

FARMERS' DEPARTMENT



Mysteries of a Junk of Coal.

For years no one supposed that a piece of soft coal dug from its mine or bed in the earth possessed any other property than being combustible, or was valuable for any other purpose than as a fuel.

1st. An excellent oil to supply light-houses, equal to the best sperm oil, and at a lower cost.

2. Benzole. A light sort of ethereal fluid which evaporates easily, and combining with vapor or moist air is used for the purpose of portable gas lamps, so called.

3. Naphtha. A heavier fluid, useful to dissolve Gutta Percha, India Rubber, etc.

4. An oil excellent for lubricating purposes.

5. Asphaltum, which is a black solid substance, useful in making varnishes, covering roofs and covering over vaults.

6. Paraffine. This is a white crystalline substance resembling white wax, and which can be made into beautiful wax candles.

It melts at a temperature of 110 degrees, and affords an excellent light.

All of these substances we learn by the Plough Loom and Anvil, are now made from the soft coal found in Kentucky, and manufactured by the Breckinridge coal company at Cloverport, in that State.

They have twelve reverts in operation day and night, consuming eight or ten tons of coal every twenty-four hours.

One can hardly realize as he takes a lump of heavy smutty coal in his hand, that he holds concentrated therein, all these different ingredients chained within, and which a little heat properly applied will liberate and present in their separate forms, ready for the several purposes to which they are adapted.

Deterioration of the Wheat Crop—One Cause.

Your columns have been occupied occasionally for several years, with direct statements of the fact that seed wheat is materially injured when threshed by machine, or with indirect and incidental allusions to this fact, in articles treating of matters connected with it.

The injury thus done to seed wheat has been frequently set forth as a reason why the quantity of seed formerly sown and deemed sufficient for an acre should now be increased considerably, as a large proportion of the kernels are usually broken or otherwise injured, as to make it impossible that they should germinate.

The injury thus done, has also been presented as a probable cause of young plants being feeble and slower of growth, and consequently more liable to attacks of insects, weevils, &c than if the produce of sounder and plumper seed.

Deeming the considerations above named, and the changes in ripening and threshing, wheat intended for seed, which would naturally follow from practicing according to these considerations, of no little importance, I have been gratified to see the question in my caption discussed with ability and earnestness by a writer in one of the best, and one of the neatest appearing journals of the west, namely, the Wisconsin Farmer.

This writer, who says he is neither a farmer nor a man of science, lends the sanction of his authority—that of a man of good judgment—to the views which have been named, as often presented and inculcated in your pages.

He says that in Wisconsin the question is often asked, "Why cannot our state raise as good wheat as she used to do before about 1850?" In reply to this question, this writer, who uses the signature of J. C. L. Juneau, Wis., states that when the country was first settled the inhabitants threshed entirely with the flail, and were accustomed also to save the ripest and best of the grain for seed.

To secure the ripest and best they were in the habit, many of them, of throwing down the bundles and beating the tops until that portion that was completely matured, and most easily, therefore, freed from the hull, had been threshed out.

"The bundles were then thrown back upon the mow and reserved for the mill."

By this course the very best of the crop was saved for seed, and secured whole and uninjured whereas it is generally allowed that the machines now used break the largest and best kernels, and injure a great many so as to put them beyond all possibility of germinating.

I have been informed by those who have been at the pains to investigate this subject, and to examine wheat after threshing, that they have noticed many kernels in which the little germ towards one end seemed to be beat in or scooped out, and at all events injured so as to appear quite unlike its condition in a sound kernel.

These suggestions will receive, I trust, the consideration to which they seem to be well entitled, some at least among your readers, and by the farmers of New-York and other states, as well as of Wisconsin.

If any of your readers have reserved a patch of wheat for seed, and threshed it by flail, of late years, or threshed out some of the ripest in the way above mentioned, we would be pleased to be informed of the results observed in a subsequent crop.

OBSERVER.

Good wheat soil contains twenty times more lime than old, exhausted fields.

No better time than now for turning under stubble ground.

THE FINANCIAL CRISIS AND THE GENERAL PROSPERITY OF THE COUNTRY.

Frequent record is still made in the journals of New York, Philadelphia, and Boston of the suspension of banks, merchants, traders, and manufacturers; but notwithstanding the wide-spread losses and embarrassments which these suspensions have occasioned, they have as yet produced no visible effect on the aggregate prosperity of the whole country.

Nature has been too lavish in her gifts, our countrymen too prompt in availing themselves of those favors, and the financial policy of the democratic party has been too successful in confirming within comparatively safe limits the schemes of enterprise and the expansions of trade, to admit of general embarrassment and suffering from the foily, extravagance, mismanagement, or ruin of any class or classes of business men, whether their transactions have been in a private or a corporate capacity.

While the financial circles of the three cities named are daily and feverishly moved by partial stoppages and downright bankruptcies—by the depreciation of real estate—and by the hitherto vain effort of the "bulls" and "bears" of the stock market to find a "bottom"—every section of our broad Union is gladdened with glorious assurance that "plenty crowns the year." To quote from the Albany Argus:

"The corn crop is now generally beyond danger of damage from frost. On some low lands and in the hilly regions where the soil is not adapted to this crop, it would probably sustain some injury, but in the good corn-growing districts it is now safe. This may well be a matter of congratulation not merely among farmers, but also among all classes of people. It crowns the year with plenty. All the other crops were already most abundant, and now the usual annual supply of this valuable and extensive cultivated article of breadstuff and provender is added to the luxurious catalogue. We heard of no crop which can be said to be a failure this year, except the potato. There was a very abundant growth of that esculent, but the rot has done great damage to it in many parts of this State. We cannot speak of the extent of this injury in other States and I think it probably that the West, which is said to have a large extent of acres in potatoes this year, has escaped this blight."

In this connexion, another New York contemporary also remarks:

"The crops of the country are the largest ever known; almost every section of our land reports bounteous harvests, and there is every prospect of a good foreign demand at fair prices for all the grain and flour we can supply. Through the troubles in India, and the general increasing foreign demand, our pork and beef, which have become important articles of export, will command probable double their average value, and we shall have a greatly increased supply. The prospects for a fully fair crop of cotton are promising, and prices are nearly or quite double those of average years. Throughout the length and breadth of the land there is an unusual prospect of late fall pasture, and roots for the sustenance of cattle which is a matter of more importance than is generally considered. California is sending us regularly more than forty millions of gold per annum, a considerable portion of which remains in circulation in the interior of our country. Emigration to our shores of a more thrifty class of people is steadily onward, and through the money they bring, together with their industrious habits, our western states are reaping a rich harvest. The time has happily passed by when the agricultural and manufacturing interests of the country can be almost ruinously affected by the operations of State bankers and brokers, or the corrupting, overshadowing influences of a "great regulator" or of the national currency and the exchanges. That there has been a serious financial crisis in several of our largest northern and western cities admits of no dispute but we suspect that the losses complained of are, to a very considerable extent, more nominal than real. The enormous decline which has taken place in the value particularly of railroad property is the natural sequence of excessive speculation—of stimulating unsafe and unknown stocks to the point of gambling prices. As far as we have observed, the "crisis" has not forced any railroad stock to any serious extent below its real intrinsic value, or prevented any company from declaring an honestly-made dividend. The decline, we fancy, has been from the ruling, fictitious figures of the speculators to the trying standard of real capital and real investments. In other words, no considerable shares of the enormous losses of Wall and Third streets must be counted as the anticipated profits of the "bears" and the unsettled differences of the "bulls."

There is no occasion for alarm or distrust, but abundant and abiding cause for joy and gratitude. As long as we can draw upon the cotton-fields of the South and the factories of the East, upon the teeming granaries of the middle and western States, upon the gold deposits of California, and the iron and coal deposits of Pennsylvania and Virginia, and as long as our industrial interests are blessed as they have been, and continue to be, in a remarkable degree, by a kind and beneficent Providence, it is quite likely that the great mass of the people will not be seriously inconvenienced by the money panics and money disasters of any city in the Union.

Lst of Lost Steamships.

Taking a retrospect, with a view to recount the various catastrophes which have befallen ocean steamships owned in or trading with the United States, we find that the following have been entirely lost.

Table with 3 columns: Name, Fate, Valuation. Lists various steamships and their losses.

*Exclusive of about \$1,600,000 in specie.

All the talk about "temporary suspension," "speedy resumption," etc., by the Philadelphia Banks amounts to just nothing, in the face of the fact that they are urging upon the Governor of Pennsylvania to call an extra session of the Legislature of that State, for the purpose of giving them pardon for the past and security from the future. They want the Legislature to repeal the enactments by which the banks forfeit their charters and incur other penalties in case of suspension. They want, not only to escape the legal penalties of the existing suspension, but also free license to stay "suspended" as long as they please. Not much like "speedy resumption."—Wid. Herald.

Trial of Mrs Gardner, Charged with Poisoning her Husband—Her address to the Jury.

The court room was crowded almost to suffocation before the court came in. Before the Judge's charge, Mrs Gardner, with great emotion, and with tears and sobs, spoke as follows: "I have much to say, but I do not know how to say it. I am here, feeble and low, but I have done nothing which should put me in this place; I feel that I have been greatly injured and slandered by those who have a prejudice against me; I know that I am innocent and have no business to be here; but I am in a place where I cannot help myself and I feel that I have no one to say a word in my defence. (Tears and sobs.) I feel like one all alone in the world with nobody to help me at all; I am so faint and weak that I am hardly able to be here this morning; I thought last night that I should be able to speak and to say considerable, but I am not."

"It is not because I am guilty that I can't say what I want to; I don't feel that I have done anything which would put me here; I can declare before my Maker, and before you all, that I am innocent of the charge which is made against me; I tell you here I am innocent, as I have done everywhere; some one has done the deed, and lays it to me, and I alone have to bear it; I feel like one dying by inches, and have felt so all the time (Renewed sobs.)"

"As true as you are a judge in this court, (looking him in the face,) remember, too, that you have a Judge in Heaven, who will judge you for what you do, on the last day. Don't mercifully wait, and spare me for the sake of my children; they are as near and dear to me as my own life; they have been disgraced by what others have brought upon me; I do not feel that I have done anything wrong myself; I know I have not done anything, therefore, I feel that I have been injured by the ill-feeling and prejudice of people against me, for which I am not to blame, sir, (great emotion.)"

"I would that God would reveal from Heaven by His pure spirit, to your minds and hearts that I am innocent, and that you might know the contrary one."

The accused here took her seat, apparently prostrated by her feelings, but soon rose again. She continued; "I would ask that you judge me rightly, be careful that you do not condemn me, not knowing what you do."

LOAFERS IN A PRINTING OFFICE.—The composing room of a printing office is not the place to tell long stories, or argue abstruse points in metaphysics. Read, ye loungers, and be advised!

A printing office is like a school; it can have no interlopers, hangers on, or twaddlers, without a serious inconvenience, to say nothing of loss of time, which is just as good as gold to the printer, as though it metallicly glistened in his hand. What would be thought of a man who would enter a school, and twaddle first with the teacher, and then with the scholars—interrupting the discipline of one, and the studies of the other? And yet this is the precise effect of the loafer in the printing office.—He seriously interferes with the course of business, distracts the great attention which is necessary to the good printer.—No gentleman will ever enter it and presumed to act loafer. He will feel above it, for no real man ever sacrificed the interests of interference with the duties of others. The loafer does both. Let him think if he ever has, that the last place he should ever inhabit is his worthless and unwelcome presence, in the printing office.

From the Philadelphia Press.

From numerous poetical tributes to the memory of Captain Herndon, which crowd our table, we select the following, contributed by a Philadelphian. Its earnest truthfulness and simple pathos combine to make it most touching:

HERNDON.

Ay, shout and rave, thou cruel sea, In triumph o'er that fated deck, Grown holy by another grave— Thou hast the captain of the wreck.

No prayer was said, no lesson read, O'er him, the soldier of the sea, And yet for him, through all the land, A thousand thoughts to-night shall be.

And many an eye shall dim with tears, And many a cheek be flushed with pride, And men shall say—here died a Man; And youth shall learn how well he died.

Ay, weep for him, whose noble soul Is with the God who made it great, But weep not for so proud a death— We could not spare so grand a fate.

Nor could Humanity resign That hour, which bids her heart beat high, And blazon Duty's stainless shield, And sets a star in Honor's sky.

Oh dreary night! Oh grave of hope! Oh sea, and dark unpying sky! Full many a wreck these waves shall claim Ere such another heart shall die.

Alas, how can we help but mourn When hero bosoms yield their breath, A century itself may bear But once the flower of such a death.

So full of manliness—so sweet With utmost duty nobly done So thronged with deeds, so filled with life, As though with death that life begun.

It has begun, true gentlemen! No better life we ask for thee, Thy Viking soul and woman heart, For ever shall a beacon be—

A starry thought to veering souls, To teach it is not best to live: To show that life has naught to match Such knightlyhood as the grave can give.

THE "BIBLE TWANG."—Once upon a time an elderly Scotch woman gave her grandson the newspaper to read, telling him to read aloud. The only reading aloud the boy had been much in the way of hearing was at the parish kirk, and he began to read in the exact tone in which he had so often heard the minister read. The good old lady was shocked at the boy's profanity, and giving him a box on the ear, exclaimed, "What! dost thou read the newspaper with the Bible twang?"

Many a minister has a twang or a tone for the pulpit that he never uses in conversation. If a lawyer at the bar should address the jury in the preaching tone he would make them weep. Preaching would be far more efficient in the ordinary tone, such as used between man and man; but many preachers pitch on a key so variant from their natural voice that they would not be recognized unless they could be seen.—New York Observer.

The Launch of the Great Eastern.

The London News says: As we have said, it is expected to take place in October, and will begin at 2 in the morning when the great Eastern will be moved down as the tide ebbs till she reaches low-water mark exactly at low water. As the tide flows again she will, of course be floated off, moored in the centre of the river, and continue her fittings, so as to be ready for sea about February next. As a matter of fact, the shores were left to itself, the instant the shores were knocked away it would rush down the ways and very probably strand itself on the opposite side of the river. To prevent this catastrophe massive chains are fastened to the cradles, which are passed through double sheaves secured to clumps of piles driven 35 feet into the solid earth. The ends of these chains, after passing twice through the sheaves, will be attached to winlasses, so that men working on them may slacken the speed of the ship, or even stop it altogether, if required.

"While passing over the first 200 feet of the 'ways' great care must be used; but that distance once safely accomplished, the Great Eastern may be safely left to find her own way into that element on which for years to come she will be regarded as a marvel and a wonder. The great extent which the launching 'ways' cover diminishes the weight per square foot which they will be required to bear to little more than three-quarters of a ton. The ordinary weight over launching 'ways' is 23 tons the square foot, though launches are frequently in London at three tons. A tall-tale indicator will be fixed to the two cradles, so that any difference that may occur in the rate of descent of each will be immediately rectified by the check tackle.

An Andrian view of England's Military Spirit.

The following is an extract from an article in the Oesterreichische Zeitung:

"The cry of vengeance which was raised in England as soon as the cruelties committed by the Indian mutineers became known was but natural. Women and children carried for vengeance, but men can do more. It is a remarkable fact that not one band of volunteers has yet offered to proceed to the seat of war. The universities, the public schools, the factories, the cottages of the peasants, have not sent forth one man with his gun or sword in his hand. In any other country thousands would have been carried away by their feelings, and offered their services at such a highly-critical moment. When the United States were at war with Mexico ten times as many volunteers presented themselves as could be accepted. Not only young men belonging to the first and richest families, but even gray-headed fathers of families hurried to the scene of action and served in the ranks. The taste for deeds of arms is almost extinct in the European branch of the Anglo Saxon race. It is only for lucrative applicants. The lower classes, when enlisted and paid, do what they are bid; but when the times are prosperous and wages high, recruits are not to be found. In fact, the English army has almost become a myth."

It will no doubt be gratifying to the friends of Mr Jno. V. Dobbin, of Fayetteville late Purser in the Navy, to know that he rendered the officers of the ill-fated steam-ship Central America important services, and did all that man could do, ere the waters of the ocean swept over the decks of that luckless ship and engulfed him, with hundreds of others, in its waves forever.

The testimony of the chief engineer of the ship is to this purport.

Mr Dobbin was engaged as purser on board the United States steamer of war Portsmouth. He is known to have left the deck of the steamer a few minutes before she went down, and it is supposed, was in his state-room at the time of the fatal catastrophe.—Wid. Herald.

VIENXTEMPS COMING.—The announcement that the greatest living master of the violin, Viextemps, is about to give a concert here next Tuesday, will be hailed with delight by those who appreciate the highest order of musical genius for Viextemps belongs to that class. What wonderful compositions are his! What soul as well as science marks his works! Well may people wish to hear him recite them since no one but himself can do full justice to them. He has no rival as a performer, and we find that he is every where appreciated as possessing a most remarkable musical individuality.

Thalberg, the king of pianists, and Madame D'Angri, the famous contralto singer, Rocco, with others, will be associated with the renowned Viextemps in the concert, which will be a brilliant affair.—Wash. Union.

Attempt to Escape.

The Br. brig Sigogne, which cleared from this port for St. Domingo, came to anchor at Smithville, and, one of the crew hearing a noise as if of some person being in the hold of the vessel, informed the Captain of the fact, who went aboard and reported his suspicions to some persons there, that some one was concealed on board. A party immediately went to the brig and made search, when they found a negro, belonging to Mrs Platt, of Smithville, named Jno Long, (the stevedore who stored the vessel,) and his wife, a negro woman named Rose, belonging to Mr J. L. Hewitt, of Brunswick county. John had fixed a nice place for himself and wife, and had laid in a good supply of provisions for the passage.—Wid. Herald.

WHAT A NEWSPAPER OUGHT TO BE.—The Boston Ledger, in noticing a wordy warfare amongst its cotemporaries in regard to what is termed a "leading" newspaper, says very truly: "A newspaper is not necessarily a bomb shell to blow everybody to pieces that happens to be near it when it goes through its morning and evening explosions. It ought to place before itself the highest and most dignified purposes, and to put forth all its exertion and energy in sundering and pulling them out. Wrangling and snarling and personal quarrels between the readers do not desire. They refuse to become parties to these practices. They want open and fair comments on all transactions and events that can possibly interest them; they are for the earliest news from all quarters of the globe; they are fond of good temper and geniality and common sense in the general make up of their favorite newspaper; and they very soon go to the right quarter to get these things.

RAISING THE CENTRAL AMERICA.—It is reported that negotiations are going on between the Boston Steam-Marine Armor Company and the underwriters of the Central America, to raise her hull, which is supposed to be in about 28 fathoms water. The specie in her alone would furnish ample inducements for the experiment, if her position can be accurately fixed and that it can be probable, from the fact given that Captain Herndon was reported to have given her position to the vessel which refused to come to his relief.



THE NORTH CAROLINIAN. FAYETTEVILLE, N. C. Saturday, October 3, 1857.

W. F. WIGHTMAN, EDITOR.

C. C. McCORMACK is our duly authorized agent for the collection of all claims due this office.

TO ADVERTISERS.

Persons desirous of the immediate insertion of their advertising favors must hand them in by THURSDAY AFTERNOON, otherwise they will not appear until the succeeding week. Our friends will please bear this in mind—as we intend to make it a rule without exception.

Frightened him Enough.

The last Spectator comes to us freighted with nearly a half dozen columns of personal matter relating to ourself.

We will not again sacrifice our self respect and forfeit that of all true gentlemen, by giving the slightest consideration to anything emanating from so profoundly contemptible a source.

Our presence at Saluda Gap in spite of all his efforts to have us arrested has already frightened him on the few wits originally possessed by him—and we are willing to let the poor devil go with the "scare" we have already given him. Rave on, my spry little friend! your size and age protects you!

ABOLITIONISM IN NORTH CAROLINA.

We have observed under the above and similar headings a number of articles respecting a proposition lately submitted through the columns of the Ashboro Bulletin and endorsed by the editor. What with our Rayners, Stanlys, Hedricks, Hipfers, and last and not least, the Ashboro Bulletin, the old North State must present a queer picture to the conservative men of the Northern States. We at home do not consider them dangerous because we know that they are powerless, men without moral or political influence. They stand alone, a petty band of partisan fanatics whose whole confession of political faith is comprehended in the one sentiment, opposition to democracy. They exercise no influence; their opinions do not command respect, and the public expression of their sentiments, no matter how adverse to patriotism and good sense they may be, is allowed and unchecked by any overt constraint merely because of their profound insignificance.

But it is abroad that the pernicious influence of these men is felt. Weight and consideration is given them by those who do not know them.

Importance is attached to their positions and professions of principles by those who manufacture fanatic capital out of the treachery, folly and madness of southern notoriety hunters; they are held up as exponents of the public sentiment in that section of country which is dishonored by their residence therein, and are declared to be the representatives of the manly, independent, conscientious, intelligent portions of their respective communities. It is thus that northern men who are inclined to do us justice and whose conservative patriotism would otherwise overcome their morbid hostility to our institutions, are misled and in thousands of instances induced to join the ranks of the South's opponents. If we rebuke them for their fanaticism, they point us to these, our own fellow citizens, and tell us to convert our home infidels before we preach to the heathen abroad. A fools folly and a knave's knavery are never hurtful where they are known, appreciated and guarded against—but they are frequently the agents of wrong at a distance, which wrong is ultimately reflected upon the interests and welfare of those whom they can not directly injure at home. Some of these men are knaves, some fools and others both.

If our cotemporary of the Southern Light, from whose paper we make the annexed extract, knew as well as we do in which category to rank the Ashboro Bulletin, he would not have complimented that sheet by noticing it even in such terms as the following.

The Monetary Crisis.—Dye's Wall Street Broker, speaking of the bank panic says:

"Dark financial clouds have frequently hung over Wall Street. But the oldest broker has no recollection of ever seeing the horizon so completely black as it seems this morning. Not a single bright spot yet appears, and the Financial Storm continues to increase. Many had been gazing at the dark cloud which hung over the little state of Rhode Island, for it is well known that the banks of that state hold a very large share of our railroad bonds, and it would not create any very great surprise to hear of a general suspension of all the Rhode Island Banks. But while the multitude were gazing to the Eastward, behold a darker gathering is seen hanging over the State of Pennsylvania—some of the oldest banks having already failed, and a great run is being made on nearly all the rest in the City of Philadelphia.

All this is going on, and yet there appears no abatement in the fury of the storm. Darkness, thick financial darkness, surrounds us, leaving not one single spot yet visible. The only hope left is in the old saying—The more violent the storm, the sooner the calm. Confidence has received a severe shock, and in fact, no bank can exist or benefit the community without public confidence. This prop is now cracking, which indicates the crumbling of the whole superstructure. These are no idle words but what we firmly believe may be looked for, and that before long.

It has now gone beyond the power of the Press to allay the excitement, and it is only child's play to attempt to deceive the masses, because, in so doing those attempting it only deceive themselves.

The whole financial world is sick, and we may look for frequent spasms before it revives. It has within itself all the power to heal, and, with wise counsel, will soon choose the best remedy; and the diseased power will soon gain in its feet, purged, cleansed, purified and more powerful than before.

SOMETHING OF A FALL.—It is estimated that the decline in the market values of Railroad Stocks in the last three months amount to an aggregate of \$60,000,000.

HEAVY RATES OF INTEREST.—We have it from unquestionable authority, says the Fredericksburgh Herald, that three per cent. and three and a half per cent. per month, have been demanded and been paid in our streets within the last week! What pursuit, business, or engagement, will justify such rates as these?

President Buchanan declines visiting the St. Louis Agricultural Fair, on account of public duties.

It is said that the new steam frigate Roanoke, broke her back on being launched at Norfolk.

The expenses of the Cincinnati Fire Department for the past six months, were 62,000.

MORE PAPER MAKERS FAILING.—Messrs A. C. & G. Curtis, paper manufacturers at Newton, Lower Falls, Mass., have suspended operations.

In Vermont one person to every fifty-three is unable to read or write.

That is the black-republican banner State.