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THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN.

J. J. BRUNER, *Editor & Proprietor.*

"KEEP A CHECK UPON ALL YOUR RULERS.

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

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SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1852.

CLAY SOILS AND THEIR MANAGEMENT.

BY PROF. J. J. MAPES.

Clayey soils are often left as pasture fields, from the difficulty of plowing them, their texture rendering this operation more expensive when applied to other classes of soils. The faults attributed to clayey soils are, so close a texture as to prevent the admission of the atmosphere, the free passage of water, and the easy circulation necessary for the roots of many plants. To this may be added, that sometimes the salts of iron, and other substances unfriendly to vegetable growth are resident in clayey soils, and cannot be removed by the same natural remedies which would wash them from a soil of more sandy texture; the impracticability of surface disintegration by the use of tillage tools for the removal of weeds; the cracking of the soil during the heat of summer, and consequent abrasion of fibrous roots. All these too often cause the failure of clayey soils, but by proper management these difficulties may be removed.

Remedies.—Deep and sub-soil plowing to admit atmosphere to cause the necessary chemical changes, and if accompanied by under draining, these changes will rapidly occur. Clays do not refuse to absorb water, provided an excess does not previously occupy its low stratum.—Judicious applications of lime for underdrained and sub-soiled plowed soils, encourage an alteration in their texture. Charcoal dust, swamp muck, and other cheap organic substances, will mechanically part the adhesive molecules apart, and by their gradual decay, will leave spaces through which the atmosphere may enter. The carbonaceous matter which does not decay, will always enable the atmosphere and moisture to percolate them. Ridging back furrowing in the fall, causes clayey soils to become thoroughly disintegrated by the frequent freezings and thawings of winter. Some of the best garden soils in the world were originally clay soils reclaimed with the kind of means we have stated. Slight additions of sand may sometimes be made with great benefit. The advantages arising from clay soils are numerous—for after the kind treatment which we have mentioned, clayey soils will neither crack nor bake in summer heat; they will retain putrescent manures until used up by plants; alumina, the chief constituent of clayey soils, has peculiar powers for retaining ammonia, and hence fertilizing materials may be fearlessly and liberally added to a soil entirely capable of holding them until required for sustenance by plants. Salts of iron, and other poisonous materials sometimes found in clayey, as well as other soils, are readily parted with from clay soils after they have been properly treated. Well reclaimed clays are retentive of moisture, although never excessively wet, nor do they prevent any mechanical difficulties to the travel of the roots of plants. Their texture is always more even than that of other soils, and when rendered suitable for the raising of grain and other crops, the shapes of the particles are more regular than in more friable soils. In such soils, beets, parsnips, carrots and other crops, the value of which is depending in part upon the symmetry of their figure, may be raised with certainty of success. The difficulties arising from a bad selection in rotation of crops do not produce such disastrous results on clay as in other soil, for the exuberantious matter of other plants, which always annoys the growth of those of the same family following in succession, is received by the alumina, and sooner rendered fit food for future germinations. There are few clayey soils, that will not be improved by the consequent improvement in their quality, for the kind of treatment we have recommended.

Materials for Manure.—There are so many things from which the materials to make manure may be derived, that the wonder is how farmers should neglect to improve his opportunities for making his farm as rich as a garden spot. There are shores of creeks and rivers lined with mud,—woods abounding with fallen leaves—mould from headlands and fence sides and corners—mud and vegetable matter from the marshes, and the scrapings of roads and yards, in each and all of which are contained the true elements of manure, requiring nothing but a little labor, and composing, to make them all as good as horse dung—a cart load of stable or cow yard manure, enumerated, would make the whole as good as itself—20 bushels of ashes would do the same thing, while a dead horse, or a dead cow, cut up and composted with twenty loads, would make the whole as rich as Goshen cheese.

Poison Antidotes.—For oil of vitriol or aquafortis, give large doses of magnesia and water, or equal parts of soap and water.

For oxalic acid, give an emetic of mustard and soap water afterwards of mucilages and small doses of laudanum.

For opium or laudanum, give an emetic of mustard, and use constant motion, and if possible the stomach pump.

For arsenic, doses of magnesia are useful, but freshly prepared hydrated oxide of iron is best.

For insects taken into the stomach, drink a small quantity of vinegar and salt.

For corrosive sublimate, give the white of eggs mixed with water until free vomiting takes place.

THE SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS.

BY LIEUT. CHUB.

Many years ago it was a custom in the State of Maine, in most of the towns, to celebrate the memorable event of the surrender of Cornwallis, by going through a mock performance representing that important fact in our country's history.

The little town of Waterford, situated upon the banks of the broad and majestic "Crooked River," resolved not to be behind hand in so great an affair. Accordingly a meeting was called at the old town house on the hill, to make the necessary arrangements. Deacon Moses Jones, as he was called, was chosen to enact the character of Washington, and 'Squire' Bijer Wood the character of Cornwallis. The under officers soldiers, &c., were to be selected by the selectmen, whose duty it was to furnish uniforms and pay such other expenses as the affair should require.

Now, as Messrs. Jones and Wood are the principal heroes of this sketch, a short description of their characters may not be out of place. Deacon Jones was a wealthy farmer, proud and religious, (at least he thought he was,) and was on the whole a very worthy man. The worst thing about him was a bad habit of taking "a drop too much," but even this was not thought a great deal of, for everybody in them days took somethin' occasionally.

Squire Wood was the village lawyer, very aristocratic, but withall a very clever man.—The Squire imagined that he knew considerable more than what his neighbors gave him credit for. This may be safely set down as his greatest fault. Both the Squire and the Deacon were proud of their positions in this great affair, and both meant to do their best.

The morning of the great day dawned beautifully. The Deacon, dressed as general Washington, and mounted on his 'iron grey,' retired with his men, dressed as "Continentals true," at an early hour, to a grove near the village, where the ceremony was to take place.

Cornwallis (*pro. tem.*) was also up and dressed before light, and stationed himself with his men dressed as Britishers, behind the "Hills."

The programme of the day's performance was as follows: The two companies were to meet in front of the tavern, on the common, exchange shots, skirmish a little—in which Cornwallis was to be most essentially whipped and then ingloriously surrender.

At early dawn thousands poured into the little village to see the fun and celebrate the great day. Punch, rum flip, and Gingerbread were in great demand. At 9 o'clock the two companies marched into the village and arrayed themselves into fighting position, reminding the spectators of the time when

"Brave Wolf drew up his men
In style most pretty,
On the plains of Abraham,
Before the city."

The two commanders were greatly excited and Washington, I regret to say, was in anything but a fit condition to act out the great part he was to perform. He had been drinking freely all the morning, and now, when the interesting ceremony was about to commence, was so *tight* or rather *loose*, that it was with difficulty he could sit in his saddle. He, however, did not know but what he was all right, nor did his men. Cornwallis was not intoxicated, bnt a little agitated, or rather elated.

Everything being ready, the company exchanged shots. Bang! wang!! bang!!! went the guns, while the two commanders yelled like so many stuck pigs.

'That's it, (hic) my brave boys! give it to 'em, the owdacious red coats!' bellowed Washington.

"On, Romans!" yelled the excited Cornwallis, who had seen a theatrical exhibition once, and who remembered the heroic appeals of the Thespian belligerents, "breathes there a man so dead that won't fight like thunder?"

"Go it, Continentals!—down with taxation on tea!" bellowed Washington in a very patriotic voice, and narrowly escaped cutting his horse's ear off with the flourish of his sword. The fighting now ceased, the companies were drawn up in a straight line, and Cornwalls dismounted and presented his sword to Washington.

"Well, old boy," said the immortal, as he cuffed his horse's ears with his cocked hat, "what in thunder do you want!"

"General George Washington!" replied Cornwallis "I surrender up to you myself, sword and men."

"You do, do ye!" sneeringly replied the General.

"Yes, General," said Cornwallis, "the British Lion prostrates himself at the foot of the American Eagle!"

"*Eagle*! EAGLE!' yelled Washington, rolling off his horse and hitting the Britton a tremendous blow on the head with the flat of his sword, "do you call me an eagle? Take that! and that!! and *that!!!*" yelled the infuriated Washington; "*pre*haps you'll call me an *eagle* again, you mean, sneaking cuss!"

Cornwallis was *down*, but only for a moment, for he jumped up and shook himself, and then with an entirely unlooked for recuperation on the part of a fallen foe, and in direct defiance of historical history he pitched into Washington like a thousand of brick, and in spite of the efforts of the men of both *nations*, succeeded in giving the "immortal a tremendous licking. So the day that commenced so gloriously most *in* gloriously ended.

For many years after the "Surrender," there was a coldness between the Deacon and 'Squire, but as time rolled on and their locks became frosted o'er with white, they learned to call it a "joke." Both are living now, and whenever they meet they smoke their pipes and talk about "that ar, scrape," like a couple of good, jolly old men as they are.

Indian and Yankee.—The water at Mackinaw is very clear and cold—so cold as to be almost unendurable. A gentleman amused himself lately by throwing a small coin in twenty feet of water, and giving it to any Indian who would bring it up. Down they plunged, but after descending ten or twelve feet, they came up so chilled that after several attempts they gave it up. A Yankee, standing by, observed that "if he would give it to him for getting it, he'd swing it up quicker than lightning," to which he consented, when Jonathan, instead of plunging in as was expected, quietly took up a setting pole, and dipping the end in a tar barrel, reached it down to the coin and brought it up, and, slipping it into his pocket, walked off, to the amazement of the Indian divers, and to the no small chagrin of the donor.

[redacted]

"Paddy, honey will ye buy my watch?"

"And is it about selling your watch ye are Mike?"

"Troth it is darlint."

"What's the price?"

"Ten shillings and a mutchkin of the creature."

"Is the watch a decent one?"

"Sure I've had it twenty years, and it never once desaved me."

"Well, here's your tin; and now tell me does it go well?"

"Bedat an, it goes faster than any watch in Conaught, Munster, Ulsteror, or Leinster, not barring Dublin."

"Bad luck to ye Mike, then you have taken in me in! Didn't you say it never desaved your?"

"Sure and I did—nor did it for *I nivir dipinded on it!*"

T. Butler King has resigned the office of collector at San Francisco, the resignation to take effect in October or November.

BARTER.

"So you've been home to Connecticut to keep Thanksgiving, have you?" said Brown to Smith, at the dinner table, on the day of the latter's return.

"Yes," was the matter-of-course reply.

Now, Brown was a sharp fellow, (at least in his own opinion.) and a lurking grin had begun to steal over his phiz in such a knowing way that we outside barbarous began to listen.

"Let me see, said Brown, musing a moment, "don't they make horn gun-flints, wooden punkin seeds, and wooden nutmegs down in Conneticut?"

"Oh, yes," said Smith, quite unconcerned; 'but they sell them elsewhere."

'Twas evident Brown had not made much thus far. His grin was losing its glee.

"Well Smith," said Brown, returning to the charge, "what kind of nutmegs do you think I should make if I was worked up?"

It was a most singular, and in fact, an unaccountable question, and it was evident Smith regarded it as such, for he laid down his knife and fork and gazing deliberately at Brown's face, while a shadow stole over his own, he sadly shook his head.

"You wouldn't answer at all—not at all," said he, "there's too much sap in you. They use the clear wood."

The conclusion of the sentence was hardly heard but when the uproar ceased, Brown's face had changed in its expression. He was evidently a "disappointed man."

Large Reward.—Michael Lightner and others offer seven hundred dollars reward for the apprehension and delivery to the Sheriff of Barbour County, Alabama, of *James A. McCrary*, who killed Wm. M. Lightner, on the 3d instant. Said McCrary is described to be "about five feet six or eight inches high, dark eyes and hair, square built, twenty-five or twenty-eight years old, looks a little down-cast, rather low forehead, generally dressed very neatly, has a pleasant countenance, rather slow in conversation, and speaks as if he was thinking of something else than what he was talking about. He will doubtless betray himself to the close observer by the number of pistols concealed about his person. Alexander McCrary, against whom there are two true bills in the Circuit Court of Barbour County, one for "assault with intent to murder," will probably be found in company with the said *James A.* The general description of one will answer for that of the other, except that Alexander is a little larger, taller and older."

WOMEN AT HOME.

Heaven did not intend women to be inmates of boarding houses. They are out of their element in all such abiding places. There are erratic exceptions to the general rule, but the true sphere of a really womanly woman is her own home—her true mission, to make her husband and her children happy. Her heart more than her head, marshals her the way that she should go. Her affections, her wifely and motherly love, instruct her intellect, sharpen her perception, and give force, energy and precision to her plans and purposes. Such a woman prateth not for her sex's rights—mourneth not over its wrongs. She attends no conventions, covets not the double-barrelled garments, demands not a seat on the bench, a post in the State, or a vote through the ballot box.

Content with the position assigned to all women by the Almighty at the creation, and which the prophets, patriarchs, apostles, and the Saviour himself, have declared to be the most meet and seemly for the "weaker vessels," the good wife never attempts to overstep the limits of her appropriate sphere, but makes that sphere a charmed circle, within which the husband and father is disburdened of his business cares, and enjoys a fulness of placid happiness, which the outside world can neither give nor take away. Fortunate is he who hath such a woman to wife; for she shall not only smooth the roughness of his earthly journey, but lead him gently by the hand towards Heaven.

Deceptive Tokens.—The Journal of Commerce states that large quantities of false tokens, ostensibly issued as business cards, are manufactured at Waterbury, Ct., closely resembling the double eagle, and half eagle, in circulation. They are richly gilt with pure gold, and, except the inscription, resemble the genuine coin so closely as to deceive the unwary.

The Charleston Mercury notices the arrival of a quantity of these dangerous tokens in that city, and our citizens should be on their guard, as they will soon find their way here.

South Carolinian.

CORK.

Many persons see corks used daily without knowing from whence come those useful materials. Corks cut from large slabs of the cork tree, a species of oak, which grows wild in the southern countries of Europe. The tree is stripped of its bark at about sixteen years old; but before stripping it off, the tree is not down, as in the case of the oak. It is taken while the tree is growing, and the operation may be repeated every eight or nine years; the quality of the bark continuing each time to improve as the age of the tree increases.—When the bark is taken off, it is signed in the flames of so strong fire, and after being soaked for a considerable time in water, it is placed under heavy weight in order to render it straight. Its extreme lightness, the ease with which it can be compressed, and its elasticity, are properties so peculiar to this substance, that no effectual substitute for it has been discovered. The valuable properties of cork were known to the Greeks and Romans, who employed it for all the purposes for which it is used at present, with the exception of stopples. The ancients mostly used cemet for stopping the mouths of bottles or vessels. The Egyptians are said to have made coffins of cork, which being spread on the inside with resinous substance, preserved dead bodies from decay. In modern times cork was not generally used for stopples to bottles till about the seventeenth century, cement being used until then for that purpose.

A MOTHER'S TEARS.

There is a touching sweetness in a mother's tears when they fall upon the face of her dying babe, which no eye can behold without imbibing its influence. Upon such hallowed ground the foot of profanity dares not approach. Infidelity itself is silent, and forbears its scoffiings. And here woman displays not her weakness, but her strength; it is that strength of attachment which can never, in its full intensity, be realised. It is perrennial, dependent upon no changes—but alike in storm and sunshine—it knows no shadow of turning. A father, when he sees his child going down to the dark valley, will weep when the shadow of death has fully come over him; and, as the last parting knell falls on his ear, he may say, "I go down to the grave of my son mourning." But the hurry of business draws him away; the tear is wiped from his eye; and if, when he turns from his fireside, the vacancy in the family circle reminds him of his loss, the succeeding day blunts the poignancy of his grief, until at length it finds no permanent seat in his breast. Not so with her who has borne and nourished the tender blossom. It lives in the heart where it was first entwined in the dreaming hours of night. She sees its playful mirth, or hears its plaintive cries; she seeks it in the morning, and goes to the grave to weep there.

PLAYING CARDS AT YALE COLLEGE.

You may, at all times and seasons—except vacations—be quite sure that something funny is being enacted in the dormitories of Old "Yale." One of the favorite but forbidden amusements of some of the students, is playing whist. One winter, a party of four were in the habit of meeting in one of the rooms to play their favorite game, and their movements excited the suspicions of a lynx-eyed tutor, who was quite fond of performing the functions of a police officer—of arresting and bringing culprits to justice. He had at various times opened the door upon them with various degrees of stealthiness and suddenness, but although the young men sat around the table in suspicious attitudes, each would be intent upon a book or paper before him, and the discomfited tutor retired from each sortie, strengthened in his convictions of the guilt of the parties, but unable to obtain the proof of it.

At length the leader of the party determined to give the tutor a lessen through a practical joke devised for the occasion. He accordingly had the pockets of his box coat lined temporarily with a stout sheep skin, and about the right hour, his cook filled them with *hasty pudding*, scalding hot. Thus prepared he sat down around the table with his companions, who had purposely by certain movements caused the tutor to suspect them. This time there were no books about the table, and when the tutor burst open the door, the youth in the box coat made a vigorous demonstration of sweeping cards from the table and transferring them to his capacious pockets. The tutor walked up to him in a triumphant manner and demanded—

"What have you in your pockets, sir?"

"I have nothing in them but a hot hasty pudding, sir," quietly retorted he of the box coat.

"What do you mean by giving me such a reply!—again I ask you, what have you in your pockets?"

"I have told you the simple truth—there is nothing in these pockets but hot hasty pudding."

The tutor was enraged. He rushed behind the young man—he plunged his hands elbow deep, in the pockets. And drew them forth, dripping with the scalding pudding! He beat a precipitate retreat, and his espionage upon that party of whist ceased forever.

THE MONKEY AND THE HAWK.

The cook of a nobleman, whose chateau is in the south of France, had a monkey which was allowed the free range of the kitchen, which was so intelligent that by pretty severe training, its natural propensity to mischief had been subdued, and it was even taught to perform certain useful services; plucking fowls, for instance, at which it was uncommonly expert. One fine morning a pair of partridges was given to it to pluck. The monkey took them to an open window of the kitchen which looked directly upon the park, and went to work with great diligence. He soon finished one, which he laid on the outer edge of the window, and then went quietly on with the other. A hawk which had been watching his proceedings from a neighboring tree, darted down upon the plucked partridge, and in a minute was up in the tree again, greedily devouring his prey.

The consternation of the monkey at this untoward adventure may be easily imagined. He knew he should be called to account for the partridge and be severely whipped for losing it. He hopped about in great distress for some minutes, when suddenly a bright thought struck him. Seizing the remaining partridge, he went to work with the greatest energy and stripped off the feathers. He then laid it on the edge just where he placed the other, and closing one of the shutters, concealed himself behind it. The hawk which by this time had finished his meal, very soon swooped down upon the partridge, but hardly had his claws touched the bird when the monkey sprrang upon him from behind the shutter. The hawk's head was instantly torn off, and the monkey with a triumphant chuckle proceeded to strip off his feathers. This done, he carried the two picked fowls to his master, with a confident and self-satisfied air, which seemed to say, "Here are the two birds just what you gave me." What the cook said on finding one of his partridges converted into a hawk, is more than we are able to say.

ACTION OF LEAD UPON WATER.

We have lately seen a number of articles discussive of the question, whether or not the action of water upon lead pipe rendered the water deleterious to health when consumed; although the arguments in the negative were ably ingenious, they were not sufficient to overturn the many well established facts offered by the other side. It has indeed become so well substantiated that water corrodes metallic lead, and forms a poison which is always injurious and in many cases fatal, when taken into the stomach, that no one ought at this day to dispute it.

The immediate question, however, is—and it is a very important one—whether or not the water which is used from public works in towns and cities, acts sufficiently upon the lead in its passage from the iron main to the dwelling, as to endanger health. We should say, unhesitatingly, that it depended altogether upon the state of the water drawn off. If that be fresh from the iron pipe into the street it would certainly be pure and harmless; but if it had been remaining for some time—and the longer the less pure—it would undoubtedly be unfit for family consumption.

An incident occurring upon our own premises will confirm what we say. We have a leaden reservoir for rain water, holding some fourteen thousand gallons, which contains water some eight and a half to nine months in the year. At the beginning of December last, fearing the effect of the frost upon the pipes, the water was let out as usual, to the amount of five or six hundred gallons, which ran into a fish pond, containing at the time a couple of thousand gallons of other water and the effect was instantaneous upon the fish. In less than twenty-four hours, the whole of them—some ten dozen, with the exception of half dozen—died. Some of them were catfish of large size, which are regarded as among the hardiest species. The half dozen were saved only by removing them from the pond. On one occasion a gold fish was put into a tub of this water, and it no sooner entered it, than it sprang over the sides of the vessel; and when replaced, soon after died.

Though these are simple occurrences, they bear very strongly against the use of leaden pipes for the conveyance of water for cooking and drinking purposes.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

The Penalty of Being a Father.—When a Chinese lady is blessed with an increase to her family, from the moment of her accouchement, the unhappy husband is put to bed also, and there detained for forty days, and during this delightful penance he is subjected to all the rigorous treatment of his better half. Should medicine be administered to her, he must partake of it also, and he is strictly confined to the same diet that she is obliged to undergo, which consists on an average of about a thimblefull of cream of rice, administered every three hours to say nothing of the pill at bed time to prevent indigestion.

Marked Fish.—The Scotch Commissaries of fisheries have been adopting an ingenious device for learning the migrations of the salmon. They have marked a large number of fish hatched from the spawn deposited last year in the Tweed, by placing around them a belt or ring of India rubber, numbered and dated. One of the fish was caught, two days after being thus marked and let go, a hundred miles from the mouth of the Tweed. All fishermen taking such marked fish are desired to take note of their weight, the place and date of their capture, and various other particulars named in the directions. The idea is a novel and amusing one. It may lead to valuable scientific discovery. For our part, we should like to know what Master Fish thinks of his belt. He has no hands to take it off, and it is doubtless whether any of his companions will have the politeness to offer any assistance. They may look askance at their little belted brother, and be shy of his society.

The use of Camels on the Plains.—In the General Appropriation bill, an amendment has been inserted in the House appropriating $20,000 to test the practicability of the use of camels upon our Western prairies. It is thought by very many who have examined the subject that those animals will be found to answer a very useful purpose for the transportation of men and amunition. The Secretary of War advises the appropriation, and the propriety of the experiment seems to commend itself to all who have investigated the subject.

An old man who had fallen into a ditch on his way home, and being unable to get out, bawled lustily till morning when helping by a neighbor, he hastened home, began to scold his wife for not hearing him, and coming to his assistance, 'Lor!' said the old lady, 'I heard your voice, and I knowed it, but I thought it was an owl!'

The number of dogs in Constantiple was so great a short time ago, that three thousand were conveyed to an Isle of the Bosphorous, with provisions sufficient to last three days. On the fourth day the Imans ascended the minarets, and exhorted them to patience and resignation.

He that in the world would rise,
Must take the paper and ADVERTISE.