

the 33 counties first named in it, and he will find the most unanswerable confirmation of the statement in that address—"that one third of a community who pay no more than one-third of the taxes, make laws and execute them, impose taxes and expend them, for the other two-thirds?" Is this equality? Is this to be endured in a State which calls itself free? But this computation is a task which indolent men will not make, and disingenuous party men may deceive them by denial or perversions. I dare them to the attempt of exhibiting any plausible appearance of justice in the representation of the State. Injustice is so plain upon our system of electing members to the Assembly, that it need not be searched after. Here are some of the instances:

1. *Granville* pays a tax of \$1,900, and contains 9,500 whites. *Brunswick* pays a tax of \$500, and contains 3,000 whites. Here is a population of 3 to 1, and taxes as 4 to 1. Yet each of these counties elect the same number of members!

2. *Wake* pays a tax of \$2,500, and contains a white population of 11,500. *Haywood* pays a tax of \$360, and contains a population of 4,200. Here the population is very nearly as 3 to 1, and the tax as 7 to 1. Yet each county is alike represented!

3. *Lincoln* contains a white population of 17,600, and pays for taxes \$2,050.—*Jones* contains a like population of 2,300 and pays for taxes \$530. Here also the population is as 7 to 1, and the taxes as 4 to 1. And yet both these counties are alike represented.

4. *Rowan* contains a white population of 14,500, and pays for tax \$2,000. *Washington* contains a like population of 2,700 and pays for taxes \$600. Here the population is as 5 to 1, and the taxes as 3 to 1, although the representation is the same.

5. *Halifax* pays for taxes \$2,100 and contains 6,000 whites. *Columbia* pays for taxes \$300, and contains 3,000 whites. Again we are presented with taxes in the proportion of 7 to 1, and a population of 2 to 1, but the representation of these counties is the same.

6. *Craven* pays a tax of \$1,500, and has a white population of 7,200. *Trywell* pays a tax of \$430 and has a population of 3,300. Here also the taxes are as 4 to 1, and the population as 2 to 1, and yet both counties are alike represented.

7. *Edgecomb* pays for taxes \$2,040 and contains 7,600 whites. *Gates* pays for taxes \$700 and contains 3,500 whites. Again the taxes are very nearly, as 3 to 1 and the population is as 2 to 1, whilst both these counties are of equal weight in the election of our Legislature.

8. *Orange* pays for taxes \$2,300, and contains 16,000 whites. *Hyde* pays for taxes \$400, and contains 4,000 whites. Here also the population is as 4 to 1, and the taxes are as 5 to 1, and yet both these counties are alike represented.

I might extend the list through all the counties of the State, but these shall suffice. Here are 16 counties, but the taxes paid by 8 are not equal to 4,000 dollars, and their white population does not exceed 27,000, and yet they elect the same number of members that are chosen by 8 others, whose taxes are more than 16,000 dollars, and their white population is 90,000.

But again I beg you to observe that there are Borough towns in the State, having no commerce, and no hope of it, whose limits do not contain exceeding 50 voters, and they send one Delegate each to the House of Commons, while a County with 2,400 sends only one. Thus one man in one county is greater than 7 in another—6 in another—5 in another, &c. and one man in a Borough Town is equal to 24 men in a county.

The population of the State is 472,000 whites. Now if we admit that the county which contains only two or three thousand is rightly represented, it would follow that there are 250,000 of our people UNREPRESENTED.

Turn again to the list which was published in my third essay, and mark that there are 20 counties in the State, whose people do not pay their own members and a share of contingencies!

Remember that there are only 21 counties whose taxes pay their share of public expenses—that the other 43 are a burden—that do not pay their own expenses and yet they elect two thirds of the General Assembly. One portion of the people pay the taxes and another spend it. But what is the deficiency of the 43 counties? They pay a tax of about \$34,000—they cost about \$53,000; and thus they expend \$19,000 more than they pay! Is it their own interest to do this? Do not justice and freedom make one united plea against its continuance when we regard the Rights of the other 21 counties?

Really it does seem, passing strange, that in the 19th Century, after 50 years of successful freedom, and in a State whose people have solemnly declared that they have the "exclusive right of managing the internal police of the same," and "that all political power is vested in and derived from the people only," there should be any necessity for arguments to enforce the right and the propriety of amending such a Constitution!

There is no view of this part of my subject which the utmost efforts of ingenuity

can present, wherein we shall not perceive that there is gross inequality. It would be a laborious task to point out all the inequalities of our Constitution. Enough has been shown to force conviction upon all, that the Constitutional basis of Representation is the fruitful parent of general public evils, and of political injustice to particular portions of the State. It will excite some surprise to witness the unsuccessful efforts which have been made to procure a change in these things, and to review the grounds upon which it is resisted.

Before I have concluded my series, I will endeavor to state them. They, however, must be the subject of future essays. SENECA.

Retaliation.—Some few years since, in the county of Penobscot, there lived a man by the name of H—, whose greatest pleasure was to torment others; his own family was generally the butt of his sport. One cold and blustering night, he retired to bed at an early hour, his wife being absent at a neighbor's. Some time after, she returned; finding the doors closed, she demanded admittance. "Who are you?" cried Mr. H.—"You know who I am, let me in, it is very cold." "Begone, you strolling vagabond, I want nothing of you here." "But I must come in." "What is your name?" "You know my name, it is Mrs. H." "Begone! Mrs. H. is a very likely woman; she never keeps such late hours as this!" Mrs. H. replied—"If you do not let me in I will drown myself in the well." "Do if you please," he replied. She at the same time taking up a log plunged it into the well, and retired to the side of the door. Mr. H. hearing the noise rushed from the house to save, as he supposed, his drowning wife. She at the same time slipped in and closed the door after her. Mr. H., almost naked, in turn demanded admittance. "Who are you?" she demanded. "You know who I am, let me in, or I shall freeze." "Begone, you thievish rogue! I want nothing of you here." "But I must come in." "What is your name?" "You know my name, it is Mr. H." "Mr. H. is a very likely man; he don't keep such late hours." Suffice it to say, she, after keeping him in the cold until she was satisfied, opened the door and let him in. VENO.

Anecdote.—As Messrs. Webster and Ewing were wending their way to Circleville, when about seven miles from the town, their passage was intercepted by a tree which had recently fallen across the road, and which an honest yeoman was leisurely cutting out. They surveyed the premises, to see how the difficulty might be overcome. Our knight of the axe, not knowing either of the distinguished Senators congratulated himself in the timely arrival of two such hale and able bodied men to his assistance; and very frankly advised them, as the best means of escaping the difficulty, to get down from their carriage, and aid him in the removal of the obstruction. Pleased with the republican plainness of the suggestion, and finding the man's strength inadequate to the task in hand they followed his advice. Mr. Ewing first took the axe, and wielded it with effect as he does his arguments in the Senate and at the Bar. He was relieved by Mr. Webster, who was less familiar with chopping logs from the road, than with removing the obstructions of chop-logic from the wheels of government. His efforts were so labored and ineffectual, as to attract the notice of the woodsman, who declared to him, "you are not doing your best now, sir—you must be playing the possum! You don't bend your back enough, sir." The tree cut off and the way cleared our travellers resumed their journey—and left the countrymen blessing his stars that they had been directed that way, (which was off the main road,) at that propitious hour.

Squirrels Catified.—A sportsman in the vicinity of Medway (Mass.) not long since took possession of a squirrel nest, in which he found two of the little animals apparently but a day or two old. He carried them home, and put them under the tuition of Grimalkin, who luckily happened to have a brood of kittens of nearly the same age and size, two of which he ruthlessly, and without the least regard to principle, abducted for the purpose of making room for the brush-tailed and long whiskered interlopers. The cat nursed them all thenceforth with an indiscriminate parental affection; and the squirrels are at this time, being about a month old, as much at home with both the old cat and the rest of the family, as the kittens themselves. The whole clan may be seen running about the house, like a corps of dragoons, with heads up and tails flying, in all weathers.

The Portland Advertiser states, that Jack Downing has arrived in that city. He is "a strange looking man, with big whiskers, full face, dark eyes, short legs, and a thick body," and swears a good deal. He says, "there are so many about the country stealing his name, that he only knows himself by a scar on his left arm."

A pretty girl, says the Lowell Journal, who is on the look-out for a husband, has lately professed herself strongly in favor of Jacksonism. Being asked the reason, she said, "the old General is a warm advocate for Union—So am I!"

The Schr. Nile lately arrived at Boston, from Hallowell, with 100 bushels of shoe-pegs! The Mercury arrived from Eleuthera with a cargo consisting of 31,584 pine apples! Here we have the *utile et dulce* literally realized. Commerce, like the fabled heathen Diety, turns into gold every thing it touches; and no nation has a greater adaptation to it than this. We have within our own limits the advantage of almost every latitude, and every soil, by the improvement of which to command the products of the industry of the world. A cargo of stones picked off the ground, or of ice hewn out of the ponds, is exchanged by the Eastern trader with the Southern farmer or planter for a freight which will answer his purpose in the laboratories of Europe as well as gold and silver. Every quarter of our country possesses its relative advantages. In the one part, an adventurous spirit and industrious habits draw wealth from the ocean, or find it on its sterile rocky shores; in another, a fertile soil and fertile skies counterbalance, in their more profitable yield, the physical ills of the climate, and the necessity of employing African labor. Our country abounds, in some parts, in veins of inexhaustible mineral wealth, which, otherwise occupied, we have scarcely yet begun to open; and, as we see exemplified in the fact above stated, even where Nature has been most niggard of her bounties, a comfortable subsistence may be earned by the manufacture of articles of value out of materials which could probably be made no other use of. We do not know that any stronger illustration could well be adduced of the relation of industry and exchange to value than this of the shoe-pegs. National Intelligencer.

FATAL ACCIDENT.

RICHMOND, (VA.) July 13.—*Somnambulism.*—During the night of Thursday last, a watchman in the vicinity of the Columbian Hotel, in Cary street, was alarmed by the violent ringing of the street bell. On examination he found the body of a man on the pavement entirely lifeless, which proved to be that of Mr. Samuel Woodson, of Goodland, who it appears had fallen from the roof of the gallery in front of the house, and whose skull was fractured by the fall, causing instant death. Mr. Woodson had been several days in town, awaiting the arrival of a boat load of meal from his mill, which had been detained by a breach in the canal. During this delay he had evinced great impatience, and a most anxious desire to return home. The boat arrived on Thursday, and having disposed of the cargo, he intended to leave town early on the following morning. Retiring to rest as usual, it is presumed that his anxiety at his long stay operated upon his mind in his slumbers, and that he rose and walked out of the second story of the Hotel, from which he was precipitated to the ground, breaking the bell rope in his fall, and thus giving the alarm to the watch. Mr. W. was a man of great industry and respectability, and carried on a mill situated on Beaver Dam. This melancholy accident receives additional interest from the fact that the daughter of Mr. W. was shortly to be married; and his visit to Richmond is supposed to have been connected with the preparations for that event.

The Senses Fallible Witnesses.—When we bathe in the sea, or in a cold bath, we are accustomed to consider the water as colder than the air, and the air colder than the clothes which surround us. Now all these objects are, in fact, at the same temperature. A thermometer surrounded by the cloth of our coat or suspended in the atmosphere, or immersed in the sea, will stand at the same temperature. A linen shirt, when first put on, will feel colder than a cotton one, and a flannel shirt will actually feel warm; yet all these have the same temperature. The sheets of the bed feel cold, and the blankets warm; the blankets and sheets, however, are equally warm. A still calm, atmosphere, in summer, feels warm; but if a wind arises, the same atmosphere feels cool. Now, a thermometer suspended under shelter, and in a calm place, will indicate exactly the same temperature as a thermometer on which the wind blows.—*Cabinet Cyclopaedia.*

Naval Anecdote.—When Commodore Decatur arrived at Gibraltar in the summer of 1815, on his way to Algiers, a great number of British officers, and among them an American gentleman, were assembled on an eminence to view the American fleet. Decatur sailed into the harbor with his squadron in very handsome style and passed on without coming to anchor, his object being merely to make signals to the sloop of war Ontario.—The English officers were very desirous of knowing the different names of the vessels as they approached, and as the shrewd Yankee pretended to know every ship the moment he saw her broadside they crowded around him eagerly for information.

The first frigate, he said, was the *Guerriere*; the second, the *Macedonian*; the third, the *Java*; the next was the *Epervier*; the next the *Peacock*; and the next "O—the next" they exclaimed with indignation, and immediately moved off, highly disgusted with the reminiscences brought to their minds by the names of the vessels of the Yankee Squadron.

Robbery and Murder.—The dead body of a man, who was ascertained to be William Patton, a merchant of Abbeville district, South Carolina, was found on Thursday June 13, with marks of violence upon it, on the Cumberland mountain in Marion county, not far from the stage road, about three miles from Jasper. His saddle and saddle bags were likewise found, the latter were concealed under a rock about half a mile from the road, containing a number of letters to persons in Lincoln county, Tenn. and Randolph county, Illinois, promissary notes to a considerable amount and a memorandum of houses and distances on the road from Abbeville, S. C. by Jasper, Hollingsworth's store, and the Stone Fort in Franklin county to the widow Patton, the entire distance between the extremes being added up.—It is ascertained that the unfortunate man remained on Sunday night preceeding at Col. Oats' in Squatchee Valley, and that he left that place on Monday in company with a man by the name of Bennett Dooley of Franklin county, who resides near Coldwells bridge, and who has since been at home, but departed in haste before intelligence of the supposed murder reached the neighborhood. It is said that Dooley has been since heard of in Winchester and that he was in possession of a horse and watch supposed to have belonged to the deceased. The letters found in Patton's saddlebags show that his object was to explore the western country, with a view to the permanent settlement of himself and some friends. Such is the account which has been furnished us from a respectable source.—*Nat. Ban.*

Mr. Patton is a son of Mr. James Patton, of the Warm Springs, N. C.

Jonesborough Journal.

We learn from the Greenville Mountaineer, that Dooley, the murderer of Mr. Patton, of Abbeville has been arrested. He had in his possession, when taken Patton's horse and watch, and about \$20 in money.

Barn Yard and Hog Pen.—My father whose farm I inherited and took possession of two years ago, had his hog-stye detached from his barn yard. Immediately on entering upon the farm, I removed my pen by inclosing a portion of the barn yard. I kept my stye well littered with straw, leaves, weeds, soil from the woods, and meadow earth obtained from ditching, by carting together, with that put into the yard, from two to ten loads per week. I sometimes put a few handfuls of rye in different places in the yard, and let in hogs. Feeding them thus for a few days they completely stir up and commute the contents of the yard. I am confident that I make four times the quantity of manure that my father did, and with no increase in number of stock—and of a better quality too; comparatively none of its strength being washed away by the rains, and evaporated by the sun. My farm consists of nearly seventy acres, principally in tillage. I am confident that I shall in the course of time, get it all in a high state of cultivation without laying out any money in the purchase of manure.—*N. Y. Farmer.*

AN HONEST COLOURED MAN.—as noble as any other work of God.—A few days since, a gentleman lost in the street three hundred dollars, which was advertised in the New-York Gazette. The next morning the faithful colored porter in the store of P. I. Nevius & Son, came forward with the money, which he found in the street. It is needless to add, that he was handsomely rewarded by the owner; but, his richest reward is, a consciousness of having performed an obligatory duty.

A PRECIOUS THOUGHT.

What can be so consoling to the heart of feeble man as the thought that his Maker cares for him and will save him from the cruel tyranny of his sins!—Hours of despondency and gloom often cast their shadows over the christian's mind; but when the sweet impression revisits his soul that his dear Redeemer cares for him, it is sunshine with his heart again. What pen can reveal the preciousness of the thoughts of Almighty love that steal into the soul with all their balmy fragrance! In the silent hours of night when creation slumbers around, one christian on his bed, whose soul is throbbing under the inexpressible pulsation of heavenly love, feels more happiness than all created worlds can bestow. He lies on a bed of spices. Images of beauty and glory cluster thickly into his entranced soul. His thoughts respond to the promptings of the celestial ones, who, for aught we know, may be waving their dewy wings around his pillow.

Oh, one hour spent thus, is "worth a whole eternity of bondage" to the pleasures of sense! Memory will go back with undefinable sweetness to such an hour, and the soul will yearn for it again with immortal desire. To believe that the pure, unchangeable and omnipotent heart of our Almighty Saviour thinks kindly of us, notwithstanding our sins and wretchedness, some precious promise of his word,—this, this is worth living for. For this may we gladly suffer and toil on through the trials of poverty, and mental anxiety and struggle. Be blessedness like this ours. Be this precious thought, our inheritance here—an earnest of that perpetual sunshine of soul, which cheers the inhabitants of the upper world.

AURARIA, (Geo.) JULY 16.—Lot No. 1052, in the 12th District, 1st Section, was sold by the drawer a few days since for \$30,000, to Maj. Mosely, of Greene county. The purchaser was in possession at the time of the sale, where he had been operating very successfully for a few weeks, under a lease.

A beautiful specimen was found at the Allatoona Mines in Cass county, ten or twelve days since; and a rock which weighed twenty-eight pounds; with particles of gold so richly interspersed through it, as to command an offer of one hundred dollars, from a gentleman present at the time of its discovery; which was refused by the finder, who being like a great many others, in debt, soon had it taken from his possession by a Constable, who held an execution against him, and the same is now advertised to be sold at Constable's sale, and will go to the payment of the finder's debts, provided the owner of the land on which it was found, does not interpose a claim.

East and West.—The Editor of the Portland Advertiser, whose letters, during a tour through the Southern and Western States, have furnished entertainment and instruction for most of the newspaper readers in the Union, since his return from that tour, has taken a trip in another direction. He says:

"Some thirty days ago I was inquiring in Cincinnati for the West, and they said it was among 'the Hoosiers' of Indiana, or 'the Suckers' of Illinois—cant names given to the residents of these States. Some thirty-five days ago I was even there, and they said the West was off in Missouri, across the Father of Waters. I stopped some forty days ago on the borders of Missouri, and there the West was in the Rocky Mountains, or among 'the Soaks Indians,' or 'the Smackchops' of the Oregon Territory. It was the work of a dozen years to find the West—and so in despair I hurried home to see where the East was. But where is the East? Even that is disputed. Ask a man in Washington where down East is, and he locates it in Boston. In Boston it is in Portland. Here it is at Bangor and Eastport is the end of the East, but there they say it is Halifax, or the Miramichi or Labrador. The truth is, our country, of itself, without the provinces, is of such immense extent, that the eye running over the map, taking all in at one view, cannot understand its vastness, and the unbounded variety of employments in which men are engaged. Let one see the villages and towns from the Passumpsquoddy to the Mississippi, here the millmen sawing wood into all variety of forms—there the sugar and rice planters gathering rich treasures from a beautiful soil—here the fishermen anchoring his little boats among our rocky islands, and there the boatman floating hundreds and hundreds of miles with his cargo of knickknacks—let one see all this in a short time, and shift rapidly from village to village—and he must feel that this of ours is no common land, whose destiny, if linked as one, and prophecy will dare not preannounce."

National Intelligencer.

The Clouds.—Many people have an idea that the clouds are something very different from the fogs and mists we occasionally experience on the earth's surface. They are mistaken. Mr. Durant's last ascent, one was made during an easterly storm.—It rained, we believe, when he left Castle Garden, and it rained very hard during most of the time he was aloft. He passed through and far above the clouds. In conversation with him the other day, we made some inquiries about the clouds. He remarked that he no where experienced a greater degree of dampness (or density of vapour if you please,) than when at and near the earth's surface. On the contrary, the dampness seemed rather to diminish as he ascended, till at length he found himself in a clear, bright atmosphere, as far as the eye could reach, and the sun shining upon them and upon him, in its mildest, softest radiance.—*Jour. of Co.*

The Monkey and Bull Dog.—A furious battle took place some time back at Worcester, between those two animals, on a wager of three guineas to one, that the dog would kill the monkey in six minutes.—The owner of the dog agreed to permit the monkey to use a stick about a foot long.—Hundreds of spectators assembled to witness the fight, and bets ran eight, nine, and ten to one in favor of the dog, which could hardly be held in. The owner of the monkey taking from his pocket a thick round rule, about a foot long, threw it into the hand of the monkey, saying, "Now look sharp—mind that dog!" Then here goes for your monkey," cried the butcher, letting the dog loose, which flew with a tiger-like fierceness at him. The monkey, with astonishing agility sprang at least a yard high, and falling on the dog, laid fast to the back of his neck with his teeth, seizing one ear with his left paw, so as to prevent his turning to bite. In this unexpected situation, Jack fell to work with his rule upon the head of the dog, which he beat so forcibly and rapidly, that the creature cried out most eloquently. In a short time the dog was carried off in nearly a lifeless state, with his skull fractured.—*English paper.*