

# Original Poetry.

For the Ledger.

A Present to J. W. of Lancaster.

A SKETCH OF TWO Doves, WITH ACCOMPANYING LINES.

Who wouldst thou give to know,  
Who sketched these birds, and sketched them so?

I'll tell you not, yet freely give a clue,  
Not like Ariadne words must do—  
"Turn o'er fond recollection's page,"  
"Till reached a nymph of 'certain age'"  
And then, with memory's pencil trace,  
The features of her peerless face."

An eye of blue, whose searching, changeable ray,

'Twere index of emotion's ceaseless play—  
A cheek so dimpled, round and bright,  
Tremblingly the rose and lily there unite—  
Enclosing pearls, a dewy, crimson lip,  
That fragrant lures the honey bee to sip;  
And o'er a brow of purest snow,  
With careless grace the golden tresses flow,

And voice so bird-like, soft and clear,  
(You'd give the world again to hear.)

"A form more light, a step more true,  
N'er from the hesth flower dashed the dew;

'Een the slight harebell raised its head,  
Elastic, from her airy tread."

Can't guess! Methinks 'twere repetition vain,  
(Were I disposed) to mention now the name!

Well, time has wings—adieu—  
Doat hear! My wishes then thou'lt heed;  
Mayhap, that I've a fairy's power, Hesperia's  
beaming steed;  
And can, though distant far, view each of  
fence,  
Nor deem, alone remember "Honi Soi"  
quaintly penne.

GAIN CREEK, N. C.

# Wit and Humor.

From the Sunny South.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE;

OR  
The Tar-River Emigrant.

In the spring of 18—, Edward S—, or as he was called Ned, started from the place he was raised at; in the turpentine region of the old North State, with a company of movers, who were making their way for the western district of Tennessee, or as it was called by the denizens of the pine woods the Forked-Deer country.

Ned was a poor boy, the youngest of a large family, whose father, Seth, sr., and Germina, had died when he was quite a child, and had been raised by (or rather grown up according to the laws of nature) in the house of an old grand mother, who lived in a little smoke cabin about twelve miles from Tarboro' town; he had never been to school, nor to the court-house but once to see a general muster; had heard of the Revolutionary War, and of Gen. Washington, but had no distinct idea of what the first meant, or whether the General was yet president, or in fact what was the meaning of president. He had heard a good deal about witches, jack-o'-lanterns, ghosts, haunted houses, &c.—with this stock of worldly knowledge, at the age of 18, he started out with a squire Massey as one of his family, and drove one of those little carts, which distinguish themselves from that interesting section of old North Carolina, to seek his fortune, "over the hills and far away."

Not more than a week after the movers had set out, an accident occurred to Ned; which I am now about to relate, and which came near proving fatal to the young man at the very threshold of his manhood; and the relation of which, in his own earnest and peculiar style, has in after days, cost many a suspender and waistband button to the fortunate few who have heard the story from his own mouth. And for the benefit of those who never knew Ned, or heard him tell the adventure, I will try and relate it in his own words:

"One night," says Ned, "we stopped on or about the line of South Carolina, afore day the Squire waked me up: says he—

"Ned! Ned!"

I jumped up, thinkin' somethin' was wrong, and just as I did so, there was a powerful flash of lightning, which made me feel queer; I always was afraid of thunder and lightning, and the Squire, see he:

"Ned!"

"Ned," sez I.

"Ned," sez he "the hosses is misin'."

"Misin'," sez I.

"Yes," sez he, "and I want you to hunt 'em."

Well, I hated mightily to start off, and it is lightning and thunder so, and it in the dark; but as I was ashamed to say I was afeared, so just afore day broke, I fixed up and started off in tother direction to hunt the hosses. Well, I went on, a thinkin' about where the hosses could be, and how I was supposed that I could find 'em in the dark; and a thinkin', too, suppose I should come across a jack-o'-lantern, and be carried by it through grave-yards, bare-patches, logs, and swamps, and I should be lost, and starved to death in the woods by myself; when I looked up and day was fairly broke; I

was mightily relieved at this, for I never was afraid of anything in the day time, so I went on a lookin' for the hosses, and called 'em—coop! coop! coop!—and whistled for 'em, but could hear nor see nothing of 'em.

The first thing I knowed, I seed one of the finest big white hosses I ever seen, with a powerful great clearin'—barns, and stables, and nigger houses, and pallins all around the house, all as white as snow.—So I thought I'd go up and axe about the hosses; I went to the big gate, it was at the road 'bout seventy yards from the house, but I didn't see nobody at all. Well, I didn't know what to do; I begin to feel all as no right, but I couldn't get away. Howsomever, so it was, I stood there a callin' my hosses, coop! coop! but I didn't hear 'em nicker. Well! the first thing I knowed I seed a nigger come out to the inside pallins, and thar he was a peepin' at me, and a peepin' at me.

"Wont you come in ser," sez he.

"Being always bred to manners, I thanked him and told him yes.

"I started very yearly this mornin', I started afore day, out a huntin' my hosses," says I.

He never said one word but rather grinned like.

By this time the sun was up, an we had got to the house;—golly it was a fine 'un! glass windows! brick chimneys! piazzas! porticoes! sich as you see in Nashville town: think-see-I, I'm in luck; not having the least idea of what it really was, and what war to come. By this time I could see the heads of several niggers, some black, and some mallatters, grinning at me through the glass windows; but I had no suspicion; a big old yaller feller opened the door, and bowed mighty polite.

"Walk in the parlor and take a seat sir!" sez he.

I thanked him and told him yes, "I had started very yearly this mornin', I had started afore day out to hunt my hosses. But as to the place whar he tickle me to, which he called the parlor! The walls were as white as they could be, and all around the windows hung curtains red and white, with brass bands to hold 'em back; and thar war a fire a blazein away, with two great brass fire dogs, and brass thing around the fire, to keep it in Freckon. And thar war a cloth thing on the floor, and bigger nor a blanket, an putter nor saxon show! you seed! and every chair and table were pure 'hogany.

Well, jest as I war a gwine to set down, a little 'oman come to the door and in the sweetest voice you ever hearn sez she:

"Wont you walk in and take some breakfast sir."

I felt sorter hongry and I thanked her an told her yes; sez I—

"I started very yearly this mornin', I started afore day to hunt my hosses."

So I follered her inter the next room, and my eyes thar was only to white 'uns, a man that looked about 25 or 30 years old all dressed in brod cloth, standin' up with his hands on the back of a chair, up to the table, and a mighty young 'oman, the putterest you ever seed, dressed all in white, and the gentleman, as I took it for, sez he—

"Take a cheer ser," just as perlit, "an take some breakfast, I expect you are tired," or somethin' so.

I pulled my hat and went to lay it down, but one of the niggers who had a white cloth in his hand, with a apron on, took it from me, and I never seed it any more. So I thanked the gentleman, (as I thought), and told him I would, as I had started very yearly this mornin', I started afore day out a huntin' my hosses.

I thought I heard somethin' hiss behind me, and the lady looked in that direction, and I looked and seed two of the niggers standin' behind me, and one of 'em had a white cloth to his mouth, but the other stood as strato as a soldier; so I seed nothing. Wall, thar war all sorts of things on the table, I never seed the like! chiny and silver, and under the coffee pot they had somethin' that looked like the grate of a furnace all made of silver, and the fire a blazein' in it. The lady sez she to me, sez she—

"Will you take a dish of tea?"

I thanked her and told her no, a plate full would do me, as I started very yearly this mornin' I started afore day out a huntin' my hosses. At that moment the gentleman he sneezed, and the lady she stooped down sorter, and the niggers begun to snigger the queerest you ever hearn. Seemng the lady still kept her head down, I thought somethin' was under the table, so looked down and saw somethin' white in my lap and thought war my shirt—, in course, nothing war the matter, I just poked it in—and poked it into my britches, 'bout this time the lady looked up, and zounds! her face was as red as blood, and she looked like she had been a cryin'. All the time I was a tryin' to get in my limin; and keep lookin' 'bout my casin' so no one mite see what I was at; the next thing I knowed, the whole table began to move its towards me! It struck me at once it was a haunted house, and I went to push back my chair to get out of the way of the table, when the whole platter cum right over on me! With that, thar war a powerful noise and a

screeamin' sorter like people a laffin'—and sorter like people a cryin'—but I saw nothing—I shot my eyes right tight for 'bout a minit, I then thought thar war no place for me; so I riz and got out—sum how—and jest as I left the steps the big yaller nigger catched me by somethin' white a hangin' from my britches—I hollered murder! and pulled, sez I—"I started very early this mornin', I started afore day to hunt my hosses!" "Give me de table cloff!" and he jerked.

I fell inter the yard—but I riz from thar, and never looked back till I reached the camp! Whar I told the story, but none of 'em would b'lieve but what I had gone to sleep and sum body had stole my hat, and that I told it for an excuse. But boys I tell you now, it was all the positive truth."

"Boy what is your father doing to-day?"

"Well, I 'spose he's fallin'. I heard him tell mother yesterday, to go round to the shops and get trusted all she could—and do it right straight off too—for he'd got everything ready to fall up to nothing, cepin that."

# Agricultural.

Cutting Wheat Early.

Wheat raisers have now almost universally adopted the practice of cutting their wheat early, whether the grain is for flour or seed. There is nothing lost in weight by this practice, as the berry fills rapidly and thoroughly after the straw is cut, and is plump and heavy. When seed has been suffered to become dead ripe, as the phrase is, it will perhaps keep better than that which has been cut sooner; yet practical men have remarked that seed simply ripe germinates more readily, and with greater vigor than the former.

So far as the mere preservation of vitality is concerned, the thorough maturation of the seed before cutting is probably of advantage, but this perfection of the process adds nothing to the nutritiousness of the crop. It is the perfect elaboration of carbon in the grain, that ensures the long preservation of the vital principle in grain, and where this is imperfect, there is a weakness and want of energy in germinating economy which exerts a harmful and stultifying influence upon the progeny; yet grain may be cut when a little past the milk, and dried in the hull, without any detriment to its producing power. Oats cut in the milk, are preferable to those cut when perfectly ripe, and the straw is also improved, and of much greater value, when so cut for feed.—*Olive Branch.*

Culture of the Tomato.

This most excellent vegetable is fast becoming an indispensable article of diet with the rich and the poor, and it is fortunate that it is so—for with its peculiar flavor raw, and the innumerable ways in which it can be cooked, it ranks high in the catalogue of dainties, and is, withal, one of the very best vermifuges that can be taken into the stomach. Negroes and children should have free access to the Tomato vines. Who would not prefer taking Tomatoes, nicely sliced, with a little pepper, salt and vinegar over them, to calomel? or even who would not prefer them stewed, with a little sugar and butter, and some grated bread, to a blue pill? Tomatoes are exceedingly easy of culture—growing in almost any soil; but like almost every other plant, are immensely improved when cultivated in rich soil. Tomatoes, to be grown in their greatest perfection, should not be allowed to ripen their fruit on the ground. The fruit is inclined to rot, and even the sound ones have an earthy taste. When the plant is six inches high, it should be trained to bushes; or what is better still, make a frame work, of laths, placing the frame each side of the vines. Shade the ground around the vines with leaves and straw, and they will grow five feet high, loading each side lath with their beautiful fruit, affording every facility to the picker. Vines cultivated in this way, will continue bearing until frost. Young Tomato plants are easily transplanted. They may be set out any time when the ground is moderately moist, by shading the plants from the sun a few days.

Poultry and Eggs.

I do a small business in raising and putting up garden seeds, and last fall a year ago, as I was clearing out some red pepper seeds in my back yard, I threw the shucks and chaff promiscuously about. I soon observed my hens picking them up and swallowing them with great avidity. They soon commenced laying eggs, tho' they had laid none for a month before.—I feed regularly two or three times a week, since then, with red pepper, and they have never stopped laying summer or winter, spring or fall, except while they were hatching their chickens; and I am confident, that by this method hens may be made to lay the year round.—*Dollar Newspaper.*

Cure for Croup.

The Northern Farmer says that one drop of Spirits of Turpentine, in half a teaspoonful of sweetened water, will cure the croup in young chickens, turkeys, &c.

Signs of a Prosperous Farmer.

When lights are seen burning in the house before the break of day, in winter especially, it shows that the day will never break on the breaking in of winter of adversity.

When you see his barn larger than his house, it shows that he will have large profits and small afflictions.

When you see him driving his work instead of his work driving him, it shows that he will never be driven from good resolutions, and that he will certainly work his way to prosperity.

When you see in his house for burning lard or grease, than candle-sticks for more expensive purpose, it shows that economy is lighting his way to happiness and plenty with that light which should enlighten every farmer in the world.

When you always see in his wood-house, a sufficiency for three months or more it shows that he will be more than a nine days' wonder in farming operations and that he is not sleeping in his house after a drunken frolic.

When he has a house separate from the main building, purposely for ashes, and an iron or tin vessel to transport them, it shows that he never built his dwelling to be a funeral pile for his family and perhaps himself.

When his hog pen is boarded "inside and out," it shows that he is "going the whole hog," keeping plenty inside the house and poverty out."

When his sled is housed in summer and his farming implements covered both winter and summer, it is plain he will have a good house over his head in the summer of early life and the winter of old age.

When his cattle are properly sheltered and fed in winter, it evidences that he is acting according to scripture which says that "a merciful man is merciful to his beast."

When he is seen subscribing for a newspaper and paying in advance, it shows that he is speaking like a book respecting the latest improvements in agriculture, and that he never gets his walking papers to the land of poverty.

# Stories for the Young.

Little Mary's First Sun.

One day little Mary read a lesson to her father very well, and she tried to spell every word that was pronounced to her.

When she had done, he said to her, "Now I will teach you how to cipher, if you wish to learn."

She was glad to hear that, though she did not know what it was. But it gave her great pleasure to learn all her father taught her.

He saw her look up and smile. Then she said, "What do you mean by a sum?"

"Why," replied the father, "it is what your brother did yesterday. He says two and one are three, and one from five leaves four, and so on."

"O, do teach me!" said Mary.

Then her father took down a small slate, and made a figure one, so, 1; then a figure 2; then a 3; and so on, to 9.—Then he pointed at the figure one, and asked, "What is that?"

"It is one," said Mary.

In this way he asked her all of the figures, one by one, and Mary soon learned them.

Then her father held up two of his fingers, and asked, "How many are there up?"

"Two," she answered.

"Well, then," said he, "write two on your slate."

She did so, making a figure like this 2. Then he held up one figure, and told her to write 1 under the 2, and she did so. And he added, "Now draw a line under it."

When she had drawn it, he said, "Two and one are how many?"

"Three," she replied.

"Well, now write 3 under the line," said her father.

When she had done this, he told her that was a sum in addition, she had been adding numbers together. This was Mary's first sum. The next day she learned more, and in a few weeks she knew how to do a great many sums.

Then she began to teach her little brother how to make figures, and do sums. She was a good little girl, and always kind to her brothers and sisters.

For the Girls.

How many girls have ruined themselves by marrying young men who had nothing to recommend them but riches? "Is he rich?" has been the inquiry, when a suitor had presented himself.—Foolish girls! Rather is he intelligent! Is he industrious?

Is he virtuous? Let these questions be answered in the affirmative; and is he's not a second shirt to his back, we will answer for his course. Wealth may be lost, but the good qualities of the heart will remain like the sunshine to warm and bless. Remember this.

No two things differ more than hurry and despatch; hurry is the mark of a weak mind—despatch of a strong one.

The 14th of January, on an average of years, is the coldest day in the year.

# CHARLES SMITH'S WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

RESPECTFULLY INFORMS THE INHABITANTS OF LANCASTER AND VICINITY, THAT HE IS PREPARED TO REPAIR WATCHES AND CLOCKS, CONTAINING MUSIC OR WITHOUT, IN THE BEST STYLE AND MOST EXPEDITIOUS MANNER. He has on hand a large assortment of the finest Gold and Silver Watches, and Jewelry of all kinds, and of the best quality.—His stock is selected by himself with great care, from the large and well known establishments of Gregg, Hayden & Co. in Charleston, S. C. Every article is warranted to be what it is represented to be. He will mention a few of the articles which he has on hand.—Elegant Ladies Bracelets, Medallions, Lockets, Clasps, Ladies Necklaces, set with real Topaz & Turquoise, very splendid Gold Fob, Vest and Guard Chains. A splendid assortment of Gold Watch Keys, Gold Pens and Gold Silver Cases. A very large, and Superior assortment of Gold Ear Rings and Breast Pins set with Diamonds, Rubies, Pearls, Turquoise, Garnets, Clusters, Coral, Emeralds, Carnelians, Opal, Lapis, &c. &c. A Fancy Set of Ladies Hair Ornaments; also Shawl Pins. A choice selection of Finger Rings, with every kind of set, and silver; also Engagement and Wedding Rings, Silver Fruit Knives, Coral, and Coral Necklaces and Bracelets on Collars, and Ear Pinks, Thimbles and Spectacles of all descriptions. A large assortment of Bosom Studs, plain and fancy, Collar and Sleeve Buttons, Hearts and Crosses; a fine assortment of Mourning Brooches, Silver Combs, &c. &c.

The public generally are invited to call and examine his stock, next door to Catawba House, in the room formerly occupied as the Post office.

CHARLES SMITH'S EXTRAORDINARY PASTE FOR RAZOR STRIP.

This unqualified article entirely supersedes the use of a Stone. By the use of this Paste, the dullest Razor, Pen-knife, Lancet, &c. &c. will, in a few seconds, receive a keen and smooth edge. Those who have tried it, all appreciate its virtues, and invariably speak in the highest terms of its astonishing effects. Price only 25 cents per Box.

He has also on hand a fine assortment of superior Razors, amongst which are some of the well known double bladed French Razors, which are very highly appreciated, each blade lasting (if well used), ten years without grinding. April 24—3mo.

# MISCELLANEOUS.

HORSES & CARRIAGES To Hire.

THE Subscriber can accommodate those who wish to Hire with Horses and Buggies, or Carriages to any point they wish to go. Those in want of the above articles will please call at the Catawba House or at the Lancaster Grocery and Provision Store, where they can be accommodated at all times. Strangers arriving by stage can be sent to any point of the country they wish to go.

J. A. HASSELLTINE, Feb 12

# CATAWBA HOUSE, On Main-Street.

(A few rods South of the Court House.) The above named House has been much enlarged and put in thorough repair and furnished anew, and is now prepared to accommodate all those disposed to give it a call. The subscriber makes no boasts but will simply say that the Public shall be accommodated in a style not excelled by any House in the up country.

J. A. HASSELLTINE, Lancaster, Feb 12

# Yorkville Miscellany.

A Family Newspaper—Devoted to the Interests of the South, Miscellany, Agriculture, Domestic and Foreign News.

THIS PAPER IS PUBLISHED AT Yorkville S. C. at \$2 per annum in advance. To Advertisers, it presents favorable inducements—having an extensive circulation in York District and North Carolina.

J. E. GRIST, Proprietor.

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AVIGOROUS LIFE OR A PREMATURE DEATH.

Kinkelin on Self-Preservation—only 25 cents.

THIS BOOK, JUST PUBLISHED, IS filled with useful information, on the infirmities and diseases of the human system. It addresses itself alike to Youth, Manhood and Old Age—to all who apprehend or suffer under the dire consequences of early or prolonged indiscretions—to all who feel the exhaustive effects of baneful habits—to all who in addition to declining physical energy, are the victims of nervous and mental debility and of moping and melancholy despondency—to all such Dr. K. would say—

READ THIS BOOK!

The valuable advice and impressive warning it gives will prevent years of misery and suffering, and save annually thousands of lives.

Parents reading it will learn how to prevent the destruction of their children.

A remittance of 25 cents, enclosed in a letter, addressed to Dr. Kinkelin, Philadelphia, will ensure a book, under envelope, per return of mail.

Dr. K., 16 years resident Physician, N. W. corner of 3d and Union Street, between Spruce and Pine, Philadelphia, may be consulted confidentially.

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Booksellers, News Agents, Pedlars, Cantinners, and all others supplied with the above works at very low rates.

May 5

# PARTICULAR NOTICE

We are now prepared to do all kinds of HANDBILL, CHECK & CARD PRINTING

Such as Blank Receipts, Posters, Pamphlets, &c., and on terms as cheap as can be done in the State of elsewhere.

Blank of all kinds always on hand, or printed at short notice.

# LEGAL RATES OF INTEREST.

IN THE DIFFERENT STATES & TERRITORIES.

Massachusetts, 6 per cent; forfeit of the claim. New Hampshire, 6 per cent; forfeit of three times the amount unlawfully taken.

Vermont, 6 per cent; recovery in action double the cost.

Rhode Island, 6 per cent; forfeit of the usury and interest on the debt.

Connecticut, 6 per cent; forfeit of the whole debt.

New York, 7 per cent; usurious contracts void.

New Jersey, 7 per cent; forfeit of the whole debt.

Pennsylvania, 6 per cent; forfeit of the whole debt.

Delaware, 6 per cent; forfeit of the whole debt.

Maryland, 6 per cent; on tobacco contract 3; usurious contracts void.

Virginia, 6 per cent; forfeit double the usury.

North Carolina, 6 per cent; contracts for usury void; forfeit double the usury.

South Carolina, 7 per cent; forfeit of interest and premium taken, with costs.

Georgia, 8 per cent; forfeit three times the usury.

Alabama, 8 per cent; forfeit interest and usury.

Mississippi, 8 per cent; by contract 10 usury recoverable in action for debt.

Louisiana, 5 per cent; Bank interest 6; contract 8; beyond contract, interest void.

Tennessee, 6 per cent; usurious contracts void.

Kentucky, 6 per cent; usury recoverable with costs.

Ohio, 6 per cent; usurious contracts void.

Indiana, 6 per cent; a fine of double the excess.

Illinois, 6 per cent; by contract 12; beyond forfeits three times the interest.

Missouri, 6 per cent; by contract 10; if beyond, forfeit of interest and usury.

Michigan, 7 per cent; forfeit of usury 1-4 of debt.

Arkansas, 6 per cent; by agreement 10; usury recoverable, but contract void.

District of Columbia, 6 per cent; usurious contracts void.

Florida, 8 per cent; forfeit interest and excess.

Wisconsin, 7 per cent; by contract 12; forfeit three times the excess.

Iowa, by agreement, and enforced by law.

On debts of judgment in favor of the United States, interest is computed at 6 per cent per annum.

# The Soil of the South for 1852.

IN May, 1850, a number of Planters living in Georgia and Alabama, met in Columbia, Ga., and formed themselves into an Agricultural Society. The advantages of such an association were at once apparent, and with the view to contribute as much as possible to agricultural improvement, it was determined, at a meeting of the Society in January, 1851, to establish an Agricultural Journal. As the result of that action,

"THE SOIL OF THE SOUTH," made its appearance in the month of March last. It was hailed with universal approbation, and from that day to this, it has steadily and rapidly increased in circulation and public favor. At the recent Great Fair in Macon, Ga., it was by a unanimous vote of the members recommended to the patronage of Southern Agriculturists, and elected to be the

ORGAN OF THE SOUTHERN CENTRAL AGRICULTURAL ASSOCIATION. It will hereafter be published under the auspices of that association, and will be the medium of communicating officially, all intelligence pertaining to its interests and objects, by a resolution of the Executive Committee, the publisher is authorized to send a copy of the paper gratuitously to all Agricultural Societies in the South that will send their address to the office of publication.

TERMS.—The Soil of the South is published monthly, each number containing six large and handsomely printed pages, and is furnished to subscribers promptly and regularly at the low price of

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM.

Five copies will be sent 12 months for \$4. The money must, in all cases accompany the names, or the paper will not be sent.

ESTD BY THE PUBLISHER OF THE SOIL OF THE SOUTH, COLUMBIA, GA.

JAMES M. CHAMBERS, Agricultural Editor. CHARLES A. PEABODY, Horticultural Editor. WILLIAM H. CHAMBERS, Publisher.