

NORFOLK STRAINE WHIG.

E. Pettigrew

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, BY
HENRY DIMOCK,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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

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POETRY.

'TIS LONG SINCE WE HAVE MET

'Tis long since we have met, old friend!
And time hath wayward been;
To let us be so pleasant thought
Of days we both have seen.
When joyous hours we passed old friend!
And knew none other here!
But that which killeth our hearts in one,
And age could only prove.

'Tis long since we have met, old friend!

But I remember well
The smile that you met to my face,
The kindly voice that fell
Like music on my ear of old friend!
When hand was gathered round;
And still methinks, in solitude
I hear that welcome sound.

'Tis long since we have met, old friend!

And mentally I trace
Thine unto gotten linaments,
No absence can efface
The memory of a long old friend!
I added to thy brow;
But I would fain be hid in three
My childhood's playmate, now.

'Tis long since we have met, old friend!

And many a star that's one,
When we were it avellers on the road,
To bribe her home—she goes
And we, who watch their rise, old friend!
And saw them in their set,
Survive to ponder over the past,
And fondly to regret.

'Tis long since we have met, old friend!

And to get still may be;
But that full, yet, my spirit clings
In fellowship with thee.
And, though, wide, we are apart, old friend!
The world can never break
The tie that bound in social love,
Endures for friendship's sake!

THE WREN.

In the twilight of the morning,
Ere the sun had risen,
To the peep of little window
Came a dash of joyous song;
Here or there it scolded it was not,
As it came from everywhere;
Thrilling as it were uttered
By the circumambient air.

Though the robin sang his matin
Over the budding wren-tree,
And the many birds were chirping,
All around as glad as he;
In the spirit entered only
That it venter burst of praise,
As the earth, like clovered Mennon,
Answered to the warbling rays.

Looking from his little window
Saw the bird a tiny wren,
On the low walk of the garden
Sitting where her nest had been;
Then he knew the living fountain
At that gushing flow of song,
And his spirit held him musing
On the merry ere-ore ling.

Marvelled he that one so humble
As a little wren could be,
Yet could charm the ear of morning,
With so great a melody;
While the hawk and mighty eagle,
Lords and gentle of the sky,
Harsh and cruel and unvely,
Gave their terror-ending cry.

Pet! in thy simple chamber,
Let us and humbles; among men,
Learn a high and truthful lesson
Of the unambitious wren.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the New York Spirit of the Times.
Going to Bed before a Young Lady.

We published a week or two since
under this head, a most amusing story
of one Judge Douglass, of Illinois, in
which that gentleman, having accepted
the hospitality of a large family,
occupying a single room, was obliged
to undress and "hop into bed" in the
presence of a young lady. This young
lady the Judge describes as a "Venus
in luscious woolsey-plump as pigeon
and smooth as a perimoon." The
Judge himself was "a small man, physi-
cally speaking," and the idea of
going to bed before the young lady—a
modest, sensible girl, who from habit,
thought nothing of the circumstance—
turned his head topsy-turvy. The idea
of pulling off his boots before her was
death, and as to doffing his other fixings,
he said he would sooner have his legs
taken off with a hand saw. At length
the tremendous crisis approached. The

Judge had partially undressed, en-
trenched behind a rocking chair, which
offered no more protection from "the
enemy" than the rungs of a ladder.
Then he had a dead open space of ten
feet between the chair and the bed—a
sort of Bridge of Lodi passage, as he
described it, which he was forced to
make, exposed to a cruel fire, fore and
aft. The Judge proceeds:—

"Body, limbs and head, setting up a
business on one hundred and seven and
a half pounds, all told, of flesh, blood
and bones, cannot individually or col-
lectively, set up any very ostentatious
pretensions. I believe the young lady
must have been settling in her mind
some philosophical point on that head.
Perhaps her sense of justice wished to
assure herself of a perfectly fair distribu-
tion of the respective motives. Perhaps
she did not feel easy till she knew that
a kind Providence had not added to
general poverty, individual wrong.

Certain it was, she seemed rather
pleased with her speculations, for when
I arose from a stooping posture, wholly
disencumbered of cloth, I noticed mis-
chievous shadows playing about the
corners of her mouth. It was the mo-
ment I had determined to direct her
eyes to some astonishing circumstance
out of the window. But the young la-
dy spoke at the critical moment.—"Mr.
Douglass," she observed, "you have got a
mighty small chance of legs there!"

"Men seldom have any notion of
their own powers. I never made any
pretensions to skill in 'ground and lofty
tumbling'; but it is strictly true, I
cleared at one bound the open space,
planted myself on the centre of the
bed, and was buried in a twinkling."

The story of Judge Douglass has
suggested to Field, of the St. Louis Re-
veller, the following adventure of a
Missouri politician.—
"The gentleman from Illinois is not
the only gentleman whose legs have
led him to embarrassment! A politi-
cal friend of ours, equally happy in
his manners, if not in his party, among
the Missouri constituency, found him-
self, while canvassing the State last
summer, in a very peculiar predicament
than the Illinois Judge."

There is a spot in the south western
part of this State, known as the Fry
Fork of Honey Run—a delicious lo-
cality, no doubt as the run of "Shoney"
is of course accompanied by a corre-
sponding flow of 'milk,' and a mixture
of milk and honey, or at any rate, hon-
ey and 'peach,' is the evidence of sub-
lunary contentment, every place where
they have preaching!

"Honey Run is further christianized
by the presence of an extremely hospi-
table family, whose mansion, compris-
ing one apartment—neither more nor
less—is renowned for being never shut
against the traveler, and so our friend
found it during the chill morning air,
at the expense of a rheumatism in his
shoulder, its numerous and unaffected
cracks and spaces clearly showing that
dropping the latch was a useless for-
mality."

The venerable host and hostess, in
their one apartment, usually enjoy the
society of two sons, four daughters,
sundry dogs and 'niggers,' and as many
lodgers as may deem it prudent to
risk the somewhat equivocal allotment
of sleeping partners. On the night in
question, our friend, after a hearty sup-
per of ham and eggs, and a canvass of
the Fry Forkers, the old lady having
pointed out his bed, felt very weary,
and only looked for an opportunity
to 'turn in,' though the mosquitoes
were trumping all sorts of wraths, and
no net appeared to bar them. The
dogs flung themselves along the floor,
or again rose, restlessly, and sought
the door step; the niggers stuck their
feet in the yet warm ashes; the old
man stripped unscrupulously, and
sought his share of the one collapsed
looking pillow, and the sons, cavalierly
followed his example, leaving the
old woman, 'gals' and stranger to settle
any dispute that might arise.

The candidate yawned, looked at his
bed, went to the door, looked at the
daughters; finally in downright reck-
lessness, seating himself upon the downy
couch and pulling off his coat. Well
he pulled off his coat—and then he fold-
ed his coat—and then he yawned—and
then he whistled—and then he called
the old lady's attention to the fact,
that it would never do to sleep in his
muddy trousers—and then he "und-
id" his vest—and then he whistled
again—and then, suddenly, an idea of
her lodger's possible embarrassment
seemed to flash upon the old woman,
and she cried,

"Gals, jest turn your backs round
'till the stranger gets into bed."
The backs were turned, and the
stranger did get into bed in less than

no time, when the hostess again spoke.
"Reckon, stranger as you aint used
to us, you'd better kiver up 'till the
mornin' dress, hadn't you?"

By this time our friend's sleepy fit
was over, and although he did kiver
up, as desired, some how or other the
old countenance was equally kind in
hiding his blushes and favoring his sly
glances.

The nymphs were soon stowed
away, for there were neither bustles to
unhitch, nor corsets to unlance, when
their mamma evidently relieved him;
"You can unkiver now, stranger, I'm
married folks, and you ain't afraid of
me, I reckon."

The stranger happened to be married
folks himself; he unknickered and turned
his back with true connubial indiffer-
ence, as far as the ancient lady was
concerned, but with regard to the gals
he declares that his half raised curiosi-
ty inspired the most tormenting dreams
of mermaids that he ever experienced.

Mrs. Caul's Curtain Lectures.

LECTURE I.

Mr. Caudle has lent five pounds to a friend.

"You ought to be very rich Mr. Caudle. I would not who'd lend you five pounds! But so it is, a wife may work and may slave! Ha, dear! the many things that might have been done with five pounds! As if people picked up money in the street! But you always were a fool, Mr. Caudle! I've wanted a black suit gown these three years, and five pounds would have pretty well bought it. But it's no matter how I go—not at all. Every body says I don't dress as becomes your wife—and I know it; but what's that to you, Caudle? Nothing; Oh no! you can have fine feelings for every body but those belonging to you. I wish people knew you as I do—that's all. You like to be called liberal—and your family pays for it."

"All the girls want bonnets, and when they're to get 'em I can't tell. Half five pounds would have bought 'em—but now they must go without. Of course they belong to you; and any body but your own flesh and blood, Mr. Caudle."

"The man called for the water rate, to-day; but I should like to know how people are to pay taxes who throw away five pounds to every fellow that asks them."

"Perhaps you don't know that Jack this morning, knocked his shuttlecock through the bed room window. I was going to send for a glazier to mend it; but after you lent the five pounds I was sure we couldn't afford it. Oh no! the window must go as it is; and pretty weather for a dear child to sleep with a broken window. He's got a cold already on his lungs, and I shouldn't at all wonder if that broken window settled him—if the dear boy dies, his death will be upon his father's head; for I am sure we can't now pay to mend windows. We might though, and do a good many more things, if people didn't throw away their five pounds."

"Next Tuesday, the fire insurance is due. I should like to know how it's to be paid. Why, it can't be paid at all. The five pounds would have just done it—and now insurance is out of the question. And there never were so many fires as there are now. I shall never close my eyes all night—but what's that to you, so people call you liberal, Mr. Caudle? Your wife and children burnt alive in their beds—as all of us to a certainty shall be, for the insurance must drop! But how, I should like to know, are people to insure, who make ducks and drakes of their five pounds?"

"I did think we might go to Margate this summer. Their's poor little Caroline, I'm sure she wants the sea. But no, dear creature! she must stay at home—she'll go into consumption, there's no doubt of that; yes—dear little angel—I've made up my mind to lose her, now. The child might have been saved; but people can't save their children and throw away their five pounds too."

"I wonder where poor little Cherub's gone! While you were lending that five pounds the dog ran out of the shop. You know I never let it go into the street, for fear it should be bit by some mad dog, and come home and bite all the children. It wouldn't now at all astonish me if the animal was to come back with hydrophobia, and give it to all the family. However, what's your family to you, so you can play the liberal creature with five pounds?"

"Do you hear the shutter, now its banging to and fro? Yes—I know what it wants as well as you, it wants a new fastening. I was going to send for the blacksmith to day. But now it's out of the question; now it must bang of

nights, since you have thrown away five pounds.

"Well, things have come to a pretty pass! This is the first night I ever made my supper of roast beef without pickles. But who is to afford pickles, when folks are always lending five pounds?"

"Ah! there's the soot falling down the chimney. If I hate the smell of any thing, it's the smell of soot. And you know it; but what are my feelings to you!—Sweep the chimney! Yes, it's all very fine to say sweep the chimney—but how are chimneys to be swept—how are they to be paid for by people who don't take care of their five pounds?"

"Do you hear the nice tunning about the room? I hear them. If they were only to drag you out of the bed, it would be no matter. Set a trap for 'em. But how are people to afford the cheese, when every day they lose five pounds?"

"Hark! I'm sure there's a noise down stairs. It wouldn't at all surprise me if there were thieves in the house. Well, it may be the cat; but thieves are sure to come in some night.—There's a wretched fastening to the back door; but these are not times to afford bolts and bars, when fools won't take care of their five pounds."

"Mary Anne ought to have gone to the dentist to-morrow. She wants three teeth taken out. Now it can't be done. Three teeth that quite disfigure the child's mouth. But there they must stop, and spoil the sweetest face that ever was made. Otherwise she'd been a wife for a lord. Now, when she grows up, who'd have her? Nobody. We shall die and leave her alone and unprotected in the world. But what do you care for that? Nothing; so you can squander away five pounds."

"And now see, Mr. Caudle, what a misery you've brought upon your wretched family! I can't have a satin gown—the gals can't have new bonnets—the water rate must stand over—Jack must get his death through a broken window—our fire insurance can't be paid, so we shall all fall victims to the devouring element—we can't go to Margate, and Caroline will go to an early grave—the dog will come home mad and bite us—the shutter will go banging forever—the soot will always fall—the mice will never let us have a wink of sleep—thieves will be always breaking into the house—and our dear Mary Anne, be forever left an unprotected maid—and all, all Mr. Caudle, because you will go on lending five pounds!"

TESTIMONY IN FAVOR OF MISSIONS.

Rev. Mr. Tuston, Chaplain to the Senate, has addressed a note through the National Intelligencer, to Hon. Caleb Cushing, asking his opinion in relation to the missionary efforts in China. Mr. Cushing replies that "in the late negotiations, important, not to say indispensable service was derived from American missionaries in China, and more especially from Dr. Bridznan and Dr. Parker." He says that "their intimate knowledge of China and the Chinese made them invaluable as advisers; and their high character contribute to give weight and moral strength to the mission."—After alluding to the value of the philological labors of missionaries to China, he closes thus:—"Permit me to add that, eminently great as is this their incidental utility has been, it is but a small point comparatively among the great and good deeds of the religious Missionaries in the East. There is not a nobler nor a more deeply interesting chapter than this in the history of human courage, intellect, self-sacrifice, greatness and virtue; and it remains yet to be written in a manner worthy of the dignity of the subject, and of its relations to civilization and government, as well as to the Christian Church."

Unequal Matches

One of the most interesting subjects a paper can discuss, is that of marriage, or love, or something akin to either. The first thing a young lady looks after in the columns of a newspaper is the list of marriages. The aged rigidly inspect the deaths; first, the marriages afterward. The latter is interesting to both young and old, and we therefore devote a moiety of our space to a few words on the subject of unequal matches.

Human nature is a queer compound of eccentricity and caprice. It is natural for one's fancy to be pleased with something the opposite of one's self. An unamiable woman is beloved, most generally by an amiable man. Tall women love short men, and vice versa. A dark complexion pleases a light one. A blue eye finds affection mirrored in a black one. An apple-tic gentleman seeks out a spare rib, and a corpulent market-woman like lady looks for a man of whom may be said, "he hath a lean and

hungry look." The eye is offended by these unequal matches, although we must confess that the wisdom of nature, (and the finger of Providence,) is in them made apparent. A consumptive by marrying one in robust health does more to effect a cure than all the doctors in the universe could do. The ardent and healthy children to the world. In short, any inequality, save that of age, is productive, in the long run, of beneficial results.

We confess that two negatives, or two positives will repulse. A couple whose tastes, sentiments, habits and temperaments are alike, can never be happy; but, what is regarded better by society at large, is, that seem very happy. Now, we live for the eye. Therefore let all matches be equal. Let there be no agreement between May and December. Confound enjoyment! What is it if the world believes you unhappy? Half of that delightful sensation called pleasure is created by your associates and those with whom you are directly or otherwise brought in contact. If they think you are happy and treat you as a happy man would be treated, you are happy, for by such means you are made so. The mistaken idea that the happiness of the connubial state is only enjoyed by a couple exactly alike is universally entertained. We advise those who wish to live with the world to make what is termed an unequal match, and be miserable at home for the sake of being esteemed by the public a very happy person. If you have a hasty temper and strong passion, marry one who possesses the same qualities, and you will soon consume each other, and thus end all troubles. If you are particularly amiable, get a very amiable partner and you will be able, by actual experience, to define the perfection of *amour* better than the best philosopher or physiologist. If you are very tall, marry one whose stature corresponds, and be pointed at as a brace of lamp posts or a couple of peripatetic lightning rods. In short act upon the same principle, and the consequences you will never forget. Don't make what is termed an unequal match; don't because if you do, you will be decidedly out of the fashion, and a guy in society.

AGRICULTURAL.

We copy the following from an article headed "Farming in North Carolina," in the American Agriculturist:

MANURING AND DITCHING.

The application of compost manure, formed at the ground to be cultivated, by a mixture of swamp muck, stable manure, sod from the woodland, and about two bushels of lime to the acre, with attention to hill-side ditching, has enabled me to raise from 36 to 40 bushels of Indian corn on land before too poor for any crop. In another experiment the success has far exceeded the expectation of the most sanguine; it was on a flat piece of land, covered in part of the year with water, and with a heavy growth of bamboo, [biars] where it was dry enough, with weeds, iron wood, and other noxious shrubs and plants. This was cleared up, and ditched about five feet deep; at the bottom of the ditch, the hard pan of blue or white clay was perforated with an auger, or occasionally cut thro' with the spade; rocks [stones] were put in the bottom, and carefully covered with split timber and then the ditches filled up. They were entirely dry when finished, but shortly after they were completed there was a fall of rain, when the ditches began to discharge a considerable quantity of water, and have ever since made good running streams. The ground has become light, loose, and friable, and has yielded about 75 bushels, 15 barrels of corn, to the acre.—For the labor in cutting the ditches I have been more than remunerated in the quantity of muck (or more properly speaking, clay) furnished for compost beds, with which the poor hill sides have been manured. When dug up, this clay was extremely hard, forming the pan on which the water had rested and was not unlike brick when taken from the mould. In four loads of this clay I alternately added one load of good manure, until the compost reached from 5 to 10 loads. This was done in summer, or early in the fall, and suffered to remain in the heap until spring, when it was applied to corn land. May not the fertilizing quality of this compost have arisen from the entire disintegration of the clay by the frost? And was not its capacity to collect and retain ammonia increased as the affinity was broken up?

I am a great advocate of atmospheric manure, and have come to the conclusion, that atmosphere is the matrix of all manure; and that no other manure is valuable only as it is auxiliary to the atmosphere. This may at first view appear to be a startling and dangerous doctrine; it would most certainly be so, if carried to the extent that Jethro Tull did, that is, that all other manures were to be excluded. I am in favor of giving every aid to a atmosphere in our power, by all alkalies, composts, and such fixed salts as will impart to the earth the greatest possible capacity to drink in and retain the gas best suited to its support.

In the compost beds referred to, there were a few bushels of ashes put in with the swamp earth, but so mixed as not to come in contact with the stable manure—the object was for the ashes to exert their full influence on the muck. They would not have been injurious to the stable manure,

for I find that in any cow yard it is beneficial to throw a few bushels of wood ashes over the litter occasionally, to fix the salts contained in the urine, and tail manure. Thirty wagon loads of rich swamp mud, put up in heaps in the fall, with the addition of two bushels of caustic lime, is found to be valuable for the reclamation of a sandy land resting on a clay subsoil. The latter description of compost was applied to sandy land, too far from my house to add any stable manure, and with extraordinary effect, producing about the same result that the first mentioned compost did on the clay land, viz, 36 to 40 bushels of corn to the acre where the land had been worn out.

In connection with this subject, hill-side ditching must not be disregarded. It is perhaps more important to us, than in your climate. The heavy rains of summer have done great injury to the soil of the southern States, by working off the most valuable of the hills, and draining the bottom land; this is effectually guarded against by laying off the land judiciously, and ditching. It has the effect of protecting both the upland and bottom, by preventing the flow of water during hard rains on the latter, and the washing or wasting of the former.

Sir John Sinclair has, by his perseverance in the cause of agriculture, done more for this country than half the politicians and military men of his age.—One great secret of his success is, his attention to draining the land well, and then protecting it by hill-side ditches, or what he calls water furrows, carrying all the excess of water into his ditches and ponds.

In the second volume of Mr. Ruffin's valuable work on agriculture, the Farmers' Register, I find that the application of leached ashes with half its quantity of plaster of Paris, had a fine effect when put in the corn hill. Can you inform me whether a mixture of carbonate of lime and leached ashes would not be equally salutary? As a manure I should think it preferable; but, as a food for the plant, or what is properly termed alimentary manure, it may not be equal to the plaster (s). The slovenly practice of manuring in the hill, ought never to be resorted to by any farmer who has a regard for his estate and reputation; it seems to me too much of the miser and usurer. (b)

LEY, URINE, ASHES, PLASTER.

Wood ashes when protected from rain, and wet occasionally with urine from chamber vessels, is of immense value. I made an experiment on a piece of ground under some apple trees, which was covered with moss, produced no doubt by the sterility of the soil and a redundancy of acid. Equal parts of ley from wood ashes and chamber ley were added together, diluted with water, about two gallons of water to one of this mixture, and applied by a watering pot to the soil, say six gallons to a rod square. In two or three days the moss was destroyed, and a very luxuriant crop of white clover and blue grass succeeded it. On another grass plot in my yard, an application of wood ashes not saturated with chamber ley was made; by the side of this an equal quantity of plaster of Paris was put on an equal sized plot; the piece manured with ashes was decidedly the best. This trial, and some others with lime have depreciated plaster in my estimation; my settled conviction is, that the same sum expended in lime or ashes is more efficient than in plaster. (c)

LIME.

I have been purchasing lime, and hauling it about 27 miles. It has amply compensated me for the cost, say 15 cents per bushel, and the price of hauling. Being now in the decline of life, and having spent most of my time in other vocations, I feel that I must be permitted to indulge in some hobby; I find none so innocent and attractive as my new profession of Agriculture. I may be led into error and extravagance in some of my experiments; but if they have the effect of removing the cause of agriculture, I shall be compensated for my labor and expense.

A. M. BURTON.

Beatty's Ford, Dec. 25, 1844.

[a] Whether lime or plaster would be most beneficial, must depend on the nature of the soil, and the crop to be raised from it.

[b] Spreading the manure round should be better than to put it in a row, as it is the hill to give the crop a good start; and again on the hill round the plant it before it commences fruiting. One must be guided by circumstances somewhat in these matters.

[c] I think it more prudent to add milk or other material before commencing plaster, as local causes may have caused its inefficiency. If sown in dry weather, its effects will not become apparent in a same time; if in wet weather, almost immediately. It is found that an ordinary crop of these grasses usually contains from 1-2 or 2-3 of this in p. acre. To such crops the application of plaster must be beneficial. To other crops, such as peas, beans, wheat, oats, barley, it is of little service, because, upon analysis, scarce a trace of phos-phorus can be found in them. Perhaps the soil where Mr. Burton applied the plaster to the grass was exhausted of its phosphorus; so it would be of no material benefit to the grass.

Let your lot be bad, good, or indifferent, convince the world that you merit a better; it will cause even your remains to be respected.

A man cannot possess any thing that is better than a good woman, nor any thing that is worse than a bad one.

A good name will wear out; a bad one may be turned; a nickname lasts for ever.