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CHANGE.

Look nature through; 'tis revelation all:
All change; no death. Day follows night, and night
The dying day; stars rise, and set, and rise;
Earth takes the example. See, the Summer, gay
With her green chaplet and ambrosial flowers,
Droops into pallid Autumn: Winter, gray,
Horrid with frost, and turbulent with storm,
Blows Autumn and his golden fruits, away—
Then melts into the Spring. Soft Spring, with breath
Favonian, from warm chambers of the south,
Recalls the first. All, to re-flourish, fades:
As in a wheel, all sinks to re-assend—
Emblems of man, who passes, not expires.—YOUNG.

THE DIAMONDS, Or a History of Two French Peasants.

From the French.

On the borders of the Loire there lived a worthy peasant, who possessed a cottage with a small piece of land, which he had been enabled to procure only through perseverance. He spent his life in cultivating and ameliorating it, so much so, that there was not a better domain in the country.

This peasant died, leaving two sons to divide his little property. The eldest, who was called Ambrose, desired Jerome his brother not to divide, but to cultivate together their paternal heritage; but Jerome said, that it neither coincided with his taste nor wishes, to chain himself to a few miserable ridges of land; that he wished to sell his portion; thus treating with contempt the avocation of a farmer, and observing, that he was not desirous of imitating his father, who had worn himself out with working, without being able to get wealthy.

Ambrose told him, that without being rich they had never needed any thing, and as they had a little cottage they might hope to be daily improving their situation. But it was needless to speak to Jerome, who obstinately wished to dispose of his inheritance. Ambrose was still more grieved at this resolution, because he had no money to purchase Jerome's share. He went, however, to see the judge of the city, and related his little story to him, begging him, at the same time, to speak to his brother, and dissuade him from his extravagant idea. Jerome did not receive the judge's advice any better than that of his brother; but this circumstance so much awakened the esteem of the judge in favor of Ambrose, that he offered to lend him the necessary amount. He hesitated to accept it, being fearful that it would not be in his power to return it for a long time, but his patron said,

"Do not be anxious. Prosperity never fails to visit the industrious and laborious man who prefers the estate of his forefathers to the delusive promises of fortune. Your brother only dreams of gold and silver, but I would not lend him a farthing; while, on the contrary, my purse is at your service; for I have read in a wise author, 'that poverty will look at the door of the laborious man, but the darts not enter.'"

Ambrose thanked him for his confidence, bought the remaining part of the farm, and remained sole possessor of the cottage, redoubling his activity and courage, and living with so much economy, that he returned the money much sooner than he expected.

Jerome purchased a mule and some goods at Tours, and began to do business for himself; but he was soon weary of a tedious occupation, where fortune did not make him rich all at once, for he disliked work.

He met two merchants at the fair of Bordeaux one day, who were intending to embark for Surat with merchandise. They talked to him so advantageously of their design, and repeated the names of so many persons who became rich in the Indies in a very short time, that Jerome at once sold his mule and his land, and resolved to embark with them.

He bought some goods and sailed from his native land, his heart filled with magnificent hopes. In the same vessel which was taking them to Surat there was an old Jew, but of so wretched an appearance that he was disliked by every one save Jerome.

This poor Israelite was also going to Surat, to endeavor to get wealthy; which did not much please the merchants, as they disliked to see their number increase.

They told him that he was too old to think of making a fortune in so advanced an age, when he ought to be preparing himself for death.

"The Almighty will dispose of my days as it pleases him," the Jew would reply. "Do I not know that a thousand years are before him as the day of yesterday, which hath passed away, or as a watch of the night, according to the words of Moses? But the wise king Solomon inviteth us to take example by the ant, which is the most laborious of insects; and until mine eyes are closed, it behooves me to think of the means to sustain my life."

He suffered very much from sea-sickness, but Jerome did his utmost to comfort him. When they landed at Surat, the Israelite was so much worse, that he was unable to sustain himself. He would have been abandoned had not Jerome taken him on his shoulders, and carried him to an inn where he also lodged.

The two merchants told Jerome that he was a fool to burthen himself with that enemy of the Christians, who did not own a single penny, and who was of such an age that he could not use his industry, and would only be likely to interfere with Jerome's concerns.

But Jerome felt himself attached to the unfortunate old man, although he knew that what the merchants said was true, so he continued to attend him.

The Jew received all his kindness in silence, without exhibiting either fear or gratitude; until, feeling sure that his disease increased, and believing himself to be at the end of his days, he spoke to Jerome with a feeble voice, and said,

"My child, I am going to meet my forefathers. Thou hast taken care of me, without knowing who I was. I do not know who thou art, but as thou hast used me with charity, I cannot doubt but that thou art a young man who fears God, and deserves to be rewarded. However wretched I may seem to thee, I shall nevertheless make thy fortune, and thou wilt not be under the necessity of laboring for it. Be my heir. There is in that small box diamonds to the value of sixty thousand francs. It belongs to thee from this moment."

Jerome could hardly credit his ears on hearing these words, and when he saw that it was indeed true, his surprise gave way to the most lively joy, and to a gratitude he was unable to express. So, after the old Jew died, Jerome hastened to return to France, to enjoy his great treasure; and he was impatient to show it to his countrymen, and to prove to his brother that he had been the wisest.

"He will see," said he, while musing on his brilliant prospects, "that it is not by remaining at the plough that one can get sixty thousand francs."

He sold his goods, without caring what he got for them; but there is an old adage, which says, "water always runs to the river," to make us understand that fortune prefers showering her favors on the happy. It proved true in this case; for Jerome obtained enough money by the sale of his wares to live while waiting for an opportunity to re-embark, and even to pay for his passage, so that the casket of diamonds remained untouched.

He was returning to his country, his mind filled with the most flattering thoughts, when the vessel in which he sailed, which had been for several days struggling against a terrible gale, foundered in the midst of the waves.

Jerome was precipitated into the sea with the crew, and he seized a floating mast, and allowed himself to be conducted by the wind and the strong eddy current, which carried him nearly exhausted on a desert beach. The heat of the sun revived him; again he opened his eyes, and seeing that the tempest appeared to be over, he felt anxiously for his diamonds, and having found them, he thanked God; but soon afterwards a more serious trouble occupied his mind, for when he went to reconnoitre the place where he was, he saw no thing to induce him to think that it was inhabited.

The keen demands of hunger soon began to make themselves felt, and he tried to eat some of the plants which he noticed among the rocks, but their bitterness was intolerable.

"O God!" said he, turning his eyes to heaven, "is it possible, that with sixty thousand francs I shall be reduced to die of hunger. O! abundance of my father's house, how I regret thee now!—How gladly I would give all the gold and diamonds of the earth for a single crust of bread!"

"It would be useless given," screamed a hoarse voice, which he heard near him, "bread is unknown in this desert isle, and there rocks produce nothing."

Jerome saw with affright a man of horrible appearance, with a bow and arrows. He took him to be a savage, ready to devour him; but he was soon encouraged, when he learnt from the man that he had been shipwrecked there ten years before, and that he lived only on fishes and birds. He led Jerome to a kind of hut, which he had built with great industry, and gave him some dried fish; he then related to him that he was a merchant at Nantes, where he was rich enough to own two ships which he sent to the Indies to trade for him. "Alas!" continued he, "I ought to have contented myself with this prosperity, but the love of gain lost me. I imagined that I could double my fortune if I went in person. I tore myself away from my beloved wife and children, notwithstanding their tears and the representations of my friends. I was shipwrecked, and saved myself with great difficulty here, where I have pined for ten years, and where I shall, no doubt, end my unhappy days."

He added to these words, the recital of all he had suffered since his separation from his fellow-men, and of the many contrivances by which he had sustained existence.

All these details made Jerome despair. He could not console himself in his misfortunes, and the horrible prospect he had before his eyes only served to increase his woes. Without mentioning all he had to undergo in this island, where the despoiled little cottage came continually in his memory as an additional torment, it suffices to say that he remained there five years, and at the end of

this time they discovered something floating on the sea, and the wind providentially waiting the object towards them, they perceived it to be a long-boat. After some exertions, they were able to haul it upon the beach.

With the help of a few resinous trees, they repaired it, and resolved to abandon themselves to Providence on the ocean, preferring dangers mingled with some hope to the certainty of passing their lives in this dreadful banishment.

They embarked with them as much provisions as was possible, and cast themselves at the mercy of the waves, after having besought the favor of heaven. A rapid current bore them a great distance from the land, and they fortunately met with an English ship, which received them with great humanity.

Jerome still retained his precious casket safe, which he had several times been tempted to throw into the sea while he stayed on the island. He then despised its uselessness, but now he began anew to look upon it as an inestimable treasure. The vessel touched at a port in England, whence Jerome and his companion hastened to Dover, to take the packet and return to France. They then thought that their misfortunes were terminated, but just as they came in view of their native land, a second shipwreck assailed them; the packet struck against a rock. As land was near, every one swam immediately to save his life.

Jerome took his diamonds, and sprang into the midst of the foaming waves, with which he courageously disputed his life. He gained the shore at last, but while struggling with the billows he had lost the casket, and the diamonds had gone to increase the riches of the deep.

"O Fortune!" said he, "how thou hast sported with me! thou hast tossed me about like the grain which is winnowed in the barn. After preserving for me in my first shipwreck that which was then unrevocable, now that it is so necessary thou deprivest me of it!"

While saying these words, he perceived the lifeless body of the companion of his misfortunes. This sad spectacle had the effect of making him resigned to his fate. He reflected that he was still young, and might gain a livelihood by working as did his brother, and as all his ancestors had done.

He arose, and returned thanks to the Almighty for his preservation, and came to some fishermen's cabins, where they gave him victuals and clothing. Thence he went towards his country, begging. He was for some time unable to recognize the paternal cottage, as it had undergone so many advantageous alterations. Not only were the walls neatly whitewashed, but a spacious barn had been added, besides other buildings of minor importance.

Large flocks of cattle reposed around, the fields were loaded with a rich harvest, there were fine fruit-trees in abundance, and every thing announced rural plenty.

Jerome could not imagine that his brother had improved so much an estate encumbered with debts, and he supposed that Ambrose had sold it to discharge them, and that he was probably as wretched as himself. Nevertheless, he entered the house, to inquire what had become of him. Two servants, in a neat garb, were preparing an entertainment, for which a long table was in readiness.

Pitying poor Jerome's distress, they hastily gave him some bread and meat, and told him they were too much hurried to speak to him; but he begged of them to inform him where Ambrose Bernard lived.

"And where should he live, pray," said they, "if he lives not in his own house?"

"What?" returned the surprised Jerome, "has my brother become so rich?"

"Your brother!" replied the servants, "you must then be Jerome Bernard, who left here several years since to make a fortune? It does not appear that you succeeded, if we are to judge from your equipage; and we can tell you that you came at a very unreasonable time. Your brother married to-day a daughter of the rich Mr. Avertan's. All the company are at church, from whence they will return to dinner. Will you, then, be such a disgrace to our master as to prevent yourself at his wedding in such tattered clothes?"

"By no means," answered Jerome, "I will withdraw into the barn, where no one will perceive me; but I long to embrace my dear brother. I entreat of you to send him to me, if it be possible for him to leave for an instant."

The servants promised to do so, and the music which accompanied the new-married couple was now heard. Jerome went to conceal himself in the barn, whence he saw the wedding party enter. His brother did not appear changed in the least, unless it might be that the joy which beamed in his countenance gave him a more pleased look than ordinary. He was walking with a young woman, who seemed to be equally satisfied. Their parents and friends surrounded them, singing and rejoicing. Peace and happiness animated the old as well as the young; and Jerome, who remarked it, could not refrain from shedding tears, while comparing their felicity with his own wretchedness, and in the recollection that it was his own fault that he did not enjoy the same satisfaction. When they had all entered, he threw himself sorrowfully on a heap of straw, to abandon himself to his regrets.

The guests were already seated at the table, when Ambrose learnt his brother's arrival. He immediately became very thoughtful at the intel-

ligence, not that he hesitated to receive him, but that he feared to displease his wife and his father-in-law. He called them aside, and apprised them of Jerome's coming, telling them that he could never resolve to cast Jerome away in his misfortunes; and that all his affliction was that he had come so late, as they might presume that he had concealed this circumstance from them, so as not to miss a wealthy marriage.

The father-in-law told him that he had nothing of that kind to fear from them, that they knew him to be an honest man; and that his brother, being able to work, would rather be useful to them than otherwise. His wife kindly added, that since Jerome had become her brother, it would be a duty to show him friendship. Ambrose, delighted with their goodness, embraced them both very tenderly, and desired to go alone to Jerome. He found him in great grief, embraced him, and begged him to take courage.

Jerome related his adventures. "Well, my brother," said Ambrose, "as God did not wish you to become rich, you must submit to His will. You would, certainly, have done better if you had followed my advice: you would now be as prosperous as I am. For the Lord hath protected me much, and my father-in-law has so much confidence in me that he had my house repaired himself, in order to have his daughter better received. Be it as it will, for the remainder of your days you shall not need any thing, as I am your brother."

"If you had preserved your sixty thousand francs I am persuaded you would have shared them with me, why then should I be less generous?"

Some person calling Ambrose, interrupted the conversation. It was his wife, who was very desirous of seeing Jerome. She came towards him with a pleasing countenance, and begged him to forget his sorrows. She then desired her husband to get him neat clothing, and when the two brothers were advancing towards the room in which the feast was held, they were met by the bride, who good-naturedly took Jerome by the hand, and introduced him to the guests, asking them to rejoice at her brother's return. Every one seeing him so well received by the masters of the house, eagerly hastened to imitate their example, by treating him with the greatest politeness. Jerome wept, with gratitude, declaring that he only found happiness in that thatched cottage, the object of his unjust contempt. The detail of his adventures astonished the good peasants extremely. The wisest of them concluded from it, that there are the greatest crosses and disappointments for those whom the love of gain carries far from their peaceful fields; and on the contrary, that the benediction of the Lord is diffused on those who remain and cultivate them.

Ansterlitz at Midnight.

We passed the night on the field of battle—a night dark and starless: the heavens were, indeed, clothed with black, and a heavy atmosphere, lowering and gloomy, spread like a pall over the dead and the dying! Not a breath of air moved; and the groans of the wounded sighing through the stillness, with a melancholy cadence no words can convey! Far away in the distance, the moving lights marked where fatigue-parties went in search of their comrades. The Emperor himself did not leave the saddle till high morning; he went, followed by an ambulance, Luther and thither over the plain, recalling the names of the several regiments, enumerating their deeds of prowess, and even asking for many of the soldiers by name. He ordered large fires to be lighted throughout the field, and where medical assistance could not be procured, the officer of the staff might be seen covering the wounded with great-coats and cloaks, and rendering them such aid as lay in their power. Dreadful as the picture was—fearful reverse to the gorgeous splendor of the van army the morning sun had shone upon, in all the pride and strength of spirit—yet even here was there much to make one feel that war is not bereft of its humanizing influences. How many a soldier did I see that night, blackened with powder—his clothes torn and ragged with shot, sitting beside a wounded comrade, now wetting his lips with a cool draught—now cheering his heart with words of comfort. Many, themselves wounded, were tending others; less able to assist themselves. Acts of kindness and self-devotion—not less in number than those of heroism and courage—were met with at every step; while among the sufferers, there lived a spirit of enthusiasm that seemed to lighten the worst pangs of their agony. Many would cry out as I passed, to know the fate of the day, and what became of this regiment, or of that battalion. Others could but articulate a faint "Vive l'Empereur," which, in the intervals of pain, they kept repeating, as though it were a charm against suffering; while one question met me every instant, "What says *Le petit Corporal*—is he content with us?"

None were insensible to the glorious issue of that day; nor, amid all this agony of death, death out in every shape of horror and misery, did I hear one word of anger or rebuke to him, for whose ambition they had shed their heart's blood.

Smith, the Mormon Prophet, is said to have left in the hands of his wife, a document appointing his successor, which she was directed to open on the third day after his death.

The Rise and Fall of the Great Lakes.

In 1811 the waters of Lake Erie receded to such an extent that the Erie canal, for several miles, was left without water, and great fears were entertained in that vicinity that this ebbing of the lake would continue so long and to such an extent that this portion of the canal would for a time be rendered useless.

During the prevalence of strong easterly winds, this end of the lake was greatly affected during this general subsidence of its waters.

I had frequently heard it remarked by persons residing in the country bordering upon the lakes, that these waters rise and fall every seven years. I have watched the account of the rise and fall of the lakes for nearly thirty years, and have ascertained during that period that the rise is not periodical but occasional.

Chicago, on Lake Michigan, during the land speculations in village lots, extended its borders so far toward the lake during a period of the subsiding of the waters, that on the occasion of the great rise of the lakes, the outside village lots were five feet under water.

The rise of the River Nile, in Egypt, the inhabitants watch with much care; and they have the means of determining the stage of water each successive year by means of a measure called a Nileometer, the notings of which are recorded. The inundations of this river are generally annual, and happen at the period of the Summer Solstice; but I have known two years during my recollection that there was not the usual annual inundation, and much suffering was produced in Egypt by the consequent failure of the crops.

A large pond in the township of Concord, Mass., has its rising and falling during the interval of several years, and these appear to be disconnected with years that are wet and those that are dry. The inhabitants in the vicinity have, in noticing the rise and fall of the waters, what is equal in some respects to the "Nileometer." On the beach of the pond, which is of white sand, when the pond is low, a wagon and horses can be driven the whole circuit of the pond between the water and the bushes which border the beach; but in years of high water, the pond extends some distance into the bushes covering the beach. The oldest inhabitants that have noticed this rising and falling of the pond for half a century or more, are unable to account for these changes. The pond has no visible inlet or outlet, and covers an area of about one hundred acres.

The Great Lakes are not influenced in any noticeable extent by seasons of hot or dry weather. The area of surface drained by the Great Lakes, including the St. Lawrence, is computed at 510,000 square miles. The length of course of the waters of the lakes and the St. Lawrence may be estimated at 1,200 miles, and the width of the basin at about 425 miles. That of the Mississippi may be estimated at 2,000 miles length of course, with a mean width of 350 miles of basin.

The area of surface drained by the Nile is estimated at about 420,000 square miles, with a length of course of 1,680 miles, and a mean breadth of basin of about 250 miles.

The waters of the lakes are spread out over a great surface, while the waters of the Mississippi have a narrow channel. The rise of the former is consequently slow, while that of the latter is comparatively rapid.

The waters of the Great Lakes and those of the tributaries of the Mississippi mingle together at very high spring floods, when the lakes are at the greatest height. The waters of the Great Lakes which flow into the Gulf of the St. Lawrence pass over that portion of the surface of our Continent which forms the curve of the sphere.

The head-waters of the Mississippi come from an altitude which, when added to its northern latitude, would give a climate of the temperature of Iceland.

The cause of the rise of the lakes may be placed among those which caused the flow of arctic ice at greater extent some years than others.

If we should find that the rise and fall of the Great Lakes are periodical and at long intervals of time, then in that case we must look for the influence of some solar or terrestrial body belonging to our system as the cause of these changes. Some sections of the Continent have long periods of drought. Here is an atmospheric phenomenon which is beyond the reach of human science to determine.

Whatever disorders we may find in the order of things, are parts of the great system, and help to make up the harmonies of Nature. The thunder and its electric fire are, in our view, convulsions of the air; but Nature has placed these among its harmonies. So of the earthquake, the tornado, and the frost.

The Great Lakes occupy the successive terraces of the earth, in the great slope to the St. Lawrence; and could we but view them from an elevated position, with a telescopic eye, we should see beauties of high order.

The waters of the Great Lakes are not of that fertilizing quality that are possessed by the waters of the Nile and Mississippi. Yet one of these is as much the King of Lakes, as one of the others is the King of Rivers.—*Brooklyn Star.*

Another Medical Wonder.—The London Morning Herald of the 11th ult., speaks in high terms of a beautiful girl, Miss Christina Weller, who has recently appeared at the Manchester Spoken Opera.

Room, as a Pianoforte player. At one step, she has placed herself "neck and neck" with the two great Pianoforte players of Europe—Thalberg and Liszt. In addition to her extraordinary capability as a pianist she is an admirable composer and such is her power of memory, that she requires to see the most elaborate composition but once, to play it without again referring to the notes; withal she is highly accomplished, amiable, and of great personal beauty.

Romance of the Past.

The following incidents were related by Hon. Geo. Robertson, of Kentucky, in an oration delivered at Camp Madison, in that State, on the last anniversary of our National Independence:

In the "Blue Lick Defeat," on the 20th of August, 1782, the cornucopia of death fed greedily on the flower of the first settlement. On that most dreadful of days, every settler lost a friend, and every family a prop. And on that sanguinary field, the Colonels Todd and Trip, the chivalrous Captain Hartland, and the gallant, intrepid son of Boone, lay undistinguished among the promiscuous wolves and vultures, so as not to be recognised by their friends, who, three days after the battle, interred the remains. A few of their crumbling bones, since collected by their countrymen, now lie exposed to the fluctuating breath of the elements, in a confused pile, on the summit of the bleak and rocky plain where the heroes fell.—We cannot now imagine, much less portray, the grief and despondency that pervaded the land, at the intelligence of that day's catastrophe. Every bosom heaved with the tremulous impulse of saddened woe. But the survivors, though mournfully bereaved, were not to be discouraged or dismayed. They were resolved never to falter in their first and last effort to subdue the wilderness, but rather to die in the attempt. Israel's God stood by, and sustained the noble and forlorn band, for their cause was His. On the long roll of that day's reported slain, was the name of one who had, in fact, been captured, and after surviving the ruthless greed of the gauntlet, had been permitted to live as a captive—had been taken by a tribe and painted black, as the signal of torture and death to all.

The night after the battle twelve prisoners were stripped and ranged in a line upon a log; he to whom we have specially alluded, being at one extremity of the devoted phalanx. The cruel captors, then beginning at the other end, slaughtered eleven, one by one; but when they came to the only survivor, though they raised him up, and drew their bloody knives to strike under each up-lifted arm, they paused, and after a long powwow, spared his life—why he never knew.

For about one year none of his friends, except his devoted wife, doubted his death. She, hoping against reason, still insisted that he lived and would return to her. Wooed by another, who from time to time postponed the nuptials, declaring that she could not divest herself of the belief that her husband survived. Her expostulating friends finally succeeded in their efforts to stifle her affectionate instinct; she reluctantly yielded, and the nuptial day was fixed. But just before it dawned, the crack of a rifle was heard near her lonely cabin, and at the familiar sound she leaped out like a liberated fawn, ejaculating as she sprang, "That's John's gun." It was John's gun, sure enough; and in an instant she was once more in her lost husband's arms. But nine years afterwards that same husband fell in St. Clair's defeat; and the same disappointed but persevering lover renewed his suit, and at last the widow became his wife. The scene of these romantic incidents was within gun-shot of my natal home-stand; and with that noble wife and patron I was myself well acquainted.

Spring.

We know not who is the author of the following but it is exquisitely beautiful:

In all climates spring is beautiful. In the South it is intoxicating, and sets a poet beside himself.—The birds begin to sing; they utter a few rapturous notes, and then wait for an answer in the silent woods. Those green-coated musicians, the frogs, make a holiday in the neighboring marshes. They too, belong to the orchestra of Nature whose vast theatre is again opened, though the doors have been so long locked with icicles, and scenery hung with snow and frostlike cobwebs. This is the prelude which announces the rising of the broad green curtain. Already the grass shoots forth. The waters leap with thrilling pulse through the veins of the earth the sap through the veins of the plants and trees, and the blood through the veins of man. What a thrill of delight in spring time! What a joy in being and moving! Men at work in gardens, and in the air there is an odor of the fresh earth. The first buds begin to swell and blush. The white blossoms of the cherry hang upon the boughs like snow flakes, and ere long our next-door neighbors will be completely hidden from us by the dense green foliage. The May flowers open their soft blue eyes. Children are let loose in the fields and gardens. They hold butter cups under each other's chins to see if they love butter. And the little girls, when themselves with chains and coils of dandelions; pull out the yellow leaves to see if the school-boy loves them, and then the down from the loveliest strikes to find out if their mothers want them at home. And at night as mothers and girls, pull out the yellow leaves, to see if the school-boy loves them, and then the down from the loveliest strikes to find out if their mothers want them at home. And at night as mothers and girls, pull out the yellow leaves, to see if the school-boy loves them, and then the down from the loveliest strikes to find out if their mothers want them at home.

not a whisper of leaf or waving bough, not a breath of wind, not a sound upon the earth or in the air. And over head bends the blue sky deep and soft, and radiant with numerous stars, like the inverted bowl of some blue flower, sprinkled with golden dust and breathing fragrance. Or if the heavens are overcast, it is no wild storm of wind and rain, but clouds that melt and fall in showers. One does not wish to sleep, but lies awake to hear the pleasant sound of the dropping rain.

(To the Editors of the National Intelligencer.)
On Sheep Husbandry.
Where are the best Sheep Walks in the United States?

Having been recently called upon to Americanize a popular English work on the *History of the Sheep*, to be published by Lea & Blanchard, my attention has been given to the subject in the broader aspect of Sheep Husbandry generally, as it exists in the United States. A slight examination of it leads me to think that the invention and distribution of capital and labor in reference to that branch of American industry is in a great measure neglected, not to say unutilized. And it is to be regretted that the sheep-raising regions of the north, where the feeding season lasts for months in the year, and where the price of land is so high, should constitute the most eligible sheep walks to supply our large cities with mutton, and our rising manufactures with wool, in preference to the dry and high-lands of the mountains in the middle and southern States, and prairies of the west, where land is so cheap and pasturage almost perennial.

Ad tracing some inquiries as you will see, to the Hon. Mr. Cline of North Carolina, as to the natural advantages of the mountainous portions of that State for raising sheep and wool, I have been promptly favored with an answer, which, though written under circumstances not allowing the fullest development, is yet highly interesting, and as it seems to me, worthy of general circulation. Therein, we have opened to our view, in one of the glorious old thirteen, a district of *terra incognita* unexplored in salubrity, peculiarly adapted to the constitution of sheep, according to all experience and observation, where land is very low in price and of remarkable capacity for the production of the grasses, grains, and roots which form the basis of sheep husbandry in countries where it is most successful.

For a more detailed view of the subject in all its bearings as to the characteristics of the various breeds, management, &c., reference is made to the forthcoming work already alluded to, which will embrace the letters here sent for your country, and sent in advance of its publication. You will observe that the district of country described by Mr. Cline has the advantage of possessing unbounded water-power, for manufacturing machinery, while it is surrounded by States that are great consumers of woolen manufactures, depending now for their supplies on either New or Old England. A company has just been formed in Boston to invest another million of dollars in the manufacture of mousselines, a branch of manufacture new in this country, and demanding the coarsest kinds of long-combed wool, which are accordingly already coming into greater demand.

J. S. SKINNER.

HOME OF REPRESENTATIVES, Feb. 3, 1841.

Dear Sir: Your favor of the 30th ultimo was received a day or two since, and I have availed myself of the very first opportunity to answer it. I do so most cheerfully, because, in the first place, I am happy to have it in my power to gratify in any manner one who has done so much as yourself to diffuse correct information on subjects most important to the agriculture of the country; and, secondly, because I feel a deep interest in the subject to which your inquiries are directed.

You stated that you have directed some attention to the sheep husbandry of the United States, in the course of which it has occurred to you that the people of the mountain regions of North Carolina, and some of the other Southern States, have not availed themselves sufficiently of their natural advantages for the production of sheep. Being myself well acquainted with the western section of North Carolina, I may perhaps be able to give you most of the information you desire. As you have directed several of your inquiries to the country of Yancey, I presume from the fact, well known to you, that it contains the highest mountains in the United States; I will, in the first place, turn my attention to that country. First, as to its elevation. Dr. Mitchell, of our University, ascertained that the bed of the river, the largest stream in the country, and at a ford near its center, was about twenty-two hundred feet above the level of the ocean. But Yancey, the seat of the court house, he found to be between 2,800 and 2,900 feet above it. The general level of the country is, of course, much above this elevation. In fact, a number of the mountain summits rise above the height of 6,000 feet. The climate is delightfully cool during the summer; in fact there are very few places in the country where the thermometer rises above 80° on the hottest day. An intelligent gentleman who passed a summer in the northern part of the country (rather the more elevated portion of it) informed me that the thermometer did not rise on the hottest days above 76°.

You ask, in the next place, if the surface of the ground is so much covered with rocks as to render it unfit for pasture? The reverse is the fact, no portion of the country that I have passed over is so rocky for cultivation, and in many sections of the country one may travel miles without seeing a single stone. It is only about the tops of the high mountains that rocky precipices are to be found. A large portion of the surface of the country is a sort of elevated table-land, undulating, but seldom too broken for cultivation. Even as one ascends the higher mountains, he will find occasionally on their sides flat fields of level land containing several hundred acres in a body. The top of the Roan the highest mountain in the county except the Black, is covered by a prime forest miles, which afford a rich pasture during the greater part of the year. The ascent to it is gradual that persons ride to the top on horseback from almost any direction. The same may be said of many of the other mountains. The soil of the country generally is uncommonly fertile, producing with tolerable cultivation abundant crops. What seems extraordinary in a strange is the fact that the soil becomes richer as he ascends the mountains. The sides of the Roan, the Black, the Bald, and other, are even covered with a deep rich vegetable mold, so soft that a horse in dry weather can walk to the top. The fact that the soil is frequently more fertile as one ascends, is I presume, attributable to the circumstance that the higher portions are more commonly covered with clouds, and the vegetable matter being kept in a cool moist state while decaying, is incorporated to a greater degree with the surface of the earth, just as it is usually found that the north side of a hill is richer than the south, most exposed to the action of the sun's rays. The sides of the mountains, the timber being generally large, with little undergrowth, and brushwood, are particularly rich for pasture grounds, and the vegetation is in

many places as luxuriant as it is in the rich savanna of the low country.

The soil of every part of the county is not only favorable to the production of grain, but is peculiarly fitted for grasses. Timothy is supposed to make the largest yield, two tons of hay being easily produced on an acre, but herd-grass or red-top, and clover succeed equally well; blue grass has not been much tried, but is said to do remarkably well. A friend showed me several spears which he informed me were produced in the northern part of the county, and which by measurement were found to exceed seventy inches in length; oats, rye, potatoes, turnips, &c. are produced in the greatest abundance.

With respect to the prices of land, I can assure you that large bodies of unenclosed land, of which might be cultivated, have been sold at prices varying from 25 to 50 cents per acre. A quantity of land favorable for sheep-walks might be procured in any section of the county at prices varying from one to ten dollars per acre. The few sheep that exist in the county thrive remarkably well, and are sometimes permitted to run at large during the winter without being fed and without suffering. As the number being kept by any individual is not large enough to justify the employment of a shepherd to take care of them, they are not unfortunately destroyed by vicious dogs, and, more rarely by wolves, which have not yet been entirely exterminated.

I have been somewhat prolix in my observations on this country, because some of your inquiries were directed particularly to it, and because most of what I have said of Yancey is true of the other counties west of the Blue Ridge. Haywood has about the same elevation and climate of Yancey. The mountains are rather more steep and the valleys somewhat broader; the soil generally is not quite so deep, but very productive, especially in grasses. In some sections of the county, however, the soil is equal to the best I have seen.

Buncombe and Henderson are rather less elevated. Asheville and Hendersonville, the county towns, being each about 2,200 feet above the sea. The climate is much the same, but a very little warmer. The more broken portions of these counties resemble much the mountainous parts of Yancey and Haywood, but they contain much more level land. Indeed, the greater portion of Henderson is quite level. It contains much swamp land, which, when cleared, with very little if any drainage, produces very fine crops of herd-grass. Portions of Macon and Cherokee counties are quite as favorable, both as to climate and soil, as those above described. I will allude particularly to the Valley of the Nantahala, in Macon, and of Cheoh, in Cherokee. In either a comparatively trifling price, some ten or fifteen miles square could be procured, all of which would be rich, and the major part sufficiently level for cultivation, and especially fitted, as their natural meadows indicate, for the production of grass.

In conclusion, I may say that as far as my limited knowledge of such matters authorizes me to speak, I am satisfied that there is no region that is more favorable to the production of sheep than much of the country I have described. It is every where healthy and well watered. I may add, too, that there is water power in the different counties composing my Congressional district to move more machinery than human labor can ever place there—enough perhaps to move all now existing in the Union. It is also a rich mineral region. The gold mines are worked now to a considerable extent. The best ores of iron are found in great abundance in many places; copper, lead, and other valuable minerals exist. That must one day become the great manufacturing region of the South. I doubt if capital could be used more advantageously in any part of the Union than in that section.

For a number of years past the value of the live stock (as ascertained from books of the Turnpike Company) that is driven through Buncombe county is from two to three millions of dollars. Most of this stock comes from Kentucky and Ohio, and when it has reached Asheville it has travelled half its journey to the more distant parts of the southern market, viz: Charleston and Savannah. The citizens of my district, therefore, can get their live stock into the plantations States south of us at one half the expense which those of Kentucky and Ohio are obliged to incur. Not only sheep, but hogs, horses, mules, and horned cattle can be produced in many portions of my district as cheaply as in those two States.

Slavery is, as you say, a great bugbear, perhaps, at a distance; but I doubt if any individual from the north, who should reside a single year in that country, whatever might be his opinions in relation to the institution itself, would find the slightest injury or inconvenience result to him individually. It is true, however, that the number of slaves in those counties is very small in proportion to the whole population.

I have thus, sir, hastily endeavored to comply with your request, because you state that you would like to have the information at once. Should you find my sketch of the region a very unsatisfactory and imperfect one, I hope you will do me the favor to remember that the desk of a member during a debate is not the most favorable position for writing an essay.

With very great respect, yours,

T. L. CLINE.

J. S. SKINNER.

THE TEXAS QUESTION IN TENNESSEE.

From the Nashville White of July 16.

The Hon. John W. Crockett, writing to the editor of this paper from Paris, West Tennessee, upon business, adds the following postscript, which, though not probably designed for publication, we take the liberty of transferring to our columns. The apology for this will be found in the heart-felt sentiment which the perusal of the noble Whig gentleman of the worthy and distinguished writer has afforded us, and which we are sure will be participated in by our readers generally.

It gives me great pleasure to assure you, without partiality or prejudice, that in politics, all is right in this quarter. The spirit of '40 is completely rekindled, and it is obvious to the most superficial observer that "State pride" will be the ruin of Polk, so far as the Western District is concerned. The Texas hunting is already exploded. The Locofoco leaders disgusted every body here, and killed themselves off by their hypocrisy in pretending that they did not wish to see the question of annexation have the slightest bearing on the Presidential election. They have now thrown off the mask, but not until they could wear it no longer; and I honestly believe it will be so perfectly dead in a month that the most unscrupulous of them will be ashamed to mention it. We are all for the acquisition of Texas upon proper principles and conditions; but not a single Whig, so far as I can learn, has been or can be galled into the support of Polk on this issue.

You know I am peculiarly situated. Texas is the grave of my father, and I am warmly and zealously in favor of her annexation as soon as it can be done upon principles consistent with the honor and integrity of my own country; and I am

satisfied that Texas has a clear and perfect right to cede her territories, and that the acquisition of that country upon proper conditions would prove highly beneficial to every portion of this Union. But still I am among those who regard the peace and harmony, the prosperity and glory of our country as paramount to every other consideration; and I am, therefore, opposed to any attempt to bring in Texas without consulting the nation, and the sanction of a clear majority of the people of this Confederacy. I am for my country and HENRY CLAY FIRST, and for TEXAS NEXT, and for POLK NEVER under any circumstances.

As ever, yours,

JOHN W. CROCKETT.

slavery.

We find in the Boston Recorder a very sensible reply to a philippic on this subject, recently put forth by Rev. H. W. Beecher of Indiana. We give the concluding part of the reply. Coming from Massachusetts, it contrasts most favorably in every good respect with the views that are more frequently disseminated on the same subject in that quarter.

"They who condemn the slavery of our country with so much severity, both citizens and foreigners, say little about a remedy. On this subject the peace before me is entirely silent. The slaveholders have a right to ask us, what we would have them do? They do ask it with deep solicitude. What reply do they obtain? Nothing to satisfy any mind. No one, to my knowledge, has attempted to look earnestly at the difficulties, and prescribe any practicable course of action.

"O make me wise betimes to say,
My danger and my remedy."

Let the primary object be the good of the slave; and the obstacles are great. All are agreed that we shall not take the course of Great Britain and purchase the slaves of their owners at the expense of the nation. And the abolitionists, generally, are entirely opposed to colonization. And so far as I know, they object equally to a gradual emancipation. This is a course which has been adopted by several States with entire success.

The following is a sample of such a process in the State of Connecticut. A law was enacted, and went into operation March 1, 1784, that every child born as a slave should be free at the age of 25 years. A law in 1792 authorized the owner to emancipate his slave if the slave desired it. The number of slaves in that State in 1780 was 2,759; in 1800, 950; in 1810, 310; in 1820, 97; in 1830, 25; in 1840, 17. The emancipation would have been much more rapid, could it have been done without the consent of the slave.

From all that I have seen on the subject, the sentiment of anti-slavery writers and lecturers is, "slavery is sin, it ought to be abandoned immediately, be the consequences what they may." They conjecture the result will be well, but evidently feel no responsibility on the subject. Most wise good men feel very differently on the subject of slavery, viewing it as a fearful and national calamity, apparently not to be removed without some special interposition of the favor of Heaven. In the first place, a large portion of the slaves are not willing to be liberated. They have a good home, they are provided for in sickness and old age, are strongly attached to the families to which they belong, parents and children live together, they reside at the home of their childhood. They look down upon free blacks, considering their own position far more eligible. The portion of the whole number, who would be unwilling to receive emancipation, must be a matter of opinion—good judges think there would be one half. Were a general emancipation to take place by law, the number of the aged, the helpless, the orphans, the children, who would be perfectly destitute must be very great. Their late masters, who could have no control over them, would feel no responsibility for their support.

But, look at the better part of them, and what can be expected? Unaccustomed to provide for themselves, they know not how to do it. The bondmen in Egypt greatly rejoiced at their sudden and universal emancipation, yet, in a few months, desired to return to their thralldom, though fed with bread from heaven. And they underwent a discipline of forty years before they were fitted to be an independent people.

The results of emancipation in the British West India Islands, admitting the experiment to be as successful as is commonly stated, is little applicable to the condition of our slave States. They are on islands, and cannot easily escape. In most cases not a great number together. Their masters were paid for their freedom, which admits the equity of their claim. There is no room for vindictive feelings. In our case, the liberated slaves would be wandering over the whole country. These remaining in their present location are taught that they have been enslaved unjustly—cruelly;—fraud, theft, violence, bloodshed, must inevitably follow. Amalgamation being out of the question, history furnishes no evidence that the two races could live together, and both be free. The blacks would not be able to emigrate to foreign countries, extensively; and abolitionists, according to their present sentiments, would advise them not to do it. Political partisans would claim for them the right of citizens, and a man of wealth might have great numbers under his influence, and bring them all to the polls.

The Scripture question on this subject deserves serious attention. Our Christian brethren at the South who hold slaves, are denounced as underserving of our fellowship in the faith and ordinances of the Gospel. This is the feeling of numbers among ourselves, and of many Christians in Great Britain, who assume the right of prescribing to us our duty on the subject of slavery. The question, what is slavery? must be distinctly defined. I believe it will be admitted by all that it is, *holding a person as property*. It is said this is sin, and ought to be immediately renounced. A widow or an orphan coming into the possession of a slave, without any act of their own, are wrong in continuing to hold them as slaves. We must testify against it as against other sins. What is a sin? I know of but one definition, and that is always safe, I John, 3, 4. Whosoever committeth sin transgresseth also the law; for sin is the transgression of the law. This is manifestly designed to be a definition of sin by the inspired Apostle, under the Gospel dispensation. The apostle Paul says much to the same purpose. "By the law is knowledge of sin." We now look at the law. The fourth commandment and the tenth distinctly inform the tribes of Israel, from the voice of God, that in the state of society in which they were to exist, there would be masters and servants; man servants and maid servants. Their institutions were to be formed anew. There never was a community on earth so perfectly in a state of nature. Recently, all were bondmen, they were delivered by the arm of the Lord; all are in a state of perfect equality, and they are now to be organized in a civil community, under the eye of heaven. And the commandments of Sinai are their fundamental law. They are also the moral law of all mankind.

Soon after the delivery of these commandments,

one of the most magnificent scenes the world has ever witnessed, God gave to Moses the system of municipal law for that people, which continued for many ages. The first ordinance prescribes the relation and duties of master and servant. And, under certain limitations, the servant is held as property. The law of Sinai is the law of the world, which Christ came not to destroy but to fulfill. Our God is always the same, and change is not. The essential relation between man and man cannot change. Who then can say, in this view of the divine law, that holding a person as property is *malum in se*, in itself wrong? I cannot.

It is easy to introduce extraneous circumstances, and suppose cases which all would condemn; but that is not the question. We tell our brethren at the South, "holding a person as property is sin." They reply, "is it a transgression of the law?" We answer, "we go to the law of the Gospel, the law of love, and that surely forbids it." They rejoined, "that is your construction of the law; and besides, a general law is never to supersede specific statute." And further, the Saviour teaches, not that the two great commandments annul any of the commandments of Sinai, but include them." We reply, with decision, "you are wrong."

The first visible church established on earth, by specific ordinances, was in the family of Abraham, done by the direct appointment of God. The members were the venerable patriarch, his immediate family; and his servants born in his house or bought with his money. And this ordinance was to continue in future generations. We say, we cannot hold communion with a man that holds slaves. We see what God has done; let every one make his own conclusion. There never was a man more ready to obey God than Abraham. Had there been the least intimation from heaven that holding persons as property was displeasing to God, the faithful patriarch would have denounced it at once. I repeat, the established relation of man with man is ever the same.

Members, Editors, if you or any of your correspondents can remove these difficulties, I wish they would; if they cannot, meeting the question directly, let us be a little more sparing of our censures upon our brethren at the South. A. B.

From the Raleigh Independent.

A WORD TO VAN BUREN MEN.

Will you hear us? We know that some of you will; we have heard of a good many who pronounce that we are right; and so will every one who has an *American Heart*, say, before long. We are confident of this, and are content to bear the reproaches of the hour, for the sake of a good conscience and the approbation of those who listen to the "inward monitor," in public as well as in private matters.

The question is not what is to become of Mr. Van Buren, but what is to become of the country. Nevertheless, it is proper that we speak of him, in speaking to Van Buren men, about the way their political affairs have been managed. We do not ask your sympathy, nor do we beg your approbation—but we want you to consider calmly, coolly, and sensibly, a few of the plainest propositions. We beseech you to do this as you would avoid self-reproach and ward off the bitter recollection of having contributed to your country's dishonor.

Why was Mr. Van Buren rejected by the Baltimore Convention? Had he abandoned any principle for which his party and himself had contended? No. Well, then, what was he "thrown overboard" for? Because the party could not unite upon him. And why could not the party unite upon him if his principles were the principles of the party?

These are important questions, and such as no man who lays claim to the character of an American freeman, ought to let pass without a solution satisfactory to his own mind. We hope it will not be said he was cast aside because he was opposed to the immediate annexation of Texas. This would be too incredible for belief. There might have been a few who considered this a "sine qua non"—but it would be very impertinent in the Delegates to the Convention to insist on this, inasmuch as the People had given no such instructions to them—and had never declared that this should be a test question.

Do you believe that if Mr. Van Buren had expressed himself in favor of the immediate annexation, he would have received the nomination? Never! Something more than this was required—and if you do not know what it is we will tell you. It was an *adhesion to the Jacobin Club* that has its head in South Carolina—had Mr. Van Buren been in favor of a Southern Confederacy, or had he been willing to remain a passive spectator of the increasing power of the party which has that object in view, he would most assuredly have received the nomination. There needs no documentary proof of this—the "signs of the times" are too plain, too palpable to escape the notice of an intelligent observer.

What, say you, can these things be—can it be possible that we have submitted to the dictation of the Disunionists; that we are now yoked to the Car of Rebellion; and our talented and faithful leaders, who have served us so long do not know it? Your faithful, or rather faithless leaders do know it? Benton has openly accused Mr. McDuffie of the treasonable intent, and there might do the same, if their motives did not prevent them.

What motives? There are several. When your leaders found that the Disunionists had played them a trick, (and a very clever trick it was for that class of politicians who hardly ever see so far that class of their noses) they could not bear the idea of disbanding—they wanted office they wanted to keep a party together that would give it to them. They did not imbibed the disease of treason; they were willing only to hug it to their bosoms, and inhale its rank stench for a season, to answer present purposes—thinking that it may be thrown from them at a more convenient season. No—we do not accuse all your leaders of being lost to patriotic feeling—the motives that caused that consummation of political iniquity, the nomination of Polk, may be chiefly summed up in a few words—the love of office and the pride of party.

We remember well, when you were started at the very mention of nullification. Are times so changed, that you yield to the dictation of a far more dangerous power? Many of the Nullifiers were patriots—they believed nullification to be a peaceful remedy for evils arising from disputes on constitutional questions. But these men, when they saw the treachery of the doctrine and the artifice of its advocates, became Union men. But those who controlled the action of the Convention that nominated Polk, and now guide the destiny of the Democratic party, it is absurd to speak as friends to their country—disunion and patriotism can never range together.

There are, to be sure several sorts of patriotism such as they are, abounding in the clique which sets itself up to rule the country; and the South, especially. There is the "John C. Calhoun patriotism," which make up its conscience out of treason, which he says and thinks. There is the "Texas patriotism," which makes the heart of every

land speculator, as well as others. There is the late "yankees patriotism," got up for very special purposes and highly prized as a sort of auxiliary patriotism very plant belonging to hearts and heads of the very softest nature. All these, and others of like character are amalgamated and form one grand patriotism—THE PATRIOTISM OF THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY. This sort of patriotism is now being taught in your State—it is all the rage at the grand Democratic Gathering in the West—where Hoke, your candidate for Governor goes—not as scholar to learn, but as a Doctor to teach. He is of the old school Nullifiers, as you all know. He is one of those who plotted the overthrow of Mr. Van Buren and is before you to get his reward at your hands—your votes for the office to which he aspires.

Perhaps you dread being called a "starna con" or such other epithets as selfish politicians may put into the mouths of their political slaves to utter against you. But if you love your country, as you profess, this will be a small matter compared to the prospect before you. What is your reward? Still to persevere in the course marked out for you by your master, and promote the dismemberment of this Union—or receive the bitter exhortations of the "chivalry" with whom you are now united—and rally to the standard of the Constitution, late and tardy, when the glory of its preservation has been achieved by others—and when you can only admire the moral firmness and the political honesty you had not the courage to imitate.

From the Raleigh Star.

TEXAS OR DISUNION AGAIN.

The "Signal" makes a fierce attack upon us in consequence of our remarks last week, warning the people of this State against the treasonable design of certain South Carolina politicians in relation to the Texas question. In its overweening zeal to acquire its party of all connexion with this startling project of annexation or disunion and "contemptible effort" to weaken the force of the evidence which we adduced, it says:

"Catching at a few Tosts, which were drunk in South Carolina on the 4th of July last—the Editor of the Star makes them the subject of much hypocritical rant, about Treason, and a Dissolution of the Union."

We have uniformly extended to the "Signal" the utmost courtesy and forbearance; and this is the coarse and ungentlemanly treatment which we receive from that paper in return! But we pass it over with the contempt which it deserves, with the remark that its Editor should have learned the important lesson before this, that those who live in glass houses ought not to throw stones. A paper that abounds, as the Signal does, with the rankest party slang, ought to be at least cautious how it accuses others of "hypocritical cant." We shall take occasion, at our leisure, to expose its sophistry and misrepresentations and we shall take care that the thing shall be "done brown."

In the mean time, we would ask the Signal why it attempts to conceal from its readers, the fact, which is too notorious for it even to deny, that there is a faction in South Carolina acting with the so called Democratic party, who are laboring to "palm such false issues upon the country" as "Texas or Disunion." This was charged upon Mr. McDuffie by Col. Benton in the Senate. Is Col. Benton one of the "Federal Con Presses" [what beautiful cant!] engaged in the idle and contemptible effort to produce "false impressions on the minds of the ignorant" on this subject? It has been charged upon General Hamilton? and he has not denied it; and so abundant is the evidence of its truth, that the intelligent and patriotic Whigs of Richmond, Va., have in a large public meeting held in that city, regarding these Southern malcontents as the Polk party, charged them with declaring that "they will dissolve the Union sooner than abandon Texas," and solemnly resolved that "Disunion and Treason shall never raise their Hydra heads in Richmond, the metropolis of Virginia."

We present below, with the toasts already published, a number of others drunk at different places in South Carolina, on the 4th. There is also evidence that the contagion is taking in Alabama. Any man of common sense must see there is just cause of alarm; and that whoever denies it, stands himself convicted of "hypocritical cant;" and no ridiculous attempt to connect the Whigs with the fanatical movements of old Mr. Adams two years ago can prevent it!

At Pickens, Sumpter District.
By Ezekiel Dixon, (president of the day):—Texas is rejected—the Tariff is not repealed—disunion would now be hailed as the happy deliverance from Federal despotism.

By H. E. L. Peables—The annexation of Texas, a measure beneficial to the whole Union, but essential to the safety of the South, at the next session of Congress, we demand Texas or Disunion.

At Orangeburg Courthouse.
By Gen. D. F. Jamison—The Union and Texas, or Texas and Disunion! Let the opponents of this great American measure accept the alternative.

By Mr. John Goalson—Texas and South Carolina forever.

By Lieut. John C. Rowe—The Annexation of Texas: Peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must.

At Three mile Creek, Barnwell District.
By Jos. G. W. Duncan—A just reduction of the Tariff. The noise of Abolition silenced!—Texas or Disunion and such legislation as will in future secure the honestest of every family—Polk and Dallas our Presidents.

By C. C. Hay—The re-annexation of Texas to the United States—We will obtain it, "peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must."

At St. Helena.
By Jos. Daniel Pope—Texas or Disunion—A question that cannot be forced upon the people until they are prepared for it; and when they are, they will not ask politicians to make it for them.

At Walterboro'.
(Third regular toast.) "Annexation"—The great issue of deliverance and liberty to the South; with it, we are Unionists; without it, we are Disunionists, though the fate of traitors be our doom. (Nine-times-nine cheers.)

At Grahamville, Beaufort District.
By John H. Sereney, Esq.—A speedy convention of slave-holding States to "count the cost and value" of the Federal Union. The sword may finish that which Northern religious fanaticism has begun.

At Marion Courthouse.
(Fifth regular toast.) "The annexation of Texas"—The great measure of deliverance to the South; though defeated now by the bitterness and faction of party, the lone Star will yet cluster in the glorious galaxy of her Southern sisters. Come what may, we will never give her up.

By Elias Wiggins—Disunion—Smile not at the sound! "to this complexion it must come at last."

By Dr. J. Cohen—Texas: Its speedy annexation to all and every heart.

By Col. Wm. H. Mosby—Texas—I can have

her now, (she has freely offered herself) aye even at the hazard of disunion.

By Robt. Bird—The Union—Give us Texas, or "divide the spoons."

By Maj. J. P. Doyle—The Union of the South in the support of Annexation of Texas, and a repeal of the Tariff without which I go for "dividing the spoons," indeed.

By General W. W. Harlee—A Southern Convention, the first resort: the last, a speedy application of the "rightful remedy."

By Dr. D. Leggett—Texas—An immediate assembling of a convention of the States friendly to annexation.

At Satter's Swamp.
By Jacob M. Dantzler, Esq.—The re-annexation of Texas to the United States is no sectional consideration, but one in which the entire people of this Republic are vitally interested. We of the South will have it, peaceably if we can; but have it we will, at all hazards.

By Dr. J. W. Taylor—Union and Texas, or Texas and Disunion.

By Capt. Wamamaker—Annexation—Peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must.

FALSE COLORS TORN DOWN.

THE TARIFF AS IT IS, and not any attractions about a "Judicious Tariff," a "Discriminating Tariff," a "Tariff for Revenue and Incidental Protection," should be the test between parties. By a most extraordinary and rapid conversion, the "Free Traders" have come round to the doctrine of protection, and it is now strenuously insisted by the speakers and presses of *Locofocoism*, that Mr. Polk, their candidate, is as much a Tariff-man as Mr. Clay—and that the *Locofoco* party are the true friends of Domestic Industry!

To be sure, in the same breath with which these professions are uttered, these organs of a party that aims at success by whatever means, belie their new creed by constant appeals to the farmer, to show how the present low prices of agricultural produce are brought about by this very system of protection; and while every effort is made to dress up Mr. Polk in a domestic garb, and to present him as the true friend of American labor in preference to that of foreign countries, the old heaven may still be seen in the efforts to prove that these domestic cost more than the foreign article, and that the whole difference goes into the pockets of a pampered manufacturing aristocracy.

To bring these inconsistencies to the test, the present Tariff should be the instrument. Mr. Clay says, and his supporters say, we are for the Tariff *as it is*—for we see that it both enriches the treasury, and encourages and rewards domestic labor. We stand, therefore, by the whig tariff of 1842.

As to this tariff, where is Mr. Polk, and where are Mr. Polk's supporters?

Thus far the issue is briefly and clearly stated by the New York American. In reply to the question with which it concludes, we call Mr. Polk to the stand, to answer for himself. In a speech delivered before the people of Madison county, Tennessee, on the 3d of April last year, Mr. Polk said:

"The difference between the course of the political party with which he (Mr. Brown) acts and myself is, whilst they are the advocates of distribution and a protective tariff—measures which I consider ruinous to the country, and especially to the interests of the planting States—I have steadily and at all times opposed both."

These are Mr. Polk's own words. Let us now see what his supporters say for him. A public meeting lately held in South Carolina passed this resolution:

"Resolved, That in James K. Polk we recognize an able bold advocate of the immediate annexation of Texas, and a firm and consistent opponent of a protective tariff, assumption of State debts, and abolition; and that, therefore, we cordially approve of his nomination, and pledge ourselves to his support."

The Charleston Mercury, the leading advocate of Polk, Texas, and Nullification in South Carolina, says:

"Mr. Polk's views on the tariff, the bank, and the all-absorbing question of Texas, are Southern to the backbone."

What do his supporters at home, in Tennessee say for him? Let his organ the Nashville Union answer. That print speaks as follows:

"We wish it borne in mind that the *oppressive tariff of 1842* has been condemned by every true democrat, and by none more decidedly than Mr. Van Buren. That its provisions are *viewed with abhorrence* by Gov. Polk, and all his friends, we need not repeat."

If a man's real opinions are not to be learned from his own lips nor the declarations of his friends where shall we look for them?—*Nat. Intel.*

WORTHY OF ATTENTION.

In a letter from a traveller, full of miscellaneous small talk, published in the Charleston Mercury, we find the following paragraph, which is certainly worthy the consideration of our people:

"There is another evil which the Charlestonians should look to. The State has made laws in relation to black crews coming in here, lest they might corrupt the colored people. Yet every year negro traders bring in vast numbers of negroes from Virginia and elsewhere, many of whom are sold for various crimes and misdemeanors—taken out of jail. Can anything be more prejudicial to the slave population, than to pour in upon them the refuse vagabond negroes of Virginia?"

This is certainly a serious evil, and should, if possible, be abated. It is not the slave population of Charleston only that are endangered through this source, but the morals of the negroes generally throughout the State, and their consequent value and usefulness, are liable to be infected from the same polluted cause.

Orange and Catholic milks continued at last date in Florida. Total 1986 production 1,000,000 lbs. (100,000 cases).

100

1991

100

