

Carolina Watchman.

Devoted to Politics, News, Agriculture, Internal Improvements, Commerce, the Arts and Sciences, Morality, and the Family Circle.

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NUMBER XVI

J. J. BEAUMER, Editor and Proprietor.
J. F. BEAUMER, Jr., Assistant Editor.

General Melkoff.—The Charleston News says: The Russian General-Melkoff, who it was reported, had succeeded Gen. Totten as Chief Engineer at Sebastopol, is well known in the United States. He visited this city about the year 1840, and thoroughly examined the South Carolina Railroad, of which Tristram Tupper, Esq., was then president, as well as other public works. Gen. Melkoff is a man of great engineering ability, and must be about 42 or 43 years of age.

Census Items.—Returns from twenty-six counties of Wisconsin, which in 1850 had an aggregate population of 288,966, now show an aggregate of 740,844. Twenty-three counties of New York State, including the city of New York, now show a total population of 1,712,744 against a total of 1,448,488 in 1850. The Herald estimates the population of the State at 3,300,000. New York city, which has now sixteen members of the Assembly, will have twenty-four under the new apportionment.

Death of a Celebrated Chemist.—Among the recent deaths in England is announced that of Mr. Andrew Crosse, the well known chemist and electrician, whose alleged solution of potash and flint, by galvanism, created so much excitement some years since, and figured so largely as the basis of the argument in Vestiges of Creation. Mr. Crosse was a man of wealth, ardent and laborious in his scientific investigations, and of most estimable personal and social character.

Just 400 Years Ago.—The first book ever printed with a date appeared in 1455, just four centuries ago this very year. Nine years after, the Koran began to be publicly read at Constantinople, and at the same time the Bible was sent forth off the wings of the press.

The stockholders of the Nense River Navigation Company held their annual meeting in New Bern on the 20th inst. The News says that the reports of the President and Treasurer showed the Company to be in debt, but not to that extent that many believed. Wm. G. Ryan, James M. Harrison, J. G. Jones and Henry P. Whitehead, were elected Directors, and Moses W. Jarvis and James W. Garner were appointed by the Governor.

Immediately after the Stockholders' meeting, the Directors met and re-elected Wm. G. Ryan, Esq., President, and Mr. R. N. Taylor Secretary and Treasurer.

We infer from the tone of the News that the work as originally contemplated will not be completed.

Health of the President.—A letter has been received by the Secretary of State from the President's private Secretary, stating that the President had, at the Warm Springs in Virginia, on Saturday last, an attack of cholera and fever—similar to that he experienced last autumn at the Executive Mansion—the preliminary symptoms of which he had felt for some days before leaving this city. The attack was not severe, and the President was expected to proceed to the White Sulphur Springs on the following Monday.

It is to be regretted that the President did not feel that his official duties left him at liberty to follow the earnest advice of his family physicians to leave the city some days since, on the early inception of his illness. We hope, however, that he will not think of leaving the pure mountain air he is now enjoying for Washington, till the season of our fall fumes has passed away.—Wash. Union.

NATIVES AND FOREIGNERS.—The Mobile Tribune compiles the following table, showing the comparative number of native born and foreign residents in the principal cities of the United States, from the census tables of 1850 made up in 1849:

City	Native	Foreign
Albany, N. Y.	31,162	16,501
Baltimore	100,491	25,702
Boston	88,198	43,677
Chicago	13,093	15,082
Cincinnati	69,558	54,541
Detroit	11,055	99,223
Louisville	22,979	12,491
Milwaukee	7,181	42,883
Mobile	9,563	4,080
New Orleans	50,170	48,901
New York	277,752	235,733
Philadelphia	98,316	121,699
St. Louis	36,529	28,397

Cotton Seed Oil.—A correspondent of the St. Louis Republican says that a German of that city has invented a process, by which this oil may be made available for burning and painting, and can be furnished much cheaper than either lard or linseed. Says the writer:

"Our fellow-citizen, Dr. Robert Rowland, whose unpretending office is on the north side of Market street, between Sixth and Seventh, has by repeated experiments succeeded in procuring oil from cotton seed, and so freeing it from the gluten heretofore regarded as a fatal impediment to its practical utility, as to render it preferred by some of our artists, who have tried it to the best 'finned oil,' both for its glossiness and whiteness, and also the ease and regularity of its drying."

The certificates of artists of that place are appended to the communication, to the effect that for painting, in regard to drying and glossiness, it is equal to the finned oil, but the cotton is preferable for its waterlike color.

Official Vote of the State.

FIRST DISTRICT.

1854.		1855.	
Dem.	Rep.	Dem.	Rep.
Carroll	544	158	556
Campbell	125	451	88
Catawba	331	498	274
Cherokee	343	234	255
Columbia	422	350	431
Currituck	285	245	238
Darlington	237	300	250
Edgecombe	641	490	653
Fayette	584	551	509
Gaston	690	461	526
Greenville	410	490	435
Hertford	245	388	265
Johnston	109	275	114
Wayne	4070	4811	4882

Pinckney's majority, 316

SECOND DISTRICT.

1854.		1855.	
Dem.	Rep.	Dem.	Rep.
Hyde	303	291	295
Beaufort	572	901	557
Bladen	725	708	723
Craven	638	599	591
Currituck	230	229	222
Lenoir	304	274	447
Wayne	1145	304	1101
Greenville	558	351	361
Edgecombe	1104	151	1382
Onslow	595	253	607
Carteret	319	461	453
Wayne	6754	4559	6739
Wayne	809	348	3275

Winlow's majority, 1116

THIRD DISTRICT.

1854.		1855.	
Dem.	Rep.	Dem.	Rep.
New Hanover	1109	421	1076
Hertford	435	416	600
Columbus	812	304	892
Bladen	620	426	390
Wayne	800	299	899
Wayne	1474	994	755
Wayne	782	679	679
Duplin	1061	223	5480
Richmond	113	708	600
Wayne	6965	4685	6203
Wayne	3087	3087	3087

Wayne's majority, 1116

FOURTH DISTRICT.

1854.		1855.	
Dem.	Rep.	Dem.	Rep.
Wake	1541	1167	1373
Franklin	713	539	716
Wayne	734	169	777
Wayne	1078	995	992
Wayne	903	1089	767
Wayne	1115	93	943
Wayne	930	744	908
Wayne	7100	4883	5881
Wayne	3310	3310	3310

Regan's majority, 2391

FIFTH DISTRICT.

1854.		1855.	
Dem.	Rep.	Dem.	Rep.
Person	601	331	427
Cassell	1007	826	1029
Alamance	696	587	644
Chatham	1017	1137	653
Wayne	403	1078	304
Wayne	528	615	314
Wayne	605	752	309
Wayne	145	741	163
Wayne	5092	6771	5256
Wayne	3405	3405	3405

Reed's majority, 3305

SIXTH DISTRICT.

1854.		1855.	
Dem.	Rep.	Dem.	Rep.
Stokes	636	437	729
Forsyth	867	802	877
Rockingham	1036	317	1240
Danville	679	1292	629
Wayne	304	619	304
Wayne	639	738	609
Wayne	797	454	789
Wayne	302	1236	281
Wayne	235	411	284
Wayne	550	671	584
Wayne	6256	7048	6150
Wayne	6150	6150	6150

Purveyer's majority, 360

SEVENTH DISTRICT.

1854.		1855.	
Dem.	Rep.	Dem.	Rep.
Catawba	739	310	894
Gaston	808	138	798
Wayne	573	296	620
Wayne	1023	667	1055
Wayne	925	584	925
Wayne	423	642	389
Wayne	729	472	720
Wayne	255	892	240
Wayne	95	874	106
Wayne	978	336	893
Wayne	7537	5938	6745
Wayne	4014	4014	4014

Craig's majority, 2041

EIGHTH DISTRICT.

1854.		1855.	
Dem.	Rep.	Dem.	Rep.
Wilkes	325	1261	580
Wayne	179	428	234
Wayne	219	620	319
Wayne	333	631	511
Wayne	621	1019	1214
Wayne	217	974	497
Wayne	243	687	650
Wayne	562	775	841
Wayne	639	349	657
Wayne	345	850	415
Wayne	429	390	352
Wayne	227	684	588
Wayne	356	255	458
Wayne	428	311	527
Wayne	5111	8554	8079
Wayne	6584	6584	6584

Clingman's majority, 1405

TAKEN AT HIS WORD:

OR, THE DOUBLE BRIDAL.

A few years ago, I made one of the seventy-five passengers on board the steamer Emily Barton, bound up the Tennessee. A pleasant, intelligent, and good captain, a good steward, and a social, refined company made the trip one of pleasure; indeed, long shall I remember the sunny Emily Barton and her superb living freight. One lovely summer afternoon, it was whispered that we were to have a wedding before the boat reached her destination; and said whisper started first and fast, near the stern; somewhere in the vicinity of the ladies cabin, and speedily making its way to the hall, the ladies deck, and even to the main; like the snow ball down the mountain, gathering size, form, momentum, as it rolled forward, until the principals in the interesting scene were not only pointed out, but the person—some scraps of the history of each, fact, and surmise, all hushed up ingeniously, leaving you in the half pleasant, half painful suspense and doubt, that opens the eyes wide and strains the dim of the ear so tight to all transpiring around you. Well, we landed to wood at a magnificent beach bottom, tall leaning leaves trees with their silver gray trunks making a deep cool shade, while they with the grassy green bank that bore them, were imaged in the glassy river, so clear, so true, that intervention only pointed the false from real. Cutting this charmed spot in twain, came a murmuring crystal spring brook, scarce four spans wide, to lose itself in the mass of Tennessee waters, they in turn to be abbe lost in the boundless sea.

No sooner was she staging out than there emerged from the ladies cabin a fine, manly looking fellow dressed in faultless taste, intellect beaming in every feature, while over his face perfect happiness shone like phosphorus on the sea. Leaning on his arm was the most lovely, delicate woman I ever beheld; her lot to behold her fine hazel eyes (tell tales they were) speaking deep emotion, and her expressive lip quivering with suppressed excitement, while her dress, step and grace was that of a queen. "There they are!" "That's her!" "Oh, how handsome!" burst from many a lip, as we instinctively made way to let them pass to the altar, and where that was we had about as clear an idea as a transcendentalist generally has of what he is talking about. But one thing we all seemed to know, that there was, *far ahead, and to follow in his wake*, was the proprietor of *Norval*, anxious to keep his lady on at home. Ephraim was sent to the "Dearest" School in the winter season, that he might become versed in the mysteries of reading, writing, and the rules of three. Like Hosa Biglow's friend Sawin, he "stuck to his books like the coldder's wax to an iron stone."

His reading reminded one of Demosthenes before he abandoned the pulpit—in the "put back and trained" department he succeeded, like Demosthenes, in writing himself down an ass—his geographical boundaries were as indefinite as those of the Mexican Commissioners—in the grammar class his "moods" were invariably adverb, and before the termination of the lesson, he generally found himself in the objective case, and governed by fear of the stick; that is to say, whiptail was illustrated as an active transitive verb, with Ephraim for its object. Arithmetic went no better with him. His knowledge of "roots" was confined to assassins of flag-ropes; he practised addition to the master's troubles, subtraction of apples from fixed-stick, multiplication of errors, and division among the scholars.

The master was a disciplinarian of the Dr. Bugby stamp, who professed belief in the wisdom of Solomon's rules of "sparing the rod," and left no doubt of his sincerity, by his manner of applying it in Eph's case, after making him sit over with the girls had proved unavailing. If the trace of knowledge is a torch, as some have contended, he became "intimately acquainted" with many of its branches. Eph honestly tried to deserve all his castigations. Perhaps there were no stray pins in the master's chair; if his ink-smeared, of course Eph hadn't put sedition in it; when the cat was confined in his desk, over night, how should our hero know anything about it, and by what rule could they hold him accountable for that stray snow-ball that knocked off of the pedagogues' hat, after school was out? Had everything had an end, and so had the term. Eph was emancipated, and the teacher's marksmanship to young ideas, received his pay, and went on his way rejoicing.

"I can't stand this any longer. Parson, ladies, pardon; I have a proposition to make on the faith of a man who never lies nor tricks. I must make it or die—so here goes. Now I will marry on this spot any lady that has nerve to face such music; look at me, and if you can love me as she loves" (pointing to the bride) "I'll promise to be a husband to you, and such a husband as she deserves, and such a husband as a true-hearted man will make to the woman who comes trembling under his wing. I further say that no spot nor shame attaching to my name nor sex shall; and this arm will support and protect the one who can trust to it. Which take me?" and his eye ran slowly over the crowd of handsome women around him; his earnest manner and novel speech had aroused an intense feeling; all was surprise and deep sympathy with the fearless, excited orator, when, to the astonishment and delight of every one, a frank, dark-eyed girl from the flowery banks of the Alabama, stepped to his side, and, looking confidentially up to his eyes with her hand on his arm, said, "Fair thing!" By this time his arm was around her waist, and parting her curls (black as the raven's wings at midnight) looked steadfastly in her face for a moment, and signed the contract with a kiss, that all the married ladies pronounced the genuine sort—perfectly satisfactory.

Having his flashing eyes with a triumphant expression from the pleasant job just mentioned, he said, "Where is that Parson? Send him right here—on this spot we will be made one. I never let such back as this pass me by without a minute—so go ahead," and on that spot where they first met, were they solemnly united forever. When the words, "What God hath joined, let no man put asunder," died away, a shout went up that shook the echoes for a mile; every hand was extended to the happy, lucky, venturesome fellow, and every lady in that crowd pressed the lip of his young and handsome wife (for a moment I wished I were her, but I instantly recovered my self-possession and thrust the weakness from me; women kissing each other always seemed a waste of sweetness to me, but they know the best) laughing, shouting, happy, we all returned on board. Our generous captain set a splendid supper; the clerk made out two certificates—they were signed by the parson and twenty-four witnesses (five more made time, you know, men and women all fully everybody signed).

Then we danced, we laughed, we made children of ourselves—yes, spite fools of ourselves. He that as it may, when the watch clanged at the noon of night, the bluff on the dark shores of the river returned only an unbroken echo of the hoarse coughing of the Emily Barton's engines, for we slept, and our dreams vainly tried to vie with the lovely reality of the evening.—*Yankee Blade.*

HOW EPHRAIM FIXED THE MASTER.

Ephraim Doolittle (promising youth, aged fifteen) blushed in the Green Mountain State. He was smart enough in ordinary matters, but although, as he expressed it, "death on loins' corns" naters, he was the latest pupil that ever wrote the *Peter Rose* (late *Fishers*) *Alphabet* (under) *ET*—to the "PREFACE" of a *Walden's* speller. There was but little danger of his injuring his brain by excessive study. He was a "stiff-necked and rebellious" pupil—a perfect Napoleon among the boys in regard to the planning and execution of mischief, but looks were his especial aversion, and, like Saxe's ancient philosopher—

"No school to him was worth a fig, Except a school of fish."

However, as his father had never read that "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing," and was, like the proprietor of *Norval*, anxious to keep his lady on at home, Ephraim was sent to the "Dearest" School in the winter season, that he might become versed in the mysteries of reading, writing, and the rules of three. Like Hosa Biglow's friend Sawin, he "stuck to his books like the coldder's wax to an iron stone."

His reading reminded one of Demosthenes before he abandoned the pulpit—in the "put back and trained" department he succeeded, like Demosthenes, in writing himself down an ass—his geographical boundaries were as indefinite as those of the Mexican Commissioners—in the grammar class his "moods" were invariably adverb, and before the termination of the lesson, he generally found himself in the objective case, and governed by fear of the stick; that is to say, whiptail was illustrated as an active transitive verb, with Ephraim for its object. Arithmetic went no better with him. His knowledge of "roots" was confined to assassins of flag-ropes; he practised addition to the master's troubles, subtraction of apples from fixed-stick, multiplication of errors, and division among the scholars.

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One pleasant afternoon in the following summer, our incorrigible hero was employed in digging "mushrooms," and presented as perfect a representative of the great unwashed democracy as can well be imagined, when a spruce-dressed individual approached, upon seeing whom, Eph broke out into the following soliloquy:

"Who kin that be? By thunder! it's the schoolmaster, all rigged up in his new store-dress, with white kid gloves on them blasted claws that he used to shake me with. The darned orator has cum up to 'tend the ball' of the tavern, in nite, an' 'sow his corn' over tu parlay with me, an' tell me them everlastin' dories about them self-tort me that was allers a study'n' suttin' or other, an' growed up to be big bug—guess I'll pay him off sum old scores, an' won't get hiked for it, nuther."

By this time, the victim was at hand.

"Ah, Ephraim, if you had applied yourself as looking to your tasks at school, how much more you might have accomplished," said the orator, with a patronizing smile and a wave of the dexter claw.

"Hello, Mr. Brown, you'd a hot o' seed' you up here? How'd it go down?" continued Eph, covering the snowy ball, and shaking the hand it seized, with a vehemence that brought tears

into the martyr's eyes; then, as if just perceiving his mistake, he added, "There, gaud darn it! I've shed your gloves—hold on a minute, let me brush it off," said he, producing a sweaty bandanna, with which he rubbed in the dirt so effectually as to defy all cleaning processes, while he managed, at the same time, to inflict a large spot on the delicately-embroidered vest, with the back of his hand.

"Oh, it's of no consequence," and the master, with a feeble attempt at a smile, that contradicted the assertion, "I had much rather see your hands soiled in that way than by anything dishonorable!"

But it is our private opinion that he would sooner have shaken hands with a counterfeit than a potato-digger, at just that time.

"Hello, Mr. Brown, there's a skeeter on your back—let me kill him," said Eph, bringing his dirty paw down on the spotless coat with the force of a pile-driver.

This last shot fairly routed the master; he made a precipitate retreat, and left his tormenter in possession of the field. Mr. Brown was visible at the ball that night, but an individual resembling him, in very dirty habiliments, might have been seen in the darkest corner of the evening cough for Boston. He hasn't been in that vicinity since, but we pity Eph if he comes back to teach school, next winter.

Save in Something Else.

From Peterson's Magazine.

"Mutton-chops again for dinner," said the well-fed looking Mr. Finley. "Really, my dear, it's too bad, when you know that, if there's anything I detest, it is mutton-chops."

"I wasn't aware, James," answered the wife, a care-worn woman, apologetically, "that you disliked mutton-chops so very much. I knew, indeed, you preferred beefsteak; but then beef is so high, especially sirloin-steaks."

"Well, never mind for to-day," replied Mr. Finley, crossly helping himself to a chop.—"But don't for mercy's sake, give me any more of this stuff, meat I will not eat; it sirloin-steaks I must have. You can easily save it in something else."

"Save it in something else! But how," asked the wife of herself, "is this to be done?" Her weekly allowance was already as small as it could be, considering how many mouths she had to feed, and that she was compelled to disburse more or less of it continually for sundries, that's nothing at all," as Mr. Finley said. Now it was for mending a new pair; and now it was for a dozen of new tumblers, or cups, or plates, or jugs. Sometimes it was even cigars, her husband saying, as he left the house, "you must give me half a dollar, Anne, to buy cigars as I go down town; for I find I haven't a bit of small change; and I can't do without my afternoon smokes."

The next day, there was a juicy sirloin-steak for dinner, but only one kind of potatoes.

"—Why, how is this! How is this! No sweet potatoes to-day, when I like, as you know, my dear, roasted sweet potatoes, particularly with steak."

"I thought I would save the extra money for the steak in that way," timidly answered the wife.

"Good gracious, no! I'd rather do without anything else," tartly replied the husband. "Possibly, my whole dinner's spoilt; and such a suspicious steak too. How could you be so absurd?"

The tears came into the wife's eyes. But she knew that her husband hated what he called "a ruse," and so she choked down her emotion.—"There were few words spoken during the meal; for Mr. Finley was out of temper, and his wife did not dare trust herself to talk, lest she should break down."

The third day, the steak was excellent, and the sweet potatoes browned "to a turn." Mr. Finley was in capital humor, as he always was over good eating, until the dessert came in, which consisted of a plain rice-pudding. At sight of this the gloom gathered on his brow.

"Poor man's pudding, I declare. Really, Anne, one would think from the fare you provide, that I was a bankrupt."

"Indeed, James, I do try to please you," said the wife, bursting into tears. "But I can't afford to give you everything, provisions are so high; and I thought you'd rather have this cheap pudding, than do without your steak or sweet potatoes."

"I'll not! Don't cry," hastily replied Mr. Finley. "To be sure I'd rather do without a good pudding than not have the others," he continued, more placably. "But there's really no necessity of it, my dear, for in so large a household as ours there are plenty of things off which the price of a good pudding might be saved."

No more was said on the subject that day.—"But, a few minutes after, Mr. Finley, on tasting his coffee, said, suddenly putting down his cup,—"What's the matter with your coffee, my dear? Really, that groser has cheated you. Why, I'm tasting it again, 'this stuff is Lagynra, and not Java at all."

"It is not the groser's fault," Mrs. Finley murmured contrite to say. "I knew it was Lagynra when I bought it. Our expenses are so high, my dear, that we must save in something, and I thought it would be fit least, perhaps, in the coffee."

"The very last thing to save in," angrily said Mr. Finley, pushing away his coffee. "I'd rather drink cold water than this strong, coarse Lagynra." And cold water he did drink, though

WHO FIRST EAT THE OYSTER?

Almost everybody eats the oyster now, but who eat the creature first, and thus introduced the fashion, is a problem to many. We have heard it said again and again over the steaming "stew" that the first adventurer in that way was a brave man. It really looks so. A man may bravely face danger in battle and a thousand ways beside, but others have faced danger before, and, to a certain extent, he knows the nature of the perils he is incurring; but not so with the man who first eat the oyster. He was a brave man. It was an untried and a critical experiment