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[WHOLE NO. 210.]

## SEA SALT WILL CURE MEAT—HOW TO PURIFY IT PRACTICALLY AND EFFECTIVELY.

A correspondent of the *Charleston Courier* writes as follows relative to Sea Salt, and how to purify it for all practical uses. It will be recollected that we published a communication a short while since, from another source, recommending the same process that this treats of; but we consider it our duty to put in the reach of our readers all the information we can get on this subject:

The doubt which exists as to the efficiency of domestic salt in curing meat, is alike nourished and sustained by chemistry and practice. You can find intelligent men who will prove by science and experience both sides of this proposition. I know a gentleman, of recognized science and skill, not twenty miles from the city, who did last year kill and cure his own meat with salt boiled in the common way, some of which is now in his smoke house sweet and pure.

No doubt much of the salt produced here is impure—some of it too impure for this purpose. This comes doubtless from the difference of care bestowed upon its production by the several makers. Some purify the water better, reject more of the "bittern" or residue, and take more pains generally in its production, while others boil the water as they raise it from the river without filtering, and reduce the whole to "salt," mud, bittern and all.

Another discrepancy occurs in the difference of care and skill in curing the meat—using more salt—making better brine, and more of it—in a word, judicious selection of weather, more thorough handling and smoking. To render all this salt better, and to make the best of it entirely reliable for the preservation of meat by a simple yet effective process, which shall be easy, economical, and practicable to all—makers as well as consumers—and to give confidence in it by sufficient authority, as well as to carry conviction to every understanding, is the main object and hope of this communication. With these observations, Messrs. Editors, I make no apology for offering the following copious extract from the second edition of the "Domestic Encyclopedia," edited by the celebrated Dr. Cooper, late of Columbia College, S. C., for I believe it will go far to relieve the present painful anxiety in our country, by placing within the reach of all the means of rendering their salt reliable and their bacon sure:

"In the first volume of the *Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh*, we met with a memoir by the Earl of Dundonald, containing an account of a new expedient of purifying sea salt. He observes that the common salt is mixed with various substances, which in a great measure render it unfit for the important purpose of preserving food, which appear, from his experiments, to be nauseous—bitter and cathartic salts, with earthy bases—and as the mode of purifying salt by dissolution in water, and precipitation of the earthy matters with fossil alkali, is not only too tedious, but also too expensive for common use, Lord D. proceeds on the fact that hot water, when saturated with sea salt, will still dissolve some portion of bitter salts. He, therefore, directs the following process for purifying this useful article. 'Take a vessel of a conical figure, with a hole in the small end of it, put it near the fire, with the bottom uppermost; fix it in such a manner that it might be moderately heated by a stove or flue going round it; fill it with salt; take a twentieth of the salt contained in the vessel, dissolve in its proper proportion of water, in an iron pan; let it boil, and pour it when hot upon the surface of the salt in the conical vessel. The hot and fully saturated solution will dissolve no more sea salt, but will, as it descends and filtrates through the salt in the vessel, dissolve the muriates of magnesia and magnesia vitriolata, which will drop out at the aperture in the small end of the vessel.' After the liquor has ceased to drop, take one-twentieth part more of the salt contained in the vessel and proceed as aforesaid. Repeat the same process with salt out of the vessel, until what remains be as pure as required. Three washings in this manner will render home made salt purer than bay. Each operation renders the salt 4½ times purer than it was before. Its purity, leaving out the small fractional parts in each multiplication, will increase in the following progression:

First operation.....	450
Second operation.....	20
Third operation.....	91
Fourth operation.....	410
Fifth operation.....	1845

The superior quality of salt thus freed from the bitter, nauseous salts, is no less obvious to the taste than its effects are in salting or preserving fish, meats and butter, which I have satisfied myself of by a variety of experiments."

[NOTE.—The heat is needless, pour repeatedly on the salt meant to be purified a saturated

Nothing remains to be said upon this matter but to make the practical application of the subject. 1st. Let me urge upon salt makers to improve their salt by a better preparation of the water, by settling, filtering, &c., by a free use of the "scratch pans" in their boilers, by rejecting more of the "bittern," throwing it away as soon as the salt ceases to become granular and becomes murky, yellow and wet. 2d. After deraining your salt, and while it drips from the basket over the "salt pan," pour repeatedly over it buckets of the "trine from the boiler," as recommended in the above extract, and let it continue to drip. You will thus purify your salt without labor or expense, as the salt in the dripping will be readily reproduced.

To consumers, I say be of good cheer; your bacon is safe if you will but purify your salt as recommended, viz: put a bushel of salt in a common white oak basket, then take from it three pints, or one-twentieth, make a brine of it and pour it over the salt in the basket and drip it as in making ley; repeat this three times, (save the drippings for cooking, stock, &c.) use your salt freely, for it is not quite as strong or heavy (weighs 54 pounds—Liverpool dairy, 56 pounds) as you are accustomed to, secure cold weather for salting, rub thoroughly, smoke more than usual, and your bacon is safe.

## A DOG STORY.

It has always been a belief of mine that animals of the dumb creation think, all arguments to the contrary notwithstanding, and I have recently heard a dog story from some friends resident in Virginia that has increased my faith in the matter. Some neighbors of theirs have a specimen of a New Foundland dog, who half I heard of him be true, can do almost anything but talk.

Not long since his mistress said to him, "Ponto, you may go out in the front yard and stay half an hour, but don't go outside of the gate." After he had been gone a short time his well known knock was heard at the door, and on its being opened, Ponto was discovered accompanied by a half-starved object of the dog species, with one of his legs disabled, which he induced to follow him into the front basement, and lie down on a large soft mat near the door. He then went into the kitchen and intimated to Bridget that he wanted his usual forenoon's lunch, which having procured, he took it to his new friend, laid it down before him; and looked on with evident satisfaction while he ate it.

As Ponto's mistress did not wish a boarder of that description, she told him that he must introduce his new friend into the street again, which he pretended at first not to understand, but finally, in a very apologetic way however, did as he was ordered, assisting his unfortunate companion up two or three steps into the street, and looking after him as he limped on his way, with a sad and troubled countenance. So much for Ponto's character for benevolence. Of his qualities as a night watch, I learn that one night, during the past summer, he discovered that the front door had been inadvertently left open. He knew that was not correct, although the outside blind door was fastened by a dead latch; so he went to his master's bed-room, waked him up, and would not leave the room until he followed him down stairs and closed the door. He is thought to be worth three star policemen and a pair of private watchmen in addition.

## PHILO CANIS.

And, after all, the rascal may kill sheep. Tan his hide.

The *Winchester (Tenn.) Bulletin*, has the following curious advertisement, which we are assured is genuine. It ought to be. Indeed its proposals should have been executed by some heroic Charlotte Corday long ago!"

I understand \$50,000 is offered as a reward to whosoever will kill the Beast Butler of New Orleans. I accept the offer, and require 25,000 forfeit, to be placed in some good hand. When I accomplish the noble deed, I am to be paid the reward. My name can be found out when desired by the proper persons.

This is dated: "Winchester, Tennessee, Nov. 2nd." Shall it go begging? For one, in the name of humanity, we say, no!

Hon. Wm. B. Preston of Virginia died at his

## A RETROSPECT—THE RICH—THE POOR—SPECULATORS.

[For the Argus.]  
It is a long time, Mr. Editor, since I penned anything for the *Argus*. Many unexpected events have transpired since. Then, there was no expectation of this terrible war, and the bloody fields which have been lost and won. Then, there were no fears entertained that the Abolition party would be in the ascendant, from which ascendancy, designed or accidental, has arisen all our troubles—all our woe. Then, Democracy was in the ascendant—immaculate Democracy—against the bosses of whose thick buckler, the increasingly vigorous blows of Abolitionized Republicanism, (it was boastfully said,) fell innocuous. Alas, alas, that so much blood and treasure should be expended merely for the gratification of Abolitionism, for it is evident that the war was commenced to gratify the mad ambition of a few reckless and unprincipled politicians, who thought it would be an easy matter to frighten the South into the acceptance of any measures which their would-be conquerors might choose to propose. The doughty Abolitionist north, and the vaunting Democrat, sooth, prophesied bloodless victories—the one expected to see their grand army drive the rebels before them, handcuffed and haltered, while the more notable dangled from the limbs of the trees of the forest, like so many Absaloms, while their gouty leaders were feasting in the halls of the Montezumas—the other volunteered, in flaming speeches, to drink all the blood that would be shed, and hyena-like, to devour, tooth and toe-nail, the corpses of all the slain. "My voice is still for war," cried these Semproniuses, until the battle of Manassas startled them into the conviction that the war they urged so fluently and advocated so ardently, was to be the most cruel and bloody and revengeful and insatiable that has disgraced the annals of any nation, since the flood.

I will not stop to inquire who are the real authors of this war. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. I will simply ask the question, would unity in the ranks of the then Democratic party have prevented it? Would the success of that party in the last presidential election have saved the country from the woe she is now enduring? Are these useless questions? They are, in the main, but perhaps they will serve to set some folks to thinking, who, if they ever thought before, thought less of their country and countrymen, than of their own aggrandizement. But, I would inquire, even at the risk of being thought impertinent, where these men, whose voices were all for war, are now that the war they advocated is at our doors? Are they in the field, helping to shed the blood of Abolitionists, ready to mingle their own with the gore that dyes the ground, welling from the bosoms of the brave boys, who, though they deprecated the course pursued by the men whose voices were for war, are now foremost in the fight? No. Their energies were all expended before the war began. They are now at home recuperating. They have the lung disease—are troubled with coughs and consumptions, and are fit for nothing but to speculate in the necessities of life. They are mostly men of means—raise large crops of corn—make much bacon, and could do much to make the soldier and his family comfortable—but, having brought on the war, they are determined to make the most of it, by combining together to keep up and increase the price of everything essential to the comfort and life of the poor and needy families of the soldiers who are fighting their battles—while they dwell at home in ease and comfort. It looks as though the whole thing was a connivance for the express benefit of the Speculator—as though they had met in council and agreed together to plunge the country into a war, that they might increase their wealth at the expense of the suffering and needy poor. Will it not bear this construction?

In the first revolution, in which our fathers fought for liberty and independence, Speculators were the bane and curse of the country, inasmuch as to call forth the severest denunciation from the great and good Washington. Benedict Arnold was a speculator before he was traitor. Are there any traitors among us? Look for them in the ranks of Speculation! There you will find them. The South furnished no traitor in the first revolution. The South gave to the cause of freedom George Washington. The New England States—alone—the hot-bed of Puritanism, before that revolution, and the hot-bed of Abolition, before and since the present revolution was begun, gave to the country Benedict Arnold, the Speculator and Traitor. Traitors to God and liberty, as the Abolition hordes of the North—furnishing not one but a nation of traitors to liberty, let the people of the South look to it that there are not, in their midst, those who would sell their dearest interests—betray them and theirs to the enemy for gain. It is not to be denied that there are in the South, men, whose only ambition is to increase their store, at whatever cost of probity and honor—men who worship money as they ought to worship God—who know no God but the Almighty Dollar—which hides from their eyes and shuts out from their hearts, not only the name of the living God, but the

among whom, if anywhere, traitors to Southern Liberty and Independence will be found, for they are traitors to themselves, cheating themselves of heaven—going down to hell with their eyes wide open, surrounded by, yet despising, the means of obtaining eternal life—they live like dogs—preying upon their kind—like dogs they die, knowing nothing of that spiritual existence—that inner life, which it was their duty and their privilege to have discovered, and cultivated—recognizing only the animal, and devoting all their time, instincts, and means, and prostituting the talents which God gave them for far nobler purposes, to the gratification of their animal passions, and sensual indulgences. They have eyes, but they see not—ears but they hear not—souls, which they save not. They have much treasure, but it is of the earth—earthly. Their cribs are filled with corn, their granaries with grain—the substance of the land is in their hands, but it is under lock and key. The poor are all around them—they clamor for bread, but their hearts are as unmoved as their bolts and bars. They will sell—but for a price which the poor cannot give. They will sell—sell to the enemies of the country—to our invaders—to the devil, if they but get their price. What care such men for country—for liberty, in comparison with their soul's idol—gold!

These are the men who rejoice that the war exists—who glory in the distresses of the people, and who have been heard to express hopes that it would not be a short war. They care not how long, bloody, and disastrous to the South the war may be, so long as they are not interfered with—so long as they are allowed to continue to speculate, (peculate would be a better word)—to hoard up the necessities of life—to create scarcity and regulate prices. Is not this so? Who can gainsay it? Is it right?

Who are, mainly, fighting our battles? Are they not the poor, who have little or no property to fight for? They are called upon to aid in repulsing our invaders. What do they do? They have no property. They cannot afford to send substitutes, even if they would. They give themselves—their blood—to the cause! Can they do more? Time is their estate—improvement of that time, their only means of prosperity. But they give all to their country. When they are absent in the battle-field, or camp, estate and all are given to the cause of Southern Independence! Is not this so? Should more be required of one than another? Should not all be equally interested? Is it so. It is not. Ought not the estate of the rich man to be equally at the service of the Confederacy? Who ought to be most interested? Who has the most to fight for?

Now, I say, that reason, common sense, aye, and law, both human and divine, dictate that there should be no partiality—no distinctions in this matter. The property and life of the rich man, should be both devoted to the common cause, equally with the time and life of the poor man; especially, as, if we are conquered, the estate of the rich man would be worth no more to him than the time, (the estate) of the poor man would be to him—but, if victorious, his estate, will be more valuable than ever. So, perhaps, will be the poor man's time, and thus, to that extent, both will be equal.

But, I ask, is it right, that the rich man should be allowed to stay at home and cultivate his broad acres to increase his property at the expense of the poor man (and his family) who is in the field facing the general enemy? Who will, who can, answer this question in the affirmative? Yet it is so, and all the worse, because his gains are derived from wrongs inflicted upon the soldier, in the persons of his wife and children, who are utterly helpless to resist this great and crying injustice. They must eat or starve, and the rich exempt holds the key of his corn-crib in his tightening grasp—relentless and remorseless.

No. This thing must not—will not be—or, if it is longer allowed, the time will come, when a cry, more appalling than any our enemies have raised, will be heard in the land, aye, and felt, too, by those who have no feeling now. That cry will be "Bread or blood," and fearful will the issue be, involving, it may well be, the ruin of the great interests for which this nation is contending.

The strong arm of the law can, alone, prevent it. What! will not these men, when all that man holds dear is at stake, refrain? Can the leopard change his spots, or the Ethiopian his skin? When their natures are changed—when the wolf becomes a lamb—then—unless sooner restrained—they will refrain.

But, it is not the rich alone. There are others who manifest an equally reprehensible disposition. These travel about the country speculating in smaller matters. They weave a few yards of jeans and demand five dollars a yard therefor. The Jews, too, a speculating race, since their traffic in the blood of Christ, are, wandering over the land, clutching at everything necessary, present and prospective, and charging fabulous prices therefor. But it is the nature of that disbelieving race, among whom there are, however, many honorable exceptions. Fact is, the disposition to speculate, has become epidemic, and calls for the most stringent sanitary measures, to prevent the entire destruction of our hopes and aspirations after Liberty and Independence.

Our new Legislature to adopt such wise mea-