

TAKING THE CENSUS IN ALABAMA.

BY A "CHICKEN MAN" OF 1840.

Our next encounter was with an old lady notorious in her neighborhood, for her garulosity and simple mindedness. Her loquacity knew no bounds; it was constant, unremitting, interminable, and sometimes laughably silly. She was interested in quite a large Chancery suit which had been dragging its slow length along for several years, and furnished her with a conversational fund which she drew upon extensively, under the idea that its merits could never be sufficiently discussed. Having been warned of her propensity, and being somewhat hurried when we called upon her, we were disposed to get through business as soon as possible, and without hearing her enumeration of the strong points of her law case. Striding into the house, and drawing our papers—

"Taking the census, ma'am?" quoth we. "Ah! well! yes! bless your soul, honey take a seat. Now do! Are you the gentleman that Mr. Van Buren has sent to take the census? I wonder! well, good Lord look down, how was Mr. Van Buren and family when you seed them?"

We explained that we had never seen the President; didn't know him from a side of sole leather; and we had been written to, to take the census.

"Well, now that again! Love your soul! Well, I s'pose Mr. Van Buren writ you a letter, did he? No? Well, I s'pose, some of his officers done it—bless my soul? Well, God be praised, there's mighty little here to take down—times is hard, God's will be done; but looks like people can't git their jest rights in this country; and the law is all for the rich and none for the poor, praise the Lord.—Did you ever hear tell of that case my boys has got agin old Simpson? Looks like, they never will git to the end on it; glory to His name! The children will suffer, I'm mighty afraid; Lord give us grace. Did you ever see a Judge? Yes! Well, the Lord preserve us! Did you ever hear him say what he was agwine to do in the boy's case agin Simpson? No! Good Lord! Well! squire will you ax him next time you see him, and write me word; and tell him what I say; I'm nothing but a poor widow, and my boys has got to larnin', and old Simpson took 'em in. They ought to have had a good start, all on 'em, but God bless you, that old man has used 'em up 'till they aint able to buy a barrel to plough with. It's a mighty hard case, and we will agwine to never to be broke but—"

Here we interposed and told the old lady that our time was precious, that we wished to take down the number of her family, and the produce raised by her last year, and be off. After a good deal of trouble we got through with the descriptions of the members of her family and the 'Statistical table' as far as the article 'cloth'.

How many yards of cotton cloth did you weave in 1840 ma'am? "Well now! The Lord have mercy!—Less see! You know Sally Higgins that used to live down in the Smith settlement?—I was a sayin'! Sally's child, he kept a gittin' wuss, and the old man drove her away, and she was a powerful good hand to weave, and she did think she'd help me a power. Well arter she'd bin here awhile, her baby hit took sick and old Miss Stringer she undertook to help it—she's a powerful good hand, old Miss Stringer, on roots and sitch like! Well, the Lord look down from above! She made a sort of tea, as I was a saying, and she gin it to Sally's baby, but it got wuss—the poor creature—and she gin it tea, and gin it tea, and looked like, the more she gin it tea, the more—"

"My dear madam, I am in a hurry—please tell me how many yards of cotton cloth you wove in 1840? I want to get through with you and go on!" "Well! well! the Lord-a-mercy! 'Whod a thought you'd be a bin so snappish! Well, as I was a sayin'! Sally's child, he kept a gittin' wuss, and old Miss Stringer, she kept a givin' the year's tea tell at last the child hit looked like bit would die any how. And 'bout the time the child was at its wuss, old Daddy Skyes he come along, and he said if we'd git some night-shed berries and stew 'em with a little cream and some hog's lard—now old Daddy Skyes is a mighty fine old man and he gin the boys a heap of mighty good counsel about that case—boys, says he, I'll tell you what you do; you go—"

"In God's name, old lady," said we, "tell about your cloth, and let the sick child and Miss Stringer, Daddy Skyes, the boys, and the law-suit go to the devil, I'm in a hurry!" "Gracious bless your dear soul! don't git aggrawated, I was just a tellin' you how it come I didn't weave no cloth last year."

"Oh, well, you didn't weave any cloth last year. Good! well go on to the next article."

"Yes! you see the child hit begun to swell and turn yaller, and hit kept a willin' its eyes and a moanin', and I knowed—"

"Never mind about the child—just tell me the value of the poultry you raised last year."

"Oh, well! the chickens you mean? Why, the Lord! they loves your poor soul, I reckon you never in your born days seen a poor creature have the luck that I did—and looks like we never shall have good luck again; for ever since old Simpson tuk that case up to the Chancery Court—"

"Never mind the case; let's hear about the chickens, if you please."

"God bless you, honey, the owls destroyed in and about the best half what I did raise. Every blessed night the Lord sent, they'd come and set on the comb of the house, and hoo-hoo-hoo, and one night particular, I remember I had to get up to the night-shed to 'tend the little gal with—"

"Well, well, what was the value of what you did raise?"

"The Lord above look down! They got so bad—the owls did—that they tuk the old hens, as well as the young chickens. The night I was telling you about, I heard some-thin' squall! squall! and says I'll bet that's

North State Whig.

"BE JUST, AND FEAR NOT! LET ALL THE ENDS THOU AIMST AT, BE THY COUNTRY'S, THY GOD'S AND TRUTH'S."

VOL. 1.

WASHINGTON, N. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1848.

NO. 29.

LETTER FROM MR. CLAY.

The following letter from the Hon. Henry Clay to us, is in reply to certain interrogatories, published by us in a letter dated August 22, 1843, a copy of which we insert below.

A portion of our letter was dictated (or, at least request was made, and the questions written out), by one of the most prominent democrats in Georgia; so far, as relates to the first two questions.

The views of Mr. Clay meet our most hearty approbation—they are, indeed the very sine qua non of our principles.

We hope those of our friends, who have, in private conversation, pledged themselves to us to support the Whig party, provided an answer from Mr. Clay should be received—and which answer should be repugnant to a high Protective Tariff—will not forget their promises, when they read this letter.

Let every Democrat read this letter—and let it not be charged upon us any more, that we are "high Protective Tariff" men.

The letter of Mr. Clay dated 13th September last, did not reach us until the 3rd inst.

LAGRANGE, GA., Aug. 22, 1843.

DEAR SIR:—Permit me, though a stranger, to propound a few important questions to you relative to your present views, independent of what they may have been heretofore.

I request your attention, particularly, because I have contracted for, and am about to establish a press, &c., and contemplate publishing a newspaper here to be styled "LaGrange Herald."—Likewise, a Clay Club has been organized, consisting of a large number of citizens. Besides, the arduous duties of the Editorial Department will devolve upon me in its commencement and I desire to know precisely, in what manner I am to meet Democracy in their numerous modes of attack.

Please state if your views of the Protective policy of 1832 have undergone any modification, and to what extent? And would you, if you had it in your power, go for a bill as protective in its principles as the Tariff Act of 1832?

Please state your present convictions, with respect to a Tariff? What the extent of your Tariff measures are, &c.?

With most profound respect, I am, dear sir, your obedient servant.

F. S. BRONSON.

Hon. H. CLAY, Ashland, Ky.

ASHLAND, September 13, 1843.

DEAR SIR:—I received your favor, and the policy of protecting American interests. On that subject I have very frequently publicly expressed my sentiments, within the last two years. In the Senate of the United States, early last year, I fully expressed my views, and what I said was published. About the same time, I communicated them in the answer which I transmitted to a letter, addressed to me, by a Committee of the Legislature of New York, which was also published. I again expressed my opinion, in reply to a letter which I received from a fellow citizen of Philadelphia, requesting me to state the principles of the Whig party. A statement of them as understood by me, was accordingly published at the head of many newspapers. The last expression of my opinion is contained in a letter which I recently addressed to Nashville, and of which I now transmit you a copy. If you had seen these various expressions of the opinions which I hold on the subject of your letter, I presume you would not have deemed it necessary to address me.

The sum and substance of what I conceive to be the true policy of the United States, in respect to a Tariff, may be briefly stated. In conformity with the principle announced in the compromise act, I think, that whatever revenue is necessary to an economical and honest administration of the General Government, ought to be derived from duties, imposed on Foreign imports. And I believe that, in establishing a Tariff of those duties, such a discrimination ought to be made, as will incidentally afford reasonable protection to our national interests.

I think there is no danger of a high tariff being ever established; that of 1832 was eminently deserving that denomination. I was not in Congress when it passed, and did not vote for it; but, with its history, and with the circumstances which gave birth to it, I am well acquainted. They were highly creditable to American legislation, and I hope for its honor, will never be again repeated.

After my return to Congress in 1831, my efforts were directed to the modification and reduction of the rates of duty contained in the act of 1832. The act of 1832, commonly called the compromise act, still further reduced and modified them. The act which passed at the Extra Session of 1841, which I supported, was confined to the free articles. I had resigned my seat in the Senate when the act of 1842 passed. Generally, the duties which it imposed, are lower than those in the act of 1832.—And without intending to express any opinion upon every item of this last tariff, I would say, that I think the provisions, in the main, are wise and proper. If there be any excesses or defects in it, (of which I have not the means of judging) they ought to be corrected.

My opinion, that there is no danger hereafter of a High Tariff, is founded on the gratifying fact, that our manufactures have now taken a deep root. In their infancy, they needed a greater measure of protection; but as they grow and advance, they acquire strength and stability, and consequently will require less protection. Even now, some branches of them are able to maintain, in distant markets, successful competition with rival foreign manufactures.

Hoping that this letter may be satisfactory to you and afford all the information you desire, and tendering my grateful acknowledgments for the friendly feelings and sentiments entertained by you towards me.

I am with great respect, your obt. servt.

H. CLAY.

F. S. BRONSON, Esq.

A GREAT SCAMP.

One Judge Lileston, of Indiana, having been defeated as a Whig candidate for the Legislature, immediately deserted the Whig party because, as he says, the Whigs wouldn't elect him, and because it is to his interest to go over to the Democratic party. We admire his candor—he declares that he will stick to no party unless the party is able and willing to give him office as he wants it—but in our opinion he is a grand scamp, and should be kicked out of the ranks of both parties by all honest men.

We fear there are more "Lilleston's" in the Whig ranks—men who are Whigs only so long as they see any prospect to get the rewards of office—should there be any such prospects still skulking among us, we tell them to get out of our ranks—to stay out—and if they will but show the white of their eye, we will help to kick them out—lest they may not be able to get out fast enough.

Milton Chronicle

If the Whigs will only let the Calhoun men alone, they will use up their brother "Democrat" Van Buren. See how the Mercury puts it to him:—

FROM THE CHARLESTON MERCURY.

The Editor of the Hartford Times, one of the leading organs of Mr. Van Buren in New England, had the imprudence to publish the following paragraph in his paper, some weeks ago.

"That the Whigs may go for Mr. Calhoun or any other man in preference to Mr. Van Buren, is not unlikely; the same spirit that led them to prefer Aaron Burr to Mr. Jefferson, De Witt Clinton to Mr. Madison, and that has prompted them on all occasions to take up, as an alternative, any other person than the known choice of the Democratic party, still actuates them."

The implication is plain, that Mr. Calhoun and his friends occupy the same relation to the Democratic Party now, that Aaron Burr (Mr. Van Buren's patron and intimate friend, by the way) occupied to Mr. Jefferson formerly, and the Federalists, with De Witt Clinton, to Mr. Madison in 1812. The Washington Spectator pins the Down Easter to the wall, and we beg the reader to remark and remember the fact,—that the man, who in 1812, in the midst of the war, nominated and most strenuously backed De Witt Clinton, the Federal leader, against Mr. Madison, the regular nominee of the Republican Party, was Martin Van Buren.

Locono Stock Market.—In North Carolina, Mr. Calhoun's Stock seems to be sinking. A. A. S. says, "I have seen the 23rd inst. for the purpose of appointing Delegates to a General Convention of the party, at Raleigh, the Calhounites were outgeneraled by the friends of the Magician. They were in a minority in the Committee to report business for the meeting, and made a counter report, advocating the District System of electing members to the National Convention. On counting noses, their report was rejected by 'one hundred and two votes in favor of the majority of the committee,' to 'seventy-five votes in favor of the minority of the committee.'"

Warren county gives a very heavy vote on the Locono side, and her decision against Mr. Calhoun's views of the proper mode of organizing the Convention, may be regarded as a strong sign against him. A greater effect is the result of this decision, by the fact, that the friends of Mr. Van Buren and Mr. Calhoun went into a decision of the merits of their respective favorites before the vote was taken. So that the decision of the meeting may be regarded as a direct vote in favor of the superiority of Mr. Van Buren's claims to the Presidency.—Petersburg Intell.

FEEDING HORSES.

Various opinions are entertained as to the best and most economical mode of feeding horses, and many experiments are on record that have been instituted to settle the question. The result seems to be, that at the ordinary prices of grain and hay, it is cheaper to keep horses on grain, than on hay and grain. There is another important matter to be considered, however, and that is—feeding entirely with grain as conducive to the health of the animal as a mixture of hay and grain. We do not believe it to be; and the general result of the experiment has been to show that it is not. Our own experience would lead us to speak decidedly upon this point. We have tried feeding wholly upon grain alone, and upon grain and hay, and found the latter the best for animals. They were not so cranky up or down, there was more muscle or consequently more weight, and whatever may be thought of this late quality in a race horse, every farmer knows that the road or farm horse is worth but little without weight. Feeding horses on grain alone, is like keeping a man on four solely, he will live for a time but will finally sink under the experiment. In this case, the finer the worse for the horse. We have never had horses in better condition for labor, than when we have fed them with cut wheat straw, wet up in the tub with Indian corn meal. It is evident there must be some proportion between the bulk and the nutritive power of food, and grain alone gives too much nutritive matter for the bulk. Oats perhaps, approach nearer the standard than any other grain, but the use of these alone will in a long run be found unadvisable.

Steeding of Wheat.—We must again be permitted to urge upon our Agricultural readers the importance of getting in their wheat as early as possible. From all our reading and observation we have arrived at the conclusion that the early seeded wheat stands the best chance of making a good crop, and of escaping from the ill effects of insects and disease. We would impress upon wheat growers the policy of being liberal in the allowance of seed they sow to the acre. Less than two bushels should never be sown. Enough seed should be given to the earth to fill it with plants, without relying upon the operation of tillage to do so. If a sufficient quantity of seed be not so given, weeds will

old Speck that nasty audacious owl's got, I see her go to roost with her chickens, up in the plum tree, forward the smoke house. So I went whar old Miss Stringer was sleepin', and says I Miss Stringer! Oh! Miss Stringer! sure's your's born, that stinkin' owl's got old Speck out'n the plum tree; well old Miss Stringer she turned over 'pun her side, like, and says she, what did you say, Mrs. Stokes? and says I—

We began to get very tired, and signified the same to the old lady, and begged she would answer us directly and without circumlocution.

"The Lord Almighty love your dear heart, honey, I'm tellin' you as fast as I kin. The owls they get worse and worse, after they had swept old Speck and all her gang, they went to work on tother; and Bryant (that's one of my boys) he 'lowed he'd shoot the pesterome creatures—and so one night arter that, we heard one hollar, and Bryant, he tuk the ole musket and went out 'and sure enough, there was onley, as he thought, a settin' on the comb of the house; so he blazed away and down come—what on earth did come down do you reckon, when Bryan shot?"

"The owl, I suppose."

"No sitch a thing, no sitch! the owl wan't thar 'Twas my old house-cat come a tumblin' down, spittin', and scratchin', and furr a flyin' every time she jump'd like you'd a busted a feather bed open! Bryant he said the way he come to shoot the cat instead of the owl he seed something white—"

"For Heaven's sake Mrs. Stokes, give me the value of your poultry, or say you will not! Do one thing or the other."

"Oh well, dear love your heart, I reckon I had last year night about the same as I got this."

"Then tell me how many dollars' worth you have now, and the things' settled."

"I'll let you see for yourself," said the widow Stokes, and taking an ear of corn out of a crack between the logs of the cabin, and shellin' off a handful, she commenced scattering the grains, all the while screaming, or rather screeching chick—chick—chick—chick—chick chick—ee—chick—ee—?

—Here they came, roosters and hens and pullets and little chicks—crowing, cackling, chirping; flying and fluttering over beds, chairs, and tables; alighting on the old women's head and shoulders, fluttering against her sides, pecking at her hands, and creating a din and confusion altogether indescribable. The old lady seemed delighted, to exhibit her feathered stock, and would occasionally exclaim—a nice pussel, ain't they a nice pussel! But she never would say what they were; no persuasion could bring her to the point; and at the value of the widow Stokes' poultry, though as she said herself she had 'a mighty nice pussel.'"

THE GREAT RACE AT NASHVILLE.

The race for the Peyton stake, which attracted to Nashville many persons from different parts of the Union, including a number of distinguished gentlemen connected with the turf, came off on the 10th inst, and resulted in Mr. Kirkman's filly, the produce of imported Eliza, by Rubens and imported Glencoe taking the stakes.

The course [says the Nashville Banner] was attended by an unusually large assembly. Never perhaps in this country was there a contest of the kind which excited so much interest; and the scene from first to last was animating in the highest degree.

Four horses started. The first heat was won by the Hon. Alexander Barrow's produce of Lilac, by imported Leviathan and imported Skylark. The second was taken by Col. Wade Hampton's produce of imported Delphine, by Whisker and Plenipotentiary. The third was keenly contested between Col. Hampton's and Mr. Kirkman's; but the latter, in the last mile, made a brush and passed her competitor. The fourth heat was the great contest. Hon. Balie Peyton's were withdrawn. The contest lay again principally between Col. Hampton's and Mr. Kirkman's. It was well sustained, but again in the last round the latter by a brush gained the day. This result seemed quite unexpected. Col. Hampton's horse was evidently the favorite, while the victor had excited but inconsiderable attention of interest.

James Kirkman's entry—produce of Eliza, by Rubens, and imp. Glencoe. 4 4 1 1

Col. Wade Hampton's entry—produce of imp. Delphine, by Whisker and Plenipotentiary. 3 1 2 2

Alexander Barrow's entry—produce of Lilac, by imp. Leviathan and imp. Skylark. 1 2 3 3

Peyton and Chalmer's entry—produce of Black Mary, by Eclipse and imp. Luzborough. 2 3 0 4

Time 8 52—8 50—8 33—8 52. Track very heavy.

Cutting Grass.—The editor of the American Farmer recommends that grass be cut while in the flowering state, before the seeds have been formed. He remarks, very correctly, that up to this time, the plants draws largely on the atmosphere for its nutriment, but for the formation of the seed the energies of the soil are mostly taxed; and it is to avoid this exhaustion of the soil, that he recommends cutting the seed so early.

If, however, the soil is severely taxed to form the seed, the farmer, we think, is amply remunerated from the fact that they are very far more nutritious than the blade and stem. Where the grass is to be mowed springs up spontaneously, and requires no previous preparation of the soil, it would probably be well for the farmer to take the trouble of mowing, for the sake of the stem and blade; but where previous preparation and sowing seed are to be gone through with, we doubt whether the farmer would not find it more to his interest even to buy manure to restore his land, than for his stock to be without the nutriment afforded by the grass seed.

We believe all agree that if the seed are allowed to form, the grass should be cut before they are sufficiently matured to shatter in harvesting.—S. C. Planter.

From the London Press. THE UNIVERSAL PEACE CONVENTION.

The members of this excellent institution have been meeting together, but their proceedings have not been correctly reported. The following is a verbatim account of what took place a few days ago, at one of their assemblies:

Mr. Palesanhop was unanimously called to the chair. He began on the sacrifices he had personally made for peace and quietness. He had just paid a cabinman four times the legal fare, rather than provoke that individual to punch his (the chairman's) head, which had been threatened. [Hear, hear!] The great principle of the society was to prevent war; and he was glad to see that the iron railings, which were formerly made in the form of javelins, were no longer manufactured in shapes of such a formidable character.—[Hear.] At one house he (the chairman) had called and requested the owner to remove some railings in the form of javelins, urging the fact of their giving warlike notions to the neighboring youth—but the householder replied in an unfriendly tone, and high words ensued, when he (the chairman) received a kick, and finding he was foiled in the encounter, ran away—in the spirit of the Society. [Hear, hear, and cheers.] Still he (the chairman) was not discouraged. [Applause.]

Mr. Cutaway was happy to observe, that the Duke of Wellington was favorable to peace. It was a wrong notion to suppose that the hero of Waterloo was fond of war, or that he was continually walking about with a foil, pinking his friends and acquaintances.—[Hear.] The Duke had said that he had never repented upon his laurels, and he (Mr. C.) was glad to perceive that the laurels in front of Apsley House were looking healthy.—[Question.]

The chairman then read the report, from which it appeared that the Society's funds had been exhausted in the purchase of old swords from the marine store dealers, and converting the same into ploughshares, of which the Society had now such a stock as to be able to supply the whole of the agricultural interest. The committee asked for a further subscription from the members, to enable the Society to buy a quantity of bayonets, with the intention of having them made into boot-hooks.

It was proposed to give the thanks of the Society to a certain actor, who had greatly advanced the cause of tranquility and peace by having never "made a hit."

This resolution having been agreed to, the meeting separated.

THE JOKE LOAN SOCIETY.

Persons requiring the loan of a few jokes for temporary purposes, can be supplied at the Joke Loan Society and Benevolent Association for Humorous Endowment. The Society has a paid-up capital of

ONE MILLION JOES!

and every applicant for a loan is expected to deposit one pun in the hand of the secretary, which will be returned if the loan is not granted.

The object of this institution is to supply those with jokes who may be temporarily distressed for want of them.

The directors invite the attention of borrowers to a very extensive stock of legal jokes, suitable to every occasion, from the motions of course to the criminal information, and which may be had by the year, term, or sitting.

The Society has also purchased the entire stock of a retired punster, at a rate so low that the jokes—among which are a few that have never been used—can be let out on terms astonishingly moderate.

As a guarantee to the public that the articles provided at this establishment are of a superior quality, attention is directed to the following specimens of

JOES FOR THE MILLION.

On passing a grocer's shop, while a customer is being served, the exclamation of "That's right—suit him to a T (tea)," will be found a good useful joke, which, from the frequent opportunities of introducing it, is particularly recommended to facetious families.

The following is a cheap joke for juveniles: On passing a potatoe shed, look in, and having cried, "Hollo, there! Conia, Coke, and Wood if he could!" run away as fast as possible.

N. B.—Damaged jokes repaired, and old ones taken in exchange. Dramatic authors supplied on easy terms; and a liberal allowance on taking a quantity. Plus prepared at an hour's notice for large or small parties.

THE GIRLS.

They think of Hymen, and can't help sighing. When their lovers forsake them, they can't help crying. They sit at the windows, and can't help spying. Into private matters they can't help prying. To get each a beau, they can't help trying. When together, their tongues they can't help twisting and turning, and trying. They screw up their noses, bring on consumption, and can't help dying. We expect to get "wopologised" for saying this—but who's afraid?

FRUITS OF PERSEVERANCE.

The Rev. John Wesley, founder of Methodism, perseverance. It is said that he rose every morning at 4 o'clock, and labored diligently, preaching, travelling or writing, until 10 o'clock P. M. He delivered 42,000 sermons, averaging 840 a year, or more than two sermons for each day of the last fifty years of his life. In 1774, seventeen years before his death, he published works on various subjects of divinity, ecclesiastical history, sermons, biography, &c., amounting to thirty-two volumes octavo. His works between that time and his death, and his manuscripts in the hands of his executor, must have greatly increased the number. He died in 1801, aged 88.

COMODORE TUCKER.

We remember well hearing this venerable man relate his receiving his first commission in the Navy. He was at Marblehead, soon after his return from England, and at that time Washington was at Cambridge.—Tucker, then a young man, was cutting wood before his mother's door—when a gaily dressed officer rode down the street. It was in the dark of the evening, and the officer wearing Tucker thus employed, rode up to him and asked him if he could inform him where the Honorable Samuel Tucker resided. Tucker, astonished, answered him in the negative, saying, there is no such man lives here; there is no other Sam Tucker in this town but myself. Immediately on hearing this, the officer raised his beaver, and bowing low, presented him his commission in the Navy.

It is stated that Jude Morgan, Collector of New Orleans, has sent his resignation to Washington.