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The WESTERN CAROLINIAN is published every Tuesday, at THREE DOLLARS per annum, payable at the end of every six months.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the discretion of the editors.

Whoever will become responsible for the payment of nine papers, shall receive a tenth gratis.

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.

AGRICULTURAL.



Like the first mortals blest is he,
From debts, and usury, and business free,
With his own team who ploughs the soil,
Which grateful once confessed his father's toil.

Raising of Hedges.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE AMERICAN FARMER.

SIR: I have read several useful publications in your paper on the subject of hedges, and wishing to encourage the raising the American thorn for fences, I send for publication the directions of Thomas Main, gardener, in the District of Columbia, for germinating the seed of the hedge thorn, the first spring after the berries are gathered.

Mr. Main was a practical man, and it is well known that he raised large quantities of the thorn for sale. He offered proposals for publishing a book, which was to contain the secret of raising the plants the first year from the berries; but it is much to be regretted that he did not obtain subscriptions sufficient to induce him to publish.

I had several letters and a pamphlet from him; and I paid him for the secret of raising thorns the first year; but he imposed an injunction, not to permit a copy to be taken, as he then intended to publish his book. He is now dead, and as there is no probability that his book ever will be published, I think myself at liberty to send you a copy for your paper, believing that the directions he gives will be of great use in promoting hedges.

Yours, &c. &c. J. E. HOWARD.

The seed are to be extricated from the berries, either by hand rubbing, or any other means; (I commonly put them in a trough, and mash them with a wooden pestle, taking care to proportion the strokes thereof, so as not to break the stones; and turning over the mass repeatedly during the operation, until all the berries are broken;) after which, the stones are to be washed from the pumice—put a gallon or two of the mass into a washing tub, filled with water; let it be well broken and rubbed by the hand therein; pour off the water gently; the pumice and light stones will flow off along with it, and the good seed will remain at the bottom. It will be necessary to repeat this, say ten or twelve times, until scarcely any thing remain but the clean stones. They are then to be put in a deep square box that will hold them with ease, so that the quantity of seed may not reach within some inches of the brim. The box ought to be loosely made, or a few gimblet holes bored in the bottom, to permit the water to drain from the seed. It is then to be placed in some secure situation out of doors, in the coldest exposure that is convenient, and the seed in the box, being covered with some moist oak leaves or green moss, they are to remain so during the winter. Ground squirrels and mice are fond of this seed: the box ought, therefore, to be secured from these animals. It is not necessary to mix any mould with the seed; neither is it material how often or seldom they are frozen during the winter.

At the approach of spring, the seed are to be inspected every two or three days, say about the middle of March; and so soon as they feel slimy on being handled, it indicates that the shells of the stones are about to open. The weather being favorable, the ground is then to be dug and prepared for the reception of the seed. The soil most fit for this purpose, being described in the pamphlet, it is needless to repeat here—

Wishing to give the whole pamphlet when opportunity offers, we now extract the author's description of the kind of soil best suited for a nursery.

So soon as the small point of the rootlet of some of the seed appears protruded, it is then just the time, weather permitting, to sow them. Every gardener knows that the beds ought to be about four feet wide, and that the alleys should be from 15 to 18 inches. The seed ought to be rolled in plaster of Paris at the time of sowing, and scattered about an inch apart—half an inch of fine mould is sufficient for their covering. The plants will appear in a few days, if the weather is favorable. It is scarcely necessary to add, that to produce such fine plants as I have had the pleasure to transmit to your address, clean and careful weeding is indispensable. It will save a whole year's trouble time afterwards.

The process may be summed up in one short sentence, viz:—Clean the stones from the berries, and keep them damp through the winter.

NURSERY FOR THE PLANTS.

The soil most fit for a nursery for the young plants of the haw-thorn, is a free, rich, deep black loam, that has previously been in a cultivated state, rather inclined to moist than dry, rather situate at the bottom than the top of a height, rather on the flat summit than on the declivity of a hill; and where such a soil and situation cannot be had, that which comes nearest to this description ought to be preferred. A soil that would suit for cabbages, and in a similar state of preparation as would answer well for that vegetable, will also answer for the most part of such plants as are used in hedging. It will, however, be of great advantage to have the piece of ground appropriated for this purpose, dug from fifteen to eighteen inches deep; if the soil will not admit of more than twelve inches in depth, it may do, but less than that would be too shallow to produce fine thriving plants. If the state of the soil should render it necessary, it must be turned up rough, or trenched by the spade, in the beginning of winter, in order that it may be mellowed by the frost, and also that it may be clean from the remains of former productions, and work free and easy when it comes to be turned over, levelled, and dressed in the spring.

A piece of ground about twenty-one yards square, will be sufficient for the transplantation of ten thousand plants, set in rows about fourteen inches wide one row from another, and three inches apart from plant to plant in the row.

FROM THE AMERICAN FARMER.

To destroy Fly in Turnips.

ROCKHALL, JUNE 5, 1820.

DEAR SIR: Observing in your last paper, that as the season for turnip seeding is near at hand, induced you to treat more largely on the subject of their culture, I beg leave to suggest a specific against the fly, or little black flea, which are so destructive to your plants in warm and dry weather, provided you have not had this information before: which is simply, to steep the seed in train or fish oil and sulphur, for 15 or 20 hours before seeding; the oil may then be strained off, and the seed rolled in plaster or ashes. The oil assists the vegetation of the seed, and impregnates the plant so strongly, that no fly will trouble it till it is well leaved out. This antidote I have used for several years past with all the small seeds I sow, also vine seeds, and found it never to fail; it would be well for the tobacco planters to adopt this method with their seed. I wish some of your experienced correspondents could give the public as sure an antidote against the green web-worm, which was so destructive to turnips and cabbages last year. I lost two crops of the Ruta Baga by those worms, after the leaves had grown to the size of a dollar.

I remain your respectful humble servant,
THOMAS HARRIS.

JOHN S. SKINNER, ESQ.

COMMUNICATIONS.

FOR THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

"Oh liberty! thou goddess heavenly bright,
"Profuse of bliss, and fragrant with delight;
"Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
"And smiling plenty leads her wanton train."
"VBI EST LIBERTAS, VBI EST PATRIA."

Fondly can the mind linger over the scenes at which the association produces pleasant sensations, whether of a local, domestic, or national nature. But when the genius or the ecstasy of feeling can, like the morning sun, diffuse its rays, then the generous soul expands into the

immensity of space, and assumes all the vivid enthusiasm of Roman citizens, with whom conscious rectitude, national bravery, and personal virtue, were the three grand and cardinal qualifications of a valuable citizen. It is to men like these, upon whom the executive can depend in time of need, and the country look up to, when the portentous cloud of destruction threatens immediate desolation.

The critic's eye, or the neutral's indifference, may criminate the enthusiasm which the writer of this piece may evince; but when they have recurrence to that age and period which induced him to hazard the undertaking, and connect cause with effect, they may then say, most fortunately,

"We have accomplished our object,
"That paragons description,
"And exceeds the quirks of blazoning pens."

I have lately seen the Declaration of American Independence, as executed under the superintendence of Mr. BRIMS, to whose indefatigable industry, combined with the strong evidence of taste, and an adopted *amor patrie*, the American people should always pay a tribute of respect. This memento of the American struggle is not confined to our country, but, like the Spartan valor, has extended to other countries. We have congenial spirits in South-America, who have consecrated it to the dedication of their country, by placing it in their Congress Hall, hoping it will operate as an incentive to the glorious purpose of effecting universal emancipation.

DESCRIPTION.

The Declaration of Independence, as offered by Mr. Jefferson and adopted by Congress, forms the body of the copper-plate, to which is affixed the fac-similes of the signatures of the members composing that Congress.—At the head of the copper-plate are the profiles of Washington, Hancock and Jefferson; an engraving of the coat of arms of the original thirteen states, form, united with wreaths of myrtle, the sides and base. What gives an additional value to the piece is, that the whole, paper, ink, engraving, and impression, are the native productions of our own country.

FRANKLIN.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

Messrs. Printers—I am naturally taciturn, and habit has made me more so. I say little, and perhaps think less; but I sometimes write, whether my own thoughts, or those of others, is of no consequence. My life, so far, has been secluded. I have mixed but little with company, and of consequence am not very well versed in the manners and customs of the world; and for that reason, probably, the remarks I have made on the prevailing customs of the times, the disgust I have imbibed at many, and my great dislike to nearly all of them, have proceeded almost wholly from my deficiency of taste, occasioned by my predilection for the simple and obsolete fashions of my ancestors, in which I have been most rigidly educated. But habit has now become too inveterate to admit of change: nature and education have made me an odd being; and I have not the inclination, had I the power, to alter in the least. This brief sketch of my character, I hope, will excuse the oddity of many, and the crudeness of all, of my remarks, and the unfavorable opinions I may entertain of some, merely on account of what I have judged, their impropriety of conduct.

I am ignorant, sirs, of every rule of politeness—what I speak, I think. I have, indeed, heard of a book, entitled "Principles of Politeness," and I once thought of purchasing it; but my father shook his head, and enunciated, very emphatically, "principles of hypocrisy! Boy! they'll ruin you! They'll teach you 'to smile, and smile, and be a villain!'" What he said was sufficient; and I have ever since felt the utmost antipathy to every thing which is termed politeness by the *beau monde*. This will apologize for any thing that may appear rude and unpolished in my manner.

I frequently leave my seclusion in the country, to spend several days in town. It is what I have long been accustomed to; and though it is often attended with inconvenience, and frequently gives me great mortification, it has become so strong a habit, that I cannot break it off. I am always civil, when I visit you; I take no notice of any one, and hardly speak, except to my landlord; and in my morning or evening rambles, if I meet one on the sidewalk, I always give him two-thirds. But this, I have observed, is not considered *polite*. If I wish to enjoy the cool air of the evening, I take my seat in the door, or at farthest, on the steps before it, so that I may not obstruct the path of those who choose to walk; but the *polite* way, I am informed, is, to place your chair in the middle of the sidewalk, and not to move for any thing, except a mad dog. This, I suppose, is taught in the school of Chesterfield; my country pedagogue taught me different; but he was an old-fashioned, unpolished clown, and formed me on his own model.

I recollect a very curious and singular occurrence which happened the first time I visited Salisbury. You must know, that when in the country, I spend most of my time in my library; I am therefore better acquainted

with books, than with men and things. I had read a great deal about the Grecian and Italian sculptors; had often admired, in imagination, the incomparable works of Phidias—his Minerva and Jupiter Olympus—and had several times almost fallen in love with the Venus of Pymalion, which was formed so exquisitely, that the statuary became enamored of the work of his own hands, altered the resolution he had made never to marry, and begged of Venus to change it into a woman; the queen of love granted his request, and gave him a wife possessed of all the beauty and probably all the frailty of Eve. After Bonaparte had transported to the Louvre the productions of the chisel and the pencil, which adorned Italy, and excited the admiration of all men of taste, I formed the romantic resolution to visit Paris, for the sole purpose of viewing the "mimic works of art," or, perhaps, more properly, the real copies of nature, the glowing canvass and the breathing marble, collected in the Louvre. It was while preparing for this voyage, and while my mind was solely occupied with the thoughts of it, that I visited Salisbury, as above mentioned. As I was sauntering along on one of your side-walks, in the most profound cogitation, I found my way, all at once, completely obstructed before a large dwelling-house—I very leisurely raised my head to discover what was the cause, when, heavens! I exclaimed, in utter amazement! I thought I beheld the Venus de Medicis before me, surrounded by the Graces; and my first conclusion was, that some antiquary in Salisbury, or some lover of the fine arts, had transported from Europe, and placed them before his door, to gratify the public taste and curiosity. I approached them with that sublime and reverential feeling which we experience on beholding the immortal works of departed genius, and was proceeding to examine them with the eye of an enthusiast, when a succession of deafening cachinnations dispelled the illusion, and convinced me that my Venus de Medicis and her attendant Graces, were only an assemblage of polite young ladies! Hecates and Ates! I exclaimed, and dashed from them in all the bitterness of disappointment. You need not be surprised at my being so deceived; for I came upon them so unexpectedly, and they stood so immovable, with a fixed and intent gaze, that having my mind employed as it was, on Grecian and Italian artists, it is not at all surprising I should conceive I beheld their very works before me.

It is now customary for me to encounter the gazers; I take it as a matter of course, and always place my hat on one side, when about to pass in review before them. But my aunt Dorothy tells me it was not so when she was young; then, if the gentlemen wished to see the young ladies, they had to enter the house, where they found them employed either in reading or sewing; and "thinks I to myself," (for I seldom speak,) they were better employed, than in giggling and gazing on the side-walk.

Yours till death,
ICHABOD.

Clownsville, June 20, 1820.

P. S.—After I get my wheat harvested, I will write you again.

FOR THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

Messrs. Editors: About 12 o'clock, one night last week, I was awakened from sleep by a serenading party of young gentlemen belonging to our town. I listened to the music, with that solemn yet pleasing sensation, which it never fails to excite in me at that gloomy hour when all nature seems hushed into almost a breathless silence. It moved slowly from me, its reverberating echo growing fainter and fainter, until it became entirely exhausted; and left, if possible, a more death-like silence than that which reigned before its approach. I then invoked old *Somnus* again to shroud my faculties with his mantle of drowsiness—but I invoked him in vain. I lay musing upon past scenes, and upon future troubles and expectations;—my imagination sometimes flitting over blissful regions of worldly enjoyment—then startling with horror at fancied misery and wretchedness—until the dawn of day. I have since tried to embody some of the ideas which were revolved in my mind at that time; but they were so abstract and vague, that I have