

North

State.

SALISBURY, N. C. JANUARY 29, 1869.

The Old North State

FORWARDED WEEKLY BY THE NORTH STATE PAPER CO., SALISBURY, N. C.
Editor and Proprietor.
PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE NORTH STATE PAPER CO., SALISBURY, N. C.
Subscription price, \$3.00 per annum in advance.
Single copies, 10 cents.
Advertisements, as usual.
Rates of Advertising:
One square, first insertion, \$1.00.
Each additional insertion, 50 cents.
Three lines of letters—14 inches length—the column—or less constitute a square.
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GENTLE WORDS.

Gentle words fall on the heart
Like music on the ear,
They show the path of life with flow'rs,
And dry the falling tear.
They are as angel whisperings
From the bright world above,
So full of heavenly hope and peace
And sympathy and love.
Gentle words fall on the heart
Like dew-drops on the flowers;
They cheer our gloom and cares away,
And cheer the lonely hour;
They bid the sinking heart still hope—
Beside the drooping branch,
And point the way to homes of peace
To homes of peace and rest.

IT IS THE OHME.

It is the ohme! the hour draws near
When you and I must sever;
And it may be many a year
And it may be—
How long 'till we shall meet again—
How short the time that I met thee!
How true the bliss—how long the pain—
For I can never, I can never forget thee!
You and I must sever and cold,
You doubted here when strongest—
In future days, you'll live to learn,
Flood hearts can love the longest.
Oh! sometimes think when pressed to bear,
When lip and tongue are bested,
That all must love thee, when thou'rt near,
But there is one, who will never, will never forget thee.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PROPOSITION TO MAKE THE SENATE ROTUNDA A BALL-ROOM.

A RICH AND SPICY DEBATE.

The House concurrent resolution granting the use of the rotunda and certain other portions of the Capitol for the use of the managers of the inauguration ball was taken up in the U. S. Senate on Wednesday.

Mr. Grimes asked an explanation.

Mr. Fessenden said the committee on public buildings and grounds had already considered this matter, and were all unanimous in favor of it. It was for the medical ceremony attending the inauguration, the ball, &c., and it was impossible for a building to be put up large enough.

Mr. Sumner suggested the patent office; it had been used four years ago.

Mr. Cassell said the patent office was full of old traps, which could be removed.

Mr. Pomroy asked if there was any law which obliged a ball to be held?

Mr. Fessenden replied that there was a law, so far as public opinion was concerned.

Mr. Cameron thought no good could come of this matter, and he opposed the Senate taking any part in this useless pageant.

He did not want any ball or any dance in these halls. When Jefferson was inaugurated he got on his horse, rode up to the Capitol, hitched his horse to a stake and walked into the Senate chamber and took the oath, and then went home again.

Mr. Nye asked if there was anything to prevent General Grant from doing the same thing if he could find the stake.

Mr. Cameron was willing to pay his proportion of ball expenses; supposed it would cost them \$30 a piece; he did not mind this, but he did not want any of it in the Capitol. Four years ago we were disgraced in this chamber, in the eyes of the world, and the foreign ministers insulted, and although he had no fear of a repetition of that scene, he thought it was better to avoid all these ceremonies. The next thing we might have a President who would come up here and demand to have a ball in the Capitol.

Mr. Trumbull thought it exceedingly inappropriate to hold a ball in this building. It was said that there would be no

A MEMORABLE EARTHQUAKE.

The blotting out of the city of Caracas—The Destruction accomplished in a single minute.

Accident day, 1812, rose full and bright in the city of Caracas. The sun was calm, and the sky unclouded. A strong breeze from the east, which usually accompanied the day, was blowing. The appearance of the clouds was threatening. Large numbers of the inhabitants were at church, in attendance on the services of the day. Suddenly the bells tolled without touch of mortal hands; this was the first intimation of the earthquake, which almost simultaneously, was upon the unhappy people. The movement of the earth—as in the late widespread catastrophe—was from north to south, with transverse jerks from east to west. These cross agitations of the surface, occurring with extreme rapidity, instantly prostrated everything animate and inanimate. The inhabitants were unable to crawl to the church doors, and those vast churches, which are characteristic of all South American cities from the largest to the smallest, descended in ruins around them. Ten thousand persons are said to have been killed in the churches alone.

The churches of La Trinidad at Alta Gracia, more than one hundred and fifty feet in height, with naves supported by pillars of twelve and fifteen feet in diameter, were reduced to a mass of ruins little more than a man's height. In the barracks of a regiment of soldiers which had just drawn up under arms, ready to form part of a procession that was to take place after divine services, scarcely a man of them was left. And all this was done in a single minute. From the first tolling of a single bell to the falling of the last stone of the city of Caracas, one minute elapsed. Many thousand persons were maimed and wounded, for whom there was no shelter, no medicine, no food, scarcely a drop of water. There were not even implements wherewith to extricate them from the ruins which lay upon them. The survivors dug out with their fingers two thousand of their crushed fellow-citizens, who had perished under the weight of the stones. The shock had broken the pipes conveying water; the falling in of the earth had choked up the springs which supplied them; there were no animals in which to carry water from the river.

The wounded and sick were carried to the river's bank, and there left under such protection as the foliage afforded. The night, we are told, rose calm and serene, the round full moon shone over the sad laborers of the survivors. Mothers still carried their children about, refusing to believe that life had entirely fled. Schools of relatives and friends sought for missing ones, and down streets now betrayed only by long lines of ruins. A sterner duty yet remained. Twelve thousand dead bodies lay around, and decomposition within the tropics may be said to begin at the moment of death. There was no means of digging graves; the bodies must be buried, and that at once. Bands of citizens were set apart for this duty. Vast piles of timber from the ruins of their homes were raised at frequent intervals; bodies of fathers, husbands, wives, children, laid on them, and soon the whole sky was lighted with these awful flames. This lasted for several days, during which the listeners strictly devoted themselves to religious exercises. Some sang hymns, others confessed crimes of which they had never been suspected; numbers made what compensation was in their power.

BISHOP WIGHTMAN.

A correspondent of the Chester (S. C.) Reporter gives the following sketch of this distinguished divine:

BISHOP WIGHTMAN is a native of Charleston, and is about sixty years of age; he does not look to be more than fifty.

He is rather below medium height, and put up after the good old English style. He is a good deal inclined to corpulence; but not enough so, to lose his elasticity of sinew and muscle. His movements are quick; betraying an excitable temperament; but generally his feelings are under complete control. He is regarded as a safe man in judgment, and possesses a fine sense of the proprieties of life. In the pulpit there is a good deal of manliness, but it is natural, and suits the style and sentiment of the preacher.

He has long been distinguished as a pulpit orator, and he may be regarded as ranking amongst the first of his profession, not only in his own but in other denominations. In the earlier days of his ministry, he dealt largely in tropes and figures, and the evidences of a cultivated imagination, prevented themselves continually to his hearers. His sermons, however, are distinguished by the breadth and depth of thought which they exhibit; the elegance of thought and finish of the style in which they are couched; and the unctious power of his delivery.

Age has only ripened and developed—impaired any of his intellectual powers. He presides in the chair of an annual Conference with dignity and courtesy, and unbends himself delightfully in the retirement of private life. He is a graduate of Charleston College, and, I think, a first honor man.

DIGNITY AND LABOR.

From the Boston Herald and Farmer.

The Dignity of Labor.

The dignity of labor is a subject which has of late years attracted much of the public attention. It is a subject which has of late years attracted much of the public attention. It is a subject which has of late years attracted much of the public attention.

No true gentleman, who has been taught to know what good breeding is, and to estimate worth at its real value, will ever look with an air of fancied superiority upon the honest and industrious laborer toiling for his daily bread. On the contrary, it should be highly esteemed, as well by those who claim to be of the upper ten, as by the many of whom it may be said:

"Their bloody task, unperished still, they ply."

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DISAGREABLE WOMEN.

A disagreeable woman is like a worm; there is no place for her in nature. She is a parasite upon herself. If there is a place for her, she gives good cause for shock one day, and shame the next.

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AGRICULTURAL.

Green Manuring.

It is now being written upon the subject of green manuring, and very extravagant expectations are being set upon it. Doubtless very much good is done to the soil by ploughing under a green crop. For example, the clover crop, which is so common in this country, is a valuable material, which is stored in its leaves, stems and flowers. When this green crop is ploughed under, this nitrogen is given up and acts as a stimulant to the growing crop. Hence, wheat which is greened by nitrogen, shows up very vigorously from a field which has had clover ploughed under. Furthermore, the green clover begins to ferment under the soil. Carbonic acid and other acids are generated in quantity, and attack and bring into activity the ingredients needed for the crop. Quantities of organic matter are added to the soil, which is lightened by this and by the fermentation. Now, all these are a positive gain, because they come from the atmosphere, and are organized to furnish immediate nourishment to plants.

When, however, we come to consider the inorganic materials contributed by the green crop ploughed under, the case is different. Here, too, there is a very decided gain. The ash of red clover contains lime, magnesia, silica, potash and phosphoric acid. These the alkalies are largely in excess, consisting of more than half of the ash. The addition of such a quantity of valuable material to the soil, and in condition of such extreme solubility, cannot fail to tell handsomely on the following crop. But the farmer must not deceive himself. He must not look upon this as a wind upon material added from his compost heap, or his barnyard, or his commercial fertilizers. Whence did all these valuable ingredients come? The clover has not created them. It did water. There was water here, and in the soil, and it could have proceeded there, via, the soil itself. The long tap-roots of the clover penetrated the subsoil and found in it the abundant supply of plant food which it has brought up to the surface. Undoubtedly it is highly beneficial to the following crop, but it has added nothing to the actual riches of the land. It has merely transferred these treasures from one layer of soil to another. If the farmer had dug rich soil from a fertile field and added it to an unfruitful one, he would know that he benefited his soil, but he could not imagine that he had increased the general fertility of his farm. What he has added to one field he has taken from another. Precisely the same is the case with clover. It has taken fertility from one layer and transferred it to another.

The agriculturist should bear in mind that his soil and subsoil represent the reserve capital of his farm. The latter is usually rich in organic matter, and will bear considerable depletion. But every pound of material brought up from below is so much taken from the reserved capital and he who depends upon manuring alone, will ultimately completely impoverish his farm. The soil will have been exhausted, and the continual demands upon the subsoil will at last drain it of its substance. He will then find himself ruined, for it is no easy matter to restore to the subsoil the elements of fertility which it has lost. While, then, we acknowledge, as every candid inquirer must acknowledge, that green manuring is of great and immediate benefit, we cannot refrain from warning our farmer friends of the dangers of depending upon it alone. They must from below obtain the increased fertility of their lands.

Baltimore Leader.

TAKING AN INVENTORY.

Occasional retirement, self-inquiry, meditation and secret communion with God, are absolutely essential to spiritual health. The man who neglects them is in great danger of a fall. To be always preaching, teaching, speaking and working public works, is unquestionably a sign of zeal not according to knowledge. It often leads to untoward consequences. We must take time for sitting down, and calmly looking within and examining how matters stand between our souls and Christ. The omission of this practice is what makes the Church and the world a mockery to the world to blasphemy. Many could say, in the words of the Canticles, "They made me a keeper of the vineyards, but my own vineyard have I not kept."—Rev. J. C. Ryle.

"And you have been married, Patrick, three times, haven't you?"
"Yes, indeed, sir."
"And what do you say of it? Which wife did you like the best?"
"Well, Becky O'Brien, that I married the first time, was a good woman,—no good for me, she got sick and died, and the Lord took her."
"Then I got married to Bridget Flanagan. She was a bad woman; and she got sick and died too, and the devil took her."
"Then, fool that I was, I got married to Margaret Haggerty. She was worse, very bad,—so bad that neither the Lord nor the devil would have her; so I have to keep her myself."

Adaptations.—A recent extensive extensive examination into the character of goods sold at a large number of grocery stores in New York city, discloses, besides short weight, adulterations of the following character: Ground Java coffee contained roasted bread crumbs, peas and rye chaff; burnt sugar and coffee essence. Ground cinnamon was adulterated with tannin, ground maize with pulverized crackers, ground cloves with spices of all kinds, from which the essential oil had been extracted. Tea contained willow bark, genuine broken leaves of green and black tea. The green tea was colored with a powder supposed to be annatto blue, and the sugar was moistened with water to the extent of 10 per cent.

AN ENGLISH DELICACY.

The "Clotted or Cream Cheese" of Devonshire—How Produced and Used. It is a delicacy which is highly valued in the South of England, and is made in the most extensive quantities in all the Southern cities of the Kingdom. In our tour through Great Britain in 1866, we visited Devonshire to learn the manner in which this cream is produced, and it may be of interest to some of our milk-farmers to know something of the process. We give the method as we saw it in the Devonshire dairies.

The dairy-house is of stone, usually in connection with the dwelling—stone floors and stone benches, for the milk, and all well ventilated and scrupulously clean and neat. At the time of our visit, the last of May, the milk was strained in large deep pans and put in the dairy-house, where it is left to stand from eight to ten hours, when the pans containing the milk are taken out and the milk-cream is skimmed off in a fine strainer, and the bottom of the skimmer, there is a strain of which the pan of milk rests, so as to keep it from the bottom, prevent curdling or scorching the milk.

The milk is slowly heated to near the boiling point, or until the cream begins to "wrinkle" around the outer edges; and when the first bubble rises to the surface of the cream it must be immediately removed.

Some experience is necessary in applying the heat to have it just right; otherwise the cream is spoiled. When properly skimed the milk is removed to the dairy, where it stands from twelve to twenty-four hours, according to the condition of the weather, when the cream is in a thick compact mass, an inch or more deep. It is then divided, with a knife, into squares of convenient size, and removed with a skimmer.

It is more solid than cream obtained in the ordinary way, containing more curd or casein. It has a peculiarly sweet and pleasant taste, and as we have remarked, is considered a great delicacy. It is largely used in England with sugar upon fresh fruit, pastry, puddings and especially upon the famous gossamer pie. It is really a delicious article of food, and the cream also makes nice butter.

We do not remember to have seen this character of cream offered for sale in this country; but it certainly deserves to be introduced, and we are inclined to think would prove profitable. We shall give, in a subsequent article, the method of making butter from "clotted cream."

Save the Dead Leaves.

Every horticulturist and farmer would think for a moment on the nature of fallen leaves—which contain not only the vegetable matter, but the earthy salts, lime, potash, etc., needed for the next season's growth and fertility—and that, too, exactly in the proportion required by the very tree and plant from which they fall; nay, more, if they would consider that it is exactly in this way, by the decomposition of the very fallen leaves, that nature enriches the soil, year after year, in her great forests, it would hardly be possible for such a reflecting horticulturist or farmer to allow these leaves to be swept away and every wind that blows, and finally lost altogether. Nor would he give them away, as many do. He would rather collect from week to week, the leaves that fall under each tree, and by digging them under the soil about the roots, where they will decay, provide in the cheapest manner the best possible food for the tree. If this plan should be tried we should not see old orchards dying out for the want of nourishment, but they would, in this simple manner, receive all the enriching they required. Pear trees, and doubtless the peach, would be greatly benefited by this procedure.

In certain vineyards in France and

Spain, the leaves of the vine are swept up and used as a fertilizer for the soil. The leaves of the vine are swept up and used as a fertilizer for the soil. The leaves of the vine are swept up and used as a fertilizer for the soil.