

wearing an air of intolerable discomfort. The proprietor himself was sleeping on a plank, under the shade of a large tree, with his hat drawn over his eyes, and was the only thing upon the premises that seemed to be at its ease. I was received with the warmest hospitality, and kindly made welcome to every thing that the house could afford. I found that mine host was a shrewd, intelligent, lazy, good natured, good for nothing fellow. Although living almost without the comforts of savage life, he was still what might be called a man of substance—that is, he owned seven or eight hundred acres of land such as it was, and twenty or thirty negroes—in short, his goods and chattels, if reduced to money, could not have yielded less than fifteen or twenty thousand dollars. If politeness had permitted, I should like to have suggested to him, how much a little repair and paint would have added to the comfort and convenience of his family; how many elegant pleasures and delights, the work of his own hands could afford them, if he had only employed in ornamenting and adorning his homestead, those hours he had spent upon that plank. But he, wise soul, had found out “exactly how it was;” nothing was to be made by farming in this “country,” and he had determined, as a panacea for all the ills of life, to remove to the west. I could not help thinking of the old maxim, *Calum non animinum mutat, qui trans mare currunt*; my poor friend may change his climate, but I much fear he will never get rid of the bad habits which made the change necessary. This unfortunate gentleman was the only type of a class, that was formerly much more numerous than it is now (thank God!) in Virginia. Indeed a new source of extinction has lately appeared, which threatens to dissipate entirely this ancient and venerable race of farmers. Our Northern neighbors, with that sagacity for which they are remarkable, have discovered that there is no portion of the country, that offers such inducements to speculators, as the ancient seats of these old Virginians, whose sloth and extravagance force them to sell their birthrights for a song. These new comers have discovered the grand secret, which modern improvement in Agriculture have revealed, that it is easier and cheaper to renovate an exhausted acre, than to bring a new one into cultivation. With this knowledge, with which their superior intelligence has acquainted them, they are well content to purchase the pleasant homes of the former occupants, and send them forth, wives, little children and all, to encounter the hardships and privations of a life in the wilderness. We welcome those enterprising strangers among us, for they make the wilderness to blossom as the rose, and set an example in husbandry, worthy of all imitation.— Yet, it is a melancholy reflection, that for every recruit we gain in this way, some old settler has been driven from the home of his childhood, and forced to yield his household associations to stranger hands. May God prosper him in foreign lands, and teach him that industry and economy, the want of which drove him from his own.

That Agriculture is the mother of the Arts—that it was the primal occupation of man—that it is the foundation and source of all industry, has been repeated by every writer and speaker on the subject for the last 5000 years; and these declarations are not less true than trite. But there is one view of the subject I have never seen taken, at least pressed with sufficient force upon the public consideration; I mean the importance not to say necessity, of Agriculture, to the support of Republican institutions. These, in their nature, depend upon the purity and virtue of the people, and they have most to dread from that foul corruption, which seems to be engendered in man from contact with his fellow man. I know it has been claimed for cities, and not without reason, that history proves them to have been the ardent friends of liberty, and ever the pioneers in the great struggles for freedom, which man has been forced to wage with his oppressors. They have been the first to resist oppression, not from a greater love of liberty, but because their local position gave them greater facilities of union; but, if they are banded together for good they are frequently united for evil, and it is in the corruptions engendered in a great city, that the demagogue loves to riot. With an almost boundless territory, and the most fertile soil in the world, we must remain for many centuries an agricultural people. Villages, such as Richmond, may, may spring up, and one or two, as New York, may in time grow to be the cities of which I speak. But it will be long, very long, ere the heaven of purity and honesty, derived from agricultural occupations, will not more than overbalance all the vice and corruption that seem inseparable from a congregation of great masses of mankind.

But, if Agriculture is favorable to Republican institutions, so are these in their turn wonderfully promotive of the growth of Agriculture. Indeed, it is the chief boast of free Government, that it releases the shackles of mind, and brings to bear upon a subject of public interest the whole untrammelled force of public intellect. There is no subject upon which, in proportion to our numbers, we cannot think freer, stronger and more cheerily, than any other people upon the face of the earth. Our institutions would not be worth a rush, if this were not true. And now, that the public mind in America has been brought to bear upon this subject, which is to us of peculiar interest, I venture to predict, that in this country, during the next ten years, more real discoveries will be made in the science of Agriculture, than in all Europe combined.

At the expression, “Science of Agriculture,” it is possible, that a contemptuous smile may mark the countenances of some of my auditory. I know it is much the fashion of a sort of men, who have grown wise in their own conceit, and whom the modern discoveries in agricultural science are gradually displacing, from the oceanic tripod, which they have been accustomed to occupy in their own neighborhood—it is a kind of fashion with such men. I say, to turn up their noses at the mention of Science. They, forsooth, look upon her as a dan-

gerous rival to their own pretensions, and have more than half a mind to set up an opposition to her claims. Poor, ignorant creatures! they little understand the power they oppose, nor are they aware of the ridiculous figure they are made to cut in such a contest. They do not know, that in plotting against Science, they are guilty of the grossest treachery, and the blackest ingratitude. To her, they are indebted for every social comfort they enjoy; her blessings are around them and about them, wherever they endeavor to raise a sneer at her expense. The old housewife cannot make a pot of soap without the aid of chemistry; the commodious dwellings that they inhabit, are indebted to innumerable scientific discoveries for their existence. The scientific researches of Count Rumford are called inquisition, whenever a fire place is to be built; and there is not a physical luxury or comfort that they enjoy, to which Science has not lent her aid. And yet, these are the men, who live and breathe by Science, that dare to deride her pretensions, or doubt the limits of her capabilities. Yet, so it has ever been. This great benefactor of man kind, has in all times been aspersed and derided.— Whenever she has proffered a new gift to the world, in addition to the thousand she has bestowed on it, it has ever been received with scorn and contumely. I remember an old gentleman’s telling me, that many years ago, as he was walking along the streets of your city, and attracted by a crowd into one of the rooms of the Eagle tavern. There he found an assemblage, and an individual exhibiting a little metal apparatus, smoking and steaming like a tea kettle; it was moving rapidly around a circular railway, and dragging after it a nice little carriage about the size of a candle box. (I have given you, as near as I could, the very words of the narrator.) The exhibitor endeavored to explain the operation of the machine, which was unintelligible to my informant, but he recollects his assertion, that by means of the invention which he was then exhibiting, the day would shortly come, when a journey from Richmond to Fredericksburg, a distance of sixty miles, would be accomplished in five hours, without the aid of horses. This announcement was received with an incredulous smile by his audience, and a celebrated physician left the room, declaring the man was a madman. That madman was Oliver Evans, and that model was a shadowing forth of the railroads that are in daily operation throughout the country. When an individual is placed in one of those luxurious cars, and rapidly transported to his place of destination, without trouble and without effort on his part, if he belongs to the common herd, he vulgarly imagines, that it is to the senseless engine, or the almost as mechanical engineer, or, at farthest, to the directors of the rail road company, that he is indebted for the conveniences he enjoys. But the reflecting man knows, that it is the scientific discoveries of a Newcomen and a Watt, a Fulton and a Evans, which, more powerful than the lamp of Aladin, have subjected to his will this potent slave of his pleasures. Who, then, shall limit the sway of Science, or pretend to set bounds to her discoveries in Agriculture?

It is true, that in the pursuit of truth, we sometimes fall into the quagmire of error; and so it is not to be denied, that from a want of a proper knowledge of facts, scientific man have committed some egregious blunders in Agriculture. But their mistakes should only teach us to avoid the errors into which they have fallen, and to seek more confidently for the truths at which they aimed.

There is a class of individuals, who, it seems to me, have never been duly appreciated by the world. They are generally known by the name of “experimenters.” Actuated by the most laudable desire for knowledge, they wear out their lives, and often empty their purses, in search for information that redounds to the advantage of others. This self-devoted class, it seems to me, should have monuments erected to their memories. There was one Curtis, once, who leaped into a fathomless gulf, for the good of his country, and his name, at this day, is only spoken to be applauded. But these modern Curtises of ours, who, for the good of others, have plunged into the dark abyss of poverty, pass unrecognized through their own generation, and are, I fear, doomed to be forgotten by posterity.

I congratulate you, gentlemen, upon the increasing interest of our exhibitions. I am delighted to see here so many specimens of domestic manufactures. Some of them are fully equal to any that can be found in this country. I most heartily wish they were more generally appreciated; but the fact is, a most unfortunate and fatal propensity exists upon the part of our people, to clothe foreign products with a fictitious value, that has no existence, except in their imaginations. Now, I pretend to have some little acquaintance with the mechanic arts, as practiced here and elsewhere; and I hesitate not to declare, that so far as I have observed, and have been able to judge, there are specimens, of manufactures produced in Richmond that cannot be excelled in the Union; yet, we daily see our townsmen pass by the products of their fellow citizens, mechanics whom they have known from their infancy; go to the North, and, as I know, frequently pay higher prices for an inferior article.

Now, I do not mean to disturb the turbid pool of politics, by entering into a discussion of the Tariff question, although for so doing I could quote very high authority. But whatever my opinions may be of the policy of Governmental interference with the liberty of private action. I profess myself, heart and soul, for that best of all Tariff principles, which leads the individual purchasers to give the preference, even at the expense of his pocket, to his neighbor and friend, over a stranger and an alien. One would think, that he who was continually invoking the aid of Government to cherish domestic manufactures, would at all times be possessed of sufficient patriotism to set an example in his own person, and that he would be the last individual in the world, who, in supplying his own wants, would seek a foreign market. But, I imagine, if you will enquire of the Mechanics of Richmond, you will find,

that their best patrons are not always those who profess the warmest devotion to domestic industry. Stern tells us, that whilst he was in Paris, having need of a shoe buckle, he said to the Jeweller, who was submitting one to his inspection, “You are sure the setting is not false?” His reply was, “Mon-sieur, you may dip it in the ocean,” which, it is to be remembered, is not within 100 miles of Paris. An Englishman, Sterne remarks, would have said, “Sir, you may try it in that bucket of water.” The Frenchman is grand, airy, and sublime; the Englishman more homely and practical. So, Sir, with some of the friends of domestic industry. For the magnificent scheme of legislative protection, they are the most noisy advocates; but, to the homely, practical, every-day exercise of the principle in their own persons, they are totally averse; and when a wardrobe, or a grate, or a saddle is to be purchased, to the entire neglect of our own excellent artisans, their patronage is bestowed upon foreign workmen.

Nor is this absurd, prepossession in favor of foreign productions confined to the citizens of Richmond. I was fortunate enough to be present a few days since at the exhibition of the American Institute in New York, where the splendid display of American produce made me proud of my countryman.— My attention was particularly attracted to a table upon which were exhibited several specimens of most exquisite workmanship, with the word London stamped upon them. How is this? I said to the exhibitor: I thought thought this was an exhibition of American, not English manufactures. Then came the shameful confession, shameful to American citizens, that although these articles were made in our country, it was found absolutely necessary to stamp them with a foreign brand, before they would pass current among us?

These beautiful specimens of needle work too, the handwork of our fair country-women! I was hark to-day at hearing some rude passer-by observe, that they were evidences of time ill spent, and that superior articles could be purchased from public manufactories for a mere trifle. but, surely, this is not the way to estimate these interesting productions. They are not for sale—they are for the most part, presents to some loved one. Here is a counterpane, the work of her own hands, the gift of mother to her daughter, and tokens of the deepest, the holiest affection are interwoven with every fibre of the fabric. It is prized, let me tell you, and justly too, beyond the dyes of Tyre, or the richest productions of Eastern looms. I could not help being forcibly struck with the delicate sentiments and most appropriate manner in which that distinguished and accomplished gentleman, Mr. Henry Clay, lately received some such gift at the hands of one of his country-women; and I could well understand, that the associations connected with such a token of esteem, are calculated to bring repose to the pillow of the wearied and harassed aspirant for public favor.

A very old writer has very justly observed, that “the way of entering a country, is by conquest, which increases its products by adding to its territory; and the other, by improvements in the art of Agriculture, by which the products of the same territory are doubled. He says, “Who succeeds in accomplishing either, is a Hero.” If a General returns from a successful campaign, his brow is bound with garlands, and the warmest offerings of the human heart are laid at his feet. We are now about to single out the individual, who, having distinguished himself as the most successful agriculturist, is, in the opinion of our old author, entitled to equal honors. Have you no civic wreath for him? Or, is human nature so constituted, that it is only the reeking sword of the conqueror and the mournful cry of the widow and orphan, as it rises from their desolate hearth, that can attract our admiration and elicit our applause? Let us hope, that the day is not far distant, when a higher state of civilization will teach us to estimate more properly the precious arts of Agriculture, and when, to be called the first farmer in the State, will be the highest eulogium of public approbation.

And now, gentlemen, in conclusion, permit me to descend from Agriculture in the general, to the Agricultural Society of Henrico, in particular. They are very intimately connected, and the success of the one has a powerful bearing upon the prosperity of the other. This Society was organized, and has been chiefly supported by a few public-spirited gentlemen in the neighborhood. Its beneficial effects are felt and seen by all of you. To form a proper appreciation of them, you have only to ride in any direction about the suburbs of the city. Rude grounds have been converted into productive gardens, and barren wastes into smiling fields. I recollect a lady’s saying to me last Summer, that she meant to make her husband become a member of this Society, because it had done so much to beautify the rides and walks about the city. She declared, the time had been when it gave her a fit of the horrors, (she was a nervous lady) to order her carriage for an evening drive; but that now, there was nothing she and her children enjoyed so much. But this is not all. Let him who has been familiar with your market for the last eight or ten years, compare its present abundant supplies of the finest fruits and vegetables, with the meagre exhibition of former days; and, after all, let us be as sentimental as we will, a good market plays a very important part in the comedy of human happiness. Our merchant, and mechanics too should remember, that these exhibitions are annually becoming more and more attractive, and that they are by no means inefficient in increasing the trade of the city. But, over and above all considerations of dollars and cents, let us, one and all, come forward and enrol our names as members of this Association, which represents the great Agricultural interest of the State, and which should be the pride and ornament of its metropolis.

The chain of love is made of fading flowers, but that of wedlock of gold—lasting as well as beautiful.



JEFFERSONIAN:
Charlotte, North-Carolina,
SATURDAY EVENING, DEC. 2, 1843.

Democratic candidate for President of the United States:
JOHN C. CALHOUN,
OF SOUTH-CAROLINA.

“The great popular party is already rallied almost en masse around the banner which is leading the party to its final triumph. The few that still lag will soon be rallied under the ample folds: on that banner is inscribed FAITH: TRADE: LOW DUTY: NO DEBT: SEPARATION FROM BANKS; ECONOMY, RETRENCHMENT, and a STRICT ADHERENCE TO THE CONSTITUTION. Victory in such a cause will be great and glorious; and if its principles be faithfully and firmly adhered to after it is achieved, much will it redound to the honor of those by whom it will have been won; and long will it perpetuate the liberty and prosperity of the country.—John C. Calhoun.

To have the benefit of the large mail from the north on Friday, we shall in future commence printing our paper on Saturday evening.

We came near being able to publish no paper at all this week;—for on Thursday, by accident, a gentleman from the country threw into pi a good portion of the type ready set up for the paper. Be careful, when you come into a printing office, to touch not the types.

The reader’s special attention is invited to the very interesting address of Mr. BORTS, which was recently delivered before the Henrico Agricultural Society at Richmond, Va. It is the best thing of the sort we have seen this many a day.

AGRICULTURAL FAIR.

The FAIR of the Mecklenburg Agricultural Society, given in this place on Thursday last, was certainly, taken altogether, one of the most interesting scenes we have ever witnessed. The members of this infant society, and the friends of Agricultural improvement in the County, have just cause to be proud for the encouraging prospects of future success exhibited on Thursday. For, besides the spirited and appropriate proceedings of the Society, the deep interest evinced in those proceedings by the very large assemblage of our citizens generally, was, to our mind, a certain indication of the future success of our Society.

The articles brought to exhibit for Premiums, were of course not so numerous at this, our first FAIR, as we may reasonably expect in future;—yet, in the article of stock, there was a display in number and quality really fascinating to the connoisseur. Shire, Guizot and Cobbett Hogs, were exhibited of a quality to take a premium in almost any country. There were also exhibited some domestic silk fabrics,—the manufacture of some of the ladies of our county, of a very beautiful quality, and indicating that in that branch of industry, too, Mecklenburg is not behind the foremost.

At the meeting of the Society in the morning, after the election of officers for the ensuing year, very interesting reports were read from gentlemen previously appointed to that duty, on the subjects of the best mode of growing Corn and Cotton, and of raising Cattle and Hogs—all which were ordered to be published. We will give them a place in our columns in our next and succeeding numbers. Capital speeches were also made before the Society and the large assemblage of citizens, by R. I. McDOWELL, Esq., and Capt JOHN WALKER, which, being more extempore, we regret we cannot obtain for publication.

We have now given a very hurried and imperfect sketch of the Agricultural FAIR, but the most splendid and animating scene of all was in the evening, at

THE PARTY.

given in honor of the Agricultural Fair. At an early hour, the large rooms of the Charlotte Hotel were filled to overflowing. On no former occasion, even in old Mecklenburg—celebrated as she is for the beauty and accomplishments of her fair daughters—have we seen so charming an assemblage of beautiful and gay spirits. To have been otherwise than delighted and exalted on that occasion, would indeed have argued one to be really only fitted for “Treason, stratagem, and spoils.”

After “skipping the light fantastic toe,” to the sweetest strains of music, until all had drank deep of wit and sentiment, glee and merriment, without a single occurrence to mar the harmony and pleasure of the evening, the company dispersed, pleased with each other, and no doubt all fully convinced that, for agricultural FAIRS, and for fair encouragers of Agricultural FAIRS, Mecklenburg is surpassed by no country in the world.

MR. CLAY and DISTRIBUTION.

It is well known to the country, that the distribution among the several States of the money arising from the sales of the public lands, has for some years been the main question upon which Mr. CLAY has sought to gain a sufficiency of popularity to carry him into the presidential chair. He has over and over since 1835, proclaimed this the great object of all his ambition. He now maintains, that the public lands belong to the several States individually, and not as a federative body, though the deeds of cession prove directly the reverse; and that the money should be distributed, though the federal government is now in debt, and a resort to direct taxation our only alternative, even if the land sales should remain in the national treasury. But were these always Mr. Clay’s views on this question?—The whigs, who worship at Mr. CLAY’s shrine,

would make the people believe that he has never changed on any question—no, not he. But our readers are probably aware, that Mr. CLAY was once a democrat—that was, before he deserted his principles for an office under John Quincy Adams;—and although he deserted in 1825, he did not, it seems, lose all his democracy previous 1832, when he made in congress the speech from which the following is an extract, on this very question of distributing the land sales. The speech may be found at length in Gales & Senteson’s Register of Congressional debates for 1832, written out by Mr. CLAY himself. The *Washington Globe* says—

“That whilst this great champion of Whiggery is so justly clamoring for the distribution of the proceeds of the public lands among the States, he delivered a most able and unanswerable argument in 1832, in the Senate of the United States, against the evils resulting from this very policy of distribution; from which speech we beg to present the following extract:—

“Whoever may be entitled to the credit of the payment of the public debt, I congratulate you, sir, and the country, most cordially, that it is so near at hand, it is so near being totally extinguished, that we may now safely inquire whether, without prejudice to any established policy, we may not relieve the consumption of the country, by the repeal or reduction of duties, and curtail, considerably, the public revenue.— In making this inquiry, the first question which presents itself is, whether it is expedient to preserve the existing duties, in order to accumulate a surplus in the treasury for the purpose of subsequent distribution among the several States. I think not. If the collection, for the purpose of such a surplus, is to be made from the pockets of one portion of the people, to be ultimately returned to the same pockets, the process would be attended with the certain loss arising from the charges of collection, and with the loss also of interest while the money is performing the unnecessary circuit; and it would, therefore, be unjust. If it is to be collected from one portion of the people, and given to another, it would be unjust. If it is to be given to the States in their corporate capacity, to be used by them in their public expenditure, I know of no principle in the Constitution which authorizes the Federal Government to become such a collector for the States, nor of any principle of equity or propriety which admits of the States becoming such recipients of gratuity from the General Government.”

This is what we call first rate democratic doctrine on this question. Indeed, if we were to insert this paragraph without saying who was the author, it would now be taken for the remarks of Mr. CALHOUN, Col. BAXTON, or some other democrat. He not only protests against the distribution, and insists on the bounden duty of Congress to have the fund for national purposes, as it was doubtless intended to be appropriated by the States in ceding it to the federal government, but he protests against the distribution on the grounds of its creating the necessity of increasing the taxes on the people, of the dead loss to the people in the process of distributing the land money, and of collecting tariff duties in its stead, and also for its tendency to generate a corruption fund to be used by aspiring politicians to gain place and power. These are precisely the grounds upon which the democracy now opposes distribution. Besides, Mr. CLAY, in the above extract, very correctly, in our opinion, takes the strongest sort of objection to the constitutional power of Congress to collect from the people, money to be distributed among the same people. This part of his argument we consider perfectly unanswerable. Yet we now see Mr. CLAY advocating this very measure of distribution, to which he was opposed in toto in 1832. What has produced this change in his views? Simply this: In 1832, the question was a new one, and Mr. CLAY did not then entirely despair reaching the goal of his ambition—the Presidency—by fair means, and he obeyed the dictates of his conscience, and spoke what he honestly thought. Since that time, he has found that humbergery and chicanery are necessary to his purposes, and that by using distribution as a bait to the old States, and distribution as an auxiliary to a high protective tariff to buy the support of the manufacturing interest, is his only and last desperate resort. At once he changed his course, and has ever since been endeavoring to controvert his own arguments on this subject. But he has succeeded in this as poorly as he has in his repeated efforts to reach the presidency—and he is destined to ever fail in both.

“A writer in the *Warrenton Reporter*, a Democratic paper, proposes that the Convention which are to meet at Raleigh to nominate candidates for the office of next Governor of this State, come to an understanding that neither candidate shall canvass the State in person, but leave the matter to the cool deliberation of the people.

We are free to say that we like the suggestion and we should be glad to see the practice of personal electioneering for the office of Governor done away with, and such we think is the sentiment of a large portion of both parties.—*Wilmington Chronicle.*”

“Not exactly our sentiments at this time. The whigs, no doubt, will readily agree to the suggestion, for they have in the State, we believe, nearly double the number of presses that the democrats have, and can decrease and cheat the people, by blowing over the country their misrepresentations, falsehoods and humbuggery, without fear of contradiction; this has been done, and would be done again—No! No! the Governor is elected by the people, and the people should, if possible, see the candidates, know their principles, and hear their views on all important subjects; if this is fairly done democracy will show for itself and have nothing to fear.

Wilmington Messenger.

We entirely agree with the above remarks of our esteemed contemporary of the *Wilmington Messenger*. We were once opposed to the candidates for the office of Governor canvassing the State for votes; because we thought the practice was calculated to lower the dignity of the office to which they aspired. But the federalists forced the practice on us, when they knew they had a candidate of superior popular address, and who would stoop to any means to delude the people and scatter political errors over the state. They succeeded by the foulest means, and would now gladly let the people sleep in error, to perpetuate the ascendancy of federalism in our State Councils. With the odds against us, of three presses to one, our opponents imagine they can keep up the delusions produced in 1840, by Gov. Morehead’s humbugging speeches, and his industrious circulation of “Ogle’s Omnibus of Lies,” but we look forward to a thorough redemption of the State when it is fully canvassed by the worthy and talented gentleman our party will doubtless nominate! The masses in our State are honest, and sincerely attached to the pure principles of democracy, and