

The Flowers Collection
North Carolina Argus.

VOL. X—NO. 17

WADESBOROUGH, N. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 2, 1868.

[WHOLE NO. 469.]

THE NORTH CAROLINA ARGUS,
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY,
BY FRANK DARLEY.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION,
INvariably in Advance.

Single copy, one year, \$1.00
" " six months, 2.00
" " three months, 1.00
No name entered upon the subscription book
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Couldn't See the Point.

Bill-A—like many a smarter man, labored under the delusion that he possessed a splendid voice, and "oft in the still night" but more frequently in broad day he started the echoes of the surrounding woods and hills with what he called the "delicious notes" of his favorite "Annie Laurie," or in his words, "Annie Lovry."

One day Bill was down on the river bank, among the laurel, polishing his gun, working away in utter oblivion of all the world, encouraging himself with an occasional "snatch of song," when he was suddenly hailed from the other side of the stream with—

"Hullo, over there!"
"Hullo, yourself!" answered Bill, peering through the thickets, when he saw the brigade quartermaster, who continued:
"Seen any of my mates about here?"
"No," replied Bill, testily; "I don't keep your cussed males."

"I suppose not," retorted the quartermaster dryly; "only I heard a d—l of a braying over there, and thought it might be them; but I find it is only a stray jackass!"
The officer rode off, and Bill, scratching his head for awhile, observed:
"Well I expect Captain R— said something sharp then—if a fellow could only see the point!"
Bill—honest booby—got a transfer to an artillery company, because he couldn't get a furlough—he was "bound to have something"—and being sent to a mission one day for some article, opened a satchel and popped his head in, pipe and all; the consequence was, he has never been heard of since.

The Extraordinary prosperity of Washington City excites very general comment. The Philadelphia North American says:
The late returns of a census of the District of Columbia, taken in behalf of educational interests, show a more general prosperity at the capital than had been anticipated. The total population of the district is set down at 126,000 souls, of whom the colored people constitute about one-third. At the last decennial census the aggregate population was 75,000, and the colored element was about one-fifth of the whole. At the former time the city contained 67,000, and—a gain of 46,000 in less than seven years. In Georgetown and the District outside of the city limits, the population has grown from 14,000 to 19,000. The current year has been more prosperous than any in the evidences of wealth. Although the price of land has increased, and notwithstanding the increased cost of labor and living, more good dwellings and desirable business buildings have been erected than in perhaps any equal term. There is a prompt demand for these buildings, and any number of moderate priced houses could be made remunerative.

In the Island of St. Thomas a popular vote has been taken to ascertain the sentiments of the people on the transfer of the Island to the United States. A dispatch by the Cuba cable informs us that the vote has resulted in favor of annexation. In Cuba, our correspondent, who is a prominent Cuban, informs us the purchase of the Danish Island by the United States is creating considerable excitement. The whole of the native population begins to be fired of Spanish rule, and the idea of an incorporation with the United States is very popular.—N. Y. Tribune

TURKEY.

The Sultan's journey in Europe has already had a result. A school will shortly be opened at Constantinople for the united instruction of three hundred Christian and three hundred Mussulman children.

Popular Education.

Mr. Editor: At the risk of being thought officious, the attention of your readers is again solicited to a few remarks on the subject of Popular Education among us. Were it not a matter so important, we might allow it to remain undisturbed, but surely, there is not an educated person who reads your paper that takes an interest in regard to this matter. If we ever expect, or even desire to take our position again as equals among the other States of this Union; if we intend ever to be a self-governing people, legislating for our own welfare, or that our children shall after we are gone, then this subject is of paramount importance.

The present condition of things, to my mind, is truly alarming. On every hand the greatest efforts are being made to educate the masses of the colored population. This I do not object to. But what is being done to educate the masses of the white people? Nothing! Is this state of things wise or prudent? I am fully persuaded that the prosperity of the South, by the development of her vast resources, will never be fully realized unless the masses be educated. The laboring man should be also a thinking man.

Now, by Popular Education is not meant what too many once thought sufficient, viz: "To read, write and cipher." Now it should be, at least, a scientific education, approaching to thoroughness. We need mechanics and farmers who know something more than framing a house or running a plow. We want men who understand the philosophy of things, who can trace results to principles, and from principles argue results; mechanics who can project designs on scientific principles, and farmers who understand something of the philosophy of the plants he attempts to cultivate; to know enough of chemistry to understand what food is necessary for this or that crop, and how fertilizers act upon the soil in order to develop that food.

But to arrive at these results we must have schools under the control of educated teachers, and those teachers must be sustained.

The question now arises how is this to be accomplished? And here, Mr. Editor, I admit it is easier to put the question than to answer it. I am fully persuaded that the problem will never be solved by not supporting the solution. There should be no interference in this matter—let plans be devised and carefully discussed, and whatever may be adopted let all with one mind and one heart bend their energies to accomplish it. I hope, that these few remarks may draw forth a discussion of this matter from those more competent than the present writer.

FOR THE ARGUS.

I have touched the highest point of all my greatness, and, from the full meridian of my glory, I haste now to my setting."

If, from the lives of individuals, we are allowed to draw a comparison with that of nations, how aptly illustrated in the language of a disconsolate noble is the condition of the United States.

Ten years ago she shone forth in the galaxy of nations "the brightest constellation of them all." Honored and respected, her flag, floated upon every sea; her manufactures found ready sale in every mart; her legislative and judicial halls were enlivened with a halo of intelligence which won the consent and admiration of the world. The degree of freedom and prosperity enjoyed by her citizens brought emigrants by thousands to her soil. She had "touched the highest point of her greatness," and, by a disregard of two fundamental principles of Republican Government, is now hastening to her setting. In a successful war of four years' duration she destroyed that "government rests upon the consent of the governed" is repudiated. This alone destroys the corner stone of our institutions and sheds a blight upon liberty. But to the arbitration of the sword we calmly submit, and, under the new idea of a consolidated government, we might yet hope to recuperate and regain our former wealth and prestige. The wound sustained by our institutions, though severe, was not mortal, and with proper treatment might have enabled the patient to live as a cripple many years. The insane legislation of the Thirty-Ninth Congress has opened an artery, which, if not soon stopped, must end the life of all just government on this continent. From a spirit of revenge they have taken the ballot—safeguard of liberty—out of the hands of intelligence and virtue and placed it within the grasp of ignorance and vice. This is done for two purposes—to humiliate the Southern people, and retain party power. We in the South now feel heavily fettered. Our system of labor is completely destroyed, our social government threatened, our political government annihilated; murder, arson, rape, larceny, and crime of every hue, are every day occurring; our crops neglected by a refusal on the part of the negro to work; our stock stolen, and everything going to ruin; the farms laid upon the habitable globe degenerating into a desert, and all to appease a spirit of revenge on the part of those in whose power the fortune of war has placed us.

We of the South are irrevocably ruined. The worst has been inflicted upon us. Demonic hate can find nothing more to torment us with. A speedy confiscation of what little is left is only a premature gift to the negro of what he will eventually obtain by theft, for if left unscathed much longer he will certainly ruin every man that trusts him. The locusts of Egypt would have done us less harm than he has already occasioned, and therefore we unhesitatingly proclaim to our Northern friends "that you have done your worst upon us." But are our tormentors to escape? Is the conversion of the richest half of the nation into a Sahara of no concern to them? Let us see. In 1850 and '60 the statistics of the United States show an export largely in excess of imports, nearly three-fourths of which came from the South in the shape of cotton, rice, tobacco, sugar, &c. The North made a large supply of produce, but consumed it nearly all at home. The South could afford to ship the bulk of her resources and feed her population besides. Thus it seems if we estimate the wealth of the nation by her surplus, that the South contributed to the National purse in the ratio of three dollars to one from all other sections. Gold, the basis of all healthy currency, came from the coffers of other nations to enrich us. Already to an awful extent has this state of things changed. Every steamer that leaves this country for Europe carries out gold to pay for articles hitherto exchanged for Southern produce, and, if events are allowed to follow their present channel, the currency of the United States will cease to circulate except in foreign countries. The result will be a currency depreciated and unsettled. The debt of the country, already enormous, must eventually be repudiated—or by the ratiocination of tax payers, or by continual expansion, the credit of the Government must be weakened to such an extent as to make payment a mere carnage. When such an era in American politics has been reached the end is not far off. The border of partisans, who are now working at the nation's paps, must continue to be fed, and the same disregard for constitutional restraints, which they have shown in their legislation towards the South, will enable them to rob and plunder the people of the North. The issue then cannot long be doubtful. A retroactive policy soon inaugurated, may save the nation. A blood-purification in present plans will place upon her epithet the solemn warning to Babylon, "Mene, mene, tekel upharsin;" and though the retributive justice of the Almighty may not in this case be so swift,

"Yet come it will, the day decreed by me."

And see thy walls falling, thy towers falling."
OCCASIONAL
NAB'S BLUFF, S. C., Dec. 11, 1857.

Facts and Figures for Cotton Planters.

Messrs. Editors:—The great mistake at the close of the war our planters made, was the neglect of corn and all breadstuffs crops, making cotton the first and last consideration. That great mistake is the cause of our present trouble—I may say our bankruptcy. The next (that is the present crop) is in a degree changed. The planter from necessity was forced to pay attention to his pressing wants, and planted more corn, but he still of fancy saw high prices for cotton and again made cotton the first consideration, and though these seasons were propitious, yet it is doubtful if enough of corn is made to serve the country until another crop. But few have any to spare, and many will not have enough for their own use.

No agricultural people can thrive until they learn the lesson that they cannot do so, and buy the provisions they could make at home. Some of those who read this, may be old enough to carry their recollections back to 1825. That is the year (if I recollect aright) when cotton sold for over 30 cents per pound. The next year it fell in price and sold for 6 and 8 cents, and remained at those prices for five or six years. The prices of 1825 brought the fruits consequent upon high prices, an inflated value, and the following years of low prices brought their grief and sufferings. Many planters of wealth were ruined by the sheriff and constable, and there were scattered through and weathered the storm, passed through many years of trouble to overcome the errors committed in that one year of high prices. They did work through by the closest economy and good management. They raised their own mules and horses, their own meat and corn abundantly. The writer well recollects the first drove of mules and hogs that ever came into this section of Middle Georgia. They attracted as much interest as a circus does in our day. They brought their mules and hogs to a poor market as planters raised enough themselves. The mules were finally sold out, three for \$100, or \$33 each, and the pork at 2 1/2¢ per lb.

We must realize the fact that we must pass through the same ordeal. History is repeating itself, and to come through safe we must raise our own corn, hogs, mules and all other things we can, making it our first consideration, thus save the money, and not attempt to make the money by raising cotton to pay for them. We must also realize the fact that we cannot get the profit out of the cotton to pay for these things, for the cost of making the cotton (under our present system and labor) consumes the money obtained for it. When the planter raises enough corn, meat, &c., to supply himself, family and laborers, he has made the first great step to independence and success, and when he does this and raises his own mules and horses, he will find his remaining wants are small, and his smaller cotton crop (which from being smaller) will yield a greater price and will supply all reasonable deficiencies not supplied from the plantation. Dispossess his mind of an idea generally entertained that the lower cotton is the more he must make,

and that cotton is the only thing that will bring money. Let him reflect that the more cotton he raises the lower the price, and that the more of the necessities of life he raises the less money he needs. If a planter could raise all he needs on his farm, money would be of no use to him, but to hoard it as being a surplus over his wants and increases his capital. Let the planter pursue this course (the only one that will bring him out,) no matter what his neighbors do. Let him not indulge the delusion that others may pursue this course, and that he will benefit by their policy and make cotton for high prices, but let him think how little an insignificant drop he constitutes in the great cotton planting of the world; he will not gain, but steadily lose by such a policy. Don't be deterred because the remedy may appear slow; recollection slow is usually followed by the word sure. You have committed the error, you must atone for it by getting in the right track. No matter how slow that course may now appear, it will sooner bear its fruits than appears at first view.

Abandon the thought that a large plantation, with many hands, is essential to success; it is more likely to result in failure. It is hard for the planter who has worked before the war one hundred hands, to alter his views of the necessity of keeping up the same scale. To secure success he must limit the laborers to the necessary number to cultivate his best and highly manured lands.

Again, let no planter expect to derive an income from his farm and live away from it. No business will succeed unless the owner (whose interest is involved) is present to supervise, and give it his earnest, intelligent, economical and watchful care. If you want business done employ an agent, if you want it well done do it yourself. It is an old and true saying, and to no business does it apply more forcibly than to farming, where the laborer works under the eye of the employer. Direct your attention to improved plows and all labor-saving agricultural implements; learn the character of your soils, and determine its manures and best treatment. Correct the mistakes and adopt the remedies I have pointed in this and previous communications, and you will succeed; you will be prepared for the lower prices we shall have no doubt to submit to in the future—you can, with your superior quality of cotton and cheaper transportation, drive back your India competitors, and again occupy the position of the great cotton producing country.

But reflect that sudden wealth does not flow from agricultural pursuits in any country. It is the result of the most persevering and the most diligent occupation of God. "Man shall earn his bread by the sweat of his brow," is His direct commandment. We cannot so safely secure it in any other way. Leave the busy and stormy life of the office to the speculator, he who desires "The golden stream to be quick and violent." Let him alone to pursue his restless course; he spreads all soil, risks all efforts, moves in channels full of hidden dangers—success may crown his efforts, but the course is full of dangers and few ever go through it safely, and when the storms arise that wreck the speculator, you will feel the wisdom of your course. Health, plenty and independence is the measure of God's appointed occupation.

If in this and the foregoing articles, I have pointed out mistakes, and shown the remedy, and thereby been at all instrumental in awakening reflection that may end in good, I have accomplished my object.

Potato Culture.

Analysis has shown that the potato plant requires a large amount of potash, in order to a vigorous, healthy growth. It also requires lime, soda, chlorine, carbon, and sulphuric acid. All these exist in a soil, in which the various farm crops have been grown in rotation, with frequent manuring. On such land, therefore, a fair crop may reasonably be expected, without manuring specially for this crop. Or if a moderate application of barn manure be made directly to the potato crop, when planted on an impoverished soil, not manured for previous crops, a fair production may reasonably be expected; since barn manure, if properly preserved, (not washed by water from the eaves of the barn or from a side hill above the yard, till its potash and other soluble matters have gone down stream,) is always available. But the growing of potatoes by the aid of barn manure, does not seem to me to be good policy for the following reasons:

1st. I believe the barn manure gives a speedier and a richer return, if applied to corn, grass, or almost any other crop.
2d. Barn manure conduces to the potato disease, and is therefore unsafe in those years in which that disease prevails.
3d. The mineral fertilizers are safer; and if applied only to the extent required, cost very little, compared with the value of barn manure.
I am ready, therefore, to recommend the following as a substitute for barn manure, in the growing of potatoes.
For one acre, take 8 bushels of wood ash, 6 bushels of quick lime (oyster-shell lime should have the preference, if it can be obtained), 4 bushels of plaster and 2 bushels of salt—making 20 bushels in all; mix thoroughly together, and apply in the hill, at a rate which will carry the 20 bushels over an acre.
The above supplies the essential ingredients for a large growth of potatoes, and something more, provided the soil be not excessively meagre; and if there be an excess of these ingredients over the requirements for the present crop, it will be very sure to remain in the soil for the benefit of future crops. Especially will it be so, if the succeeding crops be potatoes, and if the tops be left each year to rot on the ground, so that the potash they contain (this being the most important ingredient in the mixture) may go to the benefit of the succeeding crop. I will here say, that from actual experiment I have learned that although rotation in crops is undoubtedly

beneficial, generally, the potato may be made an exception, if treated to the foregoing compost.

If any farmer chooses to grow his family store of potatoes on the same patch, or his thousands of bushels for market in the same field, there can be no objection, provided he will each year leave the tops scattered about pretty evenly over the ground, and will make thorough work with weeds.

Less of the compost will suffice for the second year than for the first; still less for the third; and soon till 10 or 12 bushels will produce an satisfactory results as 20 did at first.

I once grew potatoes in just this way, enough for a family averaging upwards of thirty, on a patch of three-quarters of an acre, for seven or eight years in succession, or I would not recommend it to others. The land was of a brownish loam, not a strong soil naturally, and it had previously been exhausted by long cropping without manure. It was a soil which never had produced potatoes of the first quality, but rather of a second or third quality, as compared with those grown on soil well supplied with the proper ingredients for the potato—potash, lime, etc. Nor had that kind of land produced large crops, unless heavily manured, and then, in almost every case, the crop had rotted badly.

The first year, I ploughed something like eight inches deep, planted across the furrows, putting a little of the mixture in the hill—not more, certainly, than at the rate of 20 bushels to the acre, (and I think less,) dropping the seed in the mixture, and covering shallow. Not thinking how heating such a mixture must be, I did wrong by covering shallow; and the wrong became apparent by a few of the seed burning up, instead of coming up,—as a severe drought of twelve or fifteen days followed. The crop was, however, better than was at first promised, giving at the rate of just one hundred bushels to the acre, mostly large and of the very best quality.

The next year, the compost or mixture was thrown into the hills in such a way as to scatter it rather thinly over a considerable space; the seed was covered four or five inches deep. All came up well, and the crop was splendid during its growth—producing a profusion of blossoms and balls, and yielding, in autumn, a larger crop than the previous year, equally good in quality.

During the remaining years, in which I treated this patch in the same way as the second year, the results were equally satisfactory.

I then left the place, and my successor has since told me, that for four or five years he planted potatoes on the same ground, without applying any sort of manure whatever, and that he never had a better crop, either in quantity or quality. The high price of manure then induced him to change the potato crop for that.

Other experience than my own has strengthened my belief in the suitability of the foregoing mixture to the potato crop. In short, I have no remaining doubt of its excellence. It seems to meet the wants of the potato. It may not prove itself an effectual remedy against the potato disease,—I do not propose it as such,—and yet I have seen it so invigorating the plant, giving its tops a stocky, upright direction, covered with blossoms and pendant clusters of balls, instead of a slender, trailing form, with few or no blossoms or balls—that it measurably, at least, strengthens the growing crop against disease. One thing is certain,—during the twelve years, or more, while the above described practice was being carried out, no disease affected the crop in the least, while on similar soils in the same neighborhood, potatoes were rotting badly.

If potatoes were to be cultivated in this way, on cold, sour soils, it would be advisable to omit the plaster, because it is of no use on such land; but, at the same time, it might be well to increase the lime—that being a sweetener of sour soils.

After the experience I have had, and the observations I have made, I can think of but one objection to the growing of potatoes long in this way on the same field, and that is, its tendency to become weedy. But that objection, I think, can be obviated by a peculiar, but not expensive nor a difficult mode of cultivation, which I will undertake to describe at some future time.—Morris' Practical Farmer.

PLAYING WITH DEATH.

It was a frequent remark of the great Napoleon that his soldiers—"his children"—played and laughed with death. This was a noticeable trait of the Confederate soldier, and was never better illustrated than when at the battle of Spottsylvania, with line upon line of the Northern infantry, supported by many guns, advancing rapidly upon their weak force and weaker works, the Mississippians of Humphrey's brigade fell scattering hastily at the ridiculous figure cut by a Federal officer whose horse became restive and threw him sprawling in a ditch.

At the battle of Malvern Hill, the last of the bloody "seven days," our command was passed swiftly through the woods, gaining a position upon the enemy's flank, from which it was intended that we should be hurled to the destruction of McClellan's plan of retreat. Through the incompetency of our divisions commander the movement never took place; but that was no fault of the men. We had just reached our position and were ordered to lie down and keep quiet, when several thirty-pounders gathered upon the edge of a green and slimy bog to get a taste of water. Merry, reckless Tom R— was in the act of lifting his cap to his mouth when a shell from a Yankee battery burst in the midst of the party, mortally wounding one, severely injuring two or three more. On looking for Tom, there he stood, upon a log, wiping with his sleeve the mud from his face and eyes. Some one asked where his cap was. "Lost, lost!" he muttered, in a stage whisper, and striking an attitude, "forever lost!" Then added, lugubriously, "there's nary a shell 'twixt the cap and the slip; but Lord! 's pose I'd had the cap at my lips when that rascal shell exploded, where'd my head be now?"

If any body heard that without laughing under his breath, I didn't see him.—Southern Opinion.