

NORTH CAROLINA SENTINEL.

LIBERTY...THE CONSTITUTION...UNION.

VOL. XVII.

NEWBERN, FRIDAY, AUGUST 16, 1833.

NO. 853.

PUBLISHED
BY THOMAS WATSON.

Three dollars per annum, payable in advance.

From the Georgetown D. C. Gazette.

MYRTLE-WAX OR BAY-BERRY.

We beg leave to call the attention of our readers to the following communication in relation to myrtle-wax, from a very scientific correspondent who has investigated the subject himself, and left with us various specimens. It will be found that the cultivation of the myrtle or bay-berry, can be made a very profitable business to the cultivator, besides doing a lasting good to the community.

The vegetable wax called bay-berry, in the Northern, and myrtle-wax in the Southern parts of the United States, is the produce of a shrub called by botanists *Myrica Cerifera*, which sometimes grows to the size of a small tree, and is found abundantly along the coast, from Maine in the North, to Texas on the Gulf of Mexico. The wax is extracted from this shrub by collecting the berries, boiling them with water, and bruising them at the same time, by which the wax will rise to the top as a thick oil scum, easily separated, which when cold, turns out a moderately hard substance, of a green dingy colour. After chemical investigation, that substance has been found to resemble bees-wax so closely in the most important properties, that they may be classed under the same genus of chemical bodies.

Until now, the use of this wax has been very limited: the farmers pick up in swamps and the woods a sufficient quantity to supply themselves with candles; and if there is any surplus they send it to market in New-York, Boston, or other Northern places, where it is bought by candle makers, who mix it with their tallow, in order to correct, in summer, the extreme softness of their candles.

Notwithstanding the abundance of its growth the picking up of the berries among swamps, thick wood and mire, is so laborious that people who have attempted the collection of the wax as a special business and matter of trade, have found that one single bushel of berries is the utmost a stout and active man can collect in one day's work, hence its price in market is very high, fluctuating between 18 and 25 cents a pound.

The object of this publication is to invite the attention of farmers to the cultivation of the shrub affording the myrtle-wax, in order to bring its price down to that of tallow. It is obvious that should the shrub be collected in one field, consequently ready at hand—it is obvious, I say, that the same man, who, under the difficulty of wandering in swamps, wood and mire, can collect but one bushel, should be able when he finds the shrubs gathered together in the same field, to pick up in the same space of time, from three to four bushels—consequently deliver his wax at a price proportionably reduced; that is to say, from 25, to 8, 9, or 10 cents per pound.

The question now is, to investigate what will be the net produce of an acre planted in myrtle-wax, the wax selling at the reduced price of 10 cents per pound.

Let us suppose each shrub planted at two and a half feet from each other, there will be in one acre 6724 of them; supposing next, the average produce of each shrub to be only one pint of the berries—then the whole crop will amount to 6724 pints, making up 105 bushels. Now experience has shown by those who follow the trade, that the quantity of wax obtained from a bushel of berries, averages from 5 to 8 pounds, then our 105 bushels of berries would yield 530 pounds of wax, which at 10 cents a pound, tallow price, would make \$530.

As we have stated already, one man will pick up in a field from three to four bushels in one day, it follows that the picking of the whole 105 bushels will require the labour of a hand during the whole month; admitting \$18 for the wages and finding—then \$18 deducted from \$530 the value of the crop as before stated, the balance of \$512 will be net profit accruing to the farmer.

Besides such a valuable income, this culture receives additional recommendations from the following circumstances:—

1st. It grows in the worst soils, especially if damp and sandy.

2d. It requires no fences, as the cattle do not meddle with it.

3d. Once planted, it requires no attendance except in picking time.

4th. The picking may be performed by boys, girls, old men, and old women, who else would be useless on the plantation.

5th. By a process discovered lately the myrtle-wax may be bleached to a degree of whiteness equal to that of bees-wax. This process adds only five cents per pound to the original price, is done in a short time, and within the power of every individual to perform.

9th. A soap equal, if not superior to any shaving or fancy soap imported from Europe can be manufactured of the myrtle-wax.

We may say in conclusion, that by cultivating the myrtle-wax, a most important staple will be introduced into the United States. The most probable consequences of this introduction will be, 1st. That this wax will supersede tallow in making candles, on account of its superior hardness and cleanliness; next, the establishment of bleaching and soap manufactories on the largest scales—that it will become an article of exportation, especially to the West Indies, and however abundant it may become in the market, it will always meet with a ready sale.

In Peru a paste is made by pounding together equal weights of blanched almonds and sugar, it is then packed in chip boxes, and will keep a long time. By dissolving a small quantity in water, an excellent substitute for milk is formed, which is very palatable with tea, and would be found useful in long voyages.

[From the London Spectator.]

GASKILL'S MANUFACTURING POPULATION OF ENGLAND.—The subject of this work is one of the highest importance: it is intimately connected with the great inquiry that must soon be made into the condition of the "lower orders" of this country, with a view to some extensive remedial changes. The basis on which society is founded in Great Britain is the broad mass of the industrious classes,—operative, working, or ought-to-be working men, or by whatever other name they may be called. It is to be feared that our foundation will be found rotten. Mr. Gaskell's inquiry almost solely embraces the cotton-spinning population of Manchester: amongst it his experience seems to be entirely laid, and by its misery and vice his sympathies to have been chiefly roused. The picture he gives is appalling. We were indeed prepared for most of his facts, by Dr. Kay's valuable pamphlet: Mr. Gaskell however, goes over a wider extent of ground, and embraces pictures in detail, and considerations of causes and their results, inconsistent with the object Dr. Kay had in view in his work. We wish Mr. Gaskell had indulged us with some glimpses of a practical remedy. It is a difficult subject: and at any rate, that man who presents all its evils—its horrors—before the eyes of his fellow countrymen, is entitled to their gratitude.

Of the nature of this work, and the skill with which it is constructed, our readers will judge. Some of the pictures are certainly drawn with power: they are effective, and we fear just. The following, for instance, though unrelieved by the humor of Hogarth, has truth:

"The Gin-Shop.—It is a strange sight to watch one of these dens of wickedness throughout an evening: it is a strange, a melancholy, yet, to the meditative man, an interesting sight. There approaches a half-clad man, covered with cardings, shivering even beneath the summer breeze which is singing around him. He comes with faltering step, downcast eye, and air of general exhaustion and dejection. He reaches his accustomed gin-vault, disappears for half an hour or less—and now comes forth a new creature: were it not for his filthy dress, he would hardly be recognized: for his step is elastic, his eye is brilliant and open, his air animated and joyous. He inhales the breeze as a refreshing draught, and he deems himself happy. His enjoyment, is, however, short-lived, and purchased at an immense sacrifice, for the

"Price is death!
It is a costly feast."

"Now comes a woman, perhaps his wife, bearing a sickly and cadaverous-looking infant, wailing and moaning as if in pain or wanting nutriment. She is indeed offering it the breast, but it is flaccid and cold as marble. She has no endearments for her child, it is held as a burden—passively and carelessly. She is thin, pale, and badly dressed; is without bonnet, and her cap is soiled, and ragged; her bosom is exposed, her gown is filthy, her shoes only half on her feet, and her whole aspect forlorn and forbidding. She, too, disappears for a time within the gin-shop, remains longer than her husband, but returns equally changed. The child is now crowing in her arms, clapping its tiny hands, and is filled with infantine mirth; whilst its mother views it with fondness, joins in its vociferations, tosses it in her arms, and kisses it like a mother. She passes on cheerily, her whole gait is altered, her cheeks are flushed, and she thinks herself happy, for her maternal feelings are aroused, and her inebriated child seems to her own disordered senses the very paragon of beauty and delight.

"The pair have now reached home—night is far advanced, and the fumes of their intoxications are worn off or become converted into sullenness. The child is in a stupor, and the husband and wife meet without a single kindly greeting. There is no food, no fire, bickerings arise, mutual recriminations, blows, curses, till both at last sink into the stupefied sleep of drunkenness, worn out by toil, excessive stimulus, and evil passions—leaving the child lying on a ricketty chair, from which it must inevitably fall should it awake.

"Here come several girls and women, tolerably dressed; some with harsh, husky voices, showing the premature development of puberty, others full-grown and perfectly formed women. All, save one, have the same pallid hue of countenance, the same coarseness of expression, the same contour of figure—but all seem equally toil-worn and exhausted. One amongst them is, however, beautiful, and beautiful as an innocent girl alone can be—the very purity of her heart and her soul gleaming in her face. Her figure is plump and round, and her cheeks, though somewhat pale, are yet firm in their outline. It is evident that she is scarcely at home in the presence of her companions, nor one of them in feeling, though it would seem that she is conformed to the same labor. Yes, it is so. She is not many weeks returned from a distant town, in which she had been apprenticed to a respectable trade. Adverse circumstances have, however, driven her home, and she has no resource, but to become a weaver, and this she has been for upwards of a week. She hesitates to enter the beer shop,—she withdraws timidly, but at length is lost within its door, amidst the laughter and jeers of her companions. They remain long; and now approach a number of young men with soiled dresses, open necks, and of obscene speech. They, too, enter the beer-house. Laughter long and loud resounds from it; time wears on, but the drunken revel continues unabated—now showing itself by bursts of obstreperous merriment—now by volleys of imprecations—now by the rude dance—and now by the ribald song. But where is that delicate and beautiful girl? Can she be one sharing such scenes? Can she, whose eyes and ears evidently revolted from the bold gestures and speeches of her compan-

ions, be remaining to share such coarse orgies? Eleven o'clock, and the party reappear. Cursing, swearing, hiccupping, indecent displays, mark their exit; and there is the fair girl, whose "unsmirched brow" so lately gave token of her purity. But now she is metamorphosed into a bacchanal, with distended and glowing cheeks, staggering step, disordered apparel—lost, utterly lost, to herself; and when the morning bell rings her to her appointed labor, she will be one of the herd, and will speedily lose all trace of her purity and feminine beauty."

One of the causes of the moral degradation of the Manchester operatives, is assigned by Mr. Gaskell to the confined and crowded manner in which they live.

"It very frequently happens that one tenement is held by several families, one room, or at most two, being generally looked upon as affording sufficient convenience for all the household purposes of five individuals. The demoralizing effects of this utter absence of social and domestic privacy must be seen before they can be thoroughly understood, or their extent appreciated. By laying bare all the wants and actions of the sexes, it strips them of outward regard for decency; modesty is annihilated; the father and the mother, the brother and the sister, the male and female lodger, do not scruple to commit acts in the presence of each other, which even the savage hides from the eyes of his fellows.

"The brutalizing agency of this mode of life is very strongly displayed in the language employed by the manufacturing population, young and old alike.—Coarse and obscene expressions are their household words; indecent allusions are heard proceeding from the lips of brother to sister, and from sister to brother. The infant lips words which, by common consent, are banished general society. Epithets are banded from mother to child, and from child to mother, and between child and child, containing the grossest terms of indecency. Husband and wife address each other in a form of speech which would be disgraceful to a brothel; and these things may be imputed in a very considerable degree to the promiscuous way in which families herd together; a way that prevents all privacy, and which, by bringing into open day things which delicacy commands should be shrouded from observation, destroys all notions of sexual decency and domestic chastity."

Twenty thousand persons are said to live in the wretched cellars of the Manchester cottages. These are chiefly Irish; and this is a picture of that class of the population:

"These are generally Irish families,—handloom weavers, bricklayers' laborers, &c. &c., whose children are beggars or match-sellers in conjunction with their mothers. The crowds of beings that emerge from these dwellings every morning, are truly astonishing, and present very little variety, as to respectability of appearance; all are ragged, all are filthy, all are squalid. They separate to pursue their various callings, either shutting up their dens till night, or leaving a child as sole occupant. A great portion of these wander about the town and its suburbs, begging or stealing as the case may be; others hawk little matters, such as pins, matches, oranges, &c., bringing back with them any fragment of meat or bread they have been able to procure. These cells are the very picture of loathsomeness: placed upon the soil, though partly flagged, without drains, subjected to being occasionally overflowed, seldom cleaned—every return of their inmates bringing with it a farther accession of filth—they speedily become disgusting receptacles of every species of vermin which can infest the human body.

"The domestic habits of these improvident creatures are vile in the extreme; carrying their want of household decency, if possible, one step further than those which have just been described. The Irish cotter has brought with him his disgusting domestic companion the pig; for whenever he can scrape together a sufficient sum for the purchase of one of these animals, it becomes an inmate of his cellar.

"It is here, too, that he displays his recklessness in another of his characteristic propensities—whiskey-drinking; an opportunity for the indulgence of which is furnished by the illicit distillers in his vicinity for a mere trifle. The disgraceful riots which are calling perpetually for the interference of the Police, are mainly attributable to this cause, and a return from the lock-ups would abundantly show how terrible are the outrages inflicted upon each other during these drunken brawls. Often, indeed, the whole population of court, street, or entire district, forms a faction, in opposition to that of some other in the neighborhood; and the cries of "O'Flanagan," and "McCarthy," are as rife as in the heart of Connaught. When their passions are roused by intoxication, most severe and often bloody conflicts ensue between them, to the disturbance and degradation of the more peaceable inhabitants. Thus it appears that the inferior order of Irishmen have brought with them all their vices into the manufacturing districts, and aid powerfully by their example—independently of lowering the value of the labor of the English operative—the demoralization which marks his general character.

Mr. Gaskell is far from attributing the evils of the condition of the operatives to poverty—that is, to high prices and low wages. On the contrary, it would appear that the greatest portion of the earnings does not go in the procuring of shelter and subsistence. On the sums assigned, there is no doubt that a family might live in decency and comfort, were there not other elements in their condition which draw or drive them into vice and irregularity.

"The small sum devoted to household purposes by the operative, may be determined with some accuracy, and it affords considerable information as to his habits. A family consisting of five persons may serve as an example, that being about the average number.

This family will pay for rent, which includes taxes, 3s. a week for a cottage containing two rooms; and the different items of the expenditure will be somewhere as follows: tea, quarter of a pound, 1s. 2d.; coffee, half a pound, 10d.; bread, 3s.; coals and candles, 1s.; animal food, 2s.; butter, soap, salt, and cheese, 2s. 6d.; potatoes, 1s.; sugar, 1s. 6d.; milk, 3d.—total, 16s. 3d. The allowance of the above articles is liberal, and certainly more than what the generality of families use. Against this must be placed the amount of their earnings, which, when taken at the average rate of wages paid to manufacturing laborers, will be 10s. 6d. per head—total of wages, 2l. 12s. 6d.; thus leaving a surplus of 1l. 16s. 3d. for dress and other purposes."

We have given a very imperfect view of the various contents of this work; which, at any rate, as the means of suggesting sound opinions, and supplying striking facts, is well worthy of the attention of the reflective part of the public.

From the New England Galaxy.

A COUPLE OF STRAY LEAVES.

"Ex uno pice omnis."

LEAF THE FIRST—SIX MONTHS AFTER MARRIAGE.

"Well, my dear, will you go to the party to-night? you know we have a very polite invitation."

"Why, my love, just as you please, you know I always wish to consult your pleasure."

"Well then, Harriet suppose we go—that is if you are perfectly willing; now don't say yes because I do, for you know that where you are I am perfectly happy."

"Why, my love, you would enjoy yourself there I am sure, and whenever you are happy I shall be, of course. What dress shall I wear, William?—my white satin with blonde, or my ashes of roses, or my levantine, or my white lace, you always know better than I, about such things."

"Harriet, dearest, you look beautiful in anything, now take your own choice to-night—but I think you look very well in the white satin."

"There William, dear, I knew you would think just as I did—oh! how happy we shall be there to-night, and you must promise not to leave me for a moment for I shall be so sad if you do."

"Leave thee, dearest, leave thee,
No; by yonder star I swear."

"Oh William, dear William, how beautiful that is, you are always learning poetry to make me happy."

"And, Harriet, my own prized Harriet, would I not do anything in the world to give you one moment's happiness? Oh, you are so very, very dear to me, it seems at times almost too much happiness to last."

"Oh do not say so, dear William, it will last—and we shall see many years even happier than this, for will not our love be stronger and deeper every year; and now, dearest, I will be back in one moment and then we will go."

"There, she has gone, bright and beautiful creature that she is—Oh! how miserable I should be without her—she has indeed cast a strong spell around my heart, and one that never, no never, can be broken; she is the only star of my existence, guiding on to virtue and to happiness, and can I ever love her less than now?—can I ever desert her? can I ever speak of her in less than terms of praise; Oh! no; it is impossible she is too good, too pure; happy, happy man that I am."

LEAF THE SECOND—SIX YEARS AFTER MARRIAGE.

"Finis coronat opus."

"My dear, I will thank you to pass the sugar, you didn't give me but one lump."

"Well, Mr. Snooks, I declare you use sugar enough in your tea to sweeten a hog's head of vinegar. James, keep your fingers out of the sweetmeats; Susan, keep still bawling, I declare it is enough to set one distracted—there, take that, you little wretch."

"Why, Harriet, what has the child done? I declare you are too hasty."

"I wish, Mr. Snooks, you'd mind your own business, you're always meddling with what don't concern you."

"Well, Mrs. Snooks, I want to know who has a better right if I have not—you're always fretting and fuming about nothing."

"Pa, Thomas is tearing your newspaper all up."

"Thomas, come here—how dare you abuse my paper—I'll teach you to tear it again—there, sir, how does that feel—now go to bed."

"Mr. Snooks, your horrid wretch—how can you strike a child of mine in that way, come here Thomas, poor fellow—did he get hurt—never mind—here's a lump of sugar; there, that's a good boy."

"Mrs. Snooks, let me tell you, you will spoil the children; you know I never interfere when you see fit to punish a child—it's strange that a woman can never do any thing right."

"Never do any thing right? faith, Mr. Snooks, if no body did any thing right in this house but yourself, I wonder what would become of us."

"Let me tell you, madame, this is improper language for you, ma'am, and I'll bear it no longer. You are as snappish and surely as—a she dog; and if there is a divorce to be had in the land, I'll have it—you would wear out the patience of a job."

"O, dear, how mad the poor man is; well, good night, my dear—pleasant dreams."

"There, she's gone. Thank heaven, I'm alone once more. Oh! unhappy man that I am to be chained down to such a creature—she is the very essence of all ugliness, cross and peevish; O, that I could once more be a bachelor; curse the day and hour that I ever saw the likeness of her. Yes, I will get a divorce; I can't live with her any longer; it is utterly impossible."

Translated from the Persian.

It is related, that, in former times, a virtuous and holy man dwelt in the humble mansion of content, and was rigidly cautious of eating forbidden things; he was once reduced to extremity, having no subsistence, and continued three days and nights without any. In this distress, sitting on the bank of a river, he saw an apple floating on the stream towards him; he seized it, and, being very hungry, eat it immediately. He had no sooner swallowed it than he repented; and he thought he heard a voice repeat these words, "you profess abstinence from unlawful food, and you eat the property of other men: what right have you to this apple?" The man shed tears, and was much troubled at these words; and, full of distress, he walked up the river side, till he came to an orchard, by which the river flowed. As soon as he saw the master of the orchard, he told him the story. "We are three brothers," answered he, "one third of the apple belongs to me, which I freely forgive you." The holy man was entertained one day at the orchard, and then enquired after the two brothers' residence; "One of them," answered the man, "lives five sursung distant; and the other five sursung farther." The holy man pursued his journey to the village where the second brother resided, and was received by him with much respect. When the story of the apple was repeated, the man was full of admiration at the holy man's behaviour, and willingly gave up his share of the fruit. The good man rested one night with the second brother, and next hastened away to the third; to whom he told his tale. "You must stay with me a week," answered the man, "and then I will tell you what must be done." "Make the apple lawful to me," said he, "by your gift, and I will perform your commands." "It entirely depends on me," replied the man, "to make fruit lawful to you, and I will do it when I please." The holy man was now much troubled, and shed abundance of tears. "Sell me your share of the apple," said he. "I will not sell it," answered the man; "but if you wish me to make it lawful to you, you must marry my daughter, who has neither eyes, ears, hands or feet." "What you describe," answered the holy man, "is only a piece of flesh; and, when I take your daughter, I shall be fatigued with the care of her, & neglect my daily prayers and religious duties." "You have no other choice," replied the brother of the third share. The good man thus compelled to agree to the marriage; the ceremony was performed the same day; and the next night the house was adorned and illuminated; and a damsel more brilliant than the unwaning moon, was seated on the bridal throne. When the veil which shaded her face, was withdrawn, the astonished man beheld a virgin full of dignity, beauty and grace. "They mock me," said he, "this is not my bride." "He was going out of the house, when the father met him. "O, my son," said he, "I told you truly, but you understood me not. My daughter has no eyes to behold any man, but her husband; she has no ears, but to listen to his commands; she has no hands to employ in indecent actions; nor has she feet to walk from her nuptial apartment. When I beheld you virtuous, pious and just, I conceived that my daughter would be properly matched with you and I resolved that you should have her." Thus the holy man, by the innocence of his heart, and the piety of his actions, was raised from distressful poverty to affluent ease.

The intent of this tale is to shew, that virtue and goodness will prosper both here and hereafter: and if the good man had not laboured so much to obtain forgiveness for a trifling crime, he would not, with such ease, have gained a beautiful bride and a handsome fortune; nor would this tale have remained a memorial of his actions.

A comparative view of the utility of different branches of Education.

I. A fair hand—good spelling—a knowledge in orthography—arithmetic and geography—are like small coin, such as silver and pennies, which enables a man to travel every and to be at home in all countries. They are alike current in market places and stores, and are equally necessary to men of all professions and occupations. To attempt to live in society without this ready change, is like attempting to like without air.

II. Natural and political history—the practical branches of the metaphysics, and the mathematics—the French and German languages—and a knowledge of the arts of promoting national happiness by means of free governments, agriculture commerce and manufactures, may be compared to guineas, louis d'ors and half joes. They constitute the wealth of the mind, and qualify the men who possess them to become the pillars and ornaments of society.

III. The art of communicating knowledge with ease and elegance, by means of speaking and writing, may be compared to bank notes, which are very valuable and easily transferred from place to place, or expence.

IV. Astronomy—logic—and the speculative branches of the mathematics and metaphysics are like family plate, valuable in themselves, but proper only for persons of a certain rank, and entirely useless in the pursuits of the greatest part of mankind.

V. The Latin and Greek languages may justly be compared to old continental money. They are estimable only for the services they have performed. They resemble continental money further, in having injured or ruined all those persons who have amassed great quantities of them, to the exclusion of the more useful and necessary branches of education.

Extraordinary Mortality.—We have been informed, that on the estate of Gen. Wade Hampton, on the Mississippi, a little above New-Orleans, out of fifteen hundred slaves, more than seven hundred have been destroyed by Cholera.—Richmond Compiler.