

# THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN.

J. J. BRUNER,  
Editor & Proprietor.



NEW SERIES.  
VOLUME VIII—NUMBER 39.

SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 29, 1852.

TERMS OF THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN.  
One dollar per year, Two Dollars—payable in advance. But if not paid in advance, Two Dollars and fifty cents will be charged.  
Advertisements inserted at \$1 for the first, and 25 cts. for each subsequent insertion. Court orders charged 25 per cent. higher than these rates. A liberal deduction to those who advertise by the year. Letters to the Editor must be post paid.

## MINERAL AND AGRICULTURAL CAPABILITIES OF CALIFORNIA.

Mr. Andrew Williams lately delivered an address upon the "Mineral and Agricultural Capabilities of California," before a numerous assembly of the friends of agriculture in San Francisco. The address contains one of the most extraordinary statements of facts we have ever read. We present to our readers a few of the most remarkable passages from a report in the *San Francisco Herald*:

One of the most characteristic and predominant features of the State is the granite of New Hampshire, the wool of Vermont, the manufactures of Massachusetts, the agriculture of New York, the coal and iron of Pennsylvania, the grain and the Middle and Western States; the fruit of Michigan, the corn, tobacco, and sugar of Virginia and Kentucky, the cotton of Alabama and Georgia, the sugar of Louisiana, the sugar, cotton and indigo of Texas, the turpentine of North Carolina, and the rice of South Carolina constitute respectively their most prominent and distinctive interests, and are the pride and glory of their citizens. But there is scarcely one of these that cannot be found or produced in our own State. In the natural productions of the earth, conducive to the sustenance of man, our State is abundantly prolific.

As we approach the centre of the State, the orange, the lemon, the olive, the fig, the plantain, the acarine, the almond, the pomegranate, and the pomegranate of the South, mingle in the same luxuriant gardens of Los Angeles, with the peach, the pear, the cherry, the quince, and the apple of the North; the fruits of the oak and the pine of gigantic size and delicious taste, furnishing to man and beast the richest and most nutritious food; the beautiful salmon of noble Sacramento, often weighing thirty, forty, and in some instances, fifty pounds, lying with any, either in fineness of texture and richness of flavor, as well as in size, and the uncommon article of fine white wheat, the eradication of a species of pine tree which the successive range of mountains, whose extent is lost to view in the distance, waving with rich harvests of oats, the numerous productions of the soil; solid trees of the red wood on the banks of the Trinity and Shasta rivers, sixty-eight feet in circumference; hollow ones whose cavity has sheltered sixteen and twenty mules for the night; pines covering the dizzy peaks of the Sierra Nevada three hundred and eighty feet in height, the first two hundred and fifty feet without a branch or an extent of growth so far beyond the ordinary size, as to seem almost incredible, but well known, and seen, and verified by the united and concurrent testimony of many whom I have seen sitting around me.

Land owned and cultivated by Mr. JAMES WILLIAMS, and on one grow to the enormous height of twenty-one pounds; on this same land a crop was grown which equaled exactly in weight a barrel of flour. On land owned and cultivated by THOMAS FOLEY, a cabbage grew, which measured, while growing, fifteen feet six inches around its body; its weight not known. The various cereal grains are growing to a height of from six to twelve feet. One red-wood tree in the valley, known as Fremont's tree, measures over fifty feet in circumference, and is nearly three hundred feet high. Added to these astonishing productions is a beet, grown by Mr. ISAAC BRANNAN, at San Jose, weighing sixty three pounds; carrots three feet in length, weighing forty pounds. At Stockton is a turnip weighing one hundred pounds. In the latter city, at a party for twelve persons of a single potato larger than the size of an ordinary one, all partook, leaving at least one-half of it untouched.

These may be superlatives, but they do exist, and they show what our climate and soil are capable of producing. Nor are these more seemingly incredible than the well-known fact that a portion of our State, nearly six hundred miles in length and fifty in breadth, whose every foot of ground, from hill-top to valley, is more or less impregnated with gold of every conceivable form and size, from dust up to lumps weighing thirty pounds.

But let us cast our eyes around this ball, and what do we see, even from this hazy collection of casual contributions? An agricultural, botanical, geological, mineral and floral exhibition embracing nearly one thousand varieties of pressed flowers, of every hue, and of surpassing brilliancy, nearly two hundred varieties of pressed flowers, of every hue, and of surpassing brilliancy, nearly two hundred varieties of which are illustrated by truthful and beautiful drawings; seeds of more than three thousand varieties of native flowers; twenty varieties of lily and other bulbous roots, embracing the remarkable sea plant, rivaling the finest boast of the toilet, and adding to its healing qualities, as if profited by nature for the double purpose of sanitary and abluent properties for the native uses of the forest; specimens of one thousand varieties of the principle quartz veins and soils of the State; about twenty varieties of the principle grapes and clovers many of the specimens embracing the burr clover, that feeds to "the cattle of a thousand hills," when under sustenance is parched and withered; Andrew's mammoth clover, whose stalks from one root covered an area of thirty-one square feet, some of the stalks six feet long, half an inch in diameter, and the clover head five inches in circumference; single stalks of the white lily, producing one hundred flowers, of indescribable delicacy and beauty; beautiful specimens of minerals and pressed flowers from H. PRATT, Esq., of Nevada; stalks of the oats gathered by Mr. SHELTON, thirteen feet high; specimens of wheat and barley having one hundred and fifty and two hundred mammoth stalks growing from one root, the produce of a single seed; the red sugar beet, grown by Mr. L. M. CLAUDE, of San Jose, twenty-eight inches in circumference and weighing forty seven pounds; some of the luxuriant gardens of Alderman Goss, of this city, of only two months growth weighing six or seven pounds; cucumbers, raised by the same, eighteen inches in length; onions, cultivated by Messrs. Chamberlin and Messrs. Bird, six and seven inches in diameter, and weighing three and four pounds each—nearly seventy thousands pounds to an acre—some of the whole number from the acre supposed to be a single pound each; potatoes from Mr. SHELTON, of Santa Cruz, one hundred and twenty pounds from five vines of a single hill; one

spectator may look back upon the low lands of the swamp for nearly a mile. Just at that period of the life of my grand uncle when his fever of improvement had risen to its crisis, and when he was daily creating immense fortunes,—in his dreams,—it struck him, upon looking at the gorge I have described, that with very little trouble and expense, he might throw a stout breastwork from one side to the other, and have as fine a mill dam as any man could possibly desire. It was so simple an operation that he was surprised it had never occurred to him before. And then a flour mill might be erected a short distance below,—which would cost but a trifle,—and the inevitable result would be, that this unprofitable tract of waste land would thereupon become the most valuable part of the estate.

I am told that it belonged to the character of my grand uncle to fall absolutely in love with my new project. He turned this one over in his mind for two or three nights; and it became as clear to him as daylight, that he was to work wonders with his mill. So, reflecting that he had but sixteen irons in the fire at this time, he went to work without a moment's delay. The first thing he did was to send an order to Bristol, (for he never had any opinion of the mechanics at home,) for a complete set of mill machinery; and the second, to put up a house of pine weather boards for the mill. Contemporaneously with this last operation, he set about the dam; and, in the course of one summer, he had a huge breastwork of logs thrown across the path of the modest, diminutive Apple-pie, which would have terrified the steam even if it had been a giant.

As soon as this structure was completed, the waters began to gather. My grand uncle came down every day to look at them, and as he saw them gradually encroaching upon the different little mounds of the swamp, it is said he smiled, and remarked to his son Walter, whom he frequently took with him, "that it was strange to see what results were produced by human art." And it is also told of him, that he made his way, during this rising of the waters, to a tree in the bed of the dam, to notch with his pen-knife a point to which the flood would ultimately tend; that, while stooping to take a level with the breast of the dam, he lost his balance, and was upset into a pool, formed by the encroaching element; and that, when Walter expected to see him in a passion at this mishap, he rose laughing, and observed, "that the bed of the dam was a damned bad bed;" which is said to be the only pun that ever was made in the Hazard family, and therefore I have put on record.

In a few days, with the help of one or two rains, the pool was completely full; and, to the infinite pleasure of my grand uncle, a thin thread of water streamed over one corner of the dam,—the most beautiful little cascade in the world; it looked like a glossy streamer of delicate white ribbon. My grand uncle was delighted. "There, my boy," said he to Walter, "there is Tivoli for you! We shall have our mill a going in a week."

Sure enough, that day week, off went the mill. All the corn of the farm was brought down to this place; and, for an hour or two that morning, the mill clattered away as if it had been filled with a thousand iron shod devils, all dancing a Scotch reel. My grand uncle thumped his cane upon the floor with a look of triumph, whilst his eyes started from his head, as he frequently exclaimed to the people about him, "I told you so; this comes of energy and foresight; this shows the use of a man's faculties, my boy!"

It was about an hour and a half, or perhaps two hours—as my authority affirms,—after the commencement of this racket and clatter in the mill, that my grand uncle, and all the others who were intent upon the operation, were a little surprised to discover that the millstone began to slacken in its speed; the bolting cloth was manifestly moving lazily, and the wheels were getting tired. Presently, a dismal screech was heard, that sounded like all the trumpets of Pandemonium blown at once; it was a prolonged, agonizing, diabolical note that went to the very soul.

Now it must be made known, that the tract of land, called The Brakes, belonging to the Tracy family, lies adjacent to Swallow Barn. In old times the two estates were divided by a small stream that emptied into the James River, and that is still known by the name of the Apple-pie Branch. This rivulet traverses a range of low grounds for some miles, occasionally spreading itself out into morasses, which were formerly, and in some places are now, overgrown with thickets of arrow wood, nine bark, and various other shrubs, the growth of this region. The main channel of the stream through these tangled masses, was generally distinct enough to be traced as a boundary line, although the marsh extended some distance from each bank. In the course of this stream there is one point where the higher ground of the country stretches in upon the bed of the marsh, from either side, so as to leave a gorge of about a hundred yards in width, from both of which eminences the

terminate in a laugh or a cry. In the first place, the beautiful ribbon cascade was clean gone. In the second, there were all the little tussocks of the swamp, showing their small green heads above the surface of the water, which would hardly have covered one's shoe-top; and there were all the native shrubs of the marsh, bending forwards, in scattered groups, like a set of rose bushes that had been visited by a shower; dripping wet, and having their slender stalks tangled with weeds; and there was towards the middle, a little line of rivulet meandering down to the edge of the dam, and then holding its unambitious course parallel with the breastwork, deploying to the left, where it entered the race, and tripping along gently, down to the very seat of the bull-frog. "Hoity, toity," cried my grand uncle after he had paused long enough to find speech, "here is some mistake in this matter!"

Now, it is a principle of physics, that an exhausted receiver is the worst thing in the world to make a draugh upon.—The mill-dam was like a bank that had paid out all its specie, and, consequently, could not bear the run made upon it by the big wheel, which, in turn, having lost its credit, stopped payment with that hideous yell that wrought such a shock upon the nerves of my grand uncle.

In vain did the old gentleman ransack the stores of his philosophy, to come at this principle. He studied the case for half an hour examined the dam in every part, and was exceedingly perplexed.—"Those rascals of muskrats have been at work," said he. So, the examination was conducted to this point; but not a hole could be found. "The soil is a porous, open, filtrating kind of soil," said the old gentleman.

"It seems to me, master," said an arch looking negro; who was gaping over the flood gate upon the muddy waste, "that the mill's run out of water."

"Who asked you for your opinion, you scoundrel!" said my grand uncle in a great fury.—"for he was now beginning to fret—"get out of my sight, and hold your tongue."

"The fellow is right," said the miller, "we have worked out the water, that's clear!"

"It's a two-hour mill," added the negro, in a voice scarcely audible, taking the risk of my grand uncle's displeasure, and grinning saucily but good humoredly, as he spoke.

It is said that my grand uncle looked at the black with the most awful face he ever put on in his life. It was blood red with anger. But, b-thinking himself for a moment, he remained silent, as if to subdue his temper.

There was something, however, in the simple observation of the negro, that responded exactly to my uncle's secret thoughts; and some such conviction rising up in his mind, gradually lent its aid to smother his wrath. How could he beat the poor fellow for speaking the truth! It was,—and he now saw it written in characters that could not be mistaken,—it was, after all his trouble, and expense, and fond anticipations, "a two-hour mill."

"Stop the mill," said my grand uncle, turning round, and speaking in the mildest voice to the miller, "stop the mill; we shall discontinue our work to-day."

"Squire," replied the miller, "the mill has been as silent as a church for the last hour."

"True," said my grand uncle, recollecting himself; "come, Walter, we will mount our horses, and think over this matter when we get home. It is very extraordinary! Why didn't I foresee this? Never mind, we will have water enough there tomorrow, my boy?"

He slowly went to the fence corner, and untied his horse, and got up into the saddle as leisurely as if he had been at a funeral. Walter mounted his, and they both rode homeward at a walk; my grand uncle whistling Malbrook all the way, in an under key, and swinging his cane round and round by the tassel.

WONDERS OF THE UNIVERSE.  
What mere assertion will make any one believe that in one second of time, in one beat of the penulum of a clock, a ray of light travels over 152,000 miles, and would therefore perform the tour of the world in about the same time that it requires to wink with our eyelids, and in much less than a swift runner occupies in taking a single stride! What mortal can be made to believe, without demonstration, that the sun is almost a million times larger than the earth? and that, altho' so remote from us, a cannon ball shot directly towards it, and maintaining its full speed, would be twenty years in reaching it; yet it affects the earth by its attraction in an appreciable instant of time? Who would not ask for demonstration, when told that a gnat's wing in its ordinary flight, beats many hundred times in a second; or that there exist animated and regularly organized beings, many thousands of whose bodies laid close together would not extend an inch? But what are these to the astonishing truths which modern optical inquiries have disclosed, which teach that every point of a medium through which a ray of light passes, is affected with a succession of periodical movements regularly recurring at equal intervals no less than five hundred

millions of millions of times in a single second!—That it is by much movements communicated to the nerves of our eyes that we see; nay, more, that it is the difference in the frequency of their recurrence which affects us with the sense of the diversity of color? That for instance, in acquiring the sensation of redness our eyes are affected four hundred and eighty two millions of millions of times; of yellowness, five hundred and forty two millions of millions of times; and of violet seven hundred and seven millions of millions of times per second? Do not such things sound more like the ravings of madmen than the sober conclusions of people in their waking senses? They are nevertheless, conclusions to which any one may most certainly arrive, who will only be at the trouble of examining the chain of reasoning by which they have been obtained.—Herschel.

## CONGRESS.

In the House of Representatives on the 12th instant.

Mr. Stanly moved a suspension of the rules to enable him to offer a resolution requesting the President to inquire into the truth of reports which represent the Hungarian exiles now in New York as being in danger of starvation; and if so, that he take steps to relieve their sufferings. And appropriating — thousand dollars for that purpose.

Mr. Preston King, [abolitionist] of New York, desired to ask a question of the gentleman from North Carolina.

Mr. Stanly, said that he answered no questions coming from that quarter of the House.

Mr. King desired to know if the gentleman did not vote against the resolution to receive Kossuth?

Mr. Stanly replied that his resolution was for exiles, not for humbugging governors.

The question was taken, and the House refused to suspend the rules, 125 to 46.

On Tuesday, a message was received from the President, enclosing a correspondence between the Secretary of State and Mr. Lawrence, U. S. Minister to England, in relation to a scheme of the British government for promoting the emigration of free blacks from the U. S. to the British West Indies. It appears that Mr. Lawrence's attention was called to the subject by Geo. W. Owen, Esq., of Georgia, who supposed, from the language of a circular from Earl Grey on the subject, that it was designed to promote the emigration of slaves. Mr. Lawrence accordingly called on the British Minister, who promptly assured him that no idea of the kind was indulged; but, that the government being aware of a deficiency of labor in the West Indies, had supposed that the people of the United States would be glad to get rid of the numerous free blacks residing among them, and would readily unite in promoting their emigration as proposed; and further, that the persons who desired to emigrate slaves, and were obliged to send them out of the State, would avail themselves of this plan, which was designed to pay the expenses of removal of all such persons of both classes.

On Wednesday, nothing of importance.

On Thursday, Mr. Conger endeavored to introduce a resolution going the whole Kossuth doctrine of intervention; but objection was made.

## HUNGARY VS. WASHINGTON.

It appears from the Annual Report of the Treasurer of the *Washington Monument Society*, published in the "Intelligencer" of the 16th, that his receipts from the 1st of January to the 31st of December, 1851, inclusive, amounted to \$36,551.54, only.

The amount expended upon Kossuth and his associates, since their arrival in this country, including contributions to the Hungarian fund, &c., probably exceeds this amount six fold.

It cannot escape the attention, the "Intelligencer" most justly says, of any true American reader, how mortifying a disproportion there is between the amount contributed towards the erection of the great monumental record of the triumph of Free Principles and simple Republican Institutions; in the Life and Character of Washington, and that which will have been contributed by our countrymen, under the influence of the dazzling glare of a transient foreign meteor through our country, and of the wild and delusive notion of propagating our principles among People in another quarter of the world who cannot understand them, and who, if they did understand them would, in all probability, reject them, as the French People have already done.

A sulphur spring, recently discovered on the farm of David Jordan, Esq., in Nansemond county, Va., fourteen miles from Norfolk, is said to have been pronounced by Prof. Stewart, of Baltimore, to whom the test was confided, to be probably one of the most efficient and valuable medicinal waters in the world. It combines the properties of the Saratoga with those of the White Sulphur waters; and may be said to represent perfectly the water of the far famed Harrowgate Springs in England.—Lynchburg Virginian.

Slavery Advocated by one of its Victims.—On Thursday evening last, a colored man named Jones, for some years a slave at the South, gave an account of his life, at Lyceum Hall, South Boston. Supposing that of course he would speak against the peculiar institution of the South, several gentlemen who believe that slavery is the greatest curse of our country, and that it should be abolished, cost what it may, came forward and assisted in paying the expenses of the hall.

Much to their surprise, however, Jones took a different view of the matter, applauding Daniel Webster for the course he has taken, and saying that the happiest part of his life was when he was a slave; indeed, he had no objection to returning to "Old Virginy," and thought the slaves of the South were much happier than many persons at the North. This greatly excited several of the contributors, and two or three gentlemen arose and endeavored to refute Jones. He however persevered in his statements, till the close of the meeting stopped this dispute.—Boston Eve. Trav., Jan. 12th.

## COTTON THREAD.

Very few of the thousands of our country women, (says an exchange paper) who are in the daily and constant habit of using the needle, are probably aware that they are indebted for the invention of that important article in the various works of domestic manufacture, cotton thread, to one of their own sex—the wife of the patriarch of American manufactures, Samuel Slater. A writer in the *Western* socket Patriot states, that in 1794, while spinning a quantity of Sea Island cotton, the evenness and beauty of the yarn attracted the attention of Mrs. Slater, and the question arose whether, if doubled and twisted, it would not make good sewing thread. The experiment was tried, and in order to be fully satisfied with the result, a sheet was made, one half with linen, and the other half with cotton thread, and immediately put in use. The cotton wore the best, and the linen was the first that was rent. From the period, Mr. Slater commenced the manufacture of cotton thread, and it soon spread into England, France, and other European countries, where it is generally supposed to be of English origin—though the credit of the invention belongs almost entirely to an American matron.

## POUTING ROOM.

John Adams, in his correspondence with William Cunningham, gives the following lively description of a Boudoir, which we publish by the particular request of a lady, that husbands, who are afflicted with the most disagreeable of all appendages—putting wives—may learn how to get rid of the nuisance by a more rational method than is usually adopted. The object is, to make it tolerable to remain at home and not fly to the pot-house or loafers club for relief.

"What is a Boudoir? It is a *Putting Room*. And what is a *Putting Room*? In many gentlemen's houses in France, there is an apartment of an octagonal form, twelve or fifteen feet across, and thirty-six or forty-five feet round, and all the eight sides, as the ceiling above, and of the most polished glass mirrors; so that when a man stands in the centre of the room, he sees himself in every direction, multiplied into a row of self, as far as the eyes can extend. The humor of it is, that when the lady of the house is out of temper, when she is angry, or when she weeps without a cause, she may be locked up in this chamber to pout, and see in every direction how beautiful she is."

The President has sent a message to the Senate recommending that an appropriation be immediately made to defray the expenses towards the Americans who were engaged in the Lopez expedition, and have since been proscribed by the Spanish Government. It is to be hoped that favorable action will be had upon this humane recommendation, since many of those once deluded men are without doubt utterly destitute of means.

"Such is Life."—A half drunken man was preambulating the streets of Cincinnati on Thursday night. A rowdy led her into a paint shop on Fifth street, and daubed her face in mere blackguard wantonness, and then took her into a back room where there was a light which disclosed the disfigured face of his own mother?

Extraordinary Snow Storm.—At New Orleans on Tuesday last, the snow was six inches deep, the first snow storm they have had in that mild climate for many years.

It is singular, that whilst we have had here an intensely cold winter, so far, there has been no snow. We hear of it at Wilmington, Charleston, New Orleans, &c., but only a few flakes have fallen here, none to be visible on the earth.—Fayetteville Observer.

## GOVERNOR'S LEVEE.

Gov. Reid's Levee, on Thursday evening last, was well attended, and passed off to the evident gratification of all. It was a pleasant assemblage of neighbors and friends, and characterized by innocent hilarity and true social enjoyment. The Governor's table was literally heaped with the "good things of life" served up in the most tempting manner.

We saw present a number of distinguished persons from a distance.

Every one must have been impressed by the cordial and unaffected manner of the Governor, and the ease and grace with which his amiable and accomplished Lady dispensed the hospitality of the Executive Mansion.— *Raleigh Standard*.

A Western paper says: "We saw a woman carrying a big hog home from market on Saturday upon her shoulder. For the benefit of those who may think her husband ought to have done it, we will state that she served him in the same way a short time before."