CAROLINA CENTINEL.

VOLUME III.] NEWBERN, N. C. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1820. [NUMBER 132.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED WEEKLY, BY

PASTEUR & WATSON,

At $3 per annum—half in advance.

AGRICULTURAL.

FOR THE CAROLINA CENTINEL.

Messrs. Editors,

I am but a sorry kind of a hand at the pen, and shall make an awkard business in writing; nevertheless, I will endeavor to comply, as far as I can, with the wishes of my brother farmer, in the neighboring county, as expressed in your paper of the 16th inst. which a friend has just handed me. I am very much in hopes, however, that some one, much more able and better informed, both as to scholarship and agriculture than myself, will come forward and afford the public information on the subject to which your correspondent alludes—*the culture of Cotton.* It is one which should excite general interest; for, if the cultivation of the article is found to succeed, it will be a great help to us in our present difficulties, inasmuch as it will add very materially to the amount of our exports, and thus render more easy the remittances the merchants require to pay for their goods imported from New-York, Philadelphia, &c. and it will help our farmers very much to pay off their debts to the Banks.—But let me give you the result of my attempt this year to raise Cotton. I commenced on a small scale; my present crop consisting only of forty acres. Part of it is planted on new ground, cleared only two years—the soil light, but good; former growth, oak, hickory, ash and poplar—the other part our land, cleared about ten years, the growth nearly the same. I commenced planting the middle of April, and finished about the 10th of May.—I threw up beds ridges, 5 1-2 feet apart, from centre of one ridge to the centre of the other. My seed was of two kinds—the smooth black seed and the green seed, the latter I rubbed in sand to get rid of the wool—it would have been well, I am told, to have steeped them in ashes. I planted about a bushel to the acre, dropping the seed in shallow furrows, and covering with the hoe lightly. It came up pretty well, not much missing. As soon as it was about 3 inches high, I gave it the first ploughing, and soon afterwards hoed up the dirt to the stalks, covering them up as high as I could. The spring was cold, backward and dry, and the cotton grew slowly and looked badly: when about six inches high, I begun to thin it, leaving about six inches between each stalk; as it grew, I continued thinning until I left a space of 12 inches between each stalk. I ploughed it five times, weeding it, and keeping it quite clean, particularly at first, until the plant was strong, and two feet high. It grew very slowly, until about the 1st of July, when some light rains and hot weather gave it a start; it now looked very promising, and I anticipated an excellent crop.—I should have mentioned that my ridges were quite high, a foot and upwards; this made good water furrows that carried off the heavy rains we have had almost ever since the middle of July, so that I have had no standing water in my fields. I put the ploughs in whenever I found the grass in the way—ploughing deep at first, but towards the last, just so as to cut up the grass and weeds. The cotton continued to grow and look very promising—the branches locked across the furrows, tho 5 1-2 feet apart, and by the middle of August, it was in many parts 4 and 5 feet high. But now an enemy appeared, I did not expect—it was the *Rot*; at least it answers exactly to the description mentioned by Col. Troup in the 'American Farmer,' page 237, vol. 1st; and this has continued to encrease, and will doubtless destroy one-fourth of the crop, if not more. As Col. T. says, I perceive no difference as to soil or weather—its devastating march continues. About two weeks since, another enemy has appeared: a large green worm was discovered, which instead of attacking the leaf, as the caterpillar, began on the pod; generally commencing under the large end, where he is hid from common observation—he eats his way into the pod and does not leave it, until he has completed its destruction. The outside of the pod continues to look green and healthy for some time, and it is only on close inspection this insidious enemy is discovered; and as far as I can judge, this last will destroy another fourth of my crop. There are two or three kinds of worm appear, or else they are the same species at different ages; some are large and green, about 1 to 1 1-2 inches long, with 10 or 12 legs—others smaller, brown and some brown and red.

I am happy to say that my neighbors are not as bad off as myself, either with the rot or the worm. This would induce me to hope there was something in the seed; tho' a plantation about 12 miles off, is injured by both these, but not to the extent of mine. I topped the cotton about the 6th of September, in the manner pointed out in the American Farmer, vol. 2, No. 11. It is now 20th September, my cotton has commenced to open, but I think is very backward, and if we have an early frost, its destruction will be complete. But even this last blow, if it falls, will not prevent my making another attempt, or cause me to regret what I have done, only that I had not done it better. I think I ploughed too often and too late; I planted too late, and shall commence next season in March, from the 15th to 20th, if the weather is mild—taking care to cover up well, to protect the young plants. I will not then widen them 6 inches apart, and intend leaving some to grow as it comes up. I shall make the beds 5 feet apart, and shall pay particular attention to the quality of the seed—the green seed I much prefer. I shall select the best land on the farm; what poorer land I am obliged to use for corn, I shall manure well.

I fear I shall tire your's and the reader's patience. My object is to induce others to come forward and give the result of their experience, and their mode of planting. I wish you could interest the Editor of the "American Farmer" so far as to induce him to procure and publish information on the subject above alluded to, from some of his Southern correspondents. I would take this opportunity of recommending the "American Farmer" to every one in the least interested in agriculture. It is a book useful and interesting to all, but *no Farmer should be without it.* Its cost is only 4 dollars per annum, and may be obtained by applying to Mr. Watson, Post-Master in Newbern.

I will merely add, that I perceive very little difference in my two fields—I am satisfied that but for the rot and the worm, the crop would have averaged 800 lb. seed cotton to the acre—say 200 lbs. clean cotton, at 15 cents, (now sells at 18) is 30 dollars per acre: contrast this with Corn (which is much more injurious to the land) at 1 50 to 2 dollars the barrel—*and hard to sell.*

A Farmer of Jones County.

Fairbanks, Sept. 20, 1820.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SELECTED FOR THE CENTINEL.

Messrs. Editors.

The following reflections, from travels through the United States, by John Mellish, must be gratifying to the feelings of every true American. It is almost the only instance of an Englishman, who has passed through our country without concealing all its perfections, and giving a carricature picture of its disadvantages:—

"Farmers and mechanics are best adapted to the country, and, if they are industrious, they are sure to succeed. A farmer can get a quarter section of land, 160 acres, for 560 dollars, with eight years to pay it. If he is industrious, he may have the whole cleared and cultivated like a garden by the end of that time; when in consequence of the rise on property, by the encrease of population, and the cultivation by his individual industry, his land may be worth 50 dollars per acre, or 8000 dollars; besides his stock of cattle, &c., which may be worth half as much more. Mechanics are well paid for their labour; carpenters have 1 dollar per day and their board; if they board themselves 1 dollar 25 cents. Other trades have in proportion and living is cheap.—Flour is about 5 dollars per barrel; beef 4 cents per lb.; fowls 12 1-2 cents each; fish are plenty and cheap. A mechanic can thus earn as much in two days as will maintain a family for a week, and by vesting the surplus in houses and lots, in a judicious manner, he may accumulate money as fast as the farmer, and both may be independent and happy. Indeed, these too classes cannot too highly prize the blessings they enjoy in this country, nor be sufficiently grateful to the Almighty Disposer of all events, for casting their lot in a land where they have advantages so far transcending what the same classes have in any other. I know there are many who hold a different opinion, but I must take the liberty to dissent from it, and the reader who has travelled with me thus far, will allow that my opinion is not founded either on a partial or prejudiced view of the subject; it is deduced from plain, unvarnished facts, which no reasoning can set aside, nor sophistry invalidate.—What would the farmers, and mechanics, and manufacturers in Britian give to be in the same situation? There (I speak particularly of Scotland) there a farmer pays from 7 to 28 dollars per acre, yearly, for the *use* of his farm, besides the taxes and public burdens. He gets in many instances a lease of 19 years, and is bound to cultivate the ground in a certain way, prescribed by the tenure of his lease. If he improve the farm the improvements are for another, not for him; and, at the end of the lease, if another is willing, to give one more shilling than him, or if the proprietor has a favourite, or wishes to turn two or more farms into one, or has taken umbrage at his politics, or his religion, or any thing else regarding him or his family, he will not get a renewal of the lease. Many a family have I known, who have been ruined in this way. Being turned out of the farm, they retire to a town or city, where there substance is soon spent, and they pine away in poverty, and at last find a happy relief in the cold grave. Nor is there any remedy; the lands are nearly all *entailed* on the great families, and the lords of the soil are the lords of the laws; they can bind the poor farmer *in all cases whatsoever.*

Compare this with the situation of the American farmer. He cultivates his own soil, or, if he has none, he can procure a sufficient quantity for 200 or 300 dollars. If he has no money, he can get credit, and all that is necessary to redeem his credit, is to put forth his hand and be industrious. He can stand erect on the middle of his farm and say. 'This ground is mine: from the highest canopy of heaven, down to the lowest depths, I can claim all I can get possession of within these bounds; fowls of the air, fish of the sea, and all that pass through the same." And, having a full share of consequence in the political scale, his equal rights are guaranteed to him. None dare encroach upon him; he can set under his own vine, and under his own fig-tree, and none to make him afraid.

Look at the mechanic and manufacturer: in America they can earn from 6 to 9 dollar per week, and have provisions so reasonable, that they can have their wheat-bread and roast-beef, or roast-pork, or fowl every day, and accumulate property for old age and their offspring. In Britain they can earn from a dollar and a half to three dollars a week, and pay at the rate of 14 or 15 dollars for a barrel of flour, and from 16 to 22 cents per lb. for beef. But, why do I talk of flour and beef? small, indeed, is the proportion of these that fall to their lot. No; they are doomed to drag out a miserable existence on potatoes and oat-meal, with this farther curse entailed upon them, that, by the mandate of the powers that be, they are bound to the soil; they *cannot* they DARE NOT leave their country except by stealth!"

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

THE NO NOSE CLUB.

The origin of this club is thus facetiously related. A certain whimsical gentleman, having taken fancy to see a large party of noseless persons, invited every one he met in the streets to dine on a certain day at a tavern, where he formed them all into a brotherhood bearing the above name.

"The gentleman, against the time, having ordered a very plentiful dinner, acquainted the vintner who were like to be his guests, that he might not be surpris'd at so ill-favor'd an appearance, but pay them that respect, when they came to ask for him, that might encourage them to tarry. When the morning came, no sooner was the hand of Covent-Garden dial upon the stroke of the hour prefix'd, but the No-Nose company began to drop in apace, like scald-heads and cripples to a mumper's feast, asking for Mr. Crumpton, which was the feign'd name the gentleman had taken upon him, succeeding one another so thick, with jarring voices, like the brazen strings of a crack'd dulcimore, that the drawer could scare shew one up stairs before he had another to conduct: the answer at the bar being, to all that enquir'd that Mr. Crumpton had been there, and desir'd every one that ask'd for him would walk up stairs, and he would wait upon 'em presently. As the number encreas'd, the surprise grew the greater among all that were present, who star'd at one another with such unaccustom'd bashfulness, and confus'd odness, as if every sinner beheld their own iniquities in the faces of their companions.—However, seeing the cloth laid in extraord'nary order, every one was curious when once enter'd, to attend the sequal: At length a snorting old fellow, whose nose was utterly swallowed up by his cheeks, as if his head had been troubled with an earthquake, having a little more impudence than the rest of the snuffletonians, 'Egad,' says he, 'if by chance we should fall together by the ears, how long might we all fight before we should have bloody noses? 'Ads flesh,' says another, now you talk of noses, I have been looking this half hour to find one in company.' 'God be prais'd,' says a third, 'tho' we have no noses, we have ev'ry one a mouth and th , by spreading of the table, seems at present to be the most useful member' 'A mere trick I dare engage,' says a bridge-fallen lady, 'that is put upon us by some whimsical gentleman, that loves to make a jest of other peoples misfortunes.' 'Let him jest and be damn'd,' cries a dubsnouted bully, if he comes but among us, and treats us handsomely. 'If he does not,' says he, 'I'll pull him by the nose till he wishes himself without one like the rest of the company.' 'Pray, gentlemen and ladies, cries an old drowthy captain of Whitefriers, who had forsaken the pleasures of whoring for those of drinking, 'dont let us set and chock at the fountain-head;' and with that they knocked for the drawer, and asked him, 'If they might not call for wine without the danger of being stop'd for the reckoning? Who answer'd, 'yes, for what they pleas'd only the gentleman desir'd it might be the forfeiture of a quart, if any one should presume to put their nose in the glass."

This club met once a month for a whole joyous year, when its founder and patron died, and then the flat-faced community were unhappily dissolved." An Elegy was recited at the final meeting, from which the following extract is not without pathos.

"Mourn for the loss of such a generous friend,
Whose lofty Nose no humble snout disdain'd:
But tho' of Roman height, could stoop so low
As to soothe those who ne'er a Nose could shew,
Ah! sure no noseless club could ever find
One single Nose so bountiful and kind.
But now, alas! he's sunk into the deep,
Where neither kings or slaves a Nose shall keep.
But where proud Beauties, strutting Beaux and all,
Must soon into the noseless fashion fall;
Thither your friend in complaisance is gone
To have his Nose, like yours, reduced to none."

From the Boston Daily Advertiser.

ON SHAKING HANDS.

Mr. Editor,—There are few things of more common occurrence than shaking hands; and yet I do not recollect that much has been speculated upon the subject. I confess when I consider to what unimportant & futile concerns the attention of writers and readers has been directed, I am surprised that no one has been found to *handle* so important a subject as this; and attempt to give the public a rational view of the doctrine and discipline of shaking hands. It is a subject on which I have myself theorized a good deal, and I beg leave to offer you a few remarks on the origin of the practice and the various forms in which it is exercised.

I have been unable to find in the ancient writers any distinct mention of *shaking hands.*——They followed the heartier practice of hugging or embracing, which has not wholly disappeared among grown persons in Europe and children in our own country and has unquestionably the advantage on the score of cordiality. When the ancients trusted the business of salutation to the hands alone, they *joined* but did not *shake* them; and although I find frequently such phrases as jungre dextras hospito; I do not recollect to have met with that of agitare dextras. I am inclined to think that the practice grew up in the ages of chivalry, when the cumbrous iron mail, in which the knights were cased, prevented their embracing; & when with fingers clothed in steel, the simple touch or joining of the hands would have been but cold welcome: so that a prolonged junction was a natural resort, to express cordiality; and as it would have been awkard to keep the hands unemployed in this position, a gentle agitation or shaking might have been naturally introduced. How long this practice may have remained in this incipient stage, it is impossible, in the silence of history, to say; nor is there any thing in the Chronicles, in Philip de Comines or the Byzantine historians, which enables us to trace the progress of the art, into the forms in which it now exists.

Without, therefore, availing myself of the privilege of theorists to supply by conjecture the absence of history or tradition, I shall pass immediately to the enumeration of those forms:

1. The *pump-handle* shake is the first, which deserves notice. It is executed by taking your friend's hand, and working it up and down, through an arc of fifty degrees, for about a minute and a half. To have its nature force and character, this shake should be performed with a fair steady motion. No attempt should be made to give it grace, and still less vivacity; as the few instances, in which the latter has been tried, have uniformly resulted in dislocating the shoulder of the