

# Western Carolinian.

PUBLISHED BY KRIDER & BINGHAM.

SALISBURY, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1820.

Vol. I.....No. 14.

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

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## AGRICULTURAL.



*Columbia's sons, spurn not the rugged soil;  
Your nation's glory is a cultured soil.  
Rome's Cincinnatus, of illustrious birth,  
Increased his laurels while he tilled the earth:  
Even China's Monarch lays the sceptre down,  
Nor deems the task unworthy of the crown.*

From the American Farmer.

### ON THE IMPORTANCE OF MANURING FOR WHEAT.

The following account of a manuring for wheat upon fallows, I have thought worth giving to the society, being persuaded that the facts, accompanied with a detail of all circumstances, likely to influence results, a more valuable kind of information than the most ingenious commentaries.

In the summer of 1817, I fallowed eight acres of poor, high land, known in this part of the country by the denomination of barrens, and, unaided by manure, I think would not have produced more than eight bushels to the acre, with the most favorable seasons. Having but the small quantity of manure that was made upon the farm and an adjoining plantation, between the time of carrying out the contents of the farm-yard in the spring, and the season of wheat sowing, (it is proper here to remark, that it was chiefly of the strongest kinds, the greater part of it being made from the stables,) I determined it was safest to err rather upon the side of giving it too much than too little extension. I therefore checked off the land with a plough, 23 1-2 yards by 17 1-2, putting a load into the centre of each square, which gives precisely 12 loads to the acre. The manure was carted out just in time to plough it in before seeding—the cart used carried between 25 and 30 bushels only at a load—the manure was better rotted than it usually is at this age, from its being placed in a stercorary, which it kept moist with the muck water that settled in its bottom—the seeding commenced on the 5th of October and finished the 7th—put in with harrows on the second ploughing.

Seeded one bushel to the acre—and the produce was twenty bushels to the acre. The wheat was of the kind known with us under the name of the Yellow Bearded. J. C. COCKE.

MINOR, ESQ.

Secretary of the Ag. So. of Albermarle.

## AN ADDRESS,

DELIVERED

AT THE FORMATION OF

The Lycurgan Association,

IN

YALE COLLEGE, (Ct.)

By a Student of the Junior Class.

The immediate purpose of our meeting is to form a union of sentiment and example against ostentatious and extravagant expenditure in this institution: an evil which threatens its interests and alarms its friends, but which no individual, however respected, can alone counteract. Let not, however, the adoption of such a measure be regarded as a reflection on the morals of the institution. Let it rather be a pledge of the sobriety and good sense of the young men who enjoy its advantages; an evidence that Yale still merits that high reputation, in point of moral as well as literary character, which she has so long enjoyed. But at a time when extravagance and prodigality are making rapid progress throughout our country, our literary institutions cannot be expected to escape the common evil; for if a propensity to these vices be natural to the self-love of man, the indulgence of it is peculiarly congenial with the thoughtlessness of youth, and like every other pernicious passion, it must be eradicated in its infancy, or it will acquire and maintain an

ascendancy over the whole course of subsequent life.

To a reflecting man, the effects of College prodigality must be obvious and alarming.—Equally repugnant to the interests of literature, and subversive of ancient simplicity, it not only enhances the expense of a residence here, thus embarrassing our parents and patrons with unnecessary burthens, and placing a collegiate education beyond the power of many a noble youth, who might perhaps become the boast and ornament of his country; but it multiplies temptations—renders the vices of dissipation fashionable—doubts the anxieties of the virtuous mother, and often ruins the hopes of the expectant father. I might mention the waste of time, and inattention to the proper pursuits of a collegiate course, which it occasions; the pernicious habits it induces, and the reproach which it casts upon the name of student. Its effects are multiplied, and are no less injurious to ourselves than to the institution of which we are members.

But it is not this extent of the evil, merely, which urges the adoption of measures calculated to counteract its influence. We ought to pursue it through all its effects upon private families, upon society, and upon the hallowed institutions of our country. We ought to look forward to the condition of posterity, and then inquire whether, as students and as citizens, we have any influence either to increase or lessen the prevailing and corrupting indulgence of fancy and appetite around us. Influence you have, fellow-students; and it is needed on the side of virtue and patriotism. In addition to that common influence which the respected members of every community possess, you have, as members of a literary institution, an influence over the youth of our country, which, in no other situation, young men can have. There is a sacredness in the name of science, which causes it to be respected in the remotest corners of civilization. It entertains the circle at the fireside, and aids the meditations of the closet. Among the sons of science, Religion seeks the pillars of her church; Justice looks to them for the execution of her laws; and Patriotism for the wisdom of her counsellors.

When we consider, therefore, the importance of these four years, not only as a season devoted to literature and science, but as a period which forms the habits and character of those who are destined to have a controlling influence on the manners and interests of the nation; and when we reflect, too, that so far at least, as it respects college, the existing evil can be remedied only by students themselves, and that by united effort; we shall need no argument to persuade us that the object of our contemplated association imposes upon us a duty, which we owe not only to the venerable institution of which we are members, and to the interests of literature generally, but to ourselves also—to our parents, and, above all, to our country. This is not the time of our country's prosperity; and, therefore, not a time, surely, to multiply her embarrassments by encouraging prodigality in her rising generations. Those sources of wealth which, when Europe was embroiled in war, enriched our nation beyond example, are dried up, and there remains no field of successful enterprise open to our citizens. Instead of frugality and temperance, however, in this season of universal stagnation, there is peculiar reason to fear a contrary effect: for that active spirit of our countrymen, which has been so long engaged in commerce and speculation, will not relax at once into listless inactivity; and the danger is, that for the want of its accustomed objects, it will exhaust itself in idle amusement and frivolous ostentation. To this cause, chiefly, may we look for both present and anticipated embarrassments. Trace them to their true source, and you will find that they originate in an indefinite multiplication of imaginary wants—wants which nature never created. It is the extravagance of fancy and fashion in our country, which has contributed more to raise the cry of "hard times," than any other cause whatever. It is this which makes the amount of our imported elegancies and luxuries greater than our exported produce, and thus throws the balance of trade into the hands of the foreign merchant: hence the ruinous demand for specie, and a variety of consequent evils. The truth is, we are living beyond our income; and the abundance of private debts, and the failure of private contracts, are evidence that the pride of fashionable style is often gratified at the expense of convenience and plighted faith. But greater still are the evils which, in our departure from republican simplicity, we are entailing on posterity. To perceive that that effeminacy which our forefathers so much despised and guarded against, is beginning to find indulgence with their descendants, one need only enter the assemblies of our citizens, or walk through our streets. It is too apparent not to be observable, by any one who has a tolerable acquaintance with the history of men and manners, in that servile exactness of conformity to fashion—that artificial conformation of the body—that careful attention to delicacy of the complexion, which are seen among us. Wherever you find an over-anxious nicety in these particulars, you invariably find a relaxation of both energy and principle, and a consequent

disposition to supineness and luxury.—Limbs that are valued for their slenderness and fairness, must be nourished at sumptuous tables, and reposed on beds of down. That ignoble pride which delights in dress and ostentation, is, in its own nature, a stranger to sublime and generous sentiments, and can never stimulate the subjects of it to noble activity in the cause of philanthropy and patriotism. It is in the indulgence of this passion, unquestionably, that we take the first step in that road which Persia, and Greece, and Rome, travelled from their greatness down to ruin.

The primitive and proper ends of dress, undoubtedly, are convenience and decency. These being secured, all farther solicitude concerning it are superfluous. As a criterion of merit, pitiful indeed are those distinctions which are borrowed at the dressing-room and toilet: and methinks a mind, clothed with its own immortal dignity, and fitted for a dwelling in the skies, sinks infinitely beneath itself when it stoops to all the vanities and whims of innovation.

But there may be conveniences and decencies in the contrivances of fashion; though, in its constant metamorphoses, I often lose sight of both. Experience may have taught others, though I am utterly at a loss to conceive of either, the convenience or the decency of a *whalebone apparatus* which converts the body into an unbending statue, and places its parent earth beneath its reach. You may smile at the absurdities of foppery, but you cannot laugh it out of countenance: it has at length gotten the better of propriety, and will laugh in its turn at your compliance with its sober dictates. Its name is Legion—and with the increasing multitude of its retinue, simplicity of manners is rusticity; common sense is idiotism; and the adorning of the person a matter of greater importance than the embellishment of the understanding. That bugbear, *fashion*, has erected itself into a standard of manners and of merit among us, and our respectability is rendered servilely dependant on the mere form and quality of a garment. We import our very shapes from Europe, and purchase them even at the expense of national character. Who would have told the men of '76 that, before the grave should cover the venerable remnant of their illustrious generation, America should so far forget her independence as to come under the domination of the very tailors and mantua-makers of Paris and London?

I would censure nothing, surely, which serves to render man interesting to man; nothing which gives a manly grace to the dignity of the one sex, or adds a single charm to the loveliness of the other. But there may be danger of carrying our notions of refinement too far.

"Est modus in rebus; sunt certi denique fines  
Quos ultra, cintraque nequit consistere rectum."

Is it not very possible, that, instead of that noble negligence of manner which always characterises the greatness of a Roman soul—that easy affability ever flowing from an ingenuous heart, a mistaken notion of politeness may substitute the preciseness of affectation, and the littleness of unmeaning prattle? I appeal to the object of our present meeting, whether the justness of the remark be not supported by facts. Are there not, within the limits of your observation, some young men, whose feminine delicacy and softness of manners almost render it difficult to determine for which of the sexes nature designed them?

"Fresh as a bridegroom, neat and trimly dress'd,  
And all perfum'd like a milliner,"  
with their "holiday and lady terms," one might call them *lovely*, even beyond their sex—a burlesque upon manhood. Having neither the accent of man, nor the gait of man, they have so strutted and bowed, that you might have thought, with Hamlet, some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

".....A heavenly mind  
May be indiff'rent to her house of clay,  
And slight the hovel as beneath her care;  
But how a body so fantastic, trim,  
And quaint in its deportment and attire,  
Can lodge a heavenly mind...demands a doubt."

These animadversions belong not all to our own sex. Why is that pale and sickly delicacy so frequent in the other, if it be not the effect of modern misnamed refinement? Why is the concern of the affectionate mother awakened lest the dews of evening should chill life's feeble current and hurry the victim of her mistaken tenderness to an early grave? Even the summer breeze comes armed with terrors.

There was a time when the Spartan daughters of America, rose to breathe the freshness of the morning; and, like the Roman Lucretia, were not ashamed to be found at the distaff. The delighted cottager saw them at twilight, gaily seated on their fleet horses, light hearted and graceful as the plumes in their bonnets; and with joy the proud father contemplated the blush of innocence diffusing itself through the crimson vigor of health.

But when I consider the relative condition of the sexes, and behold my own rivalling the other in softness, I cannot avoid the conviction that the evil is, in a great degree, chargeable to our example. And is it not a perversion of that influence over the female sex, which nature gave

us for nobler and better purposes? Is it not such a perversion, if to any thing, a degenerate posterity will owe that imbecility of body and intellect which they derive from their enfeebled mothers?

I had rather men were savages, and possessed of all the wild enthusiasm of uncultivated nature, than that they were divested of the masculine features of their original character; and when I look abroad upon the vices and effeminacy of civilization in the old world, and see the morals of my own nation threatened with the same corruption, I am tempted to wish the iron ages of antiquity had been co-extensive with the existence of the human race. Are we not departing from the venerable simplicity of our fathers; and in that departure are we not losing the hardy virtues of their character? Go spend an evening in the society of men of fourscore years: the hallowed sympathies of age shall carry you back to the morning of a robust generation, whose manly spirits sought enterprise and danger with an emulous enthusiasm; and, despising delicate apparel and soft accommodations, coveted toil and abstinence as the only antidote to an enfeebled constitution. Active, frugal and temperate, they were hospitable and happy at their firesides, and undaunted in the presence of their enemies. In those days of primitive simplicity and frankness, refinement was not effeminacy; gallantry consisted not in an unmanly flattery of the female sex; and social intercourse, unfettered by the restraints of idle ceremony, derived its impulse from enthusiastic, unsophisticated nature. Nature pointed out to each sex its own peculiar sphere and character, and secured to each its proper influence upon the happiness and conduct of the other. To one she gave the strength and unbought dignity of manhood, and confided to its protection the innocence and comparative weakness of the other. Man needed not the extravagance of fashion, nor the language of adulation, to command the respect of woman; nor were the charms of woman less winning, or the symmetry of her form less engaging, for the frankness of her manners and modest simplicity of her attire.

But those days went long since by:

Etas parentum pejor avis tulit  
Non nequiores, mox daturos  
Progeniem vitiosiorum:

And it needs not the gift of prophecy, nor the wildness of fanaticism, to fancy some unborn Cato lamenting the degeneracy of the noblest nation of the earth, and appealing to this thoughtless age, whether the indulgence of a prodigal fancy were a matter of greater moment than the virtue and happiness of future generations.

Such is the inevitable tendency of those extravagances which it has become the duty of every judicious and patriotic citizen to discourage by all the means in his power.

Luxury, in whatever form it may make its appearance, whether in the riotous excesses of the banquet, or clothed in fine linen and purple, is an evil tenfold more easily eradicated in its infancy than subdued when grown inveterate.—Those who have longest pursued its phantoms and been most deluded with its promises of happiness, are the blindest and most eager in the chase; for it enlists in its service the appetites and passions, and wages an exterminating warfare with virtue, till at length every pure and elevated feeling is supplanted, and the ardor of patriotism quenched in the selfishness of personal gratification, licentiousness, effeminacy—all the evils of degeneracy, are its own legitimate offspring; and when once it has robbed our national character of its ancient purity, it will assail our proud institutions with venality, faction, and ruin. Like those of Lacedæmon, they will exist only a memento of the greatness and the debasement of the human understanding.

This destroyer of ancient greatness—this inveterate enemy of liberty and happiness, must be kept at bay in America, or the last hope of freedom will perish in her downfall. "Omnes eodem cogimur" will for ever be the motto of republics; and *royalty*, exulting in the death of its last enemy, will fold its arms in undisturbed security.

The history of all antiquity shows us that the prosperity of nations is inseparably connected with their morals. It was the prevalence of a virtuous and rigorous simplicity of manners that gave immortality to Thermopylae and Marathon. To that contempt for licentious wealth and luxury which gave no place for venality in her counsellors and legates, and which fortified her armies against effeminacy and insubordination, Rome owed her unparalleled elevation. She called her illustrious commanders from the plough to the field, scarcely less conspicuous in the labours of industry than in the achievements of victory.

Need I remind you of the men to whom our own country is indebted for its freedom and prosperity? The plainness of their manners, and the sternness of their virtue, did well become the cause for which they girded on the sword.

But the deprivation of her morals hastened the downfall of Sparta: Rome sunk in the man of her own corruption, an easy prey to the hardy sons of the north; and heaven forbid that the degeneracy of America should, at some future pe-