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TERMS.

No paper discontinued till directions to that effect are given, and arrearages paid, but at the option of the Editor. Advertisements of no more length than breadth, neatly inserted three times for a dollar, and twenty-five cents for each continuance; longer ones in the same proportion. Advertisements will be continued until forbid, and charged accordingly, unless otherwise marked by the writers. Persons at a distance must accompany their advertisements with the money, or they will not be inserted. Letters addressed to the Editor must be postpaid, or they will not be lifted.

Farmer's Repository.

ROTATION OF CROPS.

That crops deteriorate when continued in the same field successive years, is a fact well known to the observing farmer; and yet it is never sufficiently regarded in practice. The Hollanders do not permit flax to grow in the same field oftener than once in 10 or 12 years, upon the principle that it requires this time to restore to the soil the specific food required for the flax, and which had been exhausted by the preceding crop. Good husbandry requires that not only two crops of the same species, but of similar character, say wheat, rye, oats and barley, should not succeed each other, as these in a measure exhaust the soil of like properties. Judge Peters laid it down as a fundamental rule, that two crops of grain should never be grown in succession in the same field. Our farm crops, as regards rotation, may be divided into three classes, viz. grains, grasses and roots, and these again subdivided; and I would let no two of any one class follow. If manure is applied in an unfermented state to the roots and Indian corn, which are all hoed crops, weeds will be destroyed, the manure incorporated with the soil, and its advantages to the hoed crops be a clear saving.

But the object of penning this article is to impress upon gardeners the necessity of alternating, to ensure good crops. It often happens that particular portions of the garden are assigned to the same vegetable for successive years; and as this portion of ground generally receives an annual dressing of manure, the importance of alternating is not so apparent. Without due reflection, I adopted this too common practice, and had my onion quarter, beet quarter, melon quarter, &c. which have been planted with those vegetables almost exclusively for eight or ten years. Notwithstanding I watered highly, I was astonished that my crops every year grew worse; till from this very inferior quality, I was led to reflect upon the cause, and the consequence was, that I became convinced, that the principle of alternation, which I knew was beneficial in farm operations, should be applied also to the garden. I planted my onions, beets, carrots, &c. on new ground, although the former, I had understood, should always be continued on the same plot. The result of the change is, that these vegetables have nearly quadrupled in product.

Grisebwaite maintains that the same crop may be taken successively from one field; provided we know the specific food which such crop requires, and supply it in sufficient quantity annually. He says the specific food of wheat is sulphate of lime and animal matters that afford nitrogen; that of barley, common nitre (saltpetre,) that of sanfoin, clover, &c. gypsum, &c. But until we become so learned in chemistry as to know the specific food which each requires, it will be discreet to pursue the course which nature suggests, that of alternation.

From the American Farmer. MANUAL LABOR, OR FARM SCHOOL.

The Baptist Convention of North Carolina, have purchased the plantation of General Calvin Jones in Wake Forest, sixteen miles from Raleigh, N. C. for the purpose of founding there a Fellenberg school, which is expected to go into operation on the first of February next.

The above institution is in want of a scientific and practical farmer, to take charge of their farm, and to direct the labours of the pupils of the institution. It is desirable that he should have a small family and act as the steward of the establishment; and also that he should be a man of affable and conciliating manners; and, by uniting scientific with practical agriculture, be able to render that branch of labour instructive, useful and interesting to the student. The Principal of the Institution will be a Baptist minister, and it is desirable that the farmer shall be pious, and of the same denomination. The board of trustees will furnish the family of the farmer with every thing except clothing; and they wish to procure an individual as low as he can afford to take charge of the department for the first year; after that time, if their resources and prospects are sufficiently encouraging, his salary will be raised. An election will take place on the 15th of December next, and any further information may be obtained by addressing a letter to James G. Hall, Esq. Raleigh, N. C.

We have thought that we should render a service to the cause of agricultural improvement, by endeavoring to forward the views of this institution in this way. The object of the Wake Forest Institution appears to be to educate young ministers and all others who may wish to avail themselves of its advantages. It is founded on the manual labor system. No pupils are to be received under twelve years of age, and all are required to labour three hours each day under the direction of a practical and scientific farmer. The number of the pupils is limited for the first year to fifty.

The farm is pleasant and healthy, containing six hundred and seventy acres; about four hundred of which is under cultivation. It is intended that no slaves shall be about the premises, so that every thing may be managed with economy and good order, by the farmer and pupils themselves. One of the grand objects of the Institution is to overcome southern habits and prejudices against manual labor, and to promote habits of industry and economy.

Feeding Calves &c.—Mr. Young says, "I have for some time entertained an idea that skimmed milk might be prepared with proper ingredients, effectually to answer the purpose of feeding calves when the practice is to give new milk from the cow, and at about a third of the expense. The articles are treacle, [molasses] and the common linseed oil cake, ground very fine, almost to an impalpable powder, and the quantities so small, that, to make thirty-two gallons, would cost no more, exclusive of the milk, than about sixpence. It mixes very readily and almost intimately with the milk, making it more rich and mucilaginous, without giving it any disagreeable taste. Take one gallon of skimmed milk, and in about a pint of it add half an ounce of common treacle, stirring it till well mixed; then take one ounce of linseed oil cake, finely pulverised, and with the hand let it fall gradually in very small quantities into the milk, stirring it in the mean time with a spoon or ladle, until it be thoroughly incorporated; then let the mixture be put into the other part of the milk, and the whole made nearly as warm as new milk from the cow. After a time the quantity of oil cake may be increased."

Dress.—There is not an hour in the day in which man so much likes to see his wife dressed with neatness as when she leaves her bedroom, and sits down to breakfast. Any other moment, vanity stimulates her efforts at the toilette, for she expects to be seen; but at this retired and early hour, it is for the very sake of cleanliness, or the very sake of pleasing her husband, that she thus appears neat and nice. Some one says, "a woman should never appear tidily or badly dressed in the presence of her husband." While he was a lover, what a sad piece of business if he caught her dressed to disadvantage! "Oh dear, there he is, and my hair all in papers; and this frightful, unbecoming cap! I had no idea he would have been here so early—let me off to my toilette!" But now that he is your husband, "dear me, what consequence? My object is gained, my efforts to win him, and all my little manoeuvres to captivate, have been successful, and it is very hard if a woman is to pass her life

in endeavoring to please her husband!" I remember greatly admiring a lady who lived among the mountains, and scarcely saw any one but her husband. She was rather a plain woman; and yet when she sat to breakfast each morning, and all the day long, her extreme neatness, and the attention to the neatness of her appearance, made her quite an agreeable object, and her husband loved her, and would look at her with more pleasure than at a pretty woman, dressed soiled and untidy: for believe me, those things (though your husband appears not to notice them, nor perhaps is he conscious of the cause,) strongly possess the power of pleasing or displeasing.

The Far West.—But a few years since, a journey from the eastern, or middle states, to the region of country we now occupy, was considered an undertaking which none but the most hardy, brave and daring enterprise could accomplish. The most impenetrable wilderness, and intricate morasses intervening between this place and Rochester, presented obstacles to the progress of our Western pioneers, which none but those who have perforated into the deep recesses of the entangling forests, can imagine. But a short time has elapsed, since the majestic monarchs of the wood reared their proud and stately tops where the waving grain and luxuriant corn now bend before the floating breeze. The onward pace of emigration, of industry and enterprise, is fast carrying the arts and comforts of civilization to the remote regions of the rocky mountain's solid base. "How changed is the skill changing west! From a vast uncultivated territory covered with a dense forest—broken only by the luxuriant prairie—the Queen of floods, and her noble tributaries, and the cordon of inland seas that girt the wild domain, uninhabited by human being except "the stork of the woods, the man without a tear," the west, within a few years, has become a mighty populous portion of the Union—the seat of civilization and the arts—the home of rewarded industry and enterprise—the resting place of the emigrant—and the emphatic land of liberty, equality and independence. The red lord of the tangled wood has vanished like the mists of the morning. Beautiful cities, towns, and villages, and farms have sprung up as if by enchantment where curled the silver smoke from his rude wigwag. His light canoe on the rivers, has given place to the majestic steamboat of the white man and the lakes in which he used to dip his noble limbs in solitude, are now whitened by numerous sails from an hundred marts of commerce. Wonderful retrospect, yet still more glorious prospect! Her march, as with a giant's stride, is still onward. Every day our forests fall before the woodman's stroke, and ere the stumps have withered, we hear the pleasing hum of the village school; and who that looks abroad on all this, will not exclaim with pride, in the language of our sweetest poet, "This is my own, my native land."

[Cleveland Advertiser.]

Pemmekin.—Does the reader know what Pemmekin is? Should he not be so far informed, we will tell him, that Pemmekin is a name given to the previously inanimate mass formed for the nourishment of the sailors, who went under Captain Parry's command to the North Pole—a concentration of the nutritious qualities of meat, so powerful, that fifty pounds of beef made about a square inch of it; as much of it scraped as will lie on a shilling, will feed a fellow six feet high and four feet broad, for two and twenty hours; its great merit is of course its portability, and its utility must be evident to the most inveterately prejudiced landsman, when he comes to consider that Jack can carry a quarter of a bullock in his tobacco box, and stow away a half a dozen hams and a fillet of veal in the job of his trowsers.

It is a great mistake not to have mind enough to speak well, nor judgment enough to be silent. Hence the origin of every impertinence.

Moral and Religious.

AUTUMN.—The "sear and yellow leaf" is beginning to make its appearance, and autumn is unfolding in all its melancholy beauty. There is something in the variegated foliage and decaying grandeur of our forests—the brilliant amber of the western sky, fading as it ascends into the soft azure of Heaven—the sun and pensive twilight—and the rapid approach of cold and cheerless winter—that fills the mind with thoughts of melancholy.—The scenery of our country, at this season, has been most happily described by a Mr. McGregor in a late work on Newfoundland. "It is impossible," he says, "to exaggerate their autumnal beauty; nothing under heaven can be compared to its effulgent grandeur. Two or three frosty nights, in the decline of autumn, transforms the verdure of a whole empire into every possible tint of scarlet, rich violet, every shade of blue and brown, vivid crimson and glittering yell. The stems, inexorable fir tribes along maintain their external sombre green. All others, in mountains or in valleys, burst into the most glorious beauty and exhibit the most splendid and enchanting panorama, on earth." But beautiful as the woodland scenery of autumn unquestionably is, there is sombre grandeur, productive of melancholy, and suited to the poet and the moralist. Milton, Thomson, and many other worshippers of the muse, are said to have loved this season, and to have preferred it to every other; feeling, as they thought, a finer flow of soul and more lofty inspiration than than at any other period of the year. This is natural;—the mind is more or less affected by the objects which surround it. The appearance of nature—the gradual approach of decay—the fall of the yellow leaf—the solemn murmurs of the breeze as it sighs through and rustles the decaying foliage of the forest—the resemblance which it bears to the advancing close of human life—and the approach of the entire dissolution of the vegetable kingdom—all conspire to excite a feeling of gloom and melancholy, and to beget reflections of a serious and sombre character. Our countryman, Bryant, has given a fine picture of this season from which we transcribe the following passage:—

"The mountains that enfold, In their wide sweep, the colored landscape round; Seem groups of giant kings in purple gold; That guard the enchanted ground. And far in heaven the while, The sun that sends that gate to wander here, Pours out on the fair earth his quiet smile, The sweetest of his year. Oh! Autumn, why so soon Depart the hues that make the forests glad— Thy gentle wind, and thy fair sunny, doth, And leave thee wild and sad."

As the season advances, the landscape becomes more gorgeous—its livery more splendid; but there is a sadness and melancholy about it, that are calculated to beget in some minds a tone of feeling in harmony with the scene. The summer in all its splendor has passed away—its glowing skies—its gentle breezes—its soft and balmy evenings—its effulgent dawns and vegetable glories are departing from us; and the desolation of winter the cord of vegetable life—the extinction of what now charms the eye, in the gorgeous coloring of nature, are approaching; and we are reminded of what is to be our own fate. But we need not these admonitions to prepare us for the dissolution to which the human family are rapidly hastening. We have more awful and striking mementos in the desolation and ravages which the terrible scourge that has invaded our country, is spreading around us. We see our fellows dropping anong us and mingling with their kindred dust. Death stalks through our land, and mows down, with an indiscriminate stroke, the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the bud and the tree, in his desolating march.— "He speaks in a voice which none can mistake, he comes with a power which none can resist." The air we breathe is contaminated, and man sickens and dies while gazing on the beauties of nature which surround him. Fancy, however, darkens the picture—he thinks that death is in every breeze—that he hears his tone in every gale—and his gloom casts a pall over the features of the most splendid landscape. But why start at death?

Delight in the holy generosity of speaking well of those who differ from you.