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Advertisements will be inserted on the customary terms.

No advertisement inserted until it has been paid for, or its payment assumed by some person in this town, or its vicinity.

All letters to the editors must be post-paid, or they will not be attended to.

THE SHIPWRECK—(AN EXTRACT)—BY LORD BYRON.

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell;
Then shrieked the timid, and stood still the brave;
Then some leaped overboard, with dreadful yell,
As eager to anticipate their grave:
And the sea yawned around her like a hell,
And down she sicked with her the whirling wave,
Like one who grapples with his enemy,
And strives to strangle him before he die.
And first one universal shriek there rushed,
Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
Of echoing thunder, and then all was hushed,
Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash
Of billows; but at intervals there gush'd,
Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

AGRICULTURAL.

Extracts from an Address

DELIVERED BEFORE THE MASSACHUSETTS AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, AT THE BRIGHTON CATTLE SHOW, OCT. 1819,
By Hon. JOSIAH QUINCY.

In executing the task assigned me, I shall address myself chiefly to that great body of our countrymen, who are emphatically called FARMERS. By which I mean the great body of the yeomanry; men, who stand upon the soil and are identified with it; for there rest their own hopes, and there the hopes of their children. Men, who have, for the most part, great farms, and small pecuniary resources; men, who are esteemed more for their land, than for their money; more for their good sense than for their land; and more for their virtue than for either: men, who are the chief strength, support and column of our political society, and who stand to the other orders of the state, in the same relation which the shaft bears to the pillar; in respect of whom, all other arts, trades and professions, are but ornamental work; the cornice, the frieze, and the Corinthian capital.

I am thus distinct in declaring my sentiments concerning the importance and value of this class of men, from no purpose of temporary excitement, or of personal conciliation, but because I think it is just and their due, and because, being about to hint concerning errors and defects in our agriculture, I am anxious that such a course of remark should not be attributed to any want of honor or respect for the farming interest. On the contrary, it is only from a deep sense of the importance of an art, that a strong desire for its improvement can proceed. Whatever tends to stimulate and direct the industry of our farmers; whatever spreads prosperity over our fields; whatever carries happiness to the homes, and content to the bosoms of our yeomanry, tends, more than any thing else, to lay the foundations of our republic deep and strong, and to give the assurance of immortality to our liberties.

The errors and deficiencies of our practical agriculture may be referred, in a general survey, with sufficient accuracy, to two sources; the want of scope of view among our farmers, and the want of system in their plans.

Concerning another want, of which farmers are most sensible and most generally complain, the want of cash in their pockets, I shall say nothing. It is a general want, and belongs to all other classes and professions. Besides, there is no encouragement to speak of this want, because it is one that increases, by its very supply. All of us must have observed, that it almost ever happens, with, however, a few splendid exceptions, that the more any man has of this article, the more he always wants.

The errors and deficiencies, to which I shall allude, will not be such as require any extent of

capital to rectify. All that will be requisite is, a little more of that industry, of which our farmers have already so much; or that industry a little differently directed. It is not by great and splendid particular improvements, that the interests of agriculture are best subserved, but by a general and gradual amelioration. Most is done for agriculture, when every farmer is excited to small attentions and incidental improvements.—Such as proceed, for instance, from the constant application of a few plain and common principles. Such are—that, in farming, nothing should be lost, and nothing should be neglected; that every thing should be done in its proper time; every thing put in its proper place; every thing executed with its proper instrument. These attentions, when viewed in their individual effect, seem small; but they are immense in the aggregate. When they become general, taken in connection with the dispositions which precede, and the consequences which inevitably follow such a state of improvement, they include, in fact, every thing.

Scope of view, in a general sense, has relation to the wise adaptation of means to their final ends. When applied to a farmer, it implies the adaptation of all the buildings and parts of a farm to their appropriate purposes, so that whatever is fixed and permanent in its character, be so arranged as best to facilitate the labor of the farm, and best to subserve the comfort, convenience and success of the proprietor.

Our ideas on this subject may be best collected from inspection. If our fellow-farmers please, we will, therefore, in imagination, adjourn, for a few moments, and take our stand, first, at the door of the farm-house. I say at the door. Far be it from me to enter within it. Far be it from me to criticise the department of the other sex, or to suggest that any thing, peculiarly subject to their management, can be either ameliorated or amended. Nor is it necessary; for I believe it is a fact almost universally true, that where the good man of the family is extremely precise and regular, and orderly in his arrangement without doors, he never fails to be seconded, and even surpassed, by the order, the regularity, and neatness of the good woman within.

Let us cast our eyes, then, about us, from the door of the farm-house. What do we see? Are the fences on the road in good condition? Is the gate whole, and on its hinges? Are the domestic animals excluded from immediate connection with the dwelling-house, or at least from the front-yard? Is there a green plot adjoining, well protected from pigs and poultry, so that the excellent housewife may advantageously spread and bleach the linen and yarn of the family? Is the wood pile well located, so as not to interfere with the passenger; or is it located with especial eye to the benefit of the neighboring surgeon? Is it covered, so that its work may be done in stormy weather? Is the well convenient; and is it sheltered, so that the females of the family may obtain water without exposure, at all times and at all seasons? Do the subsidiary arrangements indicate such contrivance and management, as that nothing useful should be lost, and nothing useless offend? To this end, are there drains, determining what is liquid in filth and oil to the barn-yard, or the pens? Are there receptacles for what is solid, so that bones and broken utensils may occasionally be carried away and buried? If all this be done, it is well; and if, in addition to this, a general air of order and care be observable, little more is to be desired. The first proper object of a farmer's attention, his own and his family's comfort and accommodation, is attained. Every thing about him indicates that self-respect, which lies at the foundation of good husbandry, as well as of good morals. But if any of us, on our return home, should find our door barricaded by a mingled mass of chip and dirt; if the pathway to it be an inlaid pavement of bones and broken bottles, the relics of departed earthen ware, or the fragments of abandoned domestic utensils; if the deposit of the sink settle and stagnate under the windows, and it is neither determined to the barn-yard, nor has any thing provided to absorb its riches, and to neutralize its effluvia; if the nettle, the thistle, the milkweed, the elder berry, the barberry bush, the Roman wormwood, the burdock, the dock and the devil's apple, contend for mastery along the fences, or cover up in every corner; if the do-

mestic animals have fair play round the mansion; and the poultry are roosting on the window stools, the geese strutting sentry at the front door, and the pig playing puppy in the entry; the proprietor of such an abode may call himself a farmer, but practically speaking, he is ignorant of the A B C of his art. For the first letters of a farmer's alphabet are, neatness, comfort, order.

As we proceed to the farm, we will stop one moment at the barn-yard. We shall say nothing concerning the arrangements of the barn. They must include comfort, convenience, protection for his stock, his hay, and his fodder; or they are little or nothing. We go thither for the purpose only of looking at what the learned call the stercorary, but which farmers know by the name of the manure heap. Will our friends from the city pardon us, if we detain them a moment at this point? Here we stop the rather, because here, more than any where else, the farmers of Massachusetts are careless and deficient; because on this, more than on any thing else, depends the wealth of the farmer; and because this is the best criterion of his present, and the surest pledge of his future success. What then is its state? How is it located? Sometimes we see the barn-yard on the top of a hill, with two or three fine rocks in the centre; so that whatever is carried or left there, is sure of being chiefly exhaled by the sun, or washed away by the rain. Sometimes it is to be seen in the hollow of some valley, into which all the hills and neighboring buildings precipitate their waters. Of consequence all its contents are drowned, or water-soaked, or, what is worse, there having been no care about the bottom of the receptacle, its wealth goes off in the under strata, to enrich, possibly, the antipodes. The Chinese, for aught we know, may be the better for it; but it is lost forever to these upper regions.

Now all this is to the last degree wasteful, absurd, and impoverishing. Too much cannot be said to expose the loss and injury which the farmer thus sustains. Let the farmer want whatever else he pleases. But let no man call himself a farmer, who suffers himself to want a receptacle for his manure, water-tight at the bottom and covered at the top, so that below, nothing shall be lost by drainage, and above, nothing shall be carried away by evaporation. Let every farmer, wanting such protection for his manure, be assured that he loses, by the sun and rain, tenfold as much as will pay his taxes, state, town, and national, every year. Let not the size of his manure heap be any objection. If it be great, he loses the more, and can afford the expence the better. If it be small, this is the best way to make it become greater. Besides, what is the expence? What is wanted? An excavation, two or three feet deep, well clayed, paved, and "dishing," as it is called, of an area from 6 to 30 feet square, according to the quantity of manure; over head a roof made of rough boards and refuse lumber, if he pleases. The object being to shut out the action of the sun and cast off the rain, so that no more should come upon his manure heap than the farmer chooses. This he regulates by spouts at his discretion.

PORTRAITURE.

From "LETTERS FROM WASHINGTON."

Mr. CRAWFORD, secretary of the treasury, is the same gentleman, to whom you were introduced at Paris, and though he possesses great dignity, wants the graceful elegance of manners of which I have previously spoken. What he was thought of in France I cannot inform you; but it is impossible he could have succeeded amidst the polite and splendid frippery of the Parisian circles—the courtly nonsense, and graceful and elegant nonchalance of a French politician, must have been strikingly and ludicrously contrasted by the republican simplicity and awkward movements of the American minister. Mr. Crawford has risen from obscurity to the situation he now holds, by the force of native genius. It appears he was employed in his early life in an occupation which is now unfortunately too much degraded, but which ought to be more highly esteemed. I mean that of "teaching the young idea how to shoot." His next career was at the bar; at which he rapidly acquired both emolument and reputation. The excellence of his understanding, and the su-

periority of his intellect, soon brought him into public life, where he displayed to advantage, those powers with which nature had so eminently gifted him. He became ambassador to France, and while in that capacity, was appointed secretary of war, and lastly chosen minister of finance. In all these various situations he has never failed to discover the same powers and energies of mind, and the same acuteness and depth of penetration: he has literally the *mens sana in corpore sano*, and the vigorous and athletic appearance of his body serves as an unerring index to the force and energy of his intellect. It is invidious to make comparisons; but it is by comparisons we are often enabled to arrive at truth. I will therefore endeavour to draw a parallel between the gentlemen of whom I have been speaking. Mr. Monroe and Mr. Crawford, are alike distinguished by integrity of understanding; but the latter has more quickness, and the former a greater range of mind. In the specimens of parliamentary eloquence, which are preserved here only in the ephemeral and fugitive columns of newspapers, and which I have taken the trouble to examine for my own amusement, Mr. Crawford evinces some vigor of imagination, and occasionally some brilliancy of thought. Mr. Monroe has never wished to excel in the flowery parterre of fancy; his compositions display only the soundness of his judgement, and the excellence of his sense, without any of the frippery and festooning of rhetoric, or the meretricious and extrinsic drapery of imagination. Mr. Monroe has more practical knowledge, but is less prompt in his decisions. Mr. Crawford has greater powers of invention, but is less skilful in combination. Mr. Monroe has had more experience, but Mr. Crawford, from a better memory and a superior quickness of comprehension, has treasured up as many results, and acquired as many facts. Mr. Monroe's knowledge of mankind is more correct and more practical, but he wants Mr. Crawford's energy to render it extensively useful. In political shrewdness, moral integrity, and intellectual acquirements, they are supposed to be nearly equal. With this brief parallel, I shall dismiss these gentlemen, and proceed, at your desire, to sketch the portraits of the secretary of war and the attorney general.

Original Communications.

FOR THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

MESSRS. EDITORS:

It is with no small degree of pleasure that I notice the commencement of a Newspaper in this section of North Carolina. A publication of this kind has been long needed, not merely for the purpose of publishing the news, but for a higher and more important object—to defend the rights of the Western part of this state. And from the importance of newspapers generally, and the particular importance which attaches to one in this part of North Carolina, I have no doubt that the labor and expence you have been at in establishing the Western Carolinian, will meet with a suitable remuneration. The people of the Western part of this state are sufficiently aware of the importance of having a Newspaper established in the midst of them; one which will partake of their feelings; which will be interested in defending their rights, and in procuring for them that influence in the councils of the state which is so justly their due, and as unjustly denied them. And it will not only be useful in its political, but also in its moral influence. A melioration of morals, refinement of taste, and the expansion and improvement of the mind, are consequences which will certainly flow from a well regulated and independent Newspaper among any people.

Parents who have young families springing up around them, and who feel all the anxieties, the hopes and fears of parental solicitude for the future welfare and good conduct of their children; who wish them to become pillars of the state, and the defenders of that independence and freedom purchased by the blood and treasure of their fathers—to imbibe the principles of freedom and republican virtue, and, in their infancy, to swear on the altar of liberty, not like the youthful son of Hamilcar, eternal enmity to one, but to all tyrants—will not, cannot neglect so cheap and certain a method of instilling into their infant minds the principles of virtue, love of their country, and of those sacred and inestimable institutions which have elevated her above every other nation, and which her name shall last as long as moral beauty continues to be admired, or the dignity of human nature venerated.

The hardy yeomanry, the "lords of the soil," and the strength of the nation, whose occupation is more ancient and more honorable than any other, and who can count among their number patriarchs, and prophets, and kings, and greater