

The Milton Spectator.

VOL. 2.

MILTON, NORTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1854.

NO. 28.

The Spectator.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
NATHANIEL J. PALMER,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
WILLIE J. PALMER,
ASSISTANT EDITOR.

TERMS.—For one year, in advance \$2.00
Within three months, \$2.50
At the expiration of the year, \$3.00
These terms will be inflexibly adhered to.
Advertisements inserted at ONE DOLLAR per square for the first insertion and TWENTY-FIVE CENTS for each continuance; thirteen lines or less constitute a square. A liberal deduction made for yearly advertisements. The number of insertions wanted must be marked, or they will be inserted until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

No paper will be stopped until all arrears are paid, unless at the option of the Publishers.

All Communications must be post paid, receive attention.

The Law of Newspapers.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions.
2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, publishers may continue to send them until all arrears are paid.
3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the post office to which they are sent, they are held responsible until they pay up.
4. If subscribers remove to other places without informing the publisher, and the paper is sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.
5. The courts have decided that refusing to take a periodical or paper from the office, or removing and leaving it uncalled for, is *prima facie* evidence of fraud.

Agricultural.

The Thrifty Farmer.

The provident and thrifty farmer adopts three rules for regulating his business, which he observes himself and enforces on those around him, viz: to do everything in the right time, convert everything to its proper use, and put everything in its proper place.

He buys only the improved breed of cattle, horses, sheep and swine, and keeps no more than he can keep well, either in summer or winter.

He always drives on his work, and never lets his work drive him.
His animals are never under fed or over worked.

His out-houses, wood-sheds, poultry-house, pig pen, wagon-house, and corn-crib are nicely white-washed on the outside, and kept clean and neat within.

He has a tool-house, and a place for every tool in it, which may be wanted for any ordinary farm purposes, such as mending implements, making axe or hoe or fork handles, &c., and also for stowing carefully away such as will not be wanted for another season.

He has sheds around his barn-yard, to protect his cattle from the weather, and warm, ventilated stables for his cows and young stock, and also a shed to protect his manure heap.

He has leaves or other refuse vegetable matter to gather with soil from his headlands convenient to his barn-yard, to compost with his manure heap through the winter.

He does not allow the liquid manure to escape into the nearest stream, a quarter or half a mile from his barn yard.

His barn, and sheds, and dwellings are all supplied with good spouting.

His fences are always in good order, and materials for repairing or renewal are collected and made during the winter.

His wood-shed is supplied with wood cut in August always one year ahead.

His wife never scolds, because she never has occasion to.

Her cellar and pantry are always supplied with the useful raw material, which she works up into a palatable form to fill up vacuums at meal times.

Heavy bread, cold buck-wheat cakes and rancid butter, are novelties which her gude man and the children have heard tell of by some of the neighbors, but have never seen.

He considers it a duty to promote the circulation of agricultural papers, and has saved himself some hundreds of dollars by following their advice.

His crops are always equal, and often better than any in the neighborhood, and are kept clear of weeds.

He watches the market and sells his crops at the highest prices.

He makes it a rule to always spend a little less than he makes.
Himself and wife are both industrious, the children are brought up in the same way, and are not allowed to shoot the birds, smoke segars, or chew tobacco.
He buys and sells on the cash principle, and thus saves himself from losses and bad debts.
He has a large fruit orchard, well supplied with every variety of fruit to ripen in succession.
He studies the theory as well as the practice of farming, has cleared off the

last 100 dollars of mortgage, and is seriously talking of making a bid for his neighbor Sloven's farm, which is up at Sheriff's sale.

He goes to church on the Sabbath, minds his religious duties, and brings up his children to do the same, lives respected, and dies regretted, as a useful man and good Christian.

Farmer's Magazine.

The Thrifless Farmer.

The thrifless farmer provides no shelter for his cattle during the inclemency of the winter; but permits them to stand shivering by the side of a fence, or in the snow, as best suits them.

He throws their fodder on the ground, or in the mud, and not frequently in the highway; by which a large portion of it, and all the manure, is wasted.

He grazes his meadows, in fall and spring, by which they are gradually exhausted and finally ruined.

His fences are old and poor, just such as to let his neighbors' cattle break into his field, and teach his own to be unruly and spoil his crops.

He neglects to keep the manure from around the silks of his barn—if he has one—by which they are prematurely rotted, and his barn destroyed.

He tills or skins over the surface of his land, until it is exhausted; but never thinks it worth while to manure or clover it.

For the first, he has no time, and for the last he "is not able."

He has a place for nothing, and nothing in its place. He consequently wants a hoe or a rake, or a hammer, or an auger but knows not where to find them, and thus loses much time.

He loiters away stormy days and evenings, when he should be repairing his utensils, or improving his mind by reading useful books or newspapers.

He spends much time in town, at the corner of the street, or in the rum holes, complaining of hard times, and goes home in the evening, "pretty well tore."

He has no shed for his fire-wood; consequently his wife is out of humor, and his meals out of season.

He plants a few fruit trees, and his cattle forthwith destroyed them. He "has no luck in raising fruit."

One-half of the little he raises is destroyed by his own or his neighbors' cattle.

His plow, harrow, and other implements lie all winter in the field where last used; and just as he is getting in a hurry, the next season, his plow breaks because it was not housed and properly cared for.

Somebody's hogs break in, and destroy his garden, because he had not stopped a hole in the fence, that he had been intending to stop long a week.

He is often in a great hurry, but will stop and talk as long as he can find any one to talk with.

He has, of course, little money; and when he must raise some to pay his taxes, &c., he raises it at a high sacrifice, in some way or by selling his scanty crop when prices are low.

He is a year behind, instead of being a year ahead of his business—and always will be.

When he pays a debt, it is at the end of an execution; consequently his credit is at a low ebb.

He buys entirely on credit, and merchants and all others with whom he deals charge him twice and thrice the profit they charge prompt paymasters, and are unwilling to sell him goods at any cost.

He has to beg and promise, and promise and beg, to get them on terms. The merchants dread to see his wife come into their stores, and the poor woman feels depressed and degraded.

The smoke begins to come out of his chimney late of a winter's morning, while his cattle are suffering for their morning's feed.

Manure lies in heaps in his stable; his horses are rough and uncurried, and his harness trod under their feet.

His bars and gates are broken, his buildings unpainted, and the boards and shingles falling off—he has no time to replace them—the glass is out of the windows, and the holes stopped with rags and old hats.

He is a great borrower of his thrifty neighbor's implements, but never returns the borrowed article, and when it is sent for, it can't be found.

He is, in person, a great sloven, and never attends public worship; or if he does occasionally do so, he comes sneaking in when the service is half over.

He neglects his accounts, and when his neighbor calls to settle with him has something else to attend to.

Take him all in all, he is a poor farmer, a poor husband, a poor father, a poor neighbor, a poor Christian.

Farmer's Magazine.

The old Elm Tree in Boston.

This pride of Bostonians, the great tree on the Common is now being enclosed by a beautiful iron fence. The gate, when completed, will have a very concise history of the tree as far as known, on an iron tablet.

"He's Nothing but a Farmer"

Said a little Miss, a few evenings since, in a ball-room, as she scornfully curled her pretty lip on being introduced to a fine, generous, open hearted, young fellow, whose broad and expansive forehead was the symbol of his broad acres. He's nothing but a farmer." And who was she that looked thus disdainfully on one of God's noblemen? She was the daughter of a broken merchant whose fortune had been ruined by the extravagance of a wife and a foolishly proud daughter. Though her father's heart had been by misfortune—and he had paid the penalty of extravagance by incarceration in the home prepared for criminals—his daughter had not yet learnt the difference between pride and worth—extravagance and wealth. The nobleman (who ate the bread of industry, and looked every man in the face, with an independence which said "I owe you nothing," was in her estimation "only a farmer."

Did those upstart fools, who are characterized as "codfish aristocracy"—having more *smell* than substance—ever read, even their bibles, they would find that God himself has selected his prophets, and kings "from among farmers." Noah was a husbandman, and planted a vineyard—Abraham was rich in cattle, and Lot had flocks and herds—inasmuch that there was not pasture enough for both, and they divided the country. Lot selected the plains of Jordan, and Abraham taking the hilly country of Canaan.

Jacob was a great cattle grower, as he presented Esau, with five hundred head of cattle. Moses was a wool-grower—Gideon was taken from his threshing-floor, Saul was a herdsman even while he was king. David was a shepherd and was taken from that occupation to be king of Israel, and the ancestor—according to flesh of the Messiah—Uzziah was a cattle grower, Elisha was plowing with twelve yoke of oxen (probably breaking up prairies, or turning up subsoil) when Elijah cast his mantle on him, a prophet.

And yet, though God honored the husbandman—selected his kings and prophets from among the farmers, and even carried on agriculture on a small scale himself—(having planted a garden eastward of Jerusalem)—

aristocracy, turn up their noses, that were never wiped with "a paid for pocket-handkerchief" and cry out, "Oh, he is nothing but a farmer!"

Soulouque, the Negro Emperor.

The Emperor has the weakness of his race for dress and probably few, if any of his imperial or royal brothers in any quarter of the globe have a more costly wardrobe. He attaches full enough importance to the kind of consequence which men in office derive from their tailors, and never appears in public except in full toilet. Even at private receptions he commonly wears his sword and cocked hat. His taste for dress is almost the only one upon which he is extravagant. He has one coat, made in Paris, which cost him \$1,200—I quote the well-authenticated gossip of the court circle—and a pair of boots made in New York, decorated with brilliants and gold, which cost \$200. The cane with which he commonly walks cost \$400. He has several swords, the handles of which are richly jewelled. He has seven stars composed of diamonds, which he wears on great occasions, each of which cost over \$4,000. He will wear nothing but the best of its kinds, and has a special aversion to anything plebeian or unimperial. Hence his indignation at the proposition to sell him Queen Adelaide's second-hand coach.

Hence also his reply to an artist who wished to make a bust of him; he consented, but said, "Mind now, you must ask a high price for me, I'll not be sold cheap; take care." A copy of this bust, by the way, was in the Crystal Palace.

Soulouque has about as little education as it is possible for a man to have with his talent in his position. Since he reached his present dignity he is said to have learned to read French, and his panegyricists say that he speaks and reads it elegantly. I presume he made some progress under his instructors, and speaks it with about as much ease and elegance as the president of an American college talks the Latin, in which he confers his degrees and honors. Both would be sorely puzzled if they were called upon to say anything more than they had prepared for. I was told that he had Uncle Tom's Cabin read to him twice, he was so delighted with it; but no one intimates that he read it himself. I was also told that he sent an autograph letter to Mrs. Stowe, thanking her for the pleasure he had derived from her famous book. It he wrote the letter himself, he must have made more proficiency in his studies than he has generally the credit of.

Akes the sting of folly has made men wise, they find it hard to conceive that others can be as foolish as they have been.

Christianity in New York.

Last Sunday, being the first Sunday in September, the churches of this great city were generally "re-opened for the season." They were not all closed during the month of August, but those which remained open are the exceptions and not the rule. Many of them have been painted and refurnished. I use the latter word with a meaning. The Metropolitan taste in the construction of houses for divine worship has become dilettante, and in so far, has departed, let me add, from the simplicity of the gospel of Christ. The fashion here is to build costly temples and to fit them up with splendor that requires much time and care and money to maintain untarnished. So the temples must be shut and the worshippers excluded for several weeks—that the *fine gold* (upon the cornices and the pulpit and the altar) become not dim!—Meanwhile the ministers rove and the people rove too—neither knowing where the others go unless perchance they meet at Saratoga, or Newport, or some other fashionable watering place. "What becomes of the sick poor of the flocks in the absence of these ministers?"—says some unsophisticated reader. Why, bless your innocent heart, such temples as I am speaking of, do not have the poor among their worshippers! The pew holders are all rich or at least appear to be, if we judge from their "purple and fine lites;" and the "sick poor" therefore are a small cause of concern to the absent minister.

I have my doubts whether this system of shutting up the sanctuary a whole month, is reconcilable to the spirit of Christianity. It is not to be denied that ministers need rest in the summer, but there is no need to shut the churches while they take it, and especially to have them all shut at once, leaving sin and Satan to undisturbed ravels in the Metropolitan organs sounded solemnly, the choirs chanted delightfully, the ministers preached eloquently, the congregations gathered thickly, the silks and laces and

all our magnificent temples—but beneath all the outward pomp and show of the service—it is greatly to be feared there was quite too little of the meek and lowly and self denying spirit of what we are fond of calling "our holy and blessed religion." I am thankful, however, that the godless and churchless month of August has departed, and that the Sunday light is again permitted to stream into our sanctuaries albeit it flows through stained glass—and that those whose feet and hearts incline towards God's altars, are not debarred from kneeling there, by great and massive portals of oak and iron as fast closed as the old oracles of Delphos. It is really pleasant to have once more *Sundays that are Sundays*, and to be able to go to our wonted places of worship. I wish Horace Smith's fine poem, entitled "Why are our churches shut?" could be read from every pulpit of the recently closed temples in this and other cities!—*Post.*

A First Rate Temperance Talk.

A captain of a packet sailing from New York to Liverpool, says, he never heard but one Temperance talk that was anything, but that was "fit rate." He once went to a Temperance meeting at Liverpool, to oblige a friend, and a good looking, well dressed man was called upon to address the meeting, and said that he never made a speech in his life and did not believe he ever should; for it was not in him. However, he would tell what temperance had done for him. When he used to drink, somehow he never was well, could never pay his quarter's rent, nor his weekly bills, nor clothe himself nor his family decently; but now that he had left off drinking, his rent was punctually paid to the day—he had weekly accounts for he had always ready money. They all saw how he was dressed—and, taking a nice looking woman by the arm, and four children by the hand he said, "You see how my wife and children are in health and appearance. Well their food and dress is paid for; and if you want to see how my house is furnished, come and see me any evening except church night which is Tuesday and this meeting which is Thursday and you will find me in as well furnished room, as any one needs.—Besides I had a hundred pounds in the Savings' Bank.—That's all I can say to night." And he sat down.

The question has been asked why it is considered impolite for gentlemen to go into the presence of ladies in their shirt sleeves, whilst it is considered in every way correct for the ladies themselves to appear before gentlemen without any sleeves at all.

Wood is the thing after all, as the man with a pine leg said when the mad dog bit it.

Anecdote of Hogarth.

A few months before this ingenious artist was seized with the malady which deprived society of one of its most distinguished ornaments, he proposed to his matchless pencil the work he has emulated a Tail Piece—the first idea of which is said to have been started in company, while the convivial glass was circulating round his own table.

"My next undertaking," said Hogarth, "shall be the End of all things."

"If that is the case," replied one of his friends, "your business will be finished, for there will be an end of the painter."

"There will be so," answered Hogarth, sighing heavily, "and therefore the sooner my work is done the better."

Accordingly, he began the next day, and continued his design with diligence that seemed to indicate an apprehension (as the report goes) he should not live till he completed it. This, however, he did in the most ingenious manner, by grouping everything which could denote the end of all things—a broken bottle—an old broom worn to the stump—the nut and of an old firelock—a cracked bell—bow unstrung—a crown tumbled in pieces—towers in ruins—the sign-post of a tavern, called the World's End, tumbling—the moon in her wane—the map of the globe burning—a gibbet falling, the body gone, and the chains which held it dropping down—Pobus and his horses being dead in the clouds—a vessel wrecked—Time, with hour glass and scythe broken—a tobacco pipe in his mouth, the last whiff of smoke going out—a play-book open, with "execute ones," stamped in the corner—an empty purse—and a statute of bankruptcy taken out against Nature.

"So far so good," cried Hogarth—"nothing remains but this"—taking his pencil in a sort of prophetic fury, and dashing of a painter's pallet broken—"Fini!" exclaimed Hogarth, "the deed is done—all is over."

It is a very remarkable and well known fact, that he never again took the pallet in hand. It is a circumstance less known perhaps, that he died in about a year after he had finished that extraordinary tail-piece.

George Bancroft, the Historian.

Bancroft is one of our greatest men.—Endowed with a most piercing and at the same time poetic mind, he examines the history of a period with the rigid scrutiny of a judge, and then narrates the story with the lofty enthusiasm of a bard. Whether he is describing the noble ardor of Columbus, the half inspired fortitude of the puritans, the careless courage of Cavaliers, or the wonderful western journeyings of La Salle and Vincennes, the story still moves on with absorbing interest, and sometimes with epic grandeur. His natural talents have been cultivated with most assiduous zeal; and to the acquisitions of a New England college he adds the profoundest studies of a German University. His history, with its deep and careful research, judicious and philosophical thought, its life-like character painting and gorgeous diction, is a treasure for American readers, and an honor to American literature.

St. Louis Republican.

Useful Receipt.

GREEN CORN PUDDING.—This is one of the numerous rural luxuries which the farmer has always the power to obtain at small expense. The following is the receipt for making it.—Take of green corn full in the milk twelve ears, and grate it. To this, add one quart of sweet milk, one fourth of a pound of fresh butter, four eggs, well beaten, pepper and salt as much as may be deemed necessary; stir the ingredients well together, and bake in a buttered dish. Some add to the other ingredients a quarter of a pound of fine sugar, and eat with sauce. It is an excellent dish cold or warm, with meat or sauce; but epicures of the most exquisite taste declare for it, we believe, and with the first service.

N. Y. Farmer.

Master and Pupil.

Dr. Edward Beecher, in a lecture before the American Teacher's Institute, at its recent meeting in Providence, uttered a noble sentiment, which is thus reported by a correspondent of the *Post*. It conveys a lesson which every parent and every teacher should heed: "It is of the highest importance to treat with respect the sense of justice in a child.—In my experience as committee man, I have often known the teacher to be wrong and the scholar to be right. I would say to a teacher always respect the sense of justice in the pupil. It is better that a teacher should make twenty acknowledgements of error, before the whole school, than that sense of justice in the smallest pupil should be outraged in a single instance."

An Editor down South, who had served four days on the jury, says he is so full of law that it is hard to keep from cheating somebody.

Correspondence, &c.

RALEIGH, September 16th, 1854.

GENTLEMEN: Your very polite invitation "to be present at a public dinner to be given on the 28th instant, by citizens of Caswell irrespective of party to the Hon. John Kerr, has been received, and I regret it will be out of my power, owing to professional engagements, to attend, for be assured, it would afford me the highest gratification, to contribute to that honor, which is so justly due your distinguished Representative, whose sterling patriotism, and inflexible devotion to the rights of the South, have solicited admiration, and fellow citizens.

It cannot be disguised gentlemen, the fact stands out in the boldest relief, that the Fanaticism of the North, with a recklessness unexampled, even in its own hitherto most reckless course, is precipitating the Country, upon a most threatening and fearful crisis, one, which in desiring to break down the institutions of the South, must inevitably accomplish the dissolution of the Union, and the destruction of those bright hopes, which in years past, were indulged with confidence, that we were destined to continue a great, united, happy people. For if the constitutional rights, and peace of the South, are to become a prey to that reckless spirit, which seems resolved "to rule or ruin," how can it be reasonably expected, that our people should remain attached to that Union, which becomes their *curse*, so soon as it ceases to be their *protection*.

Year after year, for nearly twenty years, has the spirit of Fanaticism continued its work of agitation, the press of its own section, teeming with effusion, the most bitter and vindictive in their tone towards us, pouring into Congress, petitions the most abusive and violent, arresting the public business in that body, with speeches, breathing a fiery hostility to an institution, which is clearly interwoven with our domestic relations, seeking every opportunity to fix upon us, an odious discrimination in the legislation of Congress on the subject of the Territories, and whereby the efforts of great and patriotic men, to effect a national compromise, secured our rights and recognized our equalities with the rest of the Union, raising all its energies, with renewed and more reckless zeal, to accomplish the repeal of those laws, and to strike blows, more fatal to our rights, and yet more destructive to our peace and happiness.

Can it be expected that the spirit of our people should longer sleep under such aggressions? How in reason and justice, can forbearance be asked of us, where forbearance has ceased to be a virtue? Does Fanaticism expect yet greater concession, to its already insulting and exorbitant, demands? If so are we ready and willing to concede them and by such concession, make ourselves slaves, with but the names of a free government, and an equal Constitution? It cannot be, that we are prepared for such degrading humiliation.

For myself, I believe it the duty of our people, a duty which they owe to themselves as freemen, to their children who are to succeed them, to every thing which they regard as sacred and honorable, to overlook; to forget; to discard party, in the presence of this great and vital generation, to throw its fetters to the winds, and prepare for the crisis, which is approaching, the issue which the North seems wildly determined to face upon them, resolved that whilst reflecting the rights of other sections, they will submit to no further encroachments upon their own.

Let me not be misunderstood. I am no advocate of rash measures. Rashness is not the characteristic of wise and brave men firmly resolved on the protection of their rights. I have longed to witness the union of the true and conservative men of all sections to save the Union, but whether such a co-operation succeed or not, in the face of the dangers which threaten, my motto is "The union of the whole South for the protection, safety, perpetuity and love of the South!"

Wishing you much enjoyment of your festive occasion, I am gentlemen your friend and fellow citizen.

H. W. MILLER.

GREENSBORO, Sept. 14, 1854.

GENTLEMEN: On my return on yesterday from an excursion to the mountains, I found your favor of the 6th inst., informing me that the citizens of Caswell irrespective of party propose giving a public dinner to the Hon. John Kerr, on the 28th inst., and inviting me to be present with you upon that occasion. It would afford me great pleasure to partake of the hospitality of your citizens on the occasion alluded to in honor of our representative in Congress, but I regret to say that professional engagements, on this day will require my presence in a distant part of the district.

Very respectfully your obedient servant,
RALPH GORRELL.