

SOUTHERN CITIZEN.

BY BENJAMIN SWAIN.

WHAT DO WE LIVE FOR, BUT TO IMPROVE OURSELVES AND BE USEFUL TO ONE ANOTHER?

VOLUME I—NUMBER 18.

TERMS—\$2 IN ADVANCE.]

ASHBOROUGH, N. C. SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1837.

[OF \$3 AFTER 3 MONTHS.]

SOUTHERN CITIZEN,
By B. Swain.
Every Saturday Morning.

TERMS.

Two Dollars per annum in advance; or Three Dollars, if not paid within three months from the date of the 1st No. received.

Any subscriber may discontinue within the first 3 months of the publication. No subscription to be discontinued till all arrearages be paid unless at the discretion of the Editor.

All letters, communications, &c. to come post paid. Advertisements, inserted on the usual terms.

FOR THE SOUTHERN CITIZEN.

ABOUT FARMERS.

Mr. Swain:—I cut the accompanying piece from the *Columbia Hive*, published in South Carolina. I am informed it was written by a young man who is deaf and dumb. It embraces some excellent thoughts; and I should be pleased to see it in your paper, if you think the subject a suitable one.

April, 1837.

Mr. Editor:—Farmers are a body of men, of so exemplary and unenviable lives, that any country upon Earth, may feel, because of this class of citizens, or subjects, a pride and an interest, at once peculiar and delightful. Dependent on God, for all they have, drawing their sustenance from the Earth and their flocks; and looking with benevolent complacency upon their encircling neighbors, they are, though buried from public observation and fashion's gossip, in the vast continuity of woodlands, a happy and peaceful race:—but alas! too, a race of harmless men, that civil men or military rulers, impose upon too much; and frequently entice or compel them from the plough to the battle fields. In vain they live secluded!—some military trouble is brewed, and they are principally looked to, to answer the ravenous demands for blood! The city men or men who live in excitable towns—are not always contented to let things go on as God ordered them! From London, from Paris, from Madrid, from Vienna, from Berlin, from St. Petersburg, the war cry is screamed on the winds, and as on Eagles' swift pinions, is sent a conscription list among the innocent agriculturists! City men, as Kings or Peers, will not let the farmers alone! Not until city men become steady Moravians or Quakers in principle, and action, will peace spread her wings of health over the Earth, according to the will of our Lord.

I intended the above as prefatory observations on Farmers, preparatory to an introduction to one, who was an honor, and an ornament to this profession or pursuit. The man of this sketch was a native farmer of Switzerland, who united to perseverance in labor, on two exhausted farms, so great ingenuity of resources, and vast fertility of inventions, as to restore worn-out and useless pieces of lands, on which he had tenantry, and whilst he was overburdened with debts, to a good degree of cultivation and production, in a manner, at once, to discharge his debts, and to prove the effects of a good husbandry even in Switzerland—a country of "frowning Alps." I intend here to send you some proof of his experience and ingenuity, as I glean them from an old book, that I found accidentally, and bought in New York. The work was published in the State of Maine, before, or about the occurrence of the American Revolution.

Kluygg, for this was his name, was universally known in Switzerland and about France as the "Rural Socrates." And as such was peculiarly honored with the visits of Princes, and attracted the commendation of the father of the two Mirabeaus, who acted on different parts in the French Revolution. But so little pride did this son of husbandry feel in these honors, that he accounted their frequency rather an inconvenient interruption, to his daily avocations, than as things of honorable bearing. He was a *Philosopher of Nature*, like Socrates, who, in ancient times, without books, (and all the aids of printing offices, that import to modern nations a character

for intelligence,) by oral and not written observations; for this first and greatest of ancient philosophers wrote, himself, nothing; but left the task to Xenophon, a disciple. I mean in the world no disparagement to cultivated literature comprised in books of tried lore: but in alluding to Socrates, who without books, was a philosopher, and by oral lectures laid the foundation of ancient philosophy, and whose words bore the style of poetry of Homer, alone bore weight upon even the observations and disputes of the sects of Hythagoras, Zero and Plato in after-times, I wish to impart a hint that the minds of some men are strong from *Nature's God*, and that no superiority of inductive learning can overmatch the sound philosophy of some all-thinking laborer or farmer. Such a modern Socrates was Kluygg. He indeed did read nothing but the Bible. And that was sufficient.

His system of agriculture was original. I do not feel that I have room enough here, or ought to reveal all his operations; suffice it that I send a few of his hints that may be of use to our agricultural friends. These hints the "Rural Socrates," taught by successful practice a one.

Kluygg intimates, that the *great heat of the sun improves the soil*. That when a summer is fervidly sultry, the soil will not till the next feel the benefit thereof. This he found by experience. And this is corroborated by the fact that in tropical and torrid regions, the land is fertile and exuberant in gigantic vegetation. Another of his observations is that *one kind of earth improves, on mixture of different sorts of soil*. As for instance clay improves sand—and black soil improves red earths.—And the discovery of a marl pit, or of any pit of earths different from the soil of his farm, would be "regarded by this wise man as a treasure." He left untried no means in this particular, regarded not the trouble of hauling through the winter season of different earths, manures, and forest leaves; and instead of wasting his days of holiday about the country gatherings, he sedulously employed every inch of his time in landed improvements. The consequence was surprising. His poor lands bloomed from a desert to a garden: His debts which accumulated on him from his ancestors, were paid; his numerous family, supported in contented affluence: And his fame attracted the notice of kings, and he was employed by the Trustees of his Canton as manager and director of the entire agriculture of his district.

Kluygg was so independent of the aids of other men, that he refused all presents, and would not permit even his children to accept any thing from any gentleman, designing that as he was able by prudent and persevering management, to rise up from indigence to comparative wealth, his sons shall be like himself, dependent on their own works for all they want. Thus lived and died Kluygg, a Swiss farmer of celebrity, but not so universally known as he ought to be. What could do the world more good than an intimate knowledge of the life of this secluded Farmer, or the knowledge of the life of a "destroyer of the Earth,"—Bonaparte for instance. Certainly Kluygg's life would be of shining utility, and outstrip for decided *Human amelioration*, all the lives of famed Conquerors, that the weak and foolish of the Earth so love to remember as *lone*, and praise as *great*! The life of this Swiss soldier of the soil, admonish Americans that instead of forsaking old land to move to new, they would do better and with infinite credit to themselves and the old abused States of our country, to remain on this side of the Alleghany Ridges and the Alabama River, and following the example here set, endeavor to restore to nature a portion, and even perhaps, a superfluity of that primitive luxuriance of which she was deprived by the improvident management, and make her again appear clad in living verdure.

J. J. FLOURNOY.

Athens, Ga. Nov. 1836.

Merchants say the North Carolina dealers have more cash than the Virginians—that they pay up mostly for their goods. North Carolina has passed through and recovered from the gold fever some time since. A large portion of our merchants' funds have been drawn from them the past year in requisition

for gold stock. But their lesson is well nigh completed.—*Rich. Compiler.*

THE PROPHECY.

We subjoin a letter which the late lamented Major Jack Downing wrote to the Editor of the New York Daily Advertiser three years since. We ask our readers to give it a perusal, and see whether the gallant Major is not entitled to a place, at least among the minor prophets.—*Com. Herald.*

FROM THE NEW YORK GAZETTE.

TIMES PAST, AND TIMES PRESENT.

"Come let us reason together."

The reader will please bear in mind that the Public had been furnished with a "cabinet paper" showing the reasons and promises for abandoning the system we had, and adopting a "better currency," and thereupon the Major set forth his reasons as contained in the following, for letting "well alone."—Time only shows which was correct.

OFFICIAL PAPER.

Read to the Cabinet, and Majors, Auditors, and Under-Secretaries, and Sub-Postmasters, and the rest of the Government, on the 26th day of December, A. D. 1833, and printed for the use of all the citizens from Downingville to New Orleans, along the sea-coast, and up the Mississippi and Missouri, and so down the Lakes, and across by the Erie canal to Albany, and along by the middle route over New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Maryland to Washington—and away again to all parts of creation and every body.

General, and Gentlemen of the cabinet, and the rest on you here present, composin the Government—I speak to you as a man standin right between you and the People; and what I am goin to say ain't calculated to make any on you change your opinion so much as to make you know mine—you have pretty much all of you had your turn, and now comes my turn—if any thing I say has sharp corners, and scrapes the skin a little, it is because I hain't had time to file the edges smooth. I'll give you my notions pretty much as you got bred from the bakers, and leave you to slice it or chunk it as best suits you; and every man can butter his own slice just to please his fancy—that ain't my business, so much as it is his'n.

We are met here, not only to fix on some plan to get the country out of trouble, but to see how it got into trouble—and I am goin to say a little on both pints. When a chimney smokes at the wrong end, with the wind at northeast, some folks may content themselves with open windows and doors to let the smoke out; but my notion is that the safest plan is to see into the cause on't, and correct it, so that the chimney will only smoke at the right end, let the wind blow any way.

Now there is a few things we must look into a leetle, and then we will know more about 'em, and I am goin to examine—

What kind of a critter the Bank of the United States rally is:

Whether its natur is to do good or evil to the country, and then to wind up with

Matters and things in general.

Twenty years ago the country was in trouble, and fill'd up with all kinds of bank paper—nigh upon as bad as old Continental—and a good deal was a leetle worse. If any body ain't old enuff to remember that time, and wants to see what kind of money I mean, let him go to the Treasury, and Mr. Taney can show him nigh a million and a half of dollars, not worth the cost of the paper and ink used every year in makin a report on't; but this is only a drop compar'd to what would be there now of the same kind of stuff if it hadn't been for the Bank of the United States. All our wise folks of that day said we must have a Bank of the United States, and a good big one—one strong enuff to do the work well, and to clear out all this trash; and so this bank was made, and the first thing was, as there was a very little rale money in the country, the bank went and bot a good jag on't in Europe, and

went to work clearin away jest as we do our fields in the spring.

It was a pretty dirty job to do so, I tell you, and the bank didn't get through with it without scratching, and smutting its fingers pretty considerable; and that warn't the worst on't for the bank. The Government made the bank agree to pay fifteen hundred thousand dollars for the privilege of doing this work, and made it agree to take care of the People's mony in all parts of the country, and to pay it here and there whenever the Government told 'em, and to pay off all the pensions, and to do every thing in the money way, without chargin any thing for it to the Government: this was a pretty tuff bargain for the bank—for all it got in return was to have the keepin of the money, and when the Government didn't want it, the bank might lend it out. It took a good many years afore the bank got things to work smooth. It was like a whoppin big wagon that wanted a good many horses to drag it, and, as it had a valuable freight in it, wanted none but the best kind of horses—rale Conestogas—and it warn't evry one who knew how to drive such a team. The owners of this wagon found that out, for some of the first that they got came plaguy nigh upsettin it. So to rights they got Squire Biddle. I suppose they thought that seein that the folks in Pennsylvania have the best and strongest horses, and the biggest wagons, they ought to know how to guide 'em. Well, they made a pretty good guess that time—for ever since they told the Squire to take the lines, they hain't lost a linch pin or broke a strap; and there warn't no complaints made agin him by the folks on the road; on the contrary, all the other wagoners liked the Squire amazingly; he was always ready to give 'em a lift when he found them in the mud, and whenever they got short of provender the Squire never refused to turn out some of his to keep their horses from sufferin. Every thing was goin on better and better, and every body said, at home and abroad, there warn't such a team in all creation. Well, about four years ago, we begun to pick a quarrel with the Squire, and it's been goin on every year pretty much after this fashion. The first go off, some of our folks wanted the Squire to change some of the leadin horses—they said the breed warn't right—he ought put on the lead some Albany trotters—that they were the best horses on the lead he could have. The Squire didn't like to change—he said the horses he had knew the road as well as he did, and they wouldn't bolt nor kick up; and when they came to up-hill work he could depend on 'em.

Then agin our folks wanted the Squire to change harness—they said they had new patent collars—and a horse could pull as much agin with 'em as with the old fashioned collars. Well, the Squire didn't like that notion nother. So to rights they told the Squire he must give up the lines—well, that he wouldn't do, he said, without orders from the owners of the team—they had appointed him, and so long as they kept him there, he would go along and do his duty, jest as he had done—and it warn't right to keep stoppin him evry day on the road, and tryin to make him try new plans.

And with that, all our folks made a regular battle on the Squire—some took away out of his wagon a part of the bags and boxes, and divided around among the drivers of other wagons, who was mixin in the scuffle too, and away they all crack'd off with it. Some undertook to cut the Squire's traces; but the Squire was too deep for 'em, for his traces was all chains kivered with leather, and so they spil't their jack nives. Some went on ahead and rolled stones in the road, and dug deep holes, and tried all they could to make the Squire upset, and threw stones and mud at him and his horses; but the Squire kept on, his horses didn't flinch, and as they had dragged the big wagon over worse rodes in their day, they went along without accident. Well, now it turns out that all the wagons that drove off so with a part of the Squire's load are in trouble; for in the first piece of muddy road they all stuck fast, and there they are now—one wants the other to give him a pull and a lift; but they say they all want liftin—the Squire has just come up with 'em and now they want him to hitch on to 'em and drag 'em all out together; but he says that's impossible; the most he can

do is to take back the load they took from his wagon, and then, perhaps, they can get out of the mud; but it is more than his team can do, and he won't run the risk of breakin his harness or injurin his horses to drag 'em all out together. Well, now that's jest about the condition of things; and the longer they remain so the worse they will be—the longer the horses and wagons stand knee and hub deep in the mud, the less able they'll be to get out on't.

And now I'll leave 'em there a spell, and we'll take a look into the natur of the bank, and what it rally is; for, to hear some folks talk about it, one would think it was a most shockin monster, and that it was pretty much nothin else but Squire Biddle, when it was no more the Squire than that big wagon is, not a grain more. Look at this long list of names: well, these are the owners of the bank; here we see, in the first place, the nation owns one fifth, and the rest is scattered round, as you see here, among an everlastin batch of folks all about this country and some in forin countries; and I am glad to see on the list here, old widows and old men, and trustees of children, who hain't got no parents livin, and all our own people, they put their money in the stock of this bank for safe keepin—not to speculate—and jest so with innocent forieners, and the best on't is they have paid our folks a pretty high premium for every dollar on't. Well, then these are the folks, then, that compose the bank. Now what way do they want the bank managed?

The business of the bank is to loan money, and is jest for all the world like any rich man whose business it is to loan out his money—is it his interest to dabble in politics, or to let politicians dabble with him? Not an attom on't; I never new one of your rale politicians who ever could pay his debts; and they ain't the kind of folks people like to deal with, any way, who have got money to loan—they know that talkin politics, and gittin things into snarl's jest to answer party purposes, ain't the way to pay interest nor principal nother; and politicians in a bank are the worst people in the world for the owners of the bank, for the most on 'em hain't got money to lend, but they are plaguy ready to loan other folks' money to brother politicians of the same party.

No, no; a man who has got his money loan'd out (and it's jist so with a bank), wants to see evry body busy & industrious and increase their property, for then they will be able to pay interest and principal too; they don't like to see things all mixed up with politics, and the people quarrelin and disputin; and when they do they git their money back in their pockets again as soon as they can, for they know that politics ain't profitable business.

Then it comes to this, that if the bank is what I have said it is (and it's nothin else) it ain't such a monster as some folks try to make us think it is; and, instead of being a dangerous monster, I see, and I know evry body else must see, who don't squint at it; but looks it strait in the face, that its natur is jest like the natur of any man who has got property in the country, and that is to have evry thing go on in harmony, and with industry, and with honesty, and according to law—no gangles and tangles and talking politics in porter houses and bar rooms, hurrain for this man, and puttin down that man—that kind of work don't clear up new lands nor plough up old ones: it don't keep the hammer goin and the wheels turnin, and don't pay interest nor principal nother.

But some on you say the bank has too much power, and that Squire Biddle might do a good deal of mischief if he would. Well, there is my old friend, Capt. Elisha S. Bunker, of the steamboat President, runnin twixt New York and Providence—he's got about sich another monster—there's no tellin what a dangerous monopoly of power that critter's got in that are boat. I was lookin into it when I came on with him a spell ago, and he was showin me how he managed it. If he was to fasten down the kivers of them two mortal big copper kettles he has got in his boat and blow his belluses a spell, he would smash evry thing for more than 50 acres round. Does any body know why he don't do it?—he has ben in a steamboat so long now as the bank's ben goin, and han't scalded nobody—but he can do it in a minit if he chuses. Well, I'll