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AGRICULTURAL.

THE AMERICAN FARMER.

BY NICHOLAS BIDDLE.

From an address before the Philadelphia Society for promoting Agriculture.

If I have failed to prove that the pursuits of agriculture may be as lucrative as other employments, it will be an easier task to vindicate their pleasure and their importance. I need not dwell on that refinement, one of the purest enjoyments of this life, and the best preparation for the future,—on those healthy occupations, on the calmness of mind, on that high spirit of manliness and independence, which naturally belong to that condition. These are attractions which must have deep roots in the human breast, since they have in all times fascinated at once the imagination, and won the judgment of men. But I may be allowed to say that in this nation, agriculture is probably destined to attain its highest honors, and that the country life in America ought to possess peculiar attractions. The pure and splendid institutions of this people have embodied the highest dreams of those high spirits who, in other times and in other lands, have lamented or struggled against oppression,—they have realized the fine conception which speculative men have imagined, which wise men have planned, or brave men vainly perished in attempting to establish.—Influence in reclaiming the lost dignity of man, and inspiring the loftiest feelings of personal independence, may be traced in every condition of our citizens,—but as all objects are most distinct by isolation their effects are peculiarly obvious in the country.

The American Farmer is the exclusive, absolute, uncontrolled proprietor of the soil. His tenure is not from government. The government derives its power from him. There is above him nothing but God and the laws,—no hereditary authority usurping the distinctions of personal genius,—no established church spreading its dark shadows between him and heaven. His frugal government neither desires nor dares to oppress the soil, and the altars are only supported by the voluntarily offerings of sincere piety. His pursuits, which no perversion can render injurious to any, are directed to the common benefit of all. In multiplying the bounties of providence in the improvement and embellishment of the soil, in the care of the inferior animals committed to his charge, he will find an ever varying interesting employment, dignified by the union of simple and generous hospitality. His character assumes a lofty interest by its influence over the public liberty.

It may not be fortold to what dangers this country is destined, when its swelling population, its expanded territory, its daily complicating interests, shall awake the latent passions of men, and reveal the vulnerable points of our institutions. But whenever these perils shall come, its most steadfast security, its most firm reliance will be on that column of land proprietors—the men of the soil and of the country.

These men, powerful like their own forests, may yet interpose between the factions of the country, to heal, to defend, and to save.

ATTENDING HOGS.

On the first day of December, four shoats of a size, and as much alike in every respect as could be selected from a herd of ninety-odd hogs, were made choice of,—each carefully weighed and placed in a separate sty, where their food could be exactly regulated. They weighed between 81 pounds and 100. The two, whose weights together made 185 pounds, were fed on one gallon of shelled Indian corn, weighing seven pounds to each, for every twenty-four hours, and as much water as they wanted. This quantity of food was a plenty for them,—generally they about consumed it. Some five or six different days between the first of December, and fourth of January, the time the experiment was going on, they did not eat their whole allowances.

For the two shoats, whose weights together made 173 pounds, seven pounds of good Indian corn meal, by measure ten pints were made into good mush, or hasty-pudding, and divided between them for every twenty-four hours. That is, these two had allowed them exactly half the weight of meal which the others had of raw corn. The seven pounds of meal were daily mixed with scalding water, and then well boiled; the whole process of cooking was done on an average of one

and a half hours. They were all fed twice a day, and at the same time. The evening feed of the shoats, fed on mush was generally warm—the morning feed, having stood all night, was always cold. The seven pounds, or ten pints of meal, when cooked, weighed an average of 30 pounds, and measured an average of three gallons. There was a difference of nine pounds in the weight of the latter pair—the smallest had the least appetite, and his allowance of 15 pounds of mush, was just as much as he appeared to want, or would eat up clear,—the other was greedy, and always sharp set, despatched his mess quickly, and wanted more.

Before the experiment had progressed a fortnight, there was a very perceptible difference in the appearance of these pigs. Those fed on the mush assumed a more thrifty, healthy, fresh appearance, particularly of their hair, and this difference became more striking as the experiment advanced.

On the 4th of January, while preparations were making for killing and dressing, they were again weighed on the hoof. One of those, then, whose daily allowance had been seven pounds of corn each, had increased 20 pounds in the 24 days; the other which had had an equal allowance of corn, had increased only five pounds. I could not account for the difference by any thing I could discover, either before or after killing,—the appetites of these two were much more alike than of the others,—and their health was apparently equally good.

Of the pair fed on mush, whose daily allowance had been three and a half pounds of meal each, the greedy one had gained 23 pounds and the other 21 pounds.

These are all the material facts in these experiments, except that a very small portion of salt was put into each mess of mush—and there is no miracle in them. The hogs allowed 3½ pounds of each, gained less than three-fourths of a pound daily, and this surely they might have gained from the meal,—but they gained more than those fed on double that quantity of corn. The saving of one half of corn consumed in raising and fattening hogs in Maryland, would be well worth the offer of a premium to have these experiments accurately repeated and tested by different persons.—Md. Ag. Report.

Preservation of Grapes. In a cask or barrel, having its crevices well closed, to prevent access of the external air, place a layer of bran which has been well dried in an oven; upon this, place a layer of bunches of grapes, and gathered in the afternoon of a dry day, before they are perfectly ripe; proceed then with alternate layers of bran and grapes till the barrel is full, taking care that the grapes do not touch each other, and to let the last layer be of bran; then close the barrel so that the air will not be able to penetrate.

Grapes thus packed will keep for a twelve months. To restore their freshness cut the ends off each bunch and put that of white grapes in white wine, and that of black grapes into red wine, as flowers are put into water to keep them fresh.

Observations. It is customary in France to pack grapes for the London markets in saw dust. If the precaution of drying the saw dust by a gentle heat, before use, be had recourse to, this expedient may answer very well; but if this is not done, and the wood has been cut fresh from the tree, and other odors of the wood, cannot fail to injure the fruit. Oak saw dust will answer the best.

Cow Labor.—The New England Farmer proposes to substitute cow labor for horse labor on farms, and says the man who shall succeed in this will deserve the title of benefactor to the poor. In the Duchy of Nassau the cow teams are driven by the women.

Nutritious Matter in Food.—From an analysis by experienced chemists, it is found that the proportion of nutritious matters in some of the more common human aliments, is as follows:

100 lbs. Wheat contains 85 lbs. nut. mat.
Rice 80
Barley 83
Beans 89 to 90
Peas 93
Lentils 90
Meat (average) 35
Potatoes 25
Beets 14
Carrots 10
Cabbage 7
Greens 6
Turnips 4

MISCELLANY.

FRANCE.

We copy the following very interesting account of his majesty of France, and the present state of matters in that kingdom, so far as 'his majesty' is concerned, from the Paris correspondence of the Albany Daily Advertiser.

Things have now arrived to such a pitch that Louis Philippe is not one instant sure of his existence. Independently of his 'discontented subjects' there are in France six or seven thousand foreign political refugees—all men of courage and resolution,—who are every day teased and tormented by his police, and who may, like Alibeu, wish to drain the source of their sufferings by striking their author. The dagger is a familiar weapon to the Spaniard and Italian, and the noble Pole may also be tempted to wield it when reduced to despair and madness. Alibeu, it appears certain, had no accomplices in Paris, but I would not be astonished if he was one of the party who had sworn the king's death. It is evident he came directly from Barcelona for the purpose, and there found himself in a company of desperadoes of all nations, who, disappointed in their expectations, may have conceived the most diabolical projects. Alibeu told the attorney general to bear in mind that his name began by the first in the alphabet, which was as much as to say, others will follow when he is no more.

The royal family have of late lived in a state of constant terror. The king is afraid to go abroad and remains secluded in his chateau of Neuilly. When public affairs render his presence in Paris absolutely necessary his ride to and fro is protected by perhaps two hundred persons, between military, town sergeants and police men, in colored clothes. When he wishes to visit Fontainebleau to superintend the works of the palace, he sets out in the dead of night and returns at the same hour, and no one is aware of his journey until it is over.—A few days after the attempt, the Queen and Count D'Appony, the Austrian Ambassador, were talking together in the embrasure of the window of the chateau of Neuilly: The latter was complimenting her majesty on the beauty of the sight and taste with which the grounds were laid out, their delightful rose groves &c. 'Ah' replied the Queen with a deep sigh, nature and art has certainly done a great deal to make this a beautiful spot; still there is no happiness to be met with where an assassin may lie concealed behind those rose trees.

The existence of the king is truly one of wretchedness, and I cannot better depict it than by borrowing the following paragraph from a Journal, Le Temps, one of the organs of the present administration.

'If there existed in France,' says that paper, 'a private family, whose title and rights were every day contested, whose chief could not appear in public without running the risk of his life; a family who beheld assassination multiplying itself around it under the most hideous and frightful forms, children, a wife, a sister always trembling, lest a father, a husband, or a brother should return to them maimed by some infernal machine, condemned from affection to accompany him unceasingly and every where to share in his perils, and expose themselves as it were to the same dagger, and compelled to conceal under an apparently serene brow, the anguish of their disconsolate hearts, there certainly would not be too much sympathy for so distressing a misfortune. Well, that unfortunate family is seated on the throne of France. Fifty years of revolution have destroyed the prestige of royalty. Party spirit makes the human heart callous to royal calamities. It was said of a statesman that his heart must have been in his head; political enmity partakes so much of statesmanship, that it evidently cannot have its heart in the usual place.'

Who, after reading this, can help exclaiming,—

"Then happy lowly clown,
Uncasy lies the head that wears a crown."

Debts of honor.—Here is an old anecdote worth the room it occupies: Charles James Fox, in his frolicsome days, was called upon for payment by a tradesman, who held his bill for two hundred pounds. Charles said he could not then pay him. 'How so?' said the creditor, 'you have lying before you bank notes to a large amount.' 'These,' replied Mr. Fox, 'are to pay debts of honor.' The tradesman immediately threw the bill into the fire. 'Now, sir,' said he, 'mine is a debt of honor which I cannot oblige you to pay.' Charles immediately paid the man.

NATURAL HISTORY OF MISSOURI.

EARTHQUAKE.

We make the following extract from an interesting letter, recently written by Dr. Linn, one of the United States Senators from Missouri, to the Hon. John Davis, Chairman of a Committee of the Senate, on the subject of removing obstructions in the St. Francis, White and Big Black rivers, which, taking their rise in Missouri, run nearly parallel with the Mississippi, for some hundreds of miles, and finally unite far down in Arkansas with the Father of Waters.

The memorable Earthquake of December, 1814, after shaking the valley of the Mississippi to its centre, vibrated along the courses of the rivers and valleys, and, passing the primitive mountain barriers, died away along the shores of the Atlantic ocean. In the region now under consideration, during the continuance of so appalling a phenomenon, which commenced by distant, rumbling sounds, succeeded by discharges as if a thousand pieces of artillery were suddenly exploded, the earth rocked to and fro, vast chasms opened, from whence issued columns of water, sand and coal, accompanied by hissing sounds, caused perhaps by the escape of pent up steam, while ever and anon dashes of electricity gleamed through the troubled clouds of night, rendering darkness doubly horrible. The current of the Mississippi, pending this elementary strife, was driven back upon its source with the greatest velocity for several hours, in consequence of an elevation of its bed. But this noble river was not thus to be stayed in its course. Its accumulated waters came booming on, and overtopping the barrier thus suddenly raised, carried every thing before them with resistless power.

Boats that floated on its surface, shot down its declivity like an arrow from a bow, amid roaring billows and the wildest commotion. A few days' action of this powerful current sufficed to wear away every vestige of the barrier thus strangely intensified, and its waters dyed in on their wonted channels to the ocean. The day that succeeded this night of terror, brought no solace in its dawn. Shock followed shock—a dense black cloud or vapor overshadowed the land, through which no sunbeam ever found its way to cheer again the desponding heart of man, who, in silent communion with himself, was compelled to acknowledge his weakness and dependence on the everlasting God. The appearances which presented themselves after the subsidence of the principal commotion, were such as strongly supported an opinion heretofore advanced. Hills had disappeared and lakes were found in their stead; and numerous lakes became elevated grounds over the surface of which vast heaps of sand were scattered in every direction, whilst, in many places, the earth for miles was sunk below the general level of the surrounding country, without being covered with water, leaving an impression in miniature of a catastrophe much more important in its effect, which had perhaps preceded it ages before.

One of the lakes formed on this occasion, is sixty or seventy miles in length, and from three to twenty miles in breadth. It is in some places very shallow; in others, from fifty to a hundred feet deep—which is much more than the depth of the Mississippi river in that quarter. In sailing over its surface in the light canoe, the voyager is struck with astonishment at beholding the giant trees of the forest standing partially exposed amid a waste of waters, branchless and leafless. But the wonder is still further increased on casting the eye through the dark-blue profound, to observe canebreaks covering its bottom, over which a mammoth species of testudo is occasionally seen dragging his slow length along, while countless myriads of fish are sporting through the aquatic thickets. But if God in his wrath has passed through this devoted land, if he touched the mountains and they disappeared in the abyss, his benignant influence is still felt in the soft climate, the unexampled fertility of soil, the deep verdure of its forests, and the choicest offerings of Flora.

A TALE OF HORROR.

The following narrative of the massacre of Col. Dade and his companions, were taken down by an officer at Tampa Bay from the lips of Rawson Clarke, one of the three soldiers who survived that horrid butchery. It first appeared in the Portland Courier. Although it does not differ materially from the published ac-

counts, its particularly invests it with a thrilling interest. After describing the early stages of the march, he thus proceeds:

It was eight o'clock. Suddenly I heard a rifle shot in the direction of the advanced guard, and this was immediately followed by a musket from that quarter: Captain Fraser had rode by me a moment before in that direction. I never saw him afterwards. I had not time to think of the meaning of these shots before a volley as if it were from a thousand rifles was poured in upon us from the front and all along our left flank. I looked around me and it seemed as if I was the only one left standing on the right wing. Neither could I, until several other volleys had been fired at us, see an enemy—and when I did, I could only see their heads and arms peeping out from the long grass, far and near, and from behind the pine trees. The ground seemed to me an open pine barren, no hammock near, that I could see. On our right, and a little to our rear, was a large pond of water some distance off. All round us were heavy pine trees, very open particularly towards the left, and abounding with long high grass.

The first fire of the Indians was the most destructive, seemingly killing or disabling one half of our men.

We promptly threw ourselves behind trees, and opened a sharp fire of musketry, for one never fired without seeing my man, that is his head and shoulders. The Indians chiefly fired lying or squatting in the grass. Lieut. Bassinger fired five or six rounds of canister from the cannon. This appeared to frighten the Indians, and they retreated over a little hill to our left, one half or three quarters of a mile off, after having fired not more than 12 or 14 rounds. We immediately then began to fell trees & erect a little triangular breastwork. Some of us went to gather the cartridge boxes from the dead, and to assist the wounded. I had seen Major Dade fall to the ground in the first volley, and his horse dashed into the midst of the enemy. Whilst gathering the cartridges I saw Lieutenant Mudge, sitting with his back reclining against a tree—his head fallen and evidently dying. I spoke to him but he did not answer, the interpreter Louis, it is said fell by the first fire. (We have since learned that this fellow shammed dead,—that his life was afterwards spared through the intercession of the Chief, Jumper, & that being an educated negro, he read all the dispatches and letters that were found about the dead, to the victors.)

We had barely raised our breastwork knee high when we again saw the Indians advancing in great numbers over the hill to our left. They came on boldly till within a long musket shot, when they spread themselves from tree to tree to surround us. We immediately extended a line of Light Infantry, covering ourselves by the trees and opening a brisk fire from cannon and musketry. The former I don't think could have done much mischief, the Indians were so scattered.

Capt. Gardner, Lt. Bassinger, and Dr. Gatlin, were the only officers left unhurt by the volley which killed Col. Dade. Lt. Henderson had his left arm broken, but he continued to load his musket and fire it, resting on the stump, until he was finally shot down towards the close of the second attack, and during the day he kept his spirits and cheered the men. Lt. Keyes had both his arms broken in the first attack; they were bound up and along in a handkerchief, and he sat for the remainder of the day, until he was killed, reclining against the breastwork—his head often reposing against it—regardless of every thing that was passing around him.

Our men were by degrees all cut down. We had maintained a steady fight from 8 until 2 P. M. or thereabouts, and allowing three quarters of an hour interval between the first and second attack; had been pretty busily engaged for more than 5 hours. Lieut. B. was the only officer left alive, and he severely wounded. He told me as the Indians approached to lay down and feign myself dead. I looked through the logs and saw the savages approaching in great numbers. A heavy made Indian of middle stature, painted down to the waist; (corresponding in description to Micanopy) seemed to be the chief. He made them a speech, frequently pointing to the breastwork. At length they charged into the work,—there was none to offer resistance, and they did not seem to suspect the wounded being alive—offering no indignity, but stepping about carefully, quietly stripping off our accou-