THE CLINTON INDEPENDENT.

A Family, Local, and Independent Journal—Devoted to Literature, Agriculture, Morality, the Arts and Sciences, Commercial and General News.

"Chained to no Party's Arbitrary Sway, / We cleave to Truth where e'er she leads the way."

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CLINTON INDEPENDENT,

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, BY

EDGAR L. PERKINS, - - Editor & Proprietor

TERMS:

$2 per annum, if paid in ADVANCE; $2½ if not paid within three months after the subscription year begins; $2½ if not paid until the end of the year.

☞ All Subscriptions out of Sampson or the adjoining counties have to be paid INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

Terms of Advertising.

For 1 square of 12 lines, for the first insertion $1, and each subsequent insertion 25 cts.; 1 square for 3 months $3; 6 months, $5; 12 months $12. Longer ones in proportion.

ADVERTISEMENTS not paid within 10 days after the last insertion will be charged ONE FOURTH more. Advertisements by the year must be PAID QUARTERLY, or one fourth will be added 10 days after the end of the quarter.

☞ BUSINESS CARDS inserted for 75 cents for the first and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion, or $6 per annum.

JOB WORK

OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS NEATLY EXECUTED UPON

Reasonable Terms at this Office.

DIRECTORY FOR SAMPSON COUNTY.

COURTS.

The Superior Court for this county is held on the sixth Monday after the fourth Monday in March and September of each year.

Wm. McKoy, Clerk of the court of law.

Patrick Murphy, Clerk of the Court of Equity.

Robt. Strange Solicitor for the 5th Judicial District.,

The Court of Pleas and quarter sessions is held on the third Monday in February and May, August and November.

J. R. Beeman, Clerk.

R. C Holmes, Chairman of the General Court

A. A. McKoy, Solicitor.

C. W. Crumpler, Sheriff.

James S. Hines, Coroner.

Andrew G. [illegible]

J. H. Cox, [illegible]

Blackman Chumbler, Entry Taker.

Joseph Herring, Ranger.

Thos. M. Clark-on, Standard Keeper.

J. R. Maxwell and D. A. Bizzel, County Surveyors.

COMMON SCHOOLS.

A. Monk, Chairman.

R. W. Millard, James S. Hines and W. S. Devane, J. A. Darden, Examining Committee.

CLINTON.

Town Commissioners.

R. C. Holmes, Intendent of Police.

J. C. Carrol, Clerk.

Dr. T. J. Boykin, Treasurer.

L. C. Hubbard, Jms. A. Moore.—

Town Constable

Isaac Boykin.

Post Master

G. W. Atkins.

The Northern and Southern mail, from Warsaw on the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad, arrives at Clinton every evening at 10 o'clock, Saturday evenings excepted.

The Western Mail, from Fayetville arrives at 11 P. M. Saturdays excepted.

The mail to supply the County Post Offices, leaves Clinton every Wednesday morning, and returns Thursday evening.

The Agricultural Society meets in the Court House on the first Saturday in each month, at 11 o'clock.

THE GREAT BATTLE.

BETWEEN

TRUTH AND ERROR.

COMMENCED thousands of years ago and will probably continue for thousands to come. Many soldiers have been enlisted on both sides, and many have fallen, while others have shrunk cowardly from the field, and retired to inglorious inactivity. Among the enlistments of 1856 on the side of truth and progress is to be found

The Clinton Independent

A neat and spicy paper published every Wednesday at Clinton N. C. by E. L. Perkins Editor and Proprietor.

The Popularity of the Independent is wining for it a wide spread circulation. It has enlisted the good will of the press and the people. The Proprietor is sparing no pains nor expense to make it one of the most truly literary and entertaining papers in the country, and calls upon the friends of Southern Literature to aid him in carrying out these laudable designs.

Opinions of the Press.

The *North Carolinian* says: "We have received the first number of the 'Independent,' published in Clinton, Sampson county, Dr. E. Perkins editor and Proprietor.

It is a neatly printed and spicy sheet, and the editor is well qualified to discharge the duties of his new station. The Independent is devoted to Literature, the Arts and Sciences and General News, free from Political and Religious bias.

We welcome the Doctor to the editorial fraternity, and hope he will meet the success to which his reputation as a ready writer justly entitles him."

The *Wilmington Journal* says: "It is neatly printed, of fair size, gives evidence of sprightliness and tact in its editorial management, and will, we trust, meet with liberal support. Clinton is one of the most flourishing villages, and Sampson among the most prosperous and intelligent counties in the State, and, therefore presents a fair field for a newspaper enterprise."

The *Wilmington Commercial* says: "The editor states that his paper shall be "independent in everything and neutral in nothing." This is a capital basis, and should be more generally adopted, so that so many individuals may not suppose that the newspaper they subscribe for must be printed especially for *them*."

The *Spirit of the Age* says: "Its editorials are sprightly and interesting—its selections good and varied. Unpretending in pretence. We wish our friend, the Doctor, unbounded success."

The *Wilmington Herald* says: "The Independent looks on the sunny side of things, and bids fair to be an entertaining and valuable paper. We wish it success."

The *N. C. Standard* says: "The Independent is neatly printed, and is an interesting sheet."

The *N. C. Argus* says: "It is literary in its character, and makes no pretensions to politics. It is a neatly printed sheet, and cheap as dirt at the price."

The *N. C. Advocate* says: "This a neat sheet and well edited."

The *Ashville News* says: "It is an interesting paper."

TERMS:

$2 If paid in Advance. $2½ if not paid in three months $2½ if not paid until the end of the year.

Clubs of *new* subscribers can be furnished as follows:

3	New Subscribers for	$5
5	" "	8
10	" "	15

To those who are already subscribers and will interest themselves, we offer the following:

Liberal Inducements.

As an inducement to our friends to help us, we now make the following offer to those who will secure subscribers with the cash *in advance*. We will send free, for one year, Harpers' Magazine to any one who will send us five new subscribers with the cash; the Ladies' Repository one year to any one who will send us three new subscribers with the cash; The Massachusetts Teacher one year to any one who will send us three new subscribers with the cash; The Scientific American for five new subscribers with the cash; The Monthly Rainbow—a splendid paper—one year to any one who will send us two subscribers.

Now, friends, there is a chance to get some of the best reading the world affords. In forwarding the names, remember the cash must accompany the order. Also indicate which of the above periodicals you want sent, and we will order it immediately. Who will embrace this splendid opportunity of supplying themselves and families with reading rich and rare.

IMPORTANT TO INVENTORS.

PROSPECTUS OF THE INVENTORS' GUIDE & ADVERTISER.

THIS PAPER WILL BE DEVOTED TO the interest of Inventors, and will be published at the city of Washington, D. C., and city of Quincy, Ill.

The object of this paper is to be a medium for the circulation of Improvements in the Mechanic Arts, and to bring before the public the Inventions of its patrons in a more conspicuous manner than any other advertising medium in the world.

We propose to issue 5000 copies per week, equal to 260,000 per year, to be printed on good paper, and gotten up in the style of our first class weekly papers, to circulate gratuitously throughout the United States and Canada. Each Advertiser will be entitled to five copies for each square of his advertisement, for his own private distribution.

This paper will contain a weekly list of Patents issued, and several columns of valuable reading matter, highly important to inventors and others.

Our main object will be to enhance the value of patented property, and bring before the public the millions of dollars of property invested in patents. The want of such a medium is the reason why so many patents fail to remunerate the owners of them.

We will act as General Agents for the sale of patented property, if requested. All information in reference to Patents and Patented Property will be given by addressing T. G. Clayton, Washington, D. C., or H. L. Hervey, Quincy, Illinois, as we will in connection with our other business, keep a General Intelligence Office to furnish the public with information in reference to Patents and Patented Property. All inventors will please forward to us their address, and a description of their inventions. We will act as a medium between Inventors who wish to have money furnished to carry out their inventions, and Capitalists who wish to invest money in Patents and Patented Property.

Persons wishing to advertise will please state the number of squares they may want. Engravings of all descriptions, will be furnished at as low price as at any other place.

We intend to commence the issue of this paper about the first of April, 1856. Inventors and others who wish to advertise in our paper, will please inform us immediately.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:

1 Square, 3 months,	$8 00
1 " 6 "	12 00
1 " 9 "	16 00
1 " 1 year,	20 00
4 " 1 " per square,	18 00
4 " and over, for 1 year, per square,	15 00

☞ Advertisements must be invariably be paid in advance.

☞ Persons who wish to have this paper sent to them regularly, can do so by addressing either of the undersigned. Terms, One Dollar per year, payable in advance.

☞ Attention to procuring Patents, and all business with the Patent Office, promptly attend to.

T. G. CLAYTON, Solicitor of Patents.
No. 489, 7th Street, Washington, D. C.
H. L. HERVEY, Quincy, Adams Co., Ill.

Choice Literature.

City and Country.

"God made the country and man made the town," says a devout sentimental poet, whose own love for the former dictated in the rapturous, and whose [illegible] indeed, has he been forced to [illegible] abode in the latter. The contrast between the two is indeed broad and bobby [illegible]. And in some of the features going to make this contrast, there may be found, we think, material for fruitful suggestion and thought. At least in a season like this, when the thermometer ranges from 88 to 96 deg. in the shade, and this for several successive days, the charms of the country will not seem less to those who find it seldom *without* charms; nor will the city dust, and heat, and turmoil, and special attractions to those who may find it attractive under the most favorable circumstances. Amid the summer's fervor, whatever may be the case at other times, the country's charms are apt to receive a wide, if not a universal applause. Its doubters are few, the open disbelievers fewer still. Business is the curse where it can be, and those who are chained to the hot rowels, [illegible] where the balmy airs, the wide rustling, and soft music of Nature invite them.

Is not the town a man-made place indeed? The rows of brick and mortar, unbroken, grimly frowning on the passing pedestrian, reflecting from miles of [illegible] like walls, the sun's rays, fierce enough already, without adding intensity to the bricklayer's industry and skill, may proclaim it. The side-walk, vocal with the ceaseless tramp of feet, proclaims it. The pavement, echoing with the clatter of armed hoofs, and the louder clatter of armed wheels, proclaims it. It is proclaimed in the din, confusion, [illegible] blinding clouds of dust, and stifling circulation, "cabined, cubbed, confined," the purest odors to which the unaccustomed nose [illegible] and [illegible]

[illegible] human art and ingenuity, [illegible] the prowess and triumphs of mechanical skill and industry; paut vice, servility to set forth humanity in its worst aspects as well as in some of its more creditable. These things—if it were easy to swell the list—speak of man, point to man, bring forward man as the prominent object on the canvas, as the maker and builder; not without God, indeed, though God may have been but little recognized, either in the building or its objects, of whatever "great Babylon" has arisen from time to time to become a shelter for the worst criminals, a receptacle for the fairest social diseases by which the body politic is affected.

Pass we, then, from the city to the country, from man and his achievements, to man's Author, and the works that attest His majesty, wisdom, and power. No sooner are the town's confounding noises lost in the distance, and Nature, robed in her magnificent finery, burst upon the eye, than a sense of enlargement, of liberation from thraldom more or less galling, steals upon the soul. The soul acknowledges, unconsciously often, the mysterious influence of the vast and boundless, to which she now suddenly awakes. The canopy of celestial blue, spread out like an infinite curtain over the face of heaven, is no longer partially shut out by ramparts of mason-work, but permits the rapturous eye to take in the whole imposing concave, from pole to pole. Look up to the highest height of that glorious veil, gemmed in the night time with countless star-spangles, and describing by day the fiery pathway of the sun, "rejoicing as a strong man to run his course"—look up and say, how far may be that giddy zenith from your gazer of the earth! Do you speak and declare, "this knowledge (of celestial distance) is too wonderful for me; it is high, I cannot attain unto it?" It is indeed so. But it serves to bring the Infinite before you, and to suggest thus how little and insignificant is man, with all the proudest monuments of his most successful enterprise and skill, beside Him whose hand spanned the arches of yonder sky, and made the sun to rule by day, and the moon to shine by night, and the stars to twinkle from the incomparably remote realms where they maintain their empire. When such a sentiment strikes home upon the laboring heart it finds pleasure, it finds profit, to relieve itself with the praise-laden burst of the Psalmist—"Lord, what is man, that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man, that thou hast him in [illegible]

Then the wondrous expansion of vegetation; the "hill peeping over hill," crowned with the richest green, or shimmering in the sun's rays with golden undulations; the "Alp on Alp," far as eye can reach, decked out as for some holiday, with dense and luxuriant foliage; the gentle stream, winding and murmuring as it flows through flower-enamelled banks; the mountain lifting its haughty head heaven-ward, its rugged features relieved in shine of welcome to the balm-breathing season, which has clothed even its seamed and time-battered face with verdure; the delicious fragrance of the white clover, of newly mown hay, of unregarded wild flowers, whose harmony of sweets would not disparage the Miltonic picture:

"As when to them who sail
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
Mozambique, off at sea north-east winds blow
Sabean odors from the spicy shore
Of Araby the blest."

Beautiful but True.—In a late article in Frazer's Magazine, this brief but beautiful passage occurs:

"Education does not commence with the alphabet. It begins with a mother's look—with a father's smile of approbation, or a sign of reproof—with a sister's gentle pressure of the hand, or a brother's noble act of forbearance—with handsful of flowers in green and daisy meadows—with birdsnest admired, but not touched—with creeping ants, and almost imperceptible emmets—with humming bees and glass bee-hives,—with pleasant walks in shady lanes, and with thoughts directed in sweet and kindly tones, and words of nature the acts of benevolence, to deeds of virtue, and to the source of all good, to God himself.

The Selfish are not the Happy.—The self-seeking and the misanthropic cherish the idle, that if they do no good, they at least cause no misery to others. But a retributive justice has decreed, that he who wraps himself up in his own selfish plans, and refuses to alleviate human suffering, shall not only lack the sympathy of his fellows when most in need of it, but shall find himself ultimately arraigned at the bar of a reproving conscience. And if he can boast with truth, as is seldom possible, that he is not the subject of habitual despondency, he is, at least ignorant of the highest and purest happiness. He knows not the enjoyment accompanying a benevolent action, nor the harmony and smiles of the soul when it acts in unison

Love the Light of Education.—I think I can safely say that I never met with a person, possessing any individualism, whose presence—whose sphere—was life-giving, healthful, and elevating, unless his or her intellect had been moulded by love. Look around the circle of your own experience, and you can sustain this fact. Look at the *sodden* faces you meet in your daily walks, eloquent of hearty dislike for mental acquirements be sure of the coercion that dragged and drove them in school-days, through sloughs of disgust, and over deserts of weariness, to the gates of knowledge! Look at the musty libraries that are walking our streets, whose erring fizzles and pedantic manners tell of a position through only a hard ambition! See this religious sectarian who has learned doctrines till he has forgot a life,—who thinks that intellectual truths are salvation, and that godliness is only for the ignorant! Examine the whole body at your leisure, and tell me what you think of education without love as its motive force, judgement as its distributive agent, and service to humanity as its ultimate use in life! Education, which should be a broad light to the noble aims of existence, is now nothing but a sickly gleam.

Agricultural.

Deep Cultivation.

Mr. Hoskyns has described the practice of the vine growers in Madeira which forms a remarkable and striking lesson for us. The vine is not a native of that island; and after growing well for a few years, the fruit degenerates and makes inferior wine. The expense of new stocks being very great, as they are usually brought from the hock vineyards of Germany, every expedient has been tried in order to postpone the evil as long as possible; but no manuring, or pruning, or attention is of any avail; and the only remedy is found in *deep cultivation*. "I once happened," he says, "to see the process. Nearly a score of laborers, hard at work, were standing in a long trench as deep as they were tall, stocking the earth from one side and throwing it up on the other. On inquiry, they told me they were trenching *an old vineyard for fresh planting—trenching nearly six feet deep!*

Some months afterwards, a merchant in taking me over his wine-stores, pointed out in some casks that were being broken up, a mineral incrustation about as thick as a half crown and as brittle as glass, which he called tartrate of line; and added that it was commonly deposited by the wine, especially when new. I afterward ascertained that potash and soda existed in the deposit. Now these minerals are very deficient in the soil of the island.—Here then was a good reason for deep trenching. The vine, to supply its mineral wants, robbed the soil so fast of what little alkali it contained, that nothing but the opening of a great depth to the action of the roots would keep up the supply for many years; for the roots of delicate plants will not travel through earth that never seen daylight.

The vegetable gardens which supply Covent Garden, and other markets of the metropolis we all know, are not only profusely manured, but as Mr. Cheek [illegible] many cases the subsoil has been dug up, in the gradual course of time, no less than four or five feet deep, to supply the waste of mineral matter to the soil above.

Mark Lane Express.

Labels for Fruit Trees.—The labels which come from the nursery on trees are not designed to be permanent, and they should be replaced with permanent ones at the first leisure after planting. Be particular that the wire by which the label is attached is not round the body of the young tree, otherwise it will, as the tree grows, be buried in it and materially injure the tree. The very best label we have ever used is a strip of thin sheet zinc, about four inches long and three-fourths of an inch wide at one end, cut so as to taper to a point at the other end; which after writing the name of the tree, the date when set out, and where obtained, can be bent round one of the small branches, with the writing outside, and as the branch grows it will expand without injuring it.

The ink for writing on these labels is made thus: Take of verdigris and sal ammoniac, each 2 drachms; lampblack, 1 drachm; water, 4 ounces, to be well mixed in a mortar, adding the water gradually. It must be kept in a glass stopped vial. Write on the zinc with the ink, after shaking it well, in a quill pen; and after it is dry you may expose it to the weather, or bury it in the ground for years, and it [illegible] as legible as when first written.

Journal.

Shortening for Pie Crust.—R. E. H., Griggsville, Ia. "Will you please tell us what is the best and cheapest article to use, [illegible] sweet cream cannot be had? Is olive oil healthful?"

Mealy potatoes are the best "shortener" in the world. Olive oil is comparatively healthful, but potatoes or meal are still better. *Water Cure Journal.*

Warts on Horses—James Fuller, Whiteside's Corners, N. Y., states, in the *Country Gentleman*, that he had a valuable horse with a wart on the inside of the thigh, as large as a man's thumb, three-quarters of an inch long. He applied waters to it several times. By this means it was removed entirely in a few weeks, without any annoyance to the animal.

How to mend China.—From an English Almanac we cut a recipe for mending chins, a long time since, and the opportunity having occurred for trying, we found it admirable, the fracely being visible after the article was repaired. It is thus made:

Take a very thick solution of gum arabic in water, and stir into it plaster of Paris until the mixture becomes a viscous paste. Apply it with a brush to the fractured edges, and stick them together. In three days the article cannot again be broken in the same place. The whiteness of the cement renders it doubly valuable.

Miscellaneous.

Love Scene.

Mr. Popps paid his two hundred sixty-seventh visit to Miss. Clarisa Cooler the other evening. He found her in a rocker, alone in the parlor; stole his arm around her alabaster neck, and sipped the nectar of her cherry lips—a proceeding there was not the least harm in, considering that they had come to an agreement, and were generally reported to be on the high-road to matrimony. The lady took all quietly—even indifferently, to judge from the lassitude of her attitude in the rocker, her lazy use of her fan, and her exclamation of something between a heigh-ho and a yawn.

Commonplaces were disposed of. Then followed a silence, broken only by Mr. Popps slapping at the mosquitoes, and Miss Clarissa fanning herself unceasingly.

At length Popps proposed a promenade and ice cream. Clarissa declined both, adding:

"I wish to stay at home; for I have something particular to tell you."

"Indeed," said Popps; "what is it, dear?"

"You expect our wedding to take place in three weeks, don't you?"

"To be sure I do!"

"Well, I am sorry to disappoint you, but I must do it. I cannot marry"—

"Good heavens, Clarissa, what are you saying?"

"Don't interrupt me. I mean I can't marry just yet awhile—not for some months to come"

"Why, Clarissa, what's the meaning of all this? You gave me your positive promise, and said nothing stood in the way. I am all ready and worried with waiting. Why do you put it off, dear?"

"That you will have to excuse my telling you. I have a good reason for it. I have thought the matter over well, and my mind is made up. Will that satisfy you?"

Popps mused awhile. Clarissa kept her

"No, Clarissa, if won't satisfy me. You postpone our wedding, and refuse to tell me why. If you have a reason for it you ought to let me know it, and maybe it would satisfy me. But I won't be satisfied [illegible] reason."

"Oh, then, you'll have to remain unsatisfied. I tell you I have a reason, and a good one—what more do you want?"

"I see how it is—I've courted you too long—I did'nt strike while iron was hot—you are tired of me, and wish to get rid of me. Well, if that is your wish, go ahead.

"Mr. Poppy, you're a dunce—you're a fool!"

"Maybe I am, and maybe I ain't," said Popps, rising with his temper, "but this I'll say, Miss Clarissa, if you don't tell me why you postpone the wedding for a few months, you may postpone it forever, so far as I am concerned. Tell me, Clarissa; else I swear that when I leave this house to-night, I will never set foot in it again!"

"Well, then, you'd better go!"

"Very well. Good night, Miss Cooler."

Popps reached the door; Clarissa followed him; and seeing that he was in earnest, cried to him to stay. Popps came back. Clarissa put her head on his shoulder and cried. Popps melted. Popps spoke first.

"Well, dear, what's the matter?"

"Oh, I think you're so unreasonable and cruel! indeed, I have a good reason for putting off our marriage—but I cannot, I must not tell you what it is. Oh, dear Mr. Popps do excuse me!" And she cried a little more.

"Well, Clarissa, tell me this. Do you put it off to please your father or any of your relations?"

"No—they know nothing of my determination."

"Do you put it off on account of anything concerning me?"

"No."

"Do you want to go any where, or do any thing particular, that will keep you from marrying?"

"No."

"In God's name then, Clarissa, what do you want? Why keep me in this suspense?"

"Oh, Mr. Popps, you're so cruel! May be I ought to tell you the obstacle—but I can't, indeed I can't!"

"Just as you please, Miss Cooler." And Popps again picked up his hat.

"Oh, Mr. Popps, pray don't go—don't go yet awhile!"

"Then, Miss Clarissa, tell me the obstacle."

Popps was evidently determined. Clarissa put her head on his shoulder, laboring under a strange agitation. Several times she is essayed to speak. At length she breathed into his ear these fearful words:

"*The weather's too hot!*"

Popps wilted. When our spirit left he was advocating a trip to the White Mountains.

Shocking—Dr. Maglo relates that an idiot in the hospital of Salzburg appearing to be singularly insusceptible of fear, an experiment of an appalling character and appalling consequences was made upon him, as a means of putting his susceptibility to the test. It was proposed to produce in him the impression that he saw a dead man come to life. A person, accordingly, and enveloped in a shroud, and the idiot was ordered to watch over the dead body. The idiot perceiving [illegible] corpse, desired it to be still; and the pretended corpse raising itself in spite of this admonition, the idiot seized a hatchet, within his reach, and cut off first one of the feet of the unfortunate counterfeit, and then unmoved by his cries, cut of his head. He then calmly resumed his station by the real corpse.

A Funny Message—The Utica Observer says the following message was handed into the telegraphic office in that city a few days since:—

"To ——.

"Third Epistle of John, 13 and 14 verses. "Signed ——."

By referring to the text, it will be seen that there is quite a respectable letter contained in the verses designated and a small amount of money saved, viz:

"I had many things to write, but I will not with ink and pen write to thee.

"But I trust I shall shortally see thee, and we shall speak face to face. Peace be to thee. Our friends salute thee.—Greet thy friends by name."—3rd John, 13 and 14.

The Chinese tea crop, it is said, will be a full average one.

There are no solid rocks in the Arctic regions, owing to the severe frosts.