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THE PLAINEALER.

Freedom of Conscience—Free Press—Free Trade—Freedom for White Men.

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THE PLAINEALER. WILSON, JULY 27, 1869. THE SOUTHERN FARM

The beautiful in nature is one of the main elements of man's social happiness; and it can be attained so easily and cheaply, that we are without excuse if we deprive ourselves of this one present enjoyment.

Let a man improve and beautify every thing about his home, and he will find the times improving at once; and he will begin to look upon life with some of that brightness and hopefulness which he gains from communing with the bright and beautiful in nature.

Such houses as these are the glory of the land, and they develop and foster a sacred influence which is a savor of stability to the natural character, and leave a lasting impression for good both on the bodies and souls of those who are brought under the quiet yet powerful sway of the charms of cultivated verdant.

We often hear of farms "wearing out," but instead of wearing out, land will improve if properly managed.

from inspecting the labor of his farm, and what a different sight presents itself! His languid senses are invigorated with the cool breeze that blows from the over-arching trees; his eyes are charmed with the varied hues of dazzling flowers; he inhales with delight the air laden with sweet-scented odors; and he enjoys every day a fresh sensation of pleasure from the wonderful transformation which taste and beauty have made in his old home.

And these beautiful home surroundings have a vast effect in influencing the character and disposition of the children who grow up amidst the beautiful; who have constant opportunities of exercising their taste; to whom nature is every day making its silent, yet eloquent appeals through the senses, in favor of the elegant and the beautiful, are more refined, more sensitive, more alive to the teachings of wisdom, they learn more readily, and advance faster in the arts of culture and education; they catch instinctively the hidden meanings of that voice of nature, which teaches them how to find "books in the running brook; sermons in stones, and good in everything."

The happy influence of these horticultural improvements a man will see in his family every day. When his wife is wearied with her daily duties, which the present evil times and social changes have made peculiarly burdensome to our Southern ladies, leaves them awhile to mark the growth of her shrubs and flowers, she forgets all her cares in the pleasure awakened by seeing the new transformations which summer makes in her floral treasures; how the opening blossoms reveal rare beauties and strange combination of colors; how a sweeter perfume distills from some new flower; how every hour nature put on some new appearance in her ever changing robe; and the one who comes back into the house with new life infused into her, with the bloom of the roses transplanted in her cheeks, and the sweetness of the lilies diffused through her heart, and she radiates all around her the cheerfulness and brightness which she has caught from her communing "with nature and nature's God."

And the influence of these things is felt not only in a man's home, but in giving character to a people and determining the advancement of a country in refinement and intelligence. If every man in the Southern land would do his part in making the country beautiful as well as productive, what a different appearance would we present to strangers traveling amongst us. Instead of the dreary, desolate-looking places that one passes on the roads, starting out in their unadorned discomfort, or glaring in the untempered light of white paint, we should behold such scenes as make our mother land, Old England, the glory of the world; houses of the people nestled away amidst vines, and shrubbery, and hedges; or crowning the hills with arching groves, and the comfortable mansion with all the adornments of taste and elegance.

Such houses as these are the glory of the land, and they develop and foster a sacred influence which is a savor of stability to the natural character, and leave a lasting impression for good both on the bodies and souls of those who are brought under the quiet yet powerful sway of the charms of cultivated verdant.

[From the Rural New Yorker.] Japan Clover.

A few days since I noticed for the first time in my yard a slender little plant with a small yellow blossom. I did not remember to have seen it anywhere before. One of my neighbors who had obtained some seed of the Japan clover and carefully watched the product was surprised to find that the same thing was growing abundantly in his garden. Soon after my discovery of the new plant, a friend visited me and directed my attention to the fact that it was growing all through our section, and was the veritable Japan Clover. On examination I found it trifoliate and evidently belonging to the clover family. Some persons say they have noticed it for several years. I think they are not correct in this. Others say they have not known it until within a few years. I doubt whether any of them ever noticed the identical growth before. In traveling since, I see it everywhere—in yards, meadows, about towns, in old fields, and in forests.

It is unpromising in appearance, certainly, the leaves being very small, few and scattered. The bloom is not much larger than a buckshot. Richness in the soil seems to lengthen the branches without developing the plant otherwise to advantage. Nor does it prove, as yet, in our latitude likely to root out the straw, &c., of the old fields.

In this part of North Carolina, I think we consider another common, familiar growth as worthy of being thought a rival of the Japan for public favor. I refer to the old plant called by the various names of dove wood, sheep's clover, fox tail, &c. It is also a trifoliate, its leaves resembling those of the Lucerne as much as the leaves of the Japan resemble those of white clover. The flower is much larger than that of the Japan, is very soft and floecy, of a light greenish purplish color, and about the size and shape of the fruit of the mulberry. When it first comes up in the Spring, it looks very much like young clover—so much so that I mistook it for that in a field where I had sown red clover last spring. It is not killed by the plough, as it never fails to appear with the wheat in fields which alternate between corn and wheat. Cattle eat it well at first, but seem to grow tired of it. Some days since I saw them eating it on the commons with quite as much avidity as the Japan clover, which was growing near. It appears a little too early for wheat, as it blossoms about harvest. I am watching the effects of red clover upon it. I also intend plowing down some with plaster this season as an experiment. The leaves are quite small, but their greater length, and greater number, may make them better than the Japan. It has a much stouter stem, and stands more erect than the latter.

As to Japan clover, if I am not in error as to its identity, and am not pronouncing sentence prematurely, it is like many other things much talked of—a small affair, with small merit and large reputation.

In Switzerland they give salt to cattle in the form of little blocks composed of nine-tenths salt and one-tenth peat's clay. The blocks are placed in boxes at the foot of the manger, and within easy reach of the animal, which will take what instinct prompts and no more. Some use them in the pasture in the same manner, when the animals will eat them at their pleasure.

The Southern Planter and Farmer says that it is the consumption of folly to purchase and plant what are inappropriately called cheap trees. A farmer may buy indifferent seed wheat, and when his crop fails he loses the labor and profits of one year; but if he plant worthless trees he loses the labor and profits of a dozen.

[From the Illinois Recorder.] How to Raise Turnips.

As a score or more of farmers, old and young, have asked me to give them my plan for raising turnips, I am vain enough to think my plan a good one, and that the public will be benefited by learning it through your columns. But, as Newman and Syrian "went away very wroth" because the prophet Elisha did not bid him "do some great thing," to make him do so simple and old foggy a thing as "wash and be clean," so perhaps will your readers be disappointed when they learn how simple and easy my way of raising turnips is. Simple as it is however, I made by it in 1866 on five-sevenths of an acre 500 bushels measured and put up for winter use, after having used from the patch for my table from early in the season till the time of taking them up (about the middle of November). In 1868 I made from one acre 450 bushels for winter use, having fed to my hogs beforehand 100 bushels I think, or thereabouts. My plan is to make the land rich with good, well-rotted stable manure; plow deep; harrow and cross-harrow, until every clod is broken and the manure is thoroughly incorporated with the soil. Let this be done by the 1st and 20th when the soil come into good plowing condition after a season, with a one-horse turning plow make ridges, two feet or a little more apart, by throwing two light furrows together. Knock off the top of the ridge with a hoe handle or bean pole or, better still, a light hand plow with a bit not more than 2 1/2 inches wide, run a furrow on the flattened ridge an inch and a quarter deep (better under that depth than over it) sprinkle in this furrow No. 1 Peruvian Guano at the rate of 100 pounds to the acre; cover the Guano with a hoe or rake then, just over the covered guano, open a furrow, or rather barely make a mark with some light implement (a sharpened bean-pole or a bean pole with a twenty penny nail driven into it will answer) not over a half inch deep; sow the seed in this and cover; with the back of a spade paddle sharply, so as to press the soil around the seed. In three or four days the seed will be up and the flea-bug on the ground ready to "gobble" them down. You may keep off his attack for a short time by sprinkling the plants when the dew is on them with soot, dry dirt from an old house (if the salt petre makers did not use it for another purpose) quick lime or Baugh's Raw Bone Phosphate. In ten days the plant, under favorable circumstances, will be beyond the reach of the flea-bug. If the soil is free from grass and weed seed you will make a good crop of turnips, after thinning to six inches without further work, but a much better crop, most likely twice the amount by giving them thorough cultivation, first with the hand plow and hor, and next with the bull tongue plow when the plants have attained sufficient size.

W. B. LYNCH.

Animals require quantity as well as quality of food. The philosophy of feeding our farm stock has been but little attended to by farmers; yet it is a field of inquiry which will pay as richly for investigation as any the farmer can explore.

Muck should never be taken by the old direct from the swamps. It should be exposed to the atmosphere for six months or more, in the manner, when the animals will eat them at their pleasure.

In ploughing or teaming on the road in hot weather, always rest the horses on an empuce, where one minute will be worth two in a warm valley.

The prize farm of Michigan, 160 acres, paid a return of \$22 60 per acre, beside supporting a family of ten persons.

PLAINEALER. Rates of Advertising: Transient notices charged at 10 cents for the first, and seventy-five cents for each subsequent insertion.

The American Stock Journal says: A strong horse with a sore back is frequently a horse of half strength. A sore back is usually the result of a miserable harness. Yet in many instances, the back itself is made short or is hitched up so tight that the traces of the harness are raised above a direct line from the hump to the withers. When this is the case, the back-band, when the horse draws, is pressed down with force on the back; and unless the pad is soft or the harness is made with a patent back, a wound will be made, which will be difficult to heal. It is the harness that makes the wound; it is employed on the animal. When a horse has a sore back, it is necessary to keep him in harness, let the back-band be removed entirely, or let it be lengthened a few inches of the wound.

It will be very easy to determine when a back-band is liable to injure the animal's back by observing, when he draws, whether the portion of the harness directly above the back is drawn down forcibly or is lifted clear from the back. A wound on the back of a horse is frequently irritated by the rough harness that it becomes almost incurable. A fresh wound will not bleed by the rubbing the harness, will heal in two or three weeks in warm weather without other medicine than soap-suds. But an old wound that has tried to heal after the scab has been rubbed off several times, requires an application of burnt alum, pulverized to cleanse it of the "proud flesh."

The driver is the one on whom the blame should rest, for allowing a horse to have a sore back. If the harness is not right, let it be made right before a horse is required to work in it. It is barbarous to work an animal in a harness that will gall the flesh. Better cut an old collar into fragments, and bury the pieces beneath a grape vine, than to continue to use such fixtures as will wound a faithful beast of burden.

Furthermore, when a sore back has been allowed to ulcerate, frequently discharging ichthyous matter, the most efficacious remedy is to bathe the wound every day, and after bathing, wash the affected parts with a solution of saltpeter and spirits of turpentine prepared as follows: Put one quart of a pound of saltpeter and a half a pint of turpentine into a bottle; shake up well before using; apply to the wound three times a day with a feather. And when the wound has assumed a healthy appearance and seems to be healing, this medicine may be discontinued.

Natural Cultivation. He that cultivates well and keeps the soil stirred, and loose in his orchard, has his ground never a state of nature than the slovenly man who pretends to take nature for his guide, and allows the weeds, and the grass to grow in his orchard; allows the sun to bake and the rains to beat the soil as hard as a country road. In a natural state, trees and plants get natural cultivation, so to speak; that is to say, they are close together, and their leaves and branches shade the ground so the sun cannot bake it, the leaves and branches also break the force of the rain and prevent the ground from being beaten down; but more than all, the yearly crops of leaves and decaying branches fall to the ground and remain there, forming a natural mulch, which keeps the ground longer and porous.

A harness is stronger and more comfortable, and lasts longer, when kept soft and pliable with heat and foot oil. A man may fleece his sheep, but not his land. The farmer's game is "give and take."