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THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN.

J. J. BRUNER, Editor & Proprietor.



NEW SERIES. VOLUME VII—NUMBER 13.

SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 8, 1850.

One hundred and six varieties of wheat were found at a field in Edinburgh.

All kinds of plants are severally resorted to by particular insects. Different kinds of birds and animals are annoyed by different insects.

The original of the human race, was intermediate between the extreme white, and the extreme black races of the present day.

As great difference is found between individuals that are acknowledged to belong to the same race, as between those that are asserted to belong to different races.

The degree of ignorance, which prevails with regard to African slavery, exceeds the bounds of credibility.

This stupid ignorance would deserve ridicule, if it did not so excited the public mind on the subject, as to justify the apprehensions now every where felt for the integrity of the Union.

The truth is that, except when actually engaged in labor, (and that in agricultural pursuits rarely exceeds eight hours per day.)

It is supposed by some Botanists that our Indian corn existed on both continents before the discovery of America.

Every species of animal, or plant has its central place from which it spreads to certain limits and there ceases, unless carried by artificial means.

NOTE.—And here while speaking of the spread of noxious plants, we will mention a fact, it may be known to some that on the borders of Canada the fields and pastures are infested with a kind of thistle known as the Canada thistle.

LEARNING AND WISDOM. Learning is good in its own place; but it should not be forgotten that it is simply a collection of the excellencies of others laid up in the memory.

Learning alone is captious and arrogant, indiscreet and ill-mannered, presumptuous and addicted to dispute. Wisdom is modest and unpretending, gentle and peaceable, full of respect for inferiors as well as superiors, and full of respect for all.

Learning alone is full of pretence, but it is only affectation and full of affectation; while wisdom is active and efficacious; manages and governs, is never troublesome; and when it seems to, is never out of time and place.

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From the Charleston Courier.

To the Editor of the Christian Enquirer, N. York.

Rev. Sir.—Shakespeare asked, "What's in a name? I rose by any other name would smell as sweet!" but a wiser than Shakespeare has told us that a "good name is better than precious ointment," and experience confirms the wisdom of the Hebrew monarch, for a name has consigned to execration an institution that rather deserves the gratitude of the world.

But with the name, men have associated some hydra of their own creation. With no personal acquaintance with it, they sit in their closets, and, yielding the reins to imagination, conjure up visions of chains and scourges and other instruments of horrid torture, and connect them with an institution which is undoubtedly the least exacting system of labor the world knows.

The degree of ignorance, which prevails with regard to African slavery, exceeds the bounds of credibility. As for instance, we are assured that many are impressed with the belief that our slaves are kept in prisons, from which they are daily marched under watchful guard to their labors, which being returned from them under the lash, they are returned to their dreary cells, and almost wholly deprived of social intercourse.

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The truth is that, except when actually engaged in labor, (and that in agricultural pursuits rarely exceeds eight hours per day.) they are as free from restraint as any people under the sun, and, at all times, whether laboring or idling, are free from the cares and anxieties which harass and perplex the poor of other countries, who have to supply the physical wants of themselves and families, (and often scantily too) by the most laborious and incessant toil.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—Our correspondent, in making his call on the Secretary of the Treasury for monthly publications of commercial statistics, seems to suppose that the annual statements prepared at the Treasury are so published at the discretion of the Secretary of the Treasury. They are made according to the direction of an act of Congress; and we presume that no less authority would authorize their monthly publication, if such publication would be practicable for any beneficial effect.

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HOW HE ROSE. About forty years ago, some where in the woods near the line between Tennessee and Kentucky, in a log cabin, sixteen feet by eight, which was already occupied by a brood of ten or twelve children, was born a youngster—the hero of our sketch. In his infancy he was fed on hog and hominy, bear meat, and the flesh of "such varmints" as were caught in the woods.

By the assistance of an old man in the neighborhood, he learned, during the winter evenings, to read and write, when a farm boy.

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hope in his hand. He could hardly afford time to eat.

I have many little sketches to give of the old century house, but must leave them for future numbers.

The largest Grape Vine in the United States.—Under this heading the Natchez Free Trader of the 10th instant has the following paragraph:

Mr. William Casey corner of the Union and State streets in the city of Natchez, can boast of a grape vine which is, undoubtedly, the monarch vine of the United States. It rises from the ground in a single trunk of some three inches in diameter, nearly straight and well proportioned, to the height of about nine feet, when it spreads into branches, and covers and embowers the trellis work of quite a large garden, beside climbing a tall tree. The weight of the immense clusters of grapes hanging upon it, now about half grown, is estimated at a ton. To stretch out any one of the branches in a direct line, they would measure from three to four hundred feet. The description of the grape, is not natural to the country, but was brought to Natchez in the old Spanish times. It is called the "Jack Grape," from Spanish Jack, the nickname of the Spaniard who planted it. Some years ago, Madame Ringman, now dead, offered Mr. Casey five hundred dollars if he would remove the vine safely to her garden, in the environs of the city, for a sum of money whatever would induce the owner to part with it. It produces a wine which has the taste of Hook's.

From the Columbus Enquirer.

FALL GARDENING.

The time approaches for fall planting.—There are many garden vegetables that do as well or better, in this climate, by fall planting. After the first of August the nights are cool, and vegetation starts freely. Irish Potatoes may be re-planting, and they will mature before frost. English Peas will do better in the Fall than in the Spring, as our Fall is much like an English summer. Plant Ruta Baga Turnips as soon as possible, and let all other varieties follow in quick succession. Sow the early varieties of Cabbage for next Spring's use, and the late kinds to eat this coming winter. Beets Salaty, Onion, Carrot, and Parsnip may be put in the ground in October for Spring use, and should have a moderate winter, they will be fit for the table quite early in the Spring. Early varieties of Corn may now be planted for Fall use. Cucumbers and Squashes are apt to become wormy, and we would not recommend Fall planting for them. Okra and Snap Beans may be planted so as to keep a constant succession until a heavy frost; in short, we look upon a well directed Fall Garden as quite equal to the Spring garden. There is no dread of late Spring frosts, and from the late backward Spring the prospect is good for a long and growing Fall. Lima Beans may yet be planted, to come in with early corn. Just think of it, yankees, succotash in October and November, and sometimes until Christmas! Truly, we have an Eden of a climate. There are many varieties of the Cabbage tribe which are not in general cultivation here, but which do finely planted as late as the first of September, including the Broccoli, the Cauliflower, and Kale; they are planted and cultivated in all respects like the Cabbage. Siberian and Sea Kale are perennial, and may be cut several seasons from the same root. Melons may be grown in the Fall, but we believe that one melon in June and July would be worth a cart load of Fall ones.

"I DID NOT OBEY MY PARENTS."

The jail was a large, gloomy-looking stone building. The windows were made strong by great iron bars fastened across them. The inside was very small, only five feet wide, and eight long. Each room had a cross-barred iron door, with strong bolts and locks, and when the jailer opened or shut the door, the hinges grated fearfully on the ear.

In one of the rooms of the jail was a young man, about twenty-eight years old. He had been found guilty of making and passing bad money, and the judge said he must go to state prison, and stay there as long as he lived.—But he was so sick that he could not be removed to the prison.

Poor fellow! once he could pay in the green fields, down the cool spring, or under the shady trees around his father's house; or when he was tired, he could go home and lay his head upon his mother's knee, and rest himself; or if he was sick, she would sit by his bed and kindly nurse him. But different! shut up in a dark gloomy jail, with no one to care for him, and all around cursing and swearing, and making horrid noises. Oh, he felt very wretched.

Said he, "I shall never be able to go to the state prison, I am so sick. Oh! if I was only ready to die, it would not matter so much!"

"And are not you ready to die?"

"Oh, no," said he, "I am afraid to die!"

"But why are you afraid to die?"

"Because I am such a sinner."

"There is hope, and mercy, and salvation for sinners, for the greatest of sinners, through Jesus Christ."

"I have no hope. You may talk to me about Christ and salvation, but there is none for me, and that makes me afraid to die."

"I talked to him some time about his father; and when I spoke of his mother, then his lip trembled, and a single tear stole down his burning cheek."

"Was not your mother a Christian?"

"O yes, sir; and a good woman she was. Many and many a time she has warned me of this."