to subscribe. We are told almost every day, that every number is worth the price for the entire year, and if Edgecombe farmers would be more liberal in their contributions, it would be greatly enhanced in value.—Farmers, look up; there is a better day coming. The time is close at hand when we shall see the first Agricultural Fair in our State, held in Tarboro'—indeed, it is due to the farmers of that county. When these improvements get well under way, we shall see many of Carolina's sons who have left her to find a more beneficent parent, come flocking back, and asking a resting-place upon her bosom.

From the Southern Planter.

Superiority of the Farming Profession.

Mr. Editor,—It is much the habit of most persons to indulge a complaining temper, as it regards their own lot in life, and many are disposed to think that disappointments and untoward events befall them more certainly, and with more oppressive energy, than others who stand around them. This is an unjust complaint against Providence, arising out of the fact that we know more of our own troubles than we can do of any one else's, and as it is we who are hurt by them, we feel them much more keenly than when endured by another. Now, there is no class of our community, who indulge this complaining spirit to a greater extent than the planter and farmer of Virginia; and none, I am assured, have less reason for it. Look to the planter's employment in what aspect you may, whether as to the effect it has on his moral being or social enjoyment, or whether as a source of sustenance to a growing family, and a sure means for the future settlement of that family, and I contend that it stands unrivalled by any of the industrial pursuits of the country. Let us examine it in the various views presented, and I appeal to the honest experience and sober reflection of every candid man in the community for the truth of my position.

When God created Adam, he placed him, in his state of purity and innocence, in the Garden of Eden, and ordered for his employment the cultivation of the earth as one best suited and most congenial to his uncorrupted nature. So long as he remained innocent, his employment afforded him occupation and delight. When his fall came, the labor in which he before took delight, became a painful burden, sent by Providence as a bitter curse upon his transgression. And though many of the pleasures of agriculture are blackened and marred by man's disobedience and moral ruin, yet many beauties still cluster around it; such as a pleasing sense of dependence on a good Providence for the genial rains, and a strong feeling of gratitude when they are sent. His social qualities are cultivated, because there is nothing to interrupt or retard their growth. He envies no one, and is envied of no one. His swelling bulks and replenished garner have taken nothing from his neighbor; but are the result of his own toil and God's kind Providence. Not so with other pursuits. The doctor quarrels with his neighbor doctor, because he imagines that the patients placed under his care should have fallen into his hands. The lawyers quarrel over their neighbors' troubles at the rate of fifteen shillings ahead; and the smooth, smiling complaisant merchant has a bitter enmity rankling in his heart, because his neighbor merchant sells a few cents lower in the yard than he does. And so on through all the pursuits of life. It will be found that they are calculated to kindle and foster unkind feeling, and to disturb social harmony. From all these the planter is measurably exempt.

That it is the best, surest and cheapest means of supporting a family, is so generally conceded, that it has almost become an axiom. Take an instance: Let a man with a wife and three or four children, (by no means a rare attendant on matrimony in these parts) go on a small farm, worth three thousand dollars, work three hands, and the other usual appliances of cropping in this country. Say his means reach five thousand dollars, all told—the interest on which is three hundred dollars. If he be industrious and judicious, (and most of our young men born to small expectations are so,) he will raise enough not only to support his family, but to do it in a style of comfort and abundance, not surpassed by many of the potentates of Europe. Place another individual,

like circumstance, in town; (for you must cut him off entirely from agriculture to make a fair comparison,) let him pay his rent, buy his fuel his marketing of every sort, and all the other little drippings resulting from such a situation and at the end of five years the interest of his five thousand dollars will be consumed, and the principal gone along with it. And during the time his living will have been infinitely less comfortable and abundant than his country friends. But this is too plain a proposition to be debated, and I pass to the next.

That it is the surest means for the future settlement of a family is of easy demonstration, if the sound lessons of experience have not faded from the memory of all observing men. Look around through the land, and see who are the most independently settled young men in the commonwealth, and I venture to say, that with an occasional exception, they will be found to be the sons of planters. All planters who are sober, industrious and judicious, more or less successful in their pursuits. Do all doctors do so? here and there, one by the force of high qualifications, and surrounded by fortuitous circumstances, attain to comfortable independence, and some to wealth. But when you look at the poor and hungry crowd, which drag out a miserable existence, waiting for their turn to come, we must determine against this as a calling for life. Do the lawyers do so? here and there one towers above his humbler brethren, in the career of reputation and wealth, while many, very many of his associates in the profession carry to their graves, and carry only that, the green bag with which they first took their seats in the bar. Will this picture do? I think not.

Do all merchants succeed in their pursuits? After a long life of labor and toil of body, of anxiety and solicitude of mind, when his executors are called to make out his balance sheet, he is too often found to have passed into a bankrupt's grave. It has been ascertained, by a careful examination of the history of the mercantile operators in the city of New York, which city boasts of a community of merchants, who stand as high for mercantile shrewdness and acumen as any in the world, that a large portion die bankrupts, very many never improve their estates, and that not more than five in one hundred die or retire from business with enhanced fortunes. Does this present a picture comparable to that of the Virginia farmer, or one at all calculated to invite our acceptance? I have selected these as the leading pursuits of life, those to which all our young men are attracted, who have the means; with what good judgment, if the above statement is true, I leave the reader to determine. Why then should agriculture be neglected and despised. The doctors may have their patients, the lawyers may wrangle over their cases, and the merchants may pinch the profits on their yard sticks; but give me a soft, fertile, generous soil, with all the necessary appliances to make it productive, and a few tons of guano to quicken its failing energies, and I will far outstrip them all in the career of contentment, happiness and wealth.

SOUTH SIDE.

Mecklenburg, Virginia.

Guano.

Mr. Editor,—The article known as guano, variously pronounced (as *guano*, *gawno*, *grawno*, but whose proper pronunciation, according to the best authorities to which I have had access, is *gawno*.) [wah-no—Ed.] has recently attained such importance in our country, as a fertilizing agent, that any information in regard to its origin, its early use, or its natural history, will doubtless interest the readers of your valuable journal.

With a view of contributing to their amusement and of exciting them to a further investigation of the subject, I offer the following:

The celebrated naturalist Cuvier, in referring to an analysis of the article, by the renowned chemists, Fourcroy and Vanquolin, says, "This analysis has so great a resemblance to that of pig-con's dung that there is reason to believe, with Mr. Humboldt, who brought this guano to Europe, that it is nothing but the excrement of birds, which frequent the islands of the South Seas, in immense numbers."

It had been doubted if the article was an animal substance; and if animal, whether it was composed of the decayed bodies as well as the excrements of the birds. By the investigations of the French chemists, and the still earlier re-

searches of a learned Jesuit named Acosta, who published a work styled "THE NATURAL AND MORAL HISTORY OF THE EAST AND WEST INDIES," as long ago as the year 1604, it was ascertained that while there are bodies of birds mingled, to some extent, with their dung, it is to this last named substance that the enriching property of the guano is mainly ascribable.

The learned author, above referred to, whose book was published in London two hundred and forty-six years ago, does not say to what particular kind of birds the world is indebted for this valuable manure.

I have elsewhere seen it stated that the bird itself was called *guano*. [We have heard that is the Spanish for dung.—Ed.] Whether this be correct or not I am not competent to decide. However this may be, I believe it is conceded that the fertilizing properties of the article are owing to the fact that the birds affording it, feed on fish.

The late Professor Benjamin Smith Barton, whose researches into the curious and perseverant, was of the opinion that it is the deposit of the dung from all the different species of sea fowl common to the east of that region.

When we regard the enormous piles of the article, rising as they do to mountain heights, the opinion of the learned Professor appears to be founded in reason.

That your readers may have a proper idea of the extent of these accumulations, I make the following extract from Acosta's book. After speaking of the birds of that country, which were remarkable for their beautiful plumage, he says:

"There are other birds at the Indies, contrari to these, the which serve to no other use but for dung, and yet perchance, they are of no lesse profitte. I have considered this, wondering at the providence of the Creator, who hath so appointed, that all creatures should serve man.

"In some islands or phares, which are joyning to the coast of Peru, we see the toppes of the mountains all white, and to sight, you would take it for snow, or for some white land, but they are heapes of dung of sea fowle, which go continually thither: and there is so great abundance, as it riseth many elles, ya many launches in height which seems but a fable—they go with boats to these islands, only for the dung, for their is no other profitte in them. And this dung is so commodious and profitable, as it makes the earth yeeld great abundance of fruite. They call this dung *guano*, whereof the valley hath taken the name, which they call *Limaguano*, in the valleys of Peru, where they use dung, and it is most fertile of all that country.

"The quinces, pomegranates, and other frutes ther, exceede all other in bountie and greatnes; and they say, the reason is, for that the water where-with they water it, passeth by a land compassed with this dung, which causeth the beauty of the fruite. So as these lides have not one flesh to serve as meate, their singing for recreation, their feathers for ornament and beautie, but also their dung serves to fatten the ground. The which hath been appointed by the sovereigne Creator, for the service of man, that he might remember to acknowledge and be loyall to him from whom all good proceedes."

You will see from the above extract, Mr. Editor, that guano, although but recently introduced into this country, is "nothing new under the sun." We may reasonably infer, as the heaps of the article were piled mountain high two and a half centuries ago and constant additions have been since daily made to them, that we need entertain no apprehensions that the supply will fail.

If the above shall serve to interest or amuse any of your readers who have experimented with the guano, I shall think that they will be under some obligation to render me an equivalent service. I will not, however, claim it in kind, but ask that it be paid in instruction.

I hope that some of them will, through your columns, inform me as to the result of their experiments with this manure, on corn and tobacco plants. I desire information as to the proper time and mode of applying it as well as in relation to the effect produced.

I am your obedient servant,
THOMAS P. ATKINSON.
Danville, Va., June 7, 1852.

Punctuality in engagements, is as necessary to an agriculturist, as it is to a merchant.

MISCELLANY.

Editorial Life.

The following remarks of Dr. Johnson, give an answer to many complaints of the present day:

Dr. Johnson says: "I know no classes of the community from whom so much disinterested benevolence and thankless labor are expected as from editors of newspapers. They are expected to feel for every one but themselves—to correct public abuses, and private ones also, without giving offence—to sustain the difficulties of others without regard to their own—to condemn improper measures of every kind. They are expected to note, everything that is important or extraordinary of men's opinions, their notices must be calculated to please every one, and at the same time offend no one."

Advertising.

Barnum, who bought his Museum in New York ten or twelve years ago, when he was not worth a dollar, and who is now a "millionaire," thus sets forth the way to make money:

Advertise your business. Do not hide your light under a bushel. Whatever your occupation or calling may be, if it needs support from the public, advertise it thoroughly and efficiently, in some shape or other; that will arrest public attention. I freely confess that what success I have had in life may fairly be attributed more to the public press than to nearly all other causes combined. There may possibly be occupations that do not require advertising, but I cannot well conceive what they are. Men in business will sometimes tell you that they have tried advertising, and that it did not pay. This is only when advertising is done sparingly and grudgingly. Homoeopathic doses of advertising will not pay, perhaps; it is like a half portion of physic, making the patient sick but effecting nothing. Administer liberally, and the cure will be sure and permanent."

The New York Crystal Palace.

The ground for this structure was broken in New York yesterday, and the building will be erected with practicable speed. The plan adopted is a Greek cross, with a dome over the intersection. Each diameter of the cross is 365 feet long and 149 feet broad, and the dome is 130 feet high.—There will be in this building 111,000 square feet of space on the ground floors, and 62,000 square feet in the galleries. It is estimated to cost \$165,000. The building is to be entirely of iron and glass, and is already advertised to be open on the 2d day of May, 1853. The plan was furnished by Messrs. Carstensen & Gildemetster.

The Lunatic and the Sportsman.

In an article on the "World at Large," the purport of which is to show that men who are reputed sane, often act very insanely, a writer in Chambers' Journal reproduces the following story.

A gentleman of fortune visited a lunatic asylum, where the treatment consisted chiefly in forcing the patients to stand in tubs of cold water. Those slightly affected were immersed up to their knees; others, whose cases were grave, up to the middle; while persons very seriously ill, were immersed up to the neck. The visitor entered into conversation with one of the patients who appeared to have some curiosity to know how the stranger passed his time out of doors.

"I have horses and greyhounds for coursing," said the gentleman, in reply to the other's question.

"Ah! they are very expensive."

"Yes, they cost me a great deal of money in the course of a year; but they are the very best of their kind."

"Have you anything more?"

"Yes, I have hounds for hunting the fox."

"And they cost a great deal, too."

"They are very expensive. I also have birds for hawking."

"Birds for hunting birds! And these swell up the expense, I dare say."

"You may safely say that, for they are not common in the country. And then I sometimes go out alone with my gun, accompanied by a setter and retriever."

"And these are expensive, too."

"Of course. After all, it is not the animals that run away with the money; there must be men, you know, to feed

and look after them—in short, the whole sporting establishment."

"I see; I see. You have horses, hounds, setters, retrievers, hawks, and men—and all for the capture of foxes and birds. What an enormous revenue they must cost you! Now, what I want to know is this—what return do they pay? What does your year's sporting produce?"

"Why, we kill a fox now and then—but they are getting rather scarce hereabouts—and we seldom bag less than fifty brace of birds each season."

"Hark!" said the lunatic in anxious whisper, looking anxiously around him. "My friend, there is a gate behind you. Take my advice.—Be off out of this place while you are safe.—Don't let the doctor get his eyes on you, He ducks us to some purpose; but as sure as you are a living man, he would drown you!"

Revolution at Buenos Ayres.—New York, Sept. 11.—We learn by passengers in the bark Hayard, which arrived in this city this morning, with Buenos Ayres dates to the 27th, three weeks later, that a revolution had broken out in that city on the previous day, and that the Provincial Governor had resigned. The vessel brings no papers, consequently we are without further particulars.

The Hon. Mr. Skeneck, the American minister had been received by the Governor the day previous to the revolution.

Most Melancholy and Shocking Accident.—Dr. Murdock McNair, of Tiptah, came to his death, some weeks since, in a most singular and shocking manner. It appears from the particulars which have been kindly forwarded us by a friend, that the Doctor went out a hunting about 10 o'clock in the morning of the day of his death; and when he was returning home in the afternoon, he discovered something in a sink hole, which are common in the section of country in which he resided. He immediately dismounted from his horse, and placed his gun against a log which was lying near by, as it is conjectured from the marks which were subsequently discovered about the place. It was also apparent that he again remounted, and riding up to the log on which his gun was lying, he evidently stooped down and took hold of it by the muzzle, and endeavoring to rest the breech upon the log in order to get better hold, it slipped off, broke one of the hammers, and the other went off and lodged the contents of the barrel in his right breast, setting his coat on fire, and his horse wheeling suddenly round, he of course fell to the ground. The unfortunate man, struggling as it were, in the very jaws of death, succeeded in pulling off his coat and vest, and, laying them down, they were consumed by fire. He also had strength and presence of mind enough to unbutton his shirt and tear it open in front, and then, sinking to the earth, shortly afterwards expired. Afterwards—what is a most singular and remarkable occurrence—his own dogs returned and cut a hole in his breast! and when his remains were found, they presented a mutilated and most awful appearance.

Dr. McNair was a native of North Carolina, and has many relatives and friends residing in this section of Mississippi. He was a most excellent physician, and was highly esteemed in the community in which he lived, as an honest man and a most estimable member of society. The distressing and painful manner of his death has thrown a gloom and sorrow over his family and friends which time will never dispel.

Paulding Clarion.

It is reported that Mr. Clingman will soon take the stump in his District for Pierce and King. Mr. Caldwell, of the Salisbury District, will not, we understand, vote for Scott and Graham; but what course Mr. Outlaw will pursue we do not know. It is also reported that the Hon. Kenneth Rayner is indifferent as to Scott's election, and may not vote for him.

Where is the "Scott enthusiasm?" Raleigh Standard.

The Cleveland (Ohio) Forest City, a strong whig paper, urges the election of Gen. Scott, as follows:

There is no way to escape the pending curse of slavery extension, save by the defeat of Pierce and King, and they can only be defeated by the election of Gen. Scott, whose life is a guarantee that his influence will not be on the side of slavery.