

Mrs. H. O. HYATT
KINSTON, N. C.

OK Miller

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'er she leads the way."

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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. Strang, 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. Boeman, Clerk.

R. C. Holmes, Chairman of the General Court.

Wm. S. Devane, Solicitor.
G. W. Crumpler, Sheriff.
James S. Hines, Coroner.
Whitney Royal, Register.
J. B. Cox, Trustee.
Jacob Newman, Entry Taker.
Joseph Herring, Ranger.
Lewis Johnson, Standard Keeper.
J. R. Maxwell and Josiah Robinson County Surveyors.

COMMON SCHOOLS.

A. Monk, Chairman.
L. C. Graves, Curtis Lee, J. A. Darden and William S. Devane, Examining Committee.

CLINTON.

Town Commissioners.
T. H. Holmes, Intendent of Police.
Jas. S. Hines, Clerk.
J. B. Cox, Treasurer.
R. A. Moseley, Collector, T. L. Pugh.

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 Fayetteville 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 mail from Clinton to Elizabethtown leaves Clinton every Wednesday morning and returns the following Tuesday evening.

The mail between Clinton and Dobbinville leaves Clinton every Saturday morning and returns the same evening.

Miscellaneous.

BUTTER-MAKING.

We forego the pleasure of variety in our column of "Useful Information" this week, to make room for the following article, interesting to the inquisitive mind, and capable of being useful to the mind of practical application. We find the article in the Scientific American, in reply to enquiries from a lady contributor.

One of our lady correspondents requests us to give some account of "butter-making"—how and when butter was invented—stating that such information would be interesting to many of our readers.

The origin of butter making is unknown. From time immemorial butter has been made and used by the natives of Western Europe. Little is said about it by ancient writers. Galen and others do not mention it as an article of diet, and it is probable that neither the Greeks nor Romans employed it in cookery, nor set it up on their tables as food, in the same manner as it is enjoyed by us. As butter melts and becomes liquid at 90 deg. Fah., this may account for the ignorance of ancient authors as to its use in cold countries in their day, because the seats of ancient learning were confined to warm climates, and geographical knowledge was then very limited. Through the indomitable courage and enterprise of modern travelers we have been made acquainted with the customs and habits of almost all tribes and nations—civilized and savage—so that we know of butter being used among many of the barbarous Arab and Tartar tribes inhabiting mountainous regions; and no doubt it has been known to them for many centuries. The Tartar, carrying milk for his frugal meal in a leather pitcher slung over the crupper of his saddle, would perceive, after a hard ride, that there had gathered on its surface a rich yellow substance, unknown to him before, and which could have been produced from the milk alone. The cause of its development would readily suggest itself, and its pleasant flavor would incite him to reproduce it in the same manner. This is the way butter is now churned by some of these nomadic tribes. The milk is placed in a bag made of skin; the Tartar slings it across his saddle, mounts his steed, and trots up his butter. This we believe could not have been the way butter was first discovered by the inhabitants of Western Europe, as their most ancient practice of churning consisted in agitating the milk in wooden vessels; but how or when they discovered the art, we shall never know.

In Palestine, and other warm countries, olive oil holds the same place that butter does with us. As an article of diet, we are only acquainted with the butter made from cows' milk; but butter made from the milk of the sheep, goat, buffalo, and ass are known and used in various countries, especially in Asia. Some tribes of Arabs use the butter (called *ghae*) of the buffalo, which they drink clarified in a liquid state. In the East Indies there are breeds of goats which give a large quantity of milk; and among the hill tribes of the Himalaya mountains they take the same place as the kine tribes with us. One of these goats, lately brought to this city from Calcutta, (and by a Mormon family, strange to tell!) yielded on shipboard from six to eight quarts of milk daily. We really hope that some of our enterprising agriculturists, who have devoted so much attention to improving live stock, will endeavor to introduce and acclimatize such a valuable breed of animals. They can be raised and fed in mountainous regions where cows would starve. Their milk is good, their flesh excellent; and their hair makes strong and durable fabrics for cold weather. Goats' milk and butter are also common in some parts of Europe.

Butter is the oil of milk, separated by the mechanical action of churning, from its other constituents—casein, sugar, and some salts. It exists ready formed in the milk, as oil does in various seeds, and it can be churned from sweet (but not so quick) as well as from sour milk. It is called by chemists *butyrine* and *butyric acid*. In some dairies the whole milk is churned to obtain the butter; in others,

only the cream. By the former method it has been asserted that more, but by the latter superior, butter is produced. It is our opinion that with proper care there is little difference in the results of the two systems. Grass-fed kine yield milk from which beautiful yellow butter is gathered; on the contrary, stall-fed cows give milk which yields a tallowy-looking butter. This latter kind of butter is oftentimes colored to deceive the buyer, by annatto, the juice of carrots, and the flowers of the marigold. The color, therefore, is not always the test of grass-fed milk. Some kinds of feed impart their strong and peculiar flavor to milk. This is the case with turnips, which should never be given to milk cows, except in very limited quantities. In winter, when grass cannot be obtained, the best kind of food is a question of no small importance. Milk kine should receive at least one meal per day of steamed or boiled food. The cheapest and best for this purpose are Indian meal, a few pumpkins deprived of their seeds, carrots, hay, and cornstalks; potatoes are excellent, and when cheap should be given freely. Cows which receive one meal per day of boiled or steamed food, during winter, yield at least one-third more milk than those which received only dry food, the condition of the former at the same time being much superior.

The above embraces the history of Butter and the correct manner of treating cows; at another time we will give directions for treating the Butter, to preserve it sweet. — *Greensboro' Times*.

ORIGIN OF ODD FELLOWS.

It has been supposed by many that the origin of the society of Odd Fellows, or rather the organization of that association, was of comparatively modern date. They will be somewhat surprised, however, says the Cincinnati Times, "to learn that its origin dates as far back as the time of Nero, and was established by the Roman soldiers in the year '55. At that time they were called 'Fellow Citizens.' The present name was given them by Titus Caesar, twenty-four years afterwards, and they were so called from their knowing each other by night or by day by means of mystical signs and language. At the same time he presented them with a dispensation, engraved on a plate of gold, bearing different emblems of mortality. In the fifth century the order was established in the Spanish dominions, and in Portugal in the sixth century. It did not reach France and England until the eleventh century. It was then established in the latter country by John De Neville, who, assisted by five knights from France, formed a grand lodge in London. This ancient fraternity has now its lodge in every quarter of the globe, and by its usefulness and benevolent character, commands the respect and countenance of all who are acquainted with its nature and purposes." Those upon whose information reliance may be placed give credit to Baltimore for first introducing Odd Fellowship into the United States, and to Grand Sir Thomas Wiley, still living among us, observes, the Baltimore Patriot, belongs the honor.

Thomas Jefferson's Father's Strength.

Peter Jefferson is described by Mr. Randall as "a man of gigantic stature—plain, and averse to display—he was grave, taciturn, slow to make, and not over prompt to accept advances. He was one of those calmly and almost sternly self-relying men, who lean on none—who desire help from none. And he certainly had both muscles and mind which could be trusted. He could simultaneously 'head up' (raise from their sides to an upright position) two hogsheads of tobacco, weighing nearly a thousand pounds apiece! He once directed three able-bodied slaves to pull down a ruinous shed by means of a rope.— After they had again and again made the effort, he bade them stand aside, seized the rope, and dragged down the structure in an instant. Traditions have come down of his continuing his lines as a surveyor through savage wildernesses after his assistants had given out from famine and fatigue, subsisting on the raw flesh of game, and even of his carrying mules, when other food failed."

THE SUN.

The above (says the Philadelphia Press) is a somewhat grave caption, but if any of our readers desire in these times of money pressure and lugubrious countenances to enjoy a real hearty-side-shaking laugh, we advise them to read the following, which we find in the Fayetteville North Carolinian, of Saturday last, under the heading given at the top of this paragraph:

Some of our readers may never have seen Dr. Dick's illustration of the impossibility of the sun's rising and setting daily. We condense it as follows: In the morning the sun as he rises above the Eastern horizon is 95,000,000 miles from the earth. In the evening when he sets beneath the Western horizon he is at the same distance from the earth in an opposite direction, as he was in the morning. In round numbers, then, he has traveled in twelve hours 285,000,000 miles, or at the rate of 23,750,000 miles per hour, 395,833 per minute, and 6,587 miles per second—at which rate the velocity would be too great for mortal eye to note the passage of the sun. We recollect trying to pin a dog-matrical old customer down with that argument once, and we shall never forget how he knocked the whole column of figures into pi by denying the premises.

We were teaching an "academy" down in the wire grass country of South Georgia, soon after we left college—and among the "higher branches" taught in that "institution" were the Rudiments of Astronomy, to which advanced text book we had introduced a class of sand hill boys and gopher-trapping girls, ranging in age from fourteen to twenty years. A few recitations, confined principally to corrections of mutilated pronunciation; "stairs," "heaving buddies," "the yeath," "comics," "planies," &c.—and we made to "the advanced class" the startling and incredible announcement that the sun did not rise and set daily; that the revolution of the earth on its axis made night and day, &c., &c. There were a few "open countenances" in that gaping, wonder-stricken class about then.

Next morning we were waited on by a grave, sage looking patron of ours, who, with some a-perity of countenance and, as we imagined, contemptuous severity of expression, thus delivered himself:

"We've emply'd ye here to lan our young 'uns, haint we?" We assented to the proposition.

"Well," continued he, "what's all this riggymarole and stromy and stuff about the sun not settin and risin, and the yeath turnin up-side down of a night, and sich infidel talk ye've been foolin the skollard with?" Now thought we, for a triumph of science, a lighting up of the benighted understanding. Inviting him into the "academy," we proceeded to draw a diagram upon the black-board, for the purpose of illustration. "Now," said we, "the sun is ninety-five millions of miles from the earth, and"—"stop," cried he—"show do you know that? Who's been thar to measure it? What surveyer's ever drug his chain over that route? Taint so." In vain we assured him that scientific men had demonstrated it, philosophers proved it beyond a doubt, and that all the learned and eminent men in the world admitted and believed it.

"They don't know nothin about it," was his dogmatic response; "not a bit more'n I do, and they've never been any closter to the sun than I hev. It's agin reason, sense and scripiter, to say that the sun dont rise and set—for thar's a text, which mabe ye've seed if you ever read the bible, which I kaint scaceely believe you ever did read it, sayin 'from the risin of the sun to the going down tharof'—and see here, young man, if you kaint teech the children somethin better'n sich fool talk and infidel argyment you mout as well look out for a Dooly settlement what thar aint no churches and the folks never heard of the bible." We calved, wiped out the diagram with our left coat tail; bowed out our inignant patron, and the next morning the "stromy" class was advanced to Peter Parley's Geography, and the sun permitted to rise and set as usual. There's everything in admitting and denying the premises.

JAMES SIMPSON.

Among the recollections of my youth there are none more vivid than those of one whom I will call James Simpson, a young, and now an elderly man, whose years are not far from my own. He had been taught in his childhood by pious parents, and knew his duty as well as any boy in the school to which he and I were sent when we were about a dozen years old. James had a tender conscience. He would not do the wrong thing when he knew what was right; and though the other boys sometimes laughed at his squeamishness, as they call it, he said that if the boys laughed at him God was pleased with him, and he thought that of more consequence.

I recollect a Saturday afternoon, when we were all off in the woods gathering chestnuts, and had received permission to get as many as we wanted in the woods of Mr. Richards, but not finding them as abundant there as we expected, we were quite disposed to cross the hill and try the farm of another man, to whom we had made no application. The whole party agreed to it except James and one other. They stood out decidedly, and when it was urged that the owner would have no objection to our getting them, James, who was always ready with a reason, said that was an argument against stealing them. It would be wrong to take them, he said, from a man who was stingy, and surely it would be wrong and very mean to take them without leave from a man who would give them to us if we should ask him.

"Yes," the rest said, "but who is going to ask him? It is more than a mile down to his house, and nobody will go that far to ask for chestnuts."

"I will go," said James, "if you will all promise to stay here till I come back; or if you are in such a hurry to get the nuts just look out for me, and when I come out of the lane down there at the foot of the hill, if I swing my cap you may start, and I will come on and get as many as I want."

"Agreed! agreed!" they all cried, and away went James on the full run down hill. He was not long on the way; he did not let the grass grow under his feet, and it was not more than twenty minutes before he made his appearance, swinging his hat with all his might. The boys set up a shout that he might have heard, and were just starting off for the woods, when one of them said he thought it too bad to leave Jimmy to come on alone, when he had taken so much trouble for them.— This was received with general applause, and we all ran down to meet him, and when we overtook him he met us with a face beaming with smiles, and said the old farmer said we might get as many as we liked, only we must not break our necks. This we had no notion of doing, and after we had picked as many as we could well carry home, we left, and tired with our afternoon's work, trudged back to school.

As we were walking homeward, with less excitement than we came up, one of the boys said the chestnuts were very heavy.

"But they are not heavy," said James Simpson, "as they would have been, if we had hooked them."

"Right for you, and you are always right, or about right," the other answered, and by common consent it was agreed, that in all future expeditions we would respect the rights of property, and never enter even the woods of a man to get his fruit without first gaining his permission.

Now this incident was a very simple one, but it had a very strong and a very lasting effect upon the whole school. Not one of those boys but thought more of James Simpson than they did before, and all of them felt that the way to be happy and take real comfort in the pursuits of pleasure, was to do right.

Business Habits of Aaron Burr.—Mr. Parton's new work on Burr gives the following sketch of his daily habits in the latter part of his life, as related to the author by a gentleman who spent some time in Burr's office:

"He rose at the dawn. A breakfast of an egg and a cup of coffee sufficed for the most abstemious of men; after which he worked among his papers for some hours before his clerk and assistant arrived. He was a hard task master; he kept us all on the jump. All day he was despatching and receiving messages, sending for books, persons and papers; expecting every command to be obeyed with next to impossible celerity, inspiring every one with his own zeal," said my informant. "About ten in the evening he would give over, invite his companions to the sideboard, and take a single glass of wine. Then his spirits would rise, and he would sit for hours telling stories of his past life, and drawing brief and graphic sketches of celebrated characters with whom he had acted." "Often he was full of wit and gaiety and such times; 'the liveliest fellow in the world,' 'as merry as a boy,' 'never melancholy, never flattered.' About midnight he would lie down upon a hard couch in the corner of the office, and sleep 'like a child,' until the morning. In his personal habits he was a thorough-going Spartan; eating little, drinking little, sleeping little, working hard. He was fond of calculating upon how small a sum life could be supported, and used to think 'he could live' well enough upon seventy-five cents a week."

Bold Language of Patrick Henry.

When Patrick Henry, who gave the first impulse to the ball of the American revolution, introduced his celebrated resolution on the Stamp Act in the House of Burgesses, of Virginia, May, 1765, while descending on the hateful act, he exclaimed, "Caesar had his Brutus; Charles the First had his Cromwell; and George the Third"—("Treason!" cried the speaker. "Treason! Treason!" echoed from every part of the house.) "It was one of those moments which are decisive of character. Henry faltered not for an instant but rising to a loftier attitude, and fixing on the speaker an eye flashing with fire, he continued, "and George the Third may profit by their example. If there be treason in this, make the most of it."

Mammoth Porks.—We recently published a notice of the slaughtering of eighteen hogs, in Halifax county, the aggregate weight of which was 17,688 pounds. A correspondent, writing from Edenton, N. C., says:

"This may do pretty well for Halifax, but will not compare with our raising. On Monday, the 14th inst., 100 hogs were slaughtered at the farm of Dr. Thomas D. Warren, three miles from this place, weight 28,900 pounds, or an average of 289 pounds. A few days since another lot of 100, slaughtered at the same farm, weighed 24,100 pounds. The hogs were 11 to 18 months old. This is not a very extraordinary business for Chowan county, and would not have been chronicled but for seeing the Halifax killing." — *Petersburg Express*.

Farm Waste.—One of the greatest wastes of man, and perhaps most farms, is the excrementitious matter of the family and also of the domestic fowls. The first is buried upon some farms, generation after generation in deep vaults below the surface. Fowls are allowed to roost here and there and everywhere; on trees, in the barn, over the wagon, or on top of some of the farm buildings. The manure, if carefully saved and well applied, that a large stock of poultry would make in a single season, would nearly pay for the erection of a plain poultry-house. The carcasses of dead animals is another of the foolish wastes of some farmers. The body of a dead horse is worth more than an ordinary sucking colt; and the body of a cow is worth more than a vermin-covered Syring calf, with all his life.

Pledge.—"You complain of my taking the pledge," said a reclaimed man in Kent, to an antiteetotal acquaintance. "Strong drink occasioned me to have more to do with pledging than ever teetotalism has. When I was a consumer of strong drink, I pledged my coat, I pledged my bed, I pledged in short every thing that was pledgeable, and was losing every hope and blessing, when teetotal truth met me and convinced me of my folly. Then I pledged myself, and by so doing, soon got my other things out of pledge, and got more than my former property around me."

Teetotal Times.