

MEMBERS OF THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN.
Convention at Concord, N. C.
Resolved, That the Board of Directors...

THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN.

J. J. BRUNER, Editor & Proprietor.



DO THIS, AND LIBERTY IS SAFE. Gen'l Harrison.

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From the Albany Cultivator.

THE SCIENCE OF AGRICULTURE.

The art of Agriculture is pretty generally well understood in this country; probably, (considering all circumstances) as well as in any other. Our farmers can all do the work, and do it well, too. But the science, the theory of agriculture, is not well understood. Agricultural science, embraces a considerable number of other sciences. Indeed, it is a combination of sciences, for there are very few that do not enter into the practice of the farmer. He may not know it, but it is true, nevertheless. Let us enumerate them. The farmer should be a chemist, mineralogist, and geologist, because he practices these sciences every day of his life, whether he knows it or not. He should be a botanist, for he practices it very largely; he should be a Physician, for he has frequent occasions to resort to this science, both in man and beast; he should be an anatomist, for no class or profession has much interest in this branch of knowledge as the farmer; he should be well versed in natural history, and he often is, without knowing a syllable of its theoretical principles; he should be an astronomer, and this too, he is quite too often ignorant; he should be a political economist, for in him, at last, the public welfare takes refuge in all its troubles, and from him it derives its strength—the enlightened farmers constitute the State. If agriculture be a science composed of all sciences, it is also an art composed of or composed nearly all other arts. The farmer ought to be and frequently is, a blacksmith; some of his family are bakers and brewers; he is a carpenter, a machinist, and quite frequently an engineer. Now, if all this be true, what class of the human family requires so general and so thorough an education as the farmer, to make them masters of their profession? It seems to the writer that the world acts most preposterously in bestowing a thorough liberal education upon those who are to practice a single simple science, and withholding it from him who is to practice all the sciences and all the arts. Farmers, themselves, are too apt to take the same course by educating at a university one of their sons who is destined to be a lawyer or a doctor, and contenting themselves with giving their other sons and daughters, who are to be farmers and farmers' wives, the simplest of a country school education. "Doctoring and lawyering comes from education, and farming by nature," a remark actually made to me by an old and respectable farmer. That even the art of farming is incapable of easy and quick acquisition, every farmer knows; but that the science, the theory of farming, as well as the handicraft, should be expected to be obtained more easily, and in less time than those of the other professions, is, of all human errors, the most unaccountable. It is true, the boy raised upon a farm, and diligently performing the usual labors of a working farmer, will acquire the handicraft of the art by the time he is of lawful age, without the aid of school education—he may do so without being able to write his name. But then what sort of farmer is he? A mere mechanical operator, who is obliged to follow the patterns and examples of his predecessors, being incapable of improving them in form or substance, not knowing anything of the theory of their operation, or upon what principles they may be changed for the better. The common blacksmith knows not why he blows the bellows—he only knows he increases the heat of his forge by it, but he knows not why; and the merely practical farmer knows that by doing certain things he will produce certain results, if the season be propitious, because such things produced such results in his predecessor's time, but he knows not why! If the blacksmith and farmer knew all about the theory upon which their labors depended for their effects much more effectively and how much more certainty of results, would they not both labor? I have seen stable manure applied to land already too rich in such materials, and have heard wonder expressed because it did not produce results there equal to those produced on land where it was wanted. I have seen lime applied to land where there was already a superabundance, and have it withheld when it was much wanted, all because the operators were unacquainted with the chemistry that properly belongs to their profession. Suppose the dairy woman knew the theory of the operation of churning, the philosophy if you please, of the separation of the butter from the milk or cream, how many hours of hard labor would such knowledge not save her, and how much more butter would she not obtain from her milk? Even in the kitchen of every farm house, yes, every city dwelling house, there are numerous chemical operations constantly going on, which if properly understood would result greatly to the advantage and comfort of all. The simple preparation of a cup of coffee, will depend for its result upon a chemical operation, and the beverage will be good or bad, according as it shall be prepared in accordance with correct chemical principles. Generally, cooks have made coffee so often under the instruction of others, that they know how to make it properly, but they have not the least idea of the philosophy of all other operations in cooking. But

the greater interests, such as making, saving, and applying renovators, lime, &c., and mixing soils; these all require a knowledge of chemistry, theoretical and practical. There are but few farms that have not different qualities of soil, in different places, in excess. Here, a low, 'sour' bottom, there an arid sand hill; here, a dead clay, and by the side of that river a wide margin of black vegetable mould. How speedy would the truly scientific farmer commence carrying sand to the clay, and clay and sand to the vegetable mould and the latter to all others—and by thus mixing the various soils, render the whole fertile? If he be in doubt whether the soils of his various fields contain the necessary quantity of lime, how easily can he ascertain that fact, and if they do not, apply the proper quantity of this renovator. Possibly his soil is rich enough in vegetable organic matter, and if so, he ascertains the fact, and applies no more of that class of manures; resorts to chemical renovators. And probably the reverse turns out to be the case—he has found lime and potash enough in the soil, and wants vegetable matter, and he applied it. In fine, a knowledge of chemistry, vegetable physiology, and a modicum of common sense, will enable him to ascertain what articles of manure his various fields require, and thus avoid not only his "carrying coals to New Castle," but paying dearly for them too. A general knowledge of chemistry and the kindred sciences would also put an effectual stop to blindfold and costly experiments. It would also put a stop to universal agricultural panaceas. No body would then think of saying that common salt, soda, lime, anything, was an universal manure. They would then be all good only where and when they were wanted in a soil. But, says everybody, how can all this be done? How can everybody be educated and made scientific? I answer, by introducing scientific education into all the schools. How many a farmer's son is taught French, Latin, Greek, Mathematics, Algebra, and a dozen other subjects, not one of which will ever be a hundredth part as useful to him as chemistry and vegetable physiology would be. Enough of chemistry, and all the collateral sciences, should be, and can be, taught in plain English, in any country schools, to make every farmer a truly scientific agriculturalist, and it seems to me the legislatures of the States should take the matter in hand. In my opinion, there should be in every county of the State schools expressly for this subject, at which teachers should be prepared to teach these sciences in common schools.

GIDEON B. SMITH.

GENERAL SCOTT A PEACE MAN. A correspondent furnishes us with the following authentic anecdote of Gen. Scott. It relates to a period of his history when materials are not superabundant: In the Winter of 1838 and '39, Gen. Scott was summoned to the War Department at Washington, and there told he must proceed to the frontier lines on the Niagara River, and put a stop to the interference of American citizens with the Canadian Government, and asked how long before he could be ready. His answer was, in half an hour. His arrival in Buffalo was in the afternoon, where he took charge of the militia and volunteer companies which had been ordered in from the neighboring counties, together with what few Government troops were stationed in the barracks at that place and ordered them down to the village of Black Rock two and a half miles, where they arrived about 12 o'clock of an intensely cold night. The inhabitants opened their houses, barns, and churches, and made them comfortable until morning, when they proceeded to Fort Schloss, opposite Navy Island in the Niagara River, three miles above the Falls; and during that and the following day brought off the Patriot army, which had taken up its rendezvous on the island—consisting mostly of American citizens, headed by Gen. Van Kensselaer—taking their arms from and dispersing them in squads of six or eight as they were brought off. On his return to Black Rock, he found two Canadian armed schooners lying at anchor for the purpose, as he was informed, of molesting and detaining the steamboat Barcelona which had gone down the river, as the Canadians supposed, for the purpose of taking arms and ammunition from Navy Island up the Lake, where another rendezvous was in contemplation. Gen. Scott dispatched a messenger to Col. Kirby of the Canadian Army, being the highest in command at that point, with intelligence that the Barcelona was private property, navigating the river for whom it may concern, and that she had nothing to do with the Navy Islanders. The messenger received for answer, I don't command, and therefore cannot be answerable for what may be done. He then sent the same message on board each of the schooners, and received for answer, "We have received our orders and shall obey them." Gen. Scott immediately placed several companies of artillery with lighted matches, ball and cartridge, in a position commanding the Schooners, and there with his suite, consisting of Worth, (then a Colonel), Wool, Gov. Marcy, and other distinguished characters; repaired to the piazza of a large stone mansion, fronting the river, and directly opposite where the vessels were lying. A couple of spy glasses which were kept for observation upon the river and lake, and other scenery were handed him. The old Battle Ground of the war of 1812 lay in sight; Scott, while awaiting the return of the steamers, entered into some of the incidents of those battles, among which was the falling of a Major \*, scattering flesh and blood over his (Scott's) clothes as the cannon ball struck him. At this moment the Bar-

celona made her appearance under moderate steam, accompanied by a revenue Cutter, also from the Lake, with flags flying. Intense and breathless silence ensued, until the steamer had passed the schooners, when Scott broke it, by a most hearty exclamation of joy; adding: "I am so much of a peace man that I thank God that they did not molest her." Thus ended the fearful apprehension of another war with England.

A GOOD STORY.

The following capital story we extract from a letter to the Alabama Journal, by J. J. Hooper: Shall I tell you a bit of a story, having no connection with politics, this hot, dry weather? By permission— Old Col. D., of the Mobile district, was one of the most singular characters ever known in Alabama. He was testy and eccentric, but possessed many fine qualities, which were fully appreciated by the people of that district. Many of his freaks are fresh in the memory of the "old uns" of Mobile, and all of them will tell you that the Colonel though hard to beat, was once terribly taken in by a couple of legal tyros. It is George Woodward, I believe tells the story, but however that may be it is keeping with others related of the old gentleman. It seems that Colonel D. had had a misunderstanding with the two gentlemen alluded to and was not on speaking terms with them, although all of the three were professionally riding the circuit pretty much together. The young ones being well aware of the Colonel's irascible nature, determined as they left one of the courts for another, to have some sport at his expense by the way. They accordingly got about half an hour's start in leaving and, presently they arrived at a broad dark stream, that looked as if it might be a dozen feet deep, but which in reality was not more than six inches. Crossing it they alighted, pulling off their coats and boots, and sat down quietly to watch the old "Tartar." Joggling along, at length, up came the old fellow. He looked first at the youngsters who were gravely drawing on their boots and coats as if they had just had a swim—and then he looked at the broad creek that rolled before him like a fluent, translucent star. The Colonel was awfully puzzled. "Is this creek swimming?" he growled after a pause of some moments. No reply was made—the young men simply mounted their horses, and rode off some little distance, and stopped to watch the hero. The Col. slowly divested himself of boots, coat, pantaloons and drawers. These he neatly tied up in his handkerchief, and hung them on the horn of his saddle. Then he remounted and as he was a fat, short man with a paunch of inordinate size, rather inadequate legs, a face like a withered apple, and a brown wig, there is no doubt he made an interesting picture as he bestraddled his steed, "breeze holding gentle dalliance" with the lower extremities of his only garment. Slowly and cautiously did the old gentleman and his horse take the creek. Half a length—and the water was not fathoms deep. Here the horse stopped to drink. At a length and a half—and no deeper? Thirty feet further, and a decided shoaling! Here Colonel D.—reigned up. "There must, said he, be a hole of a swift deep channel between that and the bank—see how the water runs? We will dash through." A sharp lash made the horse spring the "watery waste;" and another carried the horse and rider safely to the opposite bank. The creek was nowhere more than a foot deep. A wild yell from the young ones announced their appreciation of the sport as they galloped away. "I'll catch you, you—rats!" was growled between Col. D.—'s teeth—away he galloped in hot pursuit, muttering vengeance on his foes. On—they sped! pursuer and pursued, the youngsters laughed, yelled and screamed—the Colonel damned with mighty emphasis, while his shirt floated and crackled in the wind, like a loose flying jib. On—and the pursuer reached the farm house on the road side. Their passing startled a flock of geese from a fence corner which, as the Colonel dashed up, met him with outspread wings, elongated necks, and hisses dire. His horse swerved suddenly, and the Colonel in a moment, was in a most unromantic heap with his brown wig by his side, and his bundle of clothes scattered around! The white headed children of the house came out first; took a distant view of the monster—as it seemed to them—and then returned to report progress. After a little the father of the family came, and the affair being explained, assisted the Colonel in making his toilette; the Colonel swearing and the countryman laughing all the while. Dressed and remounted, our hero started off with a woful phiz, and was soon out of sight.

The Rheumatics.—A writer in the London Lancet recommends pure lime juice (two to six ounces per diem) as an almost certain cure for acute rheumatism. Hooper, of the Lafayette (Ala.) Tribune, says he once had a friend in Montgomery afflicted with the disease who used this compound; Lemon juice, about one table spoonful; sugar, two ditto; water, ad libitum; maraschino, half a wine glass; dash with old Jamaica rum—and swallow. He never got well, though. SPUNK.—The girls in Northampton have been sending a bachelor bouquets of tansy and wormwood. He says he don't care; he had rather smell them than matrimony. "Gentlemen of the jury," said a western lawyer, "I don't mean to insinuate that this is a covetous nation; but I will bet five to one, that if you should bait a steel trap with a new three cent piece, and place it within six inches of his mouth, you would catch his soul."

RATHER TOO CUNNING!

Does not every one plainly see, (since the developments in reference to Pierce's opinions on the subject of Slavery) the reason why the Editor of the "Standard" was so distressingly concerned as to the "whereabouts" of Seward? Week after week has he been ringing the changes upon this one idea, and many were really alarmed lest the Editor might actually become deranged on the subject! His own candidate having endorsed the "higher law" and expressed such "loathing" for the Fugitive Slave law, he no doubt thinks Seward is in the "wrong box" in supporting Gen. Seward. The Editor is quite greedy and selfish. He can afford to permit the N. York Senator to go astray, his party being able to boast of so many ornaments of like kind! What an imposing list—Van Buren, (John and Martin) Cleveland, Chase, Durkee, Sumner, Rantoul, Hall, Preston, King, Bryant, and "many others tedious to mention"—all standing together on the same Platform, shouting for "Pierce and King!"—Ral. Register.

CONSUMPTION.—Two or three years ago, experiments were made by members of the London Faculty Physicians, in different hospitals, for the cure of diseases of the lungs, by breathing in warm medicated vapors. The success of the experiments were so gratifying that an institution, the Brompton Hospital, for the cure of Bronchitis and consumption, was immediately established, and so favorable has been the result of treatment, that the number of patients admitted during the past year is between two and three thousand, and the Hospital report shows that full seventy-five in every hundred have been completely cured.

The Lancaster Ledger, says that C. M. Heath, esq., of that District, aged 47 years, quit chewing tobacco on the 20th of May.—His weight at that time was 138—on the 25th June he weighed 153—gain in five weeks 15 pounds. He also states that he has been free from a nervous headache which constantly attended him while in the habit of chewing.

Death of Judge McKinley.—We regret to learn by Telegraph from Louisville, Kentucky, that the Hon. JOHN MCKINLEY, an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, died in that city yesterday from an attack of apoplexy. He had been in rather infirm health, we believe, for some time. He was appointed to the Bench during the Administration of President VAN BUREN, and was esteemed an upright and conscientious magistrate. Nat. Intelligencer.

STATISTICS OF LIBERIA.—The Missionary Magazine for July, among other statistics of Liberia, states, the inhabitants at 300,000, among whom about 7,000 may be regarded as civilized. There are more than 2,000 communicants in the Christian churches, more than 1,500 children in Sabbath Schools, and 1,200 in day schools. Communicants in the Missions on the Gold Coast about 10,000. Attendances at day schools in the same about 10,100.—Funds have been raised in the United States for education to the amount of fifty thousand dollars.

A NEW DRINK.—The last triumph in this way, advertised at the shops in New York is Creamed a most delicious mixture of ice-cream and lemonade—cool, refreshing and palatable, and what is best of all, without a particle of intoxication in it. In these hot days, such a drink is an acquisition.

A freight train came over the Central railroad to Detroit, on Thursday last, composed of 76 cars, with nearly three hundred tons of freight drawn by a single locomotive.

One of McCORMICK'S reapers was successfully tried, it is said, on the 12th inst., on the farm of Mr. David Shriver, near Westminster, Md. The Carolinian says that in cutting grain it requires two persons and two horses to attend the Machine—one had to regulate the driving and the other to rake it into sheaves. So rapid are its movements, that from five to six bands are required to bind.

Beautiful and affecting Scene.—As the steamer Ben. Franklin passed the town of Rising Sun, Indiana, on Thursday last on its way to Louisville, with the sacred remains of Henry Clay on board, thirty-one young ladies representing the different States of the Union stood in conspicuous view on the wharf, in front of the crowd of citizens that had assembled. All save one, were dressed in virgin white, their heads covered with black veils. The one accepted was robed in deep heavy mourning and represented Kentucky, and occupied the centre of the line. How touchingly beautiful the scene, and what pride—sad pride—she must have felt as in that galaxy of beauty she found herself the representative of that State whose broad land, from one extreme to the other, was bedewed with tears. The whole scene was rendered more impressively solemn by the deathly silence that universally prevailed on board the steamer and on shore, as the vessel floated noiselessly by, bearing its precious charge onward to its last repose.—Cincinnati Commercial.

WEBSTER—FISHERY QUESTION.

BALTIMORE, July 25, 1852. Mr. Webster had a grand reception at Marshfield yesterday. Hon. Seth Sprague welcomed him in an address, to which Mr. Webster responded. Mr. Webster declined defining his political position with regard to the Presidential nominations. He said the fishery question would not be neglected by the Administration, but that the American fishermen would be protected at all hazards. He pronounced the conduct of England wholly unjustifiable.

Elections next Month.—Alabama, Iowa, Missouri and North Carolina, are the only States which vote in August this year as every one having now opposition Governors and Legislatures—Kentucky and Tennessee have no elections in August, 1852. Illinois has postponed her elections from August to November when Presidential electors and State officers will be chosen on the same day; Indiana has likewise changed hers from August to the second Monday in October.

When you enter a room and find a young lady crying, don't imagine she is crying for you. She may have been peeling onions.

A MODEL LEGISLATOR.—Edmund Laurence a member of the Indiana Legislature, recently refused to receive pay for eight days during which he was absent from duty.