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# THE ARATOR.



*Agriculture is the great art, which every Government ought to protect, every proprietor of lands to practice, and every inquirer into nature to improve.—JOHNSON.*

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE AND ITS KINDRED ARTS.

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## NORTH-CAROLINA ARATOR.

By THOS. J. LEMAY, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

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For the Arator.

Mr. Editor: I shall have to give up my friend "Little Planter," of the Hills of Tallahatchie, Miss., as a most inveterate and hopeless case. His rejoinder, in your May number, is but another illustration of the old couplet, that "a man convinced against his will is of the same opinion still." He rails most lustily against bare assertions, and yet deals in nothing else; he prates lustily about the "figures," but takes care to keep them to himself, except in his lame attempt to show that we of the old North State can make about as much on the road as we can on our farms! he contends that ours is a sickly State, and yet gives no proof of it except that we have some flat lands and muddy streams; he wants to entice our people to leave their native and happy homes, but can offer them no better reason for such a suicidal step than that he has done so. Truly, he is like the

Fox, whose tail was cut off by a steel trap. He earnestly advised the other Foxes that it was the latest fashion, and set to persuading them all to dock their hindmost extremities, on the ground that they "had as well be out of the world as out of fashion." Our Mississippi friend is respectfully informed that the spirit of emigration has gone out of fashion in North Carolina, and that he and his associate wanderers, so far as our citizens are concerned will have to wear their short tails alone.

After all, Little Planter is no doubt a very clever fellow, and if I should ever set foot upon the hills of Tallahatchie, I shall pull the string of his latch and eat some of his hog and turnips certain. This is a bountiful and favorite old North Carolina dish, tho my Mississippi visitors assure me we live better in this good old State than the people of any other part of the Union; and, as I do not regard nor treat this lively correspondent as an "adversary" in any offensive sense, I anticipate a cordial greeting and happy interview. In the mean time, should he ever revisit the resting place of his fathers, he is invited to call, and promised a hearty welcome at Potato Diggins.

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