

# The Southern Statesman

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**RURAL ECONOMY.**  
"May your rich soil,  
Fertile, nature's better blessings pour  
O'er every load."

From the Asheville Messenger.

### HAY MAKING.

We call special attention to the following article on Hay-making, which we take from the Tennessee Agriculturist. We are now in the season of hay making in this country, and it may be found of service.

As the time is just at hand, when every farmer should pay some attention to hay making, it will be in keeping with our vocation, to give what we think important directions to those unpractised in this business.

Clover hay being generally the first to be sown, and it being quite difficult with most to sow this kind of hay in such a manner as to repay for labor, we will tell something of our own mode.

Generally, by the middle or the last of May, red clover is in full bloom. When in this stage, it should be watched closely and when about two thirds of the heads have turned brown it is ready for cutting. Of course fair weather is the best. Use a mowing blade. When it is cut, let it be left as thin on the ground as possible, and let it be in the sun, till it is not only fully wilted, but till most of the watery particles have evaporated; though it should not be suffered to dry so as to crumble. The time it should lie in the sun is attended with too many contingencies to give any specific directions. From six to twenty four hours, is the usual time allowed. When sufficiently sunned, haul it to the sheds if there are any on the lot, throw in hay till it is about a foot deep, slightly press down with the fork; next take a stand so as to be able to throw salt on every part of the bed. The amount of salt is regulated pretty much by the judgment of the operator. It should be sprinkled in till there is as much salt as is supposed will be pleasant to the stock. We have generally succeeded best, in putting it not more than six or eight loads together at a time. When there is a large amount of hay put up at the same time, particularly if it is too green, it is apt to ferment, and often rots. To avoid this, let it become as well seasoned as you can, so as not to become dry, put in plenty of salt, and after you put a few loads together, wait on it till it is properly seasoned, and there is no mistake of having the best of hay for winter use.

Timothy and other kinds of grass might be saved profitably in the same manner, and farmers should remember good hay will winter cattle without any other sort of food. Our young cat le have had no haying but salted clover hay since last October, and they have done finely, notwithstanding the unusually hard winter.

In reference to all the minutia of saving Timothy and Herds grass for hay, we cannot speak so fully from experience; but the following are the most important points: About the time the seeds ripen, and before the blades get too dry, commence mowing. Let the hay sun till it is wilted and about half dry, then put it in cocks, supposed to contain from 180 to 200 lbs. when properly cured. Be careful to put it into cocks every night to protect it from the influences of the dew. If hay be left out in the sun till cured, it will be found to have lost most of its strength and sweetness; and of course will be of little value. When cured without dew or rains in neat little cocks the hay will be found very sweet and excellent. Judgment is to be exercised, if success is to be anticipated.

### CORN STALK SUGAR.

The Rev. Luther Humphrey, of Edwardsburgh, Michigan, has, after a series of experiments, succeeded in extracting sugar and molasses of excellent quality from corn stalks. He calculates that he can make molasses at 25 cents, equal to the best qualities, and sugar at five or six cents. As the recipe is very simple and practicable in its operation, we annex it for the benefit of such of our readers in the country, as may choose to try it: "Take the corn stalks as soon as they have their growth, or as soon as the tassel begins to blossom, cut them in pieces, boil them in a kettle for an hour or two, press out the juice any way you please, and boil it down to a syrup."

**Industry.**—The following anecdote may give encouragement to the industrious. Not long ago a country gentleman had an estate of 2300 a year, which he kept in his own hands, until he found himself so much in debt, that to satisfy his creditors he was obliged to sell half and let the remainder to a farmer for twenty years. Towards the expiration of the lease, the farmer coming one day

to pay his rent, asked the gentleman whether he would sell his farm. "Why, will you buy it?" said the gentleman. "If you will part with it, and we can agree," replied the farmer. "That is exceeding a range," said the gentleman. "Pray, tell me how it happened that, while I could not live upon twice as much land, for which I pay no rent, you are regularly paying me a hundred pounds a year for your farm, and are able in a few years to purchase it?" "The reason is plain," answered the farmer, "you sat still and said go—I got up and said come—you laid in bed and enjoyed your estate—I rose in the morning and mended my business."

From the National Intelligencer.

### NEW GEORGIA SCENES.

If there is any body fortunate—crazed with eating raves, or crossed in love or money, hypochondriac, bad-riden, molested of dogs, the victim of domestic tyranny, or the prey at once of so many sorts of melancholy as Burton has anatomized—let him take comfort. Deliverance, ease, ray, gladness is at hand; for Judge Longstreet is publishing a fresh series of "Georgia Scenes."

Oh, pleasant land of Georgia, if these are the things one may see there! What a country of excruciations!—what a stand of horse-lung most it be!—The minor torment of a snipe must be a thing to which nobody consents there; a broad grin is the saddest aspect of face that is ever seen; a tear must be a thing unknown, except it be one of that comic sort which a convulsion of mirth, the very agony of a fancy tickled beyond all endurance, makes start from the dancing eyes.

The first of the new tales, is entitled "The Gnatville Gem." It is a history of the social benefits which the establishment of a country newspaper produces in a quiet and good humored village, Gnatville, it will readily be conceived, is a place not to be found in the maps, although there be many Southern towns that might well bear the name, instead of rejecting in the loftier regions of Washington, Columbus, Rome, or Athens. The primitive habits and temper of the place are a perfect image of what Southern towns once were, but have (slightly) ceased to be, in the march of improvement, and they are thus described:

"In times gone by there was a handsome thrifty little village in Georgia, which we beg leave to designate by the name of Gnatville. In no village did more harmony and good feeling prevail than in this. The surrounding land, which were rich, were owned by the villagers, who usually visited them for an hour or two in the forenoon, and spent the rest of the day in social chit-chat on the shady side of Main-street in summer, and on the sunny side in winter. At these meetings, of course, the affairs of the nation were daily discussed; but, as the assembly, with but few exceptions, were all of one way of thinking, the discussions were always of the temperate character. Even the very few who differed from the majority had the utmost indulgence extended to their opinions. Lawyer Jeter and Lawyer Moore headed the majority, and exercised a mild but unlimited authority over them in all matters of public interest. What is remarkable, the leaders themselves agreed in every thing except as to the merits of their clients' cases. In the discussion of these, to be sure, they were sometimes, as one of them used to say, 'pretty tart' upon each other; but the tartness was always forgotten as soon as the case that produced it was ended. Where such good feeling prevailed among the husbands, of course a better feeling, if possible, prevailed among their wives. They visited each other with the freedom of relations, interchanging cooking receipts, garden seeds, flower seeds, shrubbery—in short, every thing that could delight the eye or the palate. The consequence was, that all the good things, and sweet things, and pretty things that were found in one family, were found in all; so that the stranger who visited the village invariably noticed the remarkable coincidence which he found in every thing in every family. If he remained long enough he was sure to have a fair opportunity of making comparisons; for the unbounded hospitality of the villagers, male and female, introduced him to one or more meals with every family."

In this little town, the seat of a quiet rarely broken, there is the sudden apparition of a stranger, who steps at its only inn. That it had even one, betrays it to have been either the county town or a place of a certain magnitude; for all politics brought their improvements, the ever-open doors of southern hospitality forbade the encouragement of those sorts of discomfort where a gibbet looking sign promises "Entertainment for Man and Horse." This part of the visitor, and the curiosity which his movement excites, are described to the life:

"Thus stood matters in the happy village when a stranger male his appearance at Mr. Grubbs' tavern. He dropped in at night, just at supper time, and seated at the table, supped, and rising, was, at his own request, immediately conducted to his room. At supper, he was

observed to raise his eyes from his plate but twice or thrice, and then, as it seemed, only to take a hasty general survey of the boarders. The next morning he did not leave his room until summoned to the breakfast table. The meal he disposed of as he had the one before. Leaving the table, he spent three hours in rambling over the town and neighboring hills. On his return, he seated himself in the piazza, just long enough to be asked and to give his name, and again took his room. His name, as given to the landlord, was Asaph Doolittle. All the village had now seen him—men, women and children—and all were curious to know who he was. The landlord told the gentlemen, the gentlemen told their wives, and the wives told their children, that it was Asaph Doolittle; and this was all that any of them could tell. Dinner came, and Asaph did as before. After dinner he asked for his horse to take a ride. Mr. Grubbs complied with his request; and was relieved of a little anxiety when he saw him set out without his portmanteau.

Asaph took the big road that led north—was gone about two hours—returned, and took the other end of the same road—was gone about as long—again returned, and took his room. Another supper, night, and breakfast passed off as had the first. After breakfast, Asaph took another ride east and west, that consumed the forenoon. Three whole days did he spend in doing nothing but eating, sleeping, reading, writing and rambling through and around the village. In the mean time, the citizens, one and all, became exceedingly distressed to know who this Mr. Doolittle was, and where he was from, and what he was after. Every meeting was opened with the question, 'Have you found out any thing about Doolittle?' and the question was invariably answered in the negative. If they were in the midst of an animated discussion, the appearance of Mr. Doolittle checked it as instantly as a funeral procession would have done. As they had waited a reasonable time for Mr. Doolittle to make himself known, and he had not done so—as they had all stood ready to show him the usual hospitalities of the village, and he had not allowed them an opportunity of so doing—they felt themselves at perfect liberty to think what they pleased of Mr. Doolittle; and all of them except the young ladies (for Mr. Doolittle was 'fair to look upon,') thought very hard things of him. After weighing the probabilities of his being his or that had character, they settled down pretty unanimously in the opinion that he had come to cheat them out of their lands, in some way or other, they didn't know exactly how. This opinion harmonized with all his movements. He had been seen on every road within five miles of the village. He had walked through the fields of Squire Lewis, Doctor Foster, Lawyer Moore, Mr. Jeter, and Captain Wells, the very best lands in the vicinity; and he had inquired of their negroes how much land their masters owned, and how many negroes they worked. Their suspicions were confirmed, when, on the morning of the fourth day, he asked the landlord to introduce him to the clerk of the court, and asked the clerk of the court for a file of the newspapers containing the advertisements of the sheriff's sales and other public notices proceeding from the courts. These he had looked over carefully for a year back, and made notes up on them. It was now deliberated in full council what was to be done with this Doolittle, and Billy Figs proposed to ride him on a rail."

The suggestion of Mr. Figs is about to be adopted off hand; for they are folks somewhat sudden in such matters. The conservators of the laws, however, interpose, with arguments which admirably hit off the style of appeal among our countrymen: "But the barrister protested against such an outrage. They represented the world as looking with intense interest upon the grand experiment of the American Government—enslaved millions as standing ready to burst the shackles of despotism, and rise to the dignity of freemen, as soon as we shall convince them that man is capable of self government. 'What,' said one of them, 'will be thought of us when it shall be proclaimed through all Europe that in this land of liberty, and in this village renowned for its intelligence, hospitality, and good order, a freeborn son of Columbus, a travelling, as he supposed, under the safeguard of the American eagle, was ridden on a rail?' This appeal, which covered Billy's face with blushes, (for he now saw plainly that he liked to have ruined the world,) quieted the malcontents for the time being."

Asaph is thus left upon patriotic considerations, but the mystery with which he continues to be enveloped excites a very general and just indignation: "Still, as they were satisfied that he was after no good, they entertained cruel suspicions of Asaph, and looked at him accordingly. Even those good ladies who a day or two before had been so anxious to know who he was, now when asked the old question by their children,

know Mr. Doolittle—what they didn't know him—Doolittle—and didn't want to know him—said they never would glad if there had never been right hatched, born, or re-created a Doolittle hope you're satisfied." "Here, now I A sudden light, however, is cast upon Asaph's purpose, and we are again launched into the era of which Gnatville is becoming conscious. He is intent upon setting up a newspaper, and is neither a Jesuit in disguise, a stray ex-precise, a writer of travels, nor a land stealer. There comes a display of the state of politics in the city of gnats. They are tremendously Jeffersonian there. Poor Asaph is at first troubled at this—he having been bred in an opposite faith. He has, however, the material of a first-rate "democrat" in him—a wise facility of conforming to that which is for his personal advantage; and accordingly he is, after a few internal struggles, manufactured into a patient Republican—just as Gen. —, Mr. —, and so many others have since been.

On the evening of the fourth day, Asaph did not retire to his room directly after supper as usual, but conversed freely with the landlord and with other persons to whom he was introduced by his host. Nothing was found objectionable in him. The next day his acquaintance was considerably extended, embracing among others the two lawyers. That night he invited these gentlemen to his room. After a friendly conversation of an hour or two, Mr. Doolittle informed them that he had visited the place with the design of establishing a newspaper there, if there was any likelihood of its being tolerably well patronized; and he said he would be thankful to them for their advice in the matter. They highly approved of his project, and promised him their assistance by purse, pen, and influence. It was the very thing they wanted. There was talent enough in the village and the neighborhood around to support a paper handsomely. As there was no paper within forty miles of the place, all the advertising custom of the adjoining counties would certainly flow to this. What it would exert a valuable influence upon the politics of two neighboring counties, which sent a heavy representation to the Legislature, and which were strongly tainted with Federalism.

"What are the politics of this county?" said Asaph. "Oh, Jeffersonian to the core. There is hardly a division among us. We all espouse the principles of that great apostle of liberty." Now, Asaph had been thirteen years in a printing office in Connecticut; he had been an apprentice, journeyman, and foreman, and in all that time he had never set one type, nor seen one set, in praise of Mr. Jefferson or of his politics. His mother had taught him in childhood to abhor Satan, and his father had taught him that if there was any difference between Satan and Mr. Jefferson, Satan had the best of it. Though Asaph was a man of world-wide equanimity, he could not conceal his emotions of surprise at hearing it announced in sober earnest that Mr. Jefferson was the great apostle of liberty. He stared for a moment as if he had seen a ghost, but soon recovering his self-possession a little, he brought his countenance to the likeness of one who holds one end of a string in his mouth, while he twists the other, and sat mute, while his friends continued: "No other politics will do in this latitude. A Federal paper would get no support here. There are but three federalists in the village, and not ten times that number in the county. Indeed, it is the worst time that could be selected for the establishment of such a paper, when the excitement about the alien and sedition laws has hardly subsided. But a Republican paper will do admirably. We will ensure you at least two hundred subscribers and all the advertising custom of this and several neighboring counties right away."

Asaph said he would think the matter over; and his friends left him, promising to call and see him again the next morning. He retired to bed, and surrendered himself to the following train of reflections: What will *manum* and *dad* think of me and if they hear that I have come out a Jeffersonian Republican! What will Mr. C., my old boss, think! I shall have to change papers with him, and he'll lash me like *all natur*! But I must go to business of some kind, and that speedily, and I guess I shall find no better place than this. Well, after all, may it not be that Jefferson is a better man than I have taken him to be? I've heard many things said about him, and have seen many sharp things published against him, but all great men have to bear this. I'll think over the matter, and he thought over the matter until he dropt to sleep, and could call to mind but one good thing that Mr. Jefferson had ever done, and that was the writing of the Declaration of Independence. His dreams were a confused medley of *manum* and *dad*, and *bos* and types, and Mr. Jefferson's red breeches. The next morning his friends called upon him betimes, and he proposed to the m

to devote the paper exclusively to eye, science, and polite literature; but they told him this would never do alone. The people were all politicians; the pure principles of republicanism, as we just got ting clearly in the ascendant, and it was very important that these principles should be pressed home upon the hearts and understandings of the people at large.

Asaph then wished to know whether any world would take an interest in the paper, and a charge of the editorial department. They replied that they would be very willing to do that they would be very engaged, but for their professional he was ever ready to do at home they would be even on the crime editorial chair; much pressed with business; not too ready or to furnish something would per; but as to taking an interest, though they had no doubt it would be exceedingly profitable enterprise, though they could better promote it by being entirely disinterested. After several conferences, Asaph resolved to feel the pulse of the people with a prospectus; accordingly he begged the Squires to write him one suitable to the time and place; and the meeting adjourned to eight o'clock that evening.

The villagers, who had begun to be greatly alarmed at these frequent meetings of the stranger with the head jurists of the place, were perfectly transported when they understood that Mr. Doolittle was going to do nothing more or less than establish a newspaper in their midst. Some of them had never seen an editor; and many of them had never seen a printing press, but all saw some advantage that would result from the project. It would give character to the village; encourage youthful genius; make Franklins of poor children; give a healthful tone to public morals; enlighten the ignorant; inspire laudable ambition; save postage; concentrate advertisements right at their doors, &c. &c.

The trio split upon the name of the forthcoming gazette. Jeter was for the *Jeffersonian Republican*; Moore was for the *Scourge of Federalism*; and Asaph was for the *Gnatville Gem*. After a long and animated debate they discovered that they all agreed; that the Jeffersonian Republican must be the source of Federalism, and that the *Gnatville Gem* could only reflect the light of Republicanism. It was therefore agreed that Mr. Doolittle should name his paper as he pleased.

The prospectus was soon drawn up; it adverted to the rising importance of Gnatville; its central position between Buckhead and Dogsborough; the vast amount of talent which it contained, and which was compelled to lie dormant for the want of a vehicle of communication with the world, &c. The politics of the Gem would be of the Jeffersonian school; but, as truth was its object, its columns would be open to all parties whose communications should bear the impress of moderation and candor. The grand object of the Gem would be to elevate the standard of public morals, as all history had proved that a pure morality was the only unflinching safeguard of republican institutions. No pains would be spared to make the Gem useful to farmers, as they were at last the bone and sinew of the country—at the same time commerce and manufactures would receive due attention, &c.

A manuscript prospectus was set up at the tavern door, and Mr. D. concluded to remain a few days to mark its success before he proceeded to have a number of copies printed for circulation. In less than three days the name of every man in the village was appended to it, with not a few from the country. In the mean time Mr. D. grew rapidly in public estimation. Even those ladies who wished there never had been a Doolittle hatched, born, or created, invited him to their houses, and went a little beyond their usual civilities for his entertainment. Some thought they saw in him a handsome likeness of Dr. Franklin—making the Doctor's picture as a fair representation of his person.

Such was Mr. D.'s encouragement that he immediately created an old back store, gave the needful directions for converting it into a printing office, and left the village in order to bring on his press. He had not been gone long before his prospectus appeared in all the southern papers; those of the Republican stamp congratulating themselves and the country in having added to their corps such an able champion of sound principles. They had understood Mr. Doolittle to be a staunch and well tried republican of the old school, possessing talents of the highest order, and a character which even Federal malignity had not dared to asperse. The Federal papers, on the other hand, under various headings, such as *Another Hiring set to work*—*The devil's Kingdom Extending*—*Tom Jefferson's Last Imp.* announced that in some obscure village in Georgia, never before heard of, one Doolittle, from nowhere, and known by nobody, was about to issue another disorganizing sheet, to be called the *Gnatville Gem*, all of which betokens that it is to be a very little business. These notices, some of which reached Gnatville, sided Mr. Doolittle's subscription list considerably. The citizens

of the village considered him a persecuted man; they were incensed, and anxious that he should be placed in an attitude of defence, redoubled their exertions in his behalf.

In a few months the press was up and the first number was out. Though it was not much larger than a pane of glass, it was very neatly got up. It contained a handsome editorial address by Jeter, a spirited vindication of the principles of the Gem, and of the rank and responsibility of the village by Moore, and some short but well written extracts (from the Aurora and Richmond Enquirer); an apology, furnished on the smallness of the exchange list as yet, and the hurry of getting out the first number, for the dearth of water; a few selections in prose and poetry, and several advertisements, one of a cockfight in an adjoining county.

Upon the whole, the patrons of the Gem were very well supplied with it. It must be remarked that Mr. Doolittle was not an indifferent writer at best; and for sent to greatly given, utterly incomplete of republicanism, this article in defence of the Gem.

Then follow which the winter specimen of the *Gnatville Gem*, the Gem's paper, and its due spirit; and a dreadful scourge, with once entered, in which the whole war at village (except the three federalists) joined the most violent part, looking upon the entire battle of human liberty as suddenly transferred to Gnatville and sustained by the Gem.

As, however, Rome had spared strength for proscriptions and civil wars at home even while she was overrunning and subduing the world, so Gnatville, in the very height of this mighty contest abroad, was fain to breathe her superfluous talc in a quantity of domestic broils. The first of these has its origin in a lampoon with Jeter (one of the lawyer foster-fathers of the Gem) who writes and publishes against Squire Whatcut, a fat and fierce magistrate, to whose ignorance he imputes the loss of an important cause. At the first sight of the offensive article, the conservator of the laws grasps a cudgel which is complete handful, and makes his way, fuming, to the printing office; arrived at which, he bursts in and accuses the afflicted Asaph with a demand, 'If he is the author of that piece?' Asaph's tongue, though frozen with terror, can still do its office enough to utter a denial. The Judge, doubly furious at being balked of instant vengeance, thunders out a requisition to be told who, then, was the author? Doolittle tremblingly assures him that the immortal usages of printing offices forbid him to reveal the name of a correspondent. A flourish or so of the cudgel about his head soon dissipates, however, his professional scruples, and he pronounces the name of Jeter. The Judge retires, and re-enters upon his assault by a still more vituperative description of his person and character. The latter now enters in turn to the printer to complain of his revealing his name, and lectures him upon the lofty spirit in which a press aiming at high moral purposes should be conducted.

"Oh Doolittle," said Jeter, "it was as bonifiable to expose your correspondent in this way. You ought to have informed me of Whatcut's demand before you gave up my name; and I would have made fair weather with him, for really I've no enmity against the old fellow. But now it is impossible. I fear to make peace; and I can't tell where this matter will end. The great value of a newspaper is in its enabling one to reprove vices with out being known, and as the law was open to you if he assaulted you, you certainly ought to have taken a little beating rather than to have involved me in this matter, and so have ruined your gazette forever as an instrument of moral reform."

Doolittle offered the very best apology in the world for what he had done; namely, that with a three pound stick flourishing over his head, he had no reason to calculate upon a 'little beating,' and that in the surprise of the moment he had really forgotten to calculate the chances of profit and loss from giving up Mr. Jeter's name.

*Truth and Justice* [the signatures of the two antagonists] now had a regular set to in the columns of the Gem; which very soon involved half of the county and all the village; for both had extensive connections and both were very popular. As yet the great engine of intelligence and morals has only set the males of Gnatville and of adjacent parts by the ears. But presently it is to *te terima causa belli*, without which strife is nothing—woman, that is to say—came in, completely to madden the fray. In Gnatville there are two families—the Quirks and the Dobsons—who hold (but without rivalry) a particularly eminent place for respectability, wealth and worth. The heir of one of these—Charles Quirk—has been the rejected suitor of the fair daughter of the other house. The younger—a student in the office of one of the editor lawyers—gets infected with the itch of seeing himself in print, and revenges himself for some satirical speech which his lately adored has uttered about his shape and profession, by a doggerel epigram. His