

Wm. J. M. ...

The Oxford Mercury.

AND DISTRICT TELEGRAPH.

BY JOHN CAMERON.

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HOW TO MAKE AN UNPRODUCTIVE FRUIT TREE BEAR.

A lady of our acquaintance took us into her garden a few days ago, where we were shown an apple tree which, she informed us, had been planted for ten or more years, but had never before borne any fruit. In looking over an old volume, she accidentally met with what purported to be a remedy for this unproductiveness, which was simply to cut from each limb, close to where it diverges from the trunk, a piece of bark about four inches round the limb, and one inch in width, and immediately replace it by tying it on with a rag until it adhered again. Early in the spring she tried the experiment upon the tree we speak of, leaving, however, two or three of the limbs untouched. The result is, that it is now filled with apples, which bid fair to ripen finely; but it is worthy of remark, that only on those limbs which had been cut is the fruit to be seen. The operation is very simple; and, as it has proved successful in this instance, we have no hesitation in recommending its trial in similar cases.—*Reading Gazette.*

From the South-Western Farmer.
August 7, 1842.

TO THE LADIES.

Will you allow a gentleman with an indefinite age, an admirer of domestic economy, to tell you how to remove grease spots from your merinoes, silks, &c. without injuring their color? Or the cuff and collar of your husbands' coats can also be cleaned in the same manner; in short any article that may be desired, but it is more particularly applicable to such as are made up of wool or of which it forms a part.

Take the yolk of an egg, entirely free from the white, mix it with a little warm water, (be sure not to spald the egg) and with a soft brush apply the mixture and rub it on the spot until the grease appears removed or loose. Wash off the egg with moderately warm water, and finally rinse off the whole with clean cold water. Should not all the grease be removed, which may arise from being on a long time, or not sufficiently washed, dry and repeat the operation.

Some years ago, I was in company with a lady who wore a splendid merino shawl, and in passing the wheel of a carriage, she got her shawl badly smeared with tar and grease. I saw she was much mortified at the accident, and I immediately applied the above remedy, and in a few minutes all was sunshine again. I don't pretend to say the lady lost her temper. Oh no, not I.

Try it and let us know the result.
J. E. W.
P. S.—If there is a nap on the article, brush with it.
J. E. W. is a gentleman of veracity. We vouch for him.—*Eds. Farmer.*

From the Farmer's Journal.

CABBAGE HEADS FROM STUMPS.

FRIEND COLE.—I do not know all that your Boston gardeners are up to, but I do know, that if cabbage stumps of any variety are set out in the spring in good order, that one, two, three, or even four good sound heads will grow on them—and this they will do year after year, until they die by accident.

They are managed in the following manner: When the upper, narrow leaved ones, which would bear seed, are carefully rubbed off, and likewise all the lower, round leaved ones, which will form heads except the number the strength of the stump and soil are capable of bringing to perfection. At our cattle show, last week, Mr. John Drew presented several such stumps, with one to four heads of low Dutch cabbage on each, which have borne for three years. He sets them out in earth in the cellar in autumn, cuts off the heads when required for use, and places them pretty thick in the garden in spring. The labor is trifling, the cut worm gives no trouble, and the crop sure and abundant.

JAMES BATES.
Norridgecock, Me., Oct. 18 1843.

TO PREVENT MOULDING IN BOOKS, INK, PASTE AND LEATHER.

Collectors of books will not be sorry to learn that a few drops of oil of lavender will ensure their libraries from this pest. A single drop of the same oil will prevent a pint of ink from mouldiness for any length of time. Paste may be kept from mould entirely by this addition; and leather is also effectually secured from injury by the same agency.—*Southern Planter.*

ADIEU.—There is something beautifully pious and tender about that word of sad import, "adieu!" That is, "May God guard you—to God I commit you."

SAM SLICK IN ENGLAND; OR THE ATTACHE.

The conversation that I am about to repeat, took place on the Thames. Our visits, hitherto, had been restricted by the rain to London. To day, the weather being fine, we took passage on board of a steamer, and went to Greenwich.

While we were walking up and down the deck, Mr. Slick again adverted to the story of the Government spies with great warmth. I endeavored, but in vain, to persuade him that no regular organized system of espionage existed in England. He had obtained a garbled account of one or two occurrences, and his prejudice, (which notwithstanding his disavowal, I knew to be so strong as to warp all his opinions of England and the English,) immediately built up a system, which nothing I could say, could at all shake.

I assured him the instances he had mentioned were isolated and unauthorized acts, told in a very distorted manner, but mitigated, as they really were, when truly related, they were at the time received with the unanimous disapprobation of every right thinking man in the kingdom, and that the odium which had fallen on the relations, was so immeasurably greater than what had been bestowed on the thoughtless principals, that there was no danger of such things again occurring in our day. But he was immovable.

"Oh, of course, it isn't true," he said, "and every Englishman will swear it's a falsehood. But you must not expect us to disbelieve it, nevertheless; for your travellers who come to America, pick up here and there some absurd untruth or another; or, if they are all picked up already, invent one; and although every man, woman, and child is ready to take their bible oaths it is a bam, yet the English believe this one false witness in preference to the whole nation."

"You must excuse me, Squire, you have a right to your own opinion, though it seems you have no right to your own opinion, though it seems you have no right to speak it always; but I am a freeman, I was raised in Slickville, Union County, State of Connecticut, United States of America, which is a free country, and no mistake: and I have a right to my opinion, and a right to speak it, too; and let me see the man, air or commoner, parliamenteer or soldier officer that dare to report me, I guess he'd wish he'd been born a week later, that's all. I'd make a caution of him, I know. I'd polish his dial-plate fast, and then I'd feel his short ribs, so as to make him lark a leetle, just a leetle the loudest he ever heard. Lord, he'd think thunder and lightning's a julep to it. I'd ring him in the nose as they do pigs in my country, to prevent them rooting up what they hadn't ought."

Having excited himself by his own story, he first imagined a case and then resented it, as if it had occurred. I expressed to him my great regret that he should visit England with these feelings and prejudices, as I had hoped his conversation would have been as rational and amusing as it was in Nova Scotia, and concluded by saying that I felt assured he would find no such prejudice existed here against his countrymen as he entertained towards the English.

"Lord love you!" said he. "I have no prejudice. I am the most candid man you ever see. I have got some grit, but I ain't ugly, I ain't indeed."

"But you are wrong about the English, and I'll prove it to you."

"Do you see that turkey there?" said he. "Where?" I asked. "I see no turkey; indeed, I have seen none on board. What do you mean?"

"Why that slight, pale faced, student like Britisher, he's a turkey, that feller. He has been all over the Union, and he's a goin' to write a book. He was at New York when we left, and was introduced to me in the street. To make it liquorish, he has got all the advertisements about runaway slaves, sales of niggers, cruel mistresses and licentious masters, that he could pick up. He is a caterer and panderer to English hypocrisy. There is nothin' too gross for him to swallow. We call them turkeys; first because they travel so fast—for no bird travels hot foot that way, except it be an ostrich—and second, because they gobble up every thing that comes in their way. Them fellers will swallow a falsehood as fast as a turkey does a grasshopper; take it right down whole, without winkin'."

"Now, as we have nothin' above particular to do, 'I'll cram him for you; I will show you how hungry he'll bite at a tale of horror, let it be never so unlikely; how readily he will believe it, because it is agin us; and then when his book comes out, you shall see that all England will credit, though I swear I invented it as a cram, and you

swear you heard it told as a joke. They've drank in so much that is strong, in this way, have the English, they require something sharp enough to tickle their palates now. Wine hants no taste for a man that drinks grog, that's a fact. It's as weak as Taunton water. Come and walk up and down deck along with me once or twice, and then we will sit down by him, promiscuously like; and, as soon as I get his appetite sharp, see how I will cram him."

"This steambot is very onsteady to day, sir," said Mr. Slick; "it's not overly convenient walking is it?"
The ice was broken. Mr. Slick led him on by degrees to his travels, commencing with New England, which the traveller eulogized very much. He then complimented him on the accuracy of his remarks, and the depth of his reflections, and concluded by expressing a hope that he would publish his observations soon, as few, tourists were so well qualified for the task as himself.

Finding these preliminary remarks taken in good part, he commenced the process of "cramming."
"But oh, my friend," said he, with a most saretimonious air, "did you visit, and I am ashamed, as an American citizen, to ask the question, I feel the blood a tannin' of my cheek when I inquire, did you visit the South? That land that is polluted with slavery, that land where the boasin' and crackin' of freemen pile up the agony pangs on the corrodin' wounds inflicted by the iron chains of the slave, until nature can't stand it no more; my heart bleeds like a stuck critter, when I think of this plague spot on the body politic. I ought not to speak thus; prudence forbids it, national pride forbids it; but genuine feelings is too strong for polite forms. 'Out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh.' Have you been there?"

"Turkey" was thrown off his guard. He opened his wallet, which was well stocked, and related his stories, many of them so very rich, that I doubted the capacity of the Attache to out-herod him. Mr. Slick received these tales with evident horror, and complimented the narrator with a well stimulated groan; and when he had done said—"Ah, I see how it is, they have purpose left dark about the most atrocious features of slavery: Have you seen the Gougins' School?"

"No, never."

"What, not seen the Gougins' School?"

"No, sir; I never heard of it."

"Why, you don't mean to say so?"

"I do, indeed, I assure you."

"Well, if that don't pass! And you never heard tell of it, eh?"

"Never, sir. I have never either seen it or heard of it."

"I thought as much," said Mr. Slick. "I doubt if any Britisher ever did or ever will see it. Well, sir, in South Carolina, there is a man called Josiah Wormwood; I am ashamed to say he is a Connecticut man. For a considerable of a spell, he was a strollin' preacher, but it didn't pay in the long run. There is so much competition in that line in our country, that he consulted the business was overdone, and he opened a lyceum to Charleston, South Car, for boxin', wrestlin', and other purlite British accomplishments, and most a beautiful sparrer he is, too; I don't know as I ever see a more scientific gentleman than he is in that line. Lately, he has halloed on to it the art of gougin' or 'monokolosin', as he calls it, to sound grand; and, if it weren't so dreadful in it's consequences, it sartly is a most allurin' thing, is gougin'." The sleight of hand is beautiful. All other sleights we know are tricks; but this is reality; there is the eye of your adversary in your hand, there is no mistake. It's the real thing. You feel you have him; that you have set your mark on him, and that you have took your satisfaction. The throb of delight felt by a 'monokolosin', is beyond all conception."

"Oh heavens!" said the traveller. "Oh horror of horrors! I never heard anything so dreadful. Your manner of telling it too, adds to its terrors. You appear to view the practice with a proper Christian disgust; and yet you talk like an amateur. Oh, the thing is sickenin'."

"It is, indeed," said Mr. Slick, "particularly to him that loses his peeper. But the dexterity, you know, is another thing. It is very scientific. He has two niggers, has Squire Wormwood, who teach the wastlin' and gouge sparrin', but practisin' for the eye is done for punishment of runaways. He has plenty of subjects. All the planters send their fugitive niggers there to be practised on for an eye. The scholars ain't allowed to take more than one eye out of them; if they do, they have to pay for the nigger; for he is no sort of good after for nothin' but to pick oakum. I could go through the form, and give you the cries to

the life, but I won't; it is too horrid; it really is too dreadful."

"Oh de, I beg of you," said the traveller.

"I cannot indeed; it is too shocking. It will disgust you."

"Oh, not at all," said Turkey, "when I know it is simulated and not real, it is another thing."

"I cannot, indeed," said Mr. Slick. "It would shock your philanthropic soul, and set your very teeth of humanity on an edge. But have you ever seen—the Black Stole?"

"No."

"Never seen the Black Stole?"

"No, never."

"Why it ain't possible? Did you never hear of it nother?"

"No, never."

"Well now, do tell: So you never heard tell of it, nor never set eyes on it?"

"Certainly, never."

"Well, that bangs the bush, now! I suppose you didn't. Guess you never did, nor never will, nor no other traveller, nother, that ever step in shoe leather. They keep dark about these atrocities. Well, the Black Stole is a loose kind of shirt-coat, like an English carter's frock; only it is of a different color. It is black instead of white, and made of nigger hide, beautifully tanned, and dressed as soft as a glove. It ain't every nigger's hide that's fit for a stole. If they are too young, it is too much like kid; if they are too old, it is like sole leather, it's so tough; and if they have been whipt, as all on 'em have a'most, why the back is all cut to pieces, and the hide ruined. It takes several sound nigger skins to make a stole; but when made, it's a beautiful article, that's a fact."

"It is used on a plantation for punishment. When the whip don't do it's work, strip a slave, and just clap on to him the Black Stole. Dress him up in a dead man's skin, and it frightens him near about to death. You'll hear him screech for a mile, a'most, so 'arnally skeered. And the best of the fun is, that all the rest of the niggers, bulls, cows, and calves, run away from him, just as if he was a panther."

"Fun sir! Do you call this fun!"

"Why sartly we do. Ain't it better nor whippin' to death? What's a Stole, arter all? It's nothin' but a coat. Philosophizin' on it, stranger, there is nothin' to shock a man. The dead don't feel. Skinnin' then, ain't cruel, nor is it immoral. To bury a good hide is waste—waste is wicked. There are good hides buried in the States, black and white, every year, that would pay the poor rates and State taxes. They make excellent hunting coats, and would make beautiful razor-straps, bindin' for books, and such like things; it would make a noble export. 'Tanin' in hemlock bark cures the horrid nigger flavour. But then, we hants arrived at that state of philosophy; and when it is confined to one class of the human family, it would be dangerous. The skin of a crippled slave might be worth more than the critter was himself; and I make no doubt we should soon hear of a stray nigger being shot for his hide, as you do of a moose for his skin, and a bear for his fur."

"Indeed, that is the reason, (though I shouldn't mention it as an Attache) that our government won't now concur to suppress the slave trade. They say the prisoners will all be murdered, and their peels sold; and that vessels instead of taking in at Africa a cargo of humans, will take in a cargo of hides, as they do to South America. As a Christian, a philanthropist, indeed as a man, this is a horrid subject to contemplate, ain't it?"

"Indeed it is," said Turkey. "I feel a little overcome—my head swims—I am oppressed with nausea, I must go below."

"How the goony swallowed it all, didn't he?" said Mr. Slick, with great glee.

"Hante he a most beautiful twist that feller? How he gobbed it down, tank, shank and flank at a gulp, didn't he? Oh! he is a Turkey, and no mistake, that chap. But see here, Squire, just look through the sky-light. See the goney, how his pencil is a leggin' it off, for dear life. Oh, there is great fun in crammin these fellers."

"Now tell me candid, Squire, do you think there is no prejudice in the Britishers agin us and our free and enlightened country, when they can swallow such stuff as the Gougins' School and Black Stole?"

THE TARIFF.

From the Richmond Whig.

To the Editors of the Whig:

A writer in the Enquirer, under the signature of "Free Trade," attempts to controvert the facts and arguments adduced by the friends of a judicious tariff; that a tariff for the incidental protection of our domestic fabrics reduces the price of such articles, and

by way of an illustration, refers to the present price of pins in comparison with the price the same article was sold at, previous to the increased duty of 1842.

He states truly, when he says the manufacturers are charging five cents per pack more for pins, (which is one half a cent per paper advance,) than the old price. Now, what are the facts? The manufacturers, as 'Free Trade' admits, divided only 2 1/2 per cent. profits before the tariff bill passed, and now they can divide 12 1/2 per cent., thus yielding them 10 per cent more profit, and all this is accomplished when they have advanced the price only five cents on each pack, which is 7 per cent. advance; thus showing most conclusively, that pins can now be made 3 per cent. cheaper than they were before the present tariff bill passed. It is true the enhanced price is gain to the manufacturers at present, but competition and improvement in machinery will soon reduce the prices far below the old standard, and then the consumers will reap the benefits arising from a protective tariff. As 'Free Trade' has taken the item of pins alone from the hardware trade to sustain his 'Free Trade' principle, I would recommend his attention to the article of but hinges now paying the enormous duty of 75 per cent. and which can be purchased of domestic make at as low prices as ever the foreign or imported article was sold,—also, sad or smoothing irons, now protected by the high rate of duty of 140 per cent., can be purchased of American manufacture as low as the English made article was ever known, and of far better quality. Cut nails are much lower in price and far better in quality. Screws made in this country, equal to any imported, are 10 per cent. lower than ever the foreign were, and so is almost every article in the iron trade made in this country, where the manufacturers have been long engaged in manufacturing.

I would respectfully suggest to 'Free Trade' to inform the public, why the article of Blankets, which pay a duty of 25 per cent., are cheaper now than they were when admitted free? If he will not do so, I will give my own reasons, which are, that derived from the fact of there being extensively manufactured in this country. Just so with flannels; not one yard of flannels out of the thousand yards sold, is imported, and all householders of families will inform him, they never purchased flannels so good or as cheap. The same argument and fact is applicable to ingrain carpetings—they were never cheaper or indeed as low as at present, altho' the tariff has been much increased. When did Farmers, Planters or Mechanics ever obtain all the necessary articles of clothing, ironmongery or groceries as much to their satisfaction as at present? I believe never, and defy any man to prove the contrary.

FAIR PLAY.

P. S.—If 'Free Trade' doubts the truth of the above statements, he can be satisfied in regard to their veracity by calling on Messrs. Van Law, Smith & Co., Hardware Importers, or on any Dry Goods Merchant in the city.

SALT A PREVENTIVE OF SMUT.

To the Editor of the Southern Planter:

SIR,—In perusing the pages of your excellent journal, I find salt recommended as a fertilizer; although my experience with this mineral is very limited, still such as it is, I have concluded to give it to you.

A few years since my crop of wheat was so badly injured by the smut, that I determined I would not use it for seed, and I, therefore, purchased from a neighbor a few bushels that was clean and good. I found, however, that I had not near enough to finish my crop, and having heard that salt sowed with wheat would prevent the smut, I resolved to make the experiment. Accordingly, I took my smutty wheat and washed it, and mixed with it while it was yet wet, about a quart of salt to each half bushel; and with it finished sowing my crop.

When I harvested the crop, I found the wheat purchased of my neighbor much injured by the smut, but my sated wheat was entirely free from this disease, and so superior in quantity and quality, that I believe I had let alone my neighbor's clean wheat, and sowed my whole crop of my own smutty wheat, thus prepared. I should have made one hundred bushels more than I did.

In the spring of 1842 I tried a similar experiment on a few bushels of smooth chaff spring wheat, which was much affected with the smut. I washed and mixed as above, about a quart to the half bushel, and sowed it by the side of the same wheat without this preparation. My sated wheat grew about six inches higher than the other, and yielded me twenty bushels to one seeded; whilst the other did not yield half that quantity.

A. LEE.
Patrick Co., Va., November, 1843.