

To Hon. Thomas L. Clingman:

DEAR SIR—It will be long before the mountains of North Carolina will be fully explored, and their mineral contents ascertained. The parts which are too steep, or too much encumbered with rocks to be cultivated, will seldom be traversed except by farmers looking for their cattle, or by hunters in pursuit of game. In either case the surface will be so covered with brush-wood and leaves as to prevent the discovery of the valuable minerals which be there. It could not with reason be expected even of a careful geological survey, that it would result in many important discoveries. Its principal benefit would be, here, as it has been elsewhere, to draw the attention of the inhabitants to the subject of minerals, and by making them acquainted with a few species, prepare them to examine and discover for themselves—to make every intelligent man in fact a mineral surveyor, more or less able, of his own farm and neighborhood. With a view to such a condition of things, I offer a record of a few facts of a very miscellaneous character, that have fallen under my own observation in regard to the rocks and minerals of the mountains.

It is well known that the Western part of North Carolina is made up of ancient primitive, and Tennessee of more recent rock formations. The boundary between these two is generally, perhaps always, within the State of North Carolina, and at no great distance from the line separating the two States. Between Ashe and Carter counties it may at some points cross the border, so as to give a few primitive rocks to Tennessee. On the other hand, a long tongue from the formations of Tennessee enters North Carolina by the Watauga River, the Beech Mountain, Grandfather, and Linville, and extends quite down to the Catawba in McDowell county. What follows relates exclusively to the region of the primitive rocks.

The three principal kinds of these rocks, Grandfather, Gneiss, and Mica Slate, are so intermingled and associated that it will be a work of much labor to ascertain the different fields of each, and the limits of those fields. Gneiss, and especially the hornblende variety, appears to be more abundant than the others. Of this the Black Mountain is principally composed. I saw more mica slate in Henderson (some containing imperfect garnets) than any where else.

A coarse grained granite abounds in Yancy county towards the head waters of Toe River, and on the road leading from Burnsville to the Turkey Cove. This is the kind that yields the materials of porcelain. When it has been so far decomposed that all the potassa is removed, the white, infusible mass that remains is the Kaolin, whilst the Feldspar, unchanged, is the Petuntze of the Chinese. When these two are reduced to fine powder, mixed, wrought into vessels, and baked with an intense heat, the fusion of the feldspar gives to the material so formed the translucency that belongs to porcelain. I found small masses of Kaolin near Thomas Young's, in Yancy county, some years since, and during the present year a bed of it as white as snow was struck in digging a well at Burnsville. A body of beautiful feldspar, free from any intermixture of other minerals, has been observed on the lands of Mr. McKinney, in Cashier's Valley, Macon county. Neither of these may be of much value either now or at any future time, but they encourage the belief that the materials of porcelain of a good quality will be found abundantly in some of these counties.

Serpentine.—Besides two in Ashe, whose precise locality I cannot give, I know of five considerable beds of this rock in the western counties: one on the waters of Cane Creek, near the Baker settlement; a second near Fagan Young's, but on the side of Toe River opposite to his house; a third at the ford of Ivy, on the road from Burnsville to Asheville; a fourth on the lands of Enoch Hall, near the head of Hominy, in Haywood county; and the ford of Tuckasege, in Haywood and Macon. In all these places it is a coarse, worthless rock, but interesting minerals associated with it.

Iron Ore.—Chemists are unable to account for the superior quality of certain kinds of iron. This is true of the very best iron that is made—that of Dunsmora, in Sweden; the whole of which is sent to England to be converted into steel. I quote the following passage from Scrivenor's History of the Iron Trade, page 151:

"The cause of the superiority of the Dunsmora iron has never been explained. Some chemists ascribe it to the presence of manganese. Bevilunus attributed it to the presence of the metal of silica, while others suppose it to arise from the nature of the process employed. Doctor Thomson was assured by one gentleman who had bestowed particular attention to the subject, that by following a similar process he has obtained as good iron from other Swedish ores. But that something is due to the ore itself, is evident from the circumstance that the quality of the iron, though the same process is followed, differs a good deal according to the part of the vein from which the ore is taken."

From some unknown cause the iron made at Craneberry Works, in the northern part of Yancy, is, as I am assured by people who have used it, of an excellent quality—hard and tough. As there is an abundance of ore at this locality it bids fair to be the seat of an industry alike profitable to the proprietors and useful to the population of the county, a long period.

I have visited no other ore bed, and do not believe that iron is abundant in this region, but I may be mistaken. Mr. Johnston, of Waynesville, gave me a very rich specimen of the magnetic oxide, from Spring Creek, in Buncombe. In 1827 I saw in the hands of Mr. Rothe, in Salisbury, a specimen of the Spathic Iron ore,

THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN.

BRUNER & JAMES,
Editors & Proprietors.

"KEEP A CHECK UPON ALL YOUR
IN SAFETY."



ROLES. DO THIS, AND LIBERTY
Gent. Harrison.

NEW SERIES,
NUMBER 49, OF VOLUME I.

SALISBURY, N. C., APRIL 5, 1845.

which he told me had been sent to him from Fine's Creek, in Haywood county. This is the most valuable of all iron ores, as very tolerable steel can be manufactured directly from it. I have never been able to visit the spot from which it is said to have come, and in answer to my enquiries for iron ore from that quarter, have had presented to me Foliated Anthophyllite from the Rich Mountain. This was what I had from Dr. Hardy, at Asheville, Mr. Osborne, on Pigeon River, and Mr. Johnston, at Waynesville. Such specimens as I have seen are of no value, the quantity of iron being small, and the rock in which it is imbedded so refractory that it would be wrought with great difficulty. The thing is worth looking into. I have sent a small specimen of true Spathic ore to Mr. Johnston for comparison, and will forward another to Dr. Dickson, at Asheville, by the first opportunity.

Chromic Iron.—This is valuable only for the Chromium it contains. It occurs in small grains disseminated through the mass of Serpentine near Toe River, on the lands of the Messrs. Young, in Yancy county. As the rock is disintegrated by the weather, the grains fall out, and may be collected in considerable quantities, but few that I have seen were larger than a pea. Mr. Enoch Hall, who lives 5 miles from the road, on the right hand as you go west, at the head of Hominy, gave me at Asheville a piece of yellowish serpentine that was of small grains of the same substance. I have made chrome yellow from the ore of both places. That from Mr. Hall's land was put into a small glass tube and committed to the care of Mr. Francis, who kindly undertook to deliver it. If at either of these places, or elsewhere, considerable bodies of this chrome ore could be found, it would be worth attending to.

Asbestos, also, is found in connexion with the Serpentine on Toe River—small octahedral crystals of iron ore and Chalcedony, with that on Ivy, near Solomon Carter's—and at the locality on the Tuckasege, Chalcedony (boar's tusk, one who had been raised near the spot told me he had been accustomed to call it himself and to hear it called by others)—is so abundant that I have supposed it might at a future time be used for mill stones; a number of different pieces being bound together with iron hoops, as in the French Burrs. The hardness and toughness of this mineral, and the cavities which that of the Tuckasege contains seem to adapt it very well for this use. There is an abundance of it imbedded in the Serpentine but the individual masses are not large.

Amanthus.—In the north western part of Yancy, on the waters of Cane Creek, is probably a larger body of the mineral commonly called asbestos, but by mineralogists amianthus, than is to be found elsewhere in the U. S. In some parts of the world the fibres of this "incombustible flax" are so tough and pliant that it can be wrought into a coarse and worthless cloth. That of Yancy separates readily into very minute filaments, but they are too brittle to sustain the force necessary to spin and weave them. I have supposed that this mineral might come into use in the manufacture of the safes that are employed in large cities for the preservation of valuable papers even when the building in which they are is burnt down—and that the article can be furnished in greater quantity and of a better quality from North Carolina than from any other quarter. But not meeting with much success in the enquiries I made with reference to this point, I have perhaps treated the matter with too much neglect. Near the bed of amianthus is very fine black tourmaline, or schorl—of no value to any one but a professed mineralogist, and of but little to him. Coarse Kyanite occurs in Buncombe, on the road from Asheville to Waynesville, but the precise locality is not now recollected.

Gold, as is well known, is obtained in considerable quantities on the head waters of the Savannah River, on the south side of Blue Ridge, but within the limits of North Carolina. These deposits, or branch mines, are at an elevation of between three and four thousand feet above the sea. This is a very interesting region. It will be a fine grazing country in the course of a few years; the scenery is of the most romantic and impressive character—the quantity of the gold collected is considerable, and the mineralogist who should establish himself there and examine it thoroughly, might hope to be rewarded with interesting if not important discoveries. The rocks are generally of a gneissoid character, having the composition of granite and a structure more or less slaty. They afford fine specimens of their constituent minerals; considerable masses of pure feldspar and mica, and in the streams, rolled pebbles, of good size, of liquid quartz or rock crystal. In the gravel that is washed for gold two minerals occurring in grain have attracted so much attention as to have acquired distinct names amongst the workmen. These are the "red beads," and "steel points." They prove on examination to be varieties of garnet—one the common kind—for the other, which is always in irregular grains and would appear to be quite black but for the white sand adhering to it, I have not yet fixed certainly upon the appropriate name.

Zirconite, in fine, large crystals, is found in Henderson, on the road from Flat Rock to Green River, and I notice it chiefly with reference to the history of its discovery, as given me by Mr. Murray, the owner of the land on which it occurs and in illustration of the manner in which other discoveries, and of more valuable substances, are likely to be made—by accident in many cases rather than the most careful search.

Some gentlemen of South Carolina, Mr. Poinsett amongst the rest, were superintending the construction of the Saluda road, and had their quarters for the time at Mr. Murray's. Dr. Howard, of Savannah, was also there, and it was during a ramble of some of these persons over the hills near his dwelling, whether in search of minerals or exercise was not stated, that the bright crystals of the Zirconite attracted the attention of Dr. Howard. As they occupy but a limited space on the steep side of a small mountain, a geologist might have traversed Henderson county for a long time and have examined it very faithfully without falling in with them.

You gave me, a year or two since, a white salt which appears as an effervescence on some mountain or mountains, I believe of Haywood, which is supposed to be alum, and is used in dyeing by the people of the neighborhood. It belongs to the alum family but is quite different from the alum of commerce, being a double sulphate of alumina and the protoxide of iron, instead of alumina and potassa or ammonia. It will answer very well for dyeing the coarse stuffs that are manufactured in the family for every day wear, but has very little commercial value. The beds of limestone near Asheville, I acknowledge with shame and sorrow, I did not visit, and I have therefore nothing to say about them. Ore given me by Mr. W. Rice, from Bull creek or mountain, iron pyrites, of no value.

Scenery.—On the subject of the scenery of the mountains I will be merciful to the readers of the Messenger. It must be seen upon the spot, or transferred by the pencil and graver to paper, to be enjoyed.—My own experience is that the image created in the mind by the most exact and perfect description, bears no resemblance to that which it is supposed to represent. If the artists who furnish embellishments for souvenirs and albums would come to North Carolina for subjects they would provide something quite superior to what is commonly seen in such publications.—And what a spot amongst the fertile valleys, the lonely glens, the crags, and cliffs of these wild mountains for a love tale, that would touch and rend any heart that is not harder than the very best cast steel, well hardened! I will just notice a few spots that are worthy of the attention of such as are in search of the sublime and beautiful. In more than one, the Black Mountain is an important and striking feature.

1. The Pilot, an outline from the main range of mountains, is a gem in its place and of its kind, but in passing it on his return, after having been amongst the giants of the west, one feels a strong inclination to lift his foot and kick it over into the Yalokin.

2. I do not believe there is any town in the United States that will compare, for the beauty and grandeur of the views around it, with Morganton, in Burke county. We can hardly go amiss in search of good points for enjoying them, but perhaps the Lincoln road, as we come over the South Mountain and descend towards the village, affords the best. On the left hand, at a distance, of 25 miles, towers the long dark range of the Black Mountain; Linville, the Hawksbill, and Table Rock, the two latter, rising like castles from ranges of less elevation, are nearer, more in front, and picturesque objects by themselves. The small mountains east of the village, on the right hand, the Grandfather in the distance, and Morganton, with the fields in its neighborhood directly before us. Such is the picture.

3. The late Judge Gaston is said to have been greatly affected when, riding from Marion to the Turkey Cove, he came to where he first had a full and good view of the cliffs and rugged sides of Linville; and the man of taste who travels the road after him will not wonder at his emotion.

4. The Road to Burnsville ascends the mountains by a long spur of the Blue Ridge—and what a ridge it is along that spur! The deep valleys of the North and Turkey Cove creeks are below one—the Black Mountain is in full view, at a distance of 12 or 15 miles, and Linville not half as far. Just by the road, towards the top, a farmer has established himself, and has a whole yard full of wild, tough, hearty boys. Are they affected at all by the views on which their eyes rest every day they live—is their taste refined and improved by that magnificence of nature which is around them? The enquiry is naturally suggested to one as he passes them.

5. The ascent of the mountains by the Hickory Nut Gap has been much admired and with reason. There is a small stream, which, pouring over the brow of the mountain, falls I know not how many feet. I never thought much of this. It strikes me as only queer. But take a point half a mile below Harris' at the ford of Green river, and the case is altered. We have seen the mountains at a distance, have been gradually approaching, and finally winding our way amongst them, until the

road seems about to end at the foot of a long range of tremendous precipices. One notch only appears in this impassable barrier, and through this the path winds by the river's side. The Greeks called such passes or gorges Pylæ Gates. I have thought that if the words "Gates of the Western World," meaning by the western world especially the States of Tennessee and Kentucky, could be cut in letters about twenty feet in height on the face of the perpendicular rocks, the inscription would be in harmony with the other parts of the scene.

6. The road by Howard's Gap affords a fine view of Tyron, Crowder's, King's, the Saluda, and Hogback mountains, and of a broad expanse of comparatively level country towards the southeast. Some of my legal friends, when they pass here, are fond of lingering about the crest of the ridge, that they may refresh themselves by the enjoyment of the beauties of nature.

7. The hill above the Swannano, two and a half miles from Asheville, on the road to the Flat Rock, affords one of the finest views in the mountains. Pisgah and the whole range of the Black are in sight—there is an amphitheatre of smaller mountains around the broad valley formed by the junction of the Swannano and French Broad, whilst the fertile low grounds of those streams add the beauties of cultivation to the wilder features of the prospect. This view is for the eye; it is too broad, too much wanting in individual objects standing out from the rest of the picture, for the pencil. The man who is not affected by it had best go home and conclude that if there is any charm in such prospects he was not able to enjoy it. I have observed that the cattle choose this kind of place to rest and chew the cud. I have sometimes suspected that coolness is not their only object, that they neither say nor write any upon the subject, they have an eye for what is before them.

8. If one wishes to make a romantic excursion through the mountains, let him turn up the Tuckasege at the ford on the road to Franklin. His path will be for two or three miles by the side of the river, a clear, bright, flashing stream; then through a country broken and mountainous, but fertile; next over the high pass of the Cullywhoe and down to the river again. In the intermediate space it is said there are magnificent falls, and there has been a plan for altering the road, so as to make it lead close along beside them; but here at an elevation of about 3000 feet, on the sandy banks of a deep and sluggish stream, but for the peaks around, one might suppose himself in the low-country of North Carolina. The place recalls the lines of Campbell,

And in the visions of romantic youth
What years of endless bliss are yet to flow;
But mortal pleasure, what art thou in sooth?
The torrent's smoothness, ere it dash below.

Following the stream, we pass a "hurricane," some quarter of a mile in breadth, which will satisfy the most sceptical as to what the power of the wind is when the utmost strength is exerted. Over the ridge, we are on the head waters of the Savannah, and find a comfortable home and kind entertainers at Col. Zachary's, in the region of the gold mines.

The scenery here is a good deal as though the Pilot and the precipitous cliffs of the Hickory Nut had come on a visit to the top of the mountains. The height of the block back of Zachary's, above where the house stands, is about 400 feet less than that of the Pilot, above the fields at its base—but the situation is so different. From its top the distant view is like that from other high peaks, the near view is wild and stern in the extreme, especially across the valley of the mines, where, at the distance of three or four miles is a long front of bare and solid rock, very nearly perpendicular, and 5 or 6 hundred feet in height. And what are the names borne by these noble masses? Must they be told? It is enough to put one into a fury even to write them. That on which I stood is the Chimney Top, and the other, opposite, is the Hogback, big or little, I forget which. Never mind; those same tasteful and romantic Greeks were not so much better off than ourselves, after all. Cape Cynosura, that sounds so smoothly to us, was Cape Dog's Tail to the ears. It is difficult to change a name. The steep sides and dome shaped summit of the so-called Chimney Top, reminded me of the Pantheon or Rotunda at Rome. Will the latter name be adopted, and will it hold? I fear not—but that this will be the Chimney Top to the end of time.

This region is too remote to be often visited by the inhabitants of the North, it belongs rather to those of South Carolina, and these last have been there. The first time I ascended the Chimney Top, having an instrument in hand, which it was necessary to carry with some care, my guides turned from the most direct route, and took me by one that was longer but easier. Ascending myself a day or two after, I came near the summit to a bare, broad, shelving rock, answering to the account given by the hunters of a spot which he had just cleared in the fox-chase, and which a Lord, who was behind, hesitated to take after him—"Come along my Lord, the more you look the less you'll like it." As I turned away to search out a better route, it occurred to me that I should be told that ladies had been along there, and so I crawled up—And sure enough I learned on my return that Mrs. Calhoun, brave little lady that she is, had been there before me.

For the illustration of our revolutionary history, there is wanted a view to be engraved and handed down as an authentic memorial to future times of some scenes in the woods of Macon county, such as they now are. And many places in this same Cashier's Valley would answer very well.

The turning point in the revolutionary war; the event on which so far as we can judge the issue of the contest depended, was the battle of the Cowpens. It is to my mind one of the most sublime and affecting spectacles, if not absolutely the most sublime and affecting that the revolution afforded: Morgan and his men drawn up in an open wood, and waiting for Tarleton to bring his forces into order and lead them on. Will it appear upon canvass and occupy a niche now vacant in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington? Though not much given, at least since the beard made its appearance under my nose, to the melting mood, I have read Judge Johnston's account of the battle of the Cowpens many times with tears. The man who fifty years hence, shall go with his measuring line to that battle field, and ascertain the exact position of the troops engaged, will have but an imperfect idea of the condition of things, because he can form no accurate conception of the open wood which then covered the country and gave scope for the movements of both armies in case of either victory or defeat. Just such woods there are now in the county of Macon, and they will remain for a few years. The person who has been amongst them will read with the more interest and intelligence on that account, the whole history of the movements of the hostile armies on the soil of North Carolina in the years 1780-'81.

But little has yet been done in the remote west to heighten and improve the beauties of nature, and though good taste and judgment have been displayed in the selection of the sites for Court-houses and the villages connected with them, this is the utmost extent to which our commendations can be carried. Waynesville is beautifully situated in the centre of an amphitheatre of mountains, but the houses instead of being arranged with reference to beauty or even convenience, are huddled together as though every inch of ground were as valuable as in Pearl street in the city of New York.—Burnsville has good capabilities of improvement but it will be long before trade, manufactures, or any thing else will create an amount of wealth there which will enable the inhabitants of the place to give beauty and elegance to their village. If the people of Yancy, when they come to Court, instead of listening to everlasting political harangues, would turn in and clear away the loose works from the public square, work the streets, and plant out the sugar tree when they attend in the spring of the year, they would finally have a county seat which they would visit with pride and pleasure. I myself regard this place with feelings of deeper interest because in the field just west of it is the last resting place of a beloved pupil, a graduate of the University—John S. Smith, a native of Granville county, N. C. His character, like his name, was plain and unpretending, but most amiable, honest, and worthy as well as intelligent. Engaged in the study of the law, at Mocksville, and coming into the mountains to breathe the pure air during the summer months, he sickened and died at Burnsville. His friends have proposed to remove his remains to his native county. It is the course which affection would dictate, but let him rather sleep here amongst the mountains where God in his righteousness providence saw fit to strike him down—"till that last morn appear."

With affectionate salutations to a living pupil, and hopes of his health and happiness,
I remain yours,
E. MITCHELL.

To Hon. THOS. L. CLINGMAN.

A Scene.—The Washington correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune writes under date of the 15th inst. the following:

"The boarders to-day at Coleman's Hotel were taken by a surprise to hear a round of applause at the dinner table, and to see a dark curious looking, cross-eyed man, rising and waving his arms with great violence in the air. A general consternation prevailed for some time around the table. Some were disposed to cry out 'A fight!' 'a fight!' 'fair play,' &c. After some confusion it was discovered that a few Louisianians had assembled together to celebrate the university of Gen. Jackson's birthday, and that the gentleman excited as aforesaid, was Maj. DAVEZAC. Mr. Morse of Louisiana gave a sentiment which created all this fuss at the public table. After the surprise created by such a proceeding had subsided, they were treated to a rich dinner, (not on the table of fare) as various and incongruous as grace the tastes of public hotels. Hickory nuts, cream puffs, &c. (Mr. Morse) said, among other things, that Gen. Jackson told him they would meet in Heaven, and would know each other, for where there is identity there is consciousness; that after death he (Davezac) would rise from the grave to keep one of his eyes on this Republic; that he was not afraid of war with England; that he had 5 campaigns in his belly! (A queer place for the Major's courage to germinate!) That if war should arise again he would evoke the old Hero of the Hermitage—or, if he would not burst his marble case, he would go to Nashville and hold up that old cocked hat which he had seen at New Orleans, and that flag which was as lustrious as the sun of Asterlitz, and 100,000 horsemen would rise up to tread down the mercenaries of England. After speaking in this style for about 20 minutes, he concluded by giving—

"GEN. JACKSON—Whether living or dead, always immortal."

A Bad Plan.—How many fond mothers and frugal housewives keep their pretty daughters and their preserves for some extra occasion—some 'big bug' or other—till both turn sour. This seems to us marvellously poor economy.

Horrible.—The mother of a little child in Nottingham, having left it to go off after some rum, returned and found it badly burned by its clothes taking fire. Leaving the house again to go for assistance to some of the neighbors horrible to relate, when the neighbors came they found the child nearly devoured by two puppies which were in the house, having eaten into the child's entrails.

The Congress of the United States "doth consent that the territory included within and rightfully belonging to the Republic of Texas may be erected into a new State, to be called the State of Texas, with a republican form of government, to be adopted by the people of said Republic, by deputies in Convention, assembled with the consent of the existing Government, in order that the same may be admitted as one of the States of the Union." Such is the language of the first section of the resolution which has passed the lower House of the American Congress. What is its import?

The answer is, that we must lay aside our national name, abandon our present Constitution, erect ourselves into a new State, adopt the appellation of "State of Texas," organize a new Government of a republican form, by means of deputies assembled in convention, and, after we have passed through this prescribed revolution, after we have thus voluntarily deprived ourselves of every feature and lineament of that nationality under which our independence has been recognized by foreign Powers; after we have, in fact, annihilated our identity as a community, and repudiated even our name, so that we can neither know nor be known in the rank and seat among the nations which we have hitherto occupied, at least without dishonor, and with the consent of the old world and the new; after all these sacrifices and all this degradation, what shall we have gained? What shall we have accomplished? Annexation to the American Union? No; not even the promise of it.

Under such circumstances, all our connections with foreign nations would be dissolved, our relations toward them changed; all advantages accruing from past negotiations cease; for no one can pretend that the great European Powers will continue their amicable intercourse with our Government as the Republic of Texas, under the name of the "State of Texas," habited in the garb of a suppliant for admission into the family of American States, the very cut and fashion of which have been prescribed by their Congress. Why, in such a guise we should not even know ourselves! In such a state of national abeyance and limbo, we could neither assert a separate independence for ourselves, nor claim any species of alliance or connexion ever known by any name "given under heaven or among men," with any other Government. In such an attitude of mortifying and humiliating indefiniteness, we may well be disavowed, as a distinct nation,

"By all our kind and kin, when they
Compare our day and yesterday."

And, having assumed this equivocal posture, by the consent of the American Congress, "in order," as the resolution declares, "that we may be admitted as one of the States of the Union," then we are bound unto them, but they are not bound unto us. We are yet again, and for the fourth time, to knock at their door for admission, "on or before the first day of January next," with our new Constitution in our hand, when that Congress will take their final action (for or against, as the case may be) on the subject of our application.

This is the substance and extent of their "guaranties," paraded, as the expression is in the resolution, under the imposing grammatical form of the plural number! Have we any pledge that we shall then be annexed? No; they only promise that they will once consider the proposition, and take what they are pleased to denominate their "final action" upon it. And, judging from the language they now hold, we have nothing more nor less to expect than that they will "spurn" us as before—for they can do so without violating any pledge.

But, if we adopt the course indicated by the resolution, we do so under the formal sanction and color of their express consent. This would be a tacit admission on the part of the Government and people of Texas of the authority of that consent, and would imply at least that we could not lawfully act in the prescribed mode without it. No doubt we should be forced to borrow largely from the efficacy of that same consent, to carry us through the conspicuous part assigned to us in the ridiculous farce thus prepared for exhibition.

If the people of Texas choose to revolutionize their Government, and institute some new and different republican organization, they may do so without the leave of a foreign Government "first had and obtained." But the United States have acknowledged our title to be recognised as an independent nation, both de facto and de jure. Should we adopt the course designated by their resolutions, we at once lose the benefit of that acknowledgement. We pass into a state of imbecile and hopeless dependence upon that power. To be annexed? Certainly, never—until their aspiring partisans shall cease to need the material we now furnish them for the manufacture of political capital. Our relations with other Governments dissolved, and our own nationality renounced, the United States may consent to hold—as they shall have consented to place us—in a state of penultimate, but unaccomplished, annexation.

But even this consent of the American Congress, meager and valueless as it is to the people of Texas, but for which we are required to give to the United States a lien upon our country's sovereignty—this worthless consent, as if begrudged to Texas, is eked out to her as a miser's usury, and is shackled with what lawyers call "conditions precedent." Passing by the required sacrifice of our right to adjust the boundaries of our territory, the consent of that Congress even once more to entertain the Texas question is coupled with the cold assurance that if we are ever admitted into the Union at all, we must cede to the United States, "all our mines, minerals, salt lakes, and springs; also, all our public edifices, fortifications, barracks, ports and harbors, navy and navy yards, docks, magazines, arms, armaments, and all other property and means pertaining to the public defence." We must also yield up our revenue and our capacity to raise one; which single item, under the financial regulations of our fostering step-mother, would bring into her Treasury at least three hundred thousand dollars per annum, for which we have her kind permission to retain our public debt, and keep our public domain; subject, however, to the payment of the debt, and circumscribed within such limits as she may hereafter be pleased to assign to our territory, in the exercise of her characteristic and far-reaching diplomacy, which once reached even to the western banks of the Sabine! We must, however, trundle to her pet abolitionists by obligating ourselves to prohibit slavery north of the parallel of thirty-six degrees thirty minutes, known as the Missouri compromise line.

We have always been a warm and hearty advocate for the cause of annexation; but never did we dream that the approval of the people of Texas would be required to a proposition so absurd, so degrading, as the one propounded by