

Hon. Wm. S. Ashe has our thanks for a bound volume of the census report of 1850.

The Whig Convention on the Nebraska Question.

When the question has been asked by democratic journals, why the late whig State Convention did not take decided and unequivocal ground on the Nebraska question, we are pointed in reply to the 3d resolution of the series adopted in that Convention. It is as follows:

3. Resolved, That we reaffirm the resolution of the last whig Convention on the Compromise Measures of 1850, which declares them a final settlement in principle and in substance of the dangerous and exciting subjects to which they relate, and that we are in favor of the doctrine of non-intervention by Congress on the subject of slavery within the territories of the United States, now held, or hereafter to be acquired.

Note the double aspect which this resolution wears. If the Nebraska Bill should get through Congress triumphantly, then the whigs will turn to their resolution and declare that they helped to sustain the bill in its hour of trial by embodying its great principle into their platform. If, however, the bill should fail, then they can turn to that resolution and say: "We told you in that resolution that Congress ought not to interfere with slavery in the territories. This Nebraska Bill was an interference with the subject by Congress, and that too after the Compromise of 1850 was declared to be a final settlement. You would not take it as final, but must needs be patching up a supplement to it. Congress has by interfering with this delicate subject reopened the slavery agitation, and the Union is in consequence brought into peril."

Such is the duplicity of aspect which this resolution wears. How much more candid would it have been if its framers had come out fairly and said whether they were for or against the bill. It is true that several of their journals were somewhat committed against it, but Mr Badger, who is of more weight, and whose opinion in this matter was entitled to more consideration than the whole of them together, was for it. They owed it to Mr Badger to come out boldly and openly and endorse his course on the bill.

The New Hanover Democracy.

The Wilmington Journal of the 15th, brings us the published proceedings of a meeting of the democracy of New Hanover, which took place on Tuesday last. Resolutions of the true democratic stamp were passed, and the initiatory steps taken to secure the thorough organization of the party in the coming conflict. It was recommended that a convention representing the different Captains' districts should convene to nominate candidates for the Legislature. We doubt not that the tried and true democrats of New Hanover will follow this recommendation. By so doing they will unite the party and put to flight disorganizers. Among the resolutions we find one nominating S. J. Person, Esq., for Governor. It is well known that the democracy of Cumberland are deeply committed to Judge Ellis. Nevertheless, we hazard nothing in saying that should Col. Person be nominated by the State Convention, the democrats of Cumberland would give him a zealous and hearty support. They know him. They have seen him battling gallantly for the great cause, and no one who has witnessed his efforts under such circumstances can fail to place a very high estimate on his services. Possessed of commanding abilities, courteous and urbane manners, springing from a sincere and kindly heart, a thorough education, a comprehensive knowledge of politics, and great skill and force as a public debater, there is no doubt in our mind that if Col. Person be nominated, he will rally the full force of the democratic party throughout the State.

At the Democratic Meeting held in this town last week the Hon. Lauchlin Bethune was appointed president and Samuel E. Johnson was requested to act as one of the Secretaries. It is amusing to reflect upon faces of this sort. The country gentlemen entertain the opinion that they are helping to act for the party, while everything is cooked up here in town. "What a dust we raise," as the fly said to the chariot wheel.—Argus.

We were somewhat surprised at the above article, for it seemed to us to convey a very decidedly pointed insinuation against the intelligence of the "country gentlemen" who participated in our democratic meeting, held during the last County Court week. We can inform the Argus that the "country gentlemen" who presided over that meeting, and assisted in recording its proceedings, are persons of intelligence and position. The Hon. Lauchlin Bethune, though he be a "country gentleman," is universally recognized as a man of excellent natural ability, improved by considerable experience in public life, and justly entitled by the qualities of his head and heart to the influence which he is known to exert. As to Mr Johnson, it is only necessary to say that he is the author of the resolution calling a County Convention of the democracy. If this does not vindicate him from any insinuation against his intelligence, no amount of proof can. With regard to the opinion of the Argus, that everything "is cooked up here in town," we have only to say that that may be the system of whig tactics, but democracy repudiates everything of the kind.

We have received the first number of the "Asheborough Journal," published in that village, by Mr. A. J. Hale. It is whig in politics, and promises to be a useful and convenient paper to the people of the section in which it is published. It is gratifying thus to witness the rapid spread of newspapers throughout the land.

ONTO RIGHT ON THE NEBRASKA QUESTION.—George E. Pugh has been elected United States Senator from Ohio, to succeed Mr. Chase, from March 4, 1855. Mr. Pugh is a democrat and is in favor of the Nebraska Bill, and of the principle of non-intervention which it involves. This is a gratifying result. Mr. P. got 80 out of 110 votes. The democracy of Ohio is sound on the question.

The County Convention.

The Argus seems very much chagrined at the prospect of a Democratic Convention to nominate candidates to represent Cumberland county in the next General Assembly. Well, this is quite in accordance with what might be expected from that quarter. This Convention, the use of which the Argus cannot possibly see, will have the effect of uniting the democracy of Cumberland, and insuring the defeat of any whig interloper who may attempt to gain a position in which he can misrepresent the people of Cumberland. The Argus says that "the candidates are already picked out here in Fayetteville." This is news to us. Perhaps the Argus has undertaken the friendly office of "picking out" candidates for the democracy. If so, we fear the nominations will not prove acceptable.

We take this occasion to say to the democrats of Cumberland, that this prompt showing of whig opposition to the County Convention is a decided indication that it is the very thing proper and necessary for the security and welfare of the democratic party. We say again, let every District in Cumberland send delegates to represent the wishes and views of each in the Convention. If we have all portions of the County represented, then there will be no danger of any particular locality exerting an undue influence in making the nominations. Each district will be heard, and each district will vote in this matter. Cumberland county is entitled to one more member in the next Legislature than in the last. This additional member should by all means be a democrat. We have no doubt there is a crafty scheme on hand to run in a whig by some legerdemain or other. But this project can easily be defeated by the united action of the democracy. Let this thing be done.

Our neighbor, the Argus, thinks that the Report of the Secretary of the Interior is a "blundering" affair. Now, with the greatest possible delicacy and courtesy we would beg to suggest to our neighbor that if it would look a little more dispassionately in this matter it might find the "blundering" a little nearer home. We think the Argus is fairly in for it about the 19,530 acres of land in Mississippi. If any person doubts it, let him examine the report of the Secretary of the Interior. We have got the document, and it is open to public inspection.

But the Argus, commenting on the Secretary's report, says further:

"But the error exposed is not the only one contained in this luminous disposition upon the subject of the public lands. Take it all together, it is the greatest bungle ever palmed off upon the credulity of a confiding people.—The learned Secretary informs us that the whole 1,584,000,000 acres of public lands cost the United States the expenses of surveying and selling only \$28,995,013. These figures may cover the cash paid out on account of our various purchases and negotiations for the public domain, but where are the millions expended in the prosecution of the Mexican war—the coined moneys actually disbursed in preparation, for equipment, for transportation, for provisions, and for the sustentation of our armies? *Quantum belli?* What does he say of the sixty or eighty millions of debt hanging over the nation at the close of that war? What account does he make of the blood that was shed? of the limbs that were lopped off? of the valuable lives that were lost? of the losses of our citizens now bleeding for the benefit of the general treasury, is enough, almost, to reconcile the people of North Carolina to a dissolution of the political bonds which bind them to the States by whom a wrong so outrageous is perpetrated upon them?"

Is it possible that the Argus would have had the Secretary of the Interior to have brought into his estimates of the cost of the public lands all these items thus enumerated? We do not understand the report as attempting to do more than present the estimated money cost of the public domain. It would hardly be fair, we think, to put into the estimate the expenses and woes of the Mexican war. The object of that war was not the acquisition of territory, but to vindicate the national honor. True, we received at its close a cession of Mexican territory, but this was a consequence and the cause of the war. The Argus will recollect, no doubt, that all the most valuable of the public lands, to which our system has been applied, were ours before the Mexican war. In estimating the cost of the public domain, it would be just as correct to include the expenses of the Revolutionary war as those of the Mexican war. Neither can fairly be brought into the estimate, because not undertaken for purposes of conquest.

The closing portion of the remarks of the Argus is worthy of very grave and serious attention. The following is the concluding sentence:

"Let us have our rights at the hands of the General Government, or let our bones be buried and our disgrace be hidden beneath the fallen ruins of the proudest monument ever reared to human liberty by the hand of man—now alas! turned into an engine of oppression by the unbridled spirit of lust and plunder."

What are we to understand by this passage? We have read it and re-read it in hopes of finding some construction for it which would palliate the enormity of what seems to be its meaning. Can it be possible that the Argus presents to its readers the alternative of distributing the public lands or of breaking up the Government? What does the Argus mean by the "fallen ruins of the proudest monument ever reared to human liberty by the hand of man" if not the destruction of our national Constitution and Government? We tell friend Cameron in all candor, and with the kindest feelings, that this sentence needs explanation. We hope he will be able to give a satisfactory one, for we cannot suppose that a gentleman of his intelligence and patriotism could really desire the alternative of distribution on the one hand or the destruction of our national Government on the other, to be presented to the people of this country.

TRAVELING BY TELEGRAPH.—We learn that a man on foot, with a pair of leather saddle bags on his shoulder, passed through town on Saturday last following the telegraphic wire going North, climbing fences and passing through enclosures. He was very mysterious in his manner, and named Richmond, Va., as his place of destination. It is shrewdly suspected here that he is an agent of the Post Office Department making a quick connection between Charleston and the North.

From California. New Orleans, March 11.—The steamer Daniel Webster arrived here from San Juan. She brings one hundred and forty passengers, and only a small amount of gold. She left San Juan on the 5th. The steamer Star of the West sailed from San Juan on the same day for New York with five hundred passengers, and one million dollars worth of gold.

The political news from California is unimportant, and no later than that of the North Star at New York. Business was dull—weather favorable.

The North Star reached New York on the 14th inst. She brings California dates to the 16th of February and 330 passengers, but no specie.

Adventurers were leaving San Francisco for Sonora and Lower California. The Mexican authorities of Mazatlan were making preparations to put the coast in a state of defence against threatened incursions of President Walker. Troops and vessels were on their way to Mazatlan, and the inhabitants are eager to beat back the filibusters.

The U. S. sloop-of-war Portsmouth and steamer Columbus had left San Francisco for Lower California, to act against the filibusters.

GEN. DOCKERY A DISORGANIZER.—The Fayetteville Argus dwells at some length upon the posts which Gen. Dockery has sought and filled, but very carefully omits to state that the General played the disorganizer in 1845. Shall we refresh Cameron's mind on the subject? We know he is growing old, and that his memory is failing him; and it therefore devolves upon us to inform him that his second Washington, Gen. Dockery, did, in 1845, take his chances for a nomination before a Whig District Convention, and falling to get the nomination, he ran against and defeated the regular nominee, Mr. Worth, of Randolph.

So Gen. Dockery first showed his face in the House of Representatives as a disorganizer; but now, as he is a nominee, he no doubt considers Conventions just as fair things as ever were.—Raleigh Standard.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—Albany, March 11.—The boiler of the locomotive attached to a freight train exploded at Hudson last evening, by which a fireman and brakeman, and probably others, were killed. The engineer's life is also despaired of. It was caused by insufficiency of water in the boiler.

During Robbery of the Pittsburg Custom-house.—Pittsburg, March 11.—Last night, about 7 o'clock, John Hastings, collector of the port, was knocked down in Alleghany, and robbed of \$250, a gold watch, and the keys of the custom-house doors and the safe. The robbers then entered the custom-house and stole a bag containing \$10,000 in \$20 gold pieces. Mr. Hastings is in a precarious condition.

The Newspaper Business.—Col. Fuller, editor and proprietor of the New York Mirror, one of the best family papers of the great metropolis, takes occasion, at the close of the year, to give us some of his observations, and experiences, after a trial in the harness editorial of some dozen years, which is as applicable here as in New York. The Colonel says:

"The newspaper that makes the most money, often makes the most enemies; and although the old proverb says, 'solid pudding is better than empty praise,' yet between the two we should prefer to die from a surfeit of the latter. It would sound better in a coroner's verdict. Ours is never an ending, still beginning task. If there are brief intervals when the pen may rest, the mind cannot; and this constant strain upon one's mental machinery makes men prematurely old.—Editor's heads are subject to early frosts—they don't wait for the calendar or for the ripened grain. But the law of compensation runs through every department of nature and of life. The man who works hardest for his bread has the best appetite to eat it. In point of fact, as Mr. Micawber would say, after these ten years of restless toil we have not succeeded in establishing a business which, to use a mechanical expression, will run on its own momentum. It requires a daily winding up, and a fresh supply of power in order to yield nett result.

There are many vocations in life that would yield us more money with less labor than this Sisypus task of conducting a daily newspaper. We work more hours, and sleep less than any man with whom we are personally acquainted; and so far as mere money is concerned, we have not doing as ten years' experience in this city, found journalism a particularly profitable and desirable business. We meet men every day, who, with but a moderate share of intellectual capital, have managed to become millionaires by devoting a few hours a day to mercantile pursuits; while the daily revolving of our editorial treadmill has not yet rolled us into a palace in the Fifth avenue with "four horses in the stable."

The Wilmington Journal of the 15th inst., says:

The following gentlemen were on yesterday, appointed Inspectors for the next two years: NAVAL STORES.—D. McMillan, J. Bowden, P. M. Walker, B. F. Keith, J. I. Bryan, P. H. Hand, W. J. Price, D. A. Lamont, A. Alderman, G. Holmes, J. C. Bowden, and G. W. Croom.

TRIMMER AND LUMBER.—Thomas F. Roberson, J. Alderman, W. L. Jacobs, J. S. Melvin, Wm. Debuiner, George McDuffie, L. H. Bowden, Nell Clark, A. Mathews, A. E. Mott, T. D. Love, and Rodrick Shaw.

COMMERCIAL RECORD. ARRIVED AT FAYETTEVILLE, L. E. March 11.—St. Sun, (Orrell's Line,) with goods for T. C. Fuller, W. Dranghoun, Jessup & Co., Hall & Sackett, J. T. Waddell, D. E. F. Watson, McCulloch M. Co., W. Taylor, W. Watson, J. C. Thompson, D. A. Boger, H. C. Carter, J. Wood, Mrs. R. Strange, Beabow, E. V. C. Co., W. N. Tillinghast, J. W. Sanford, Hall & Bolinger, King & Hodge, J. W. Dick, H. Dapo, Worth & Utley.

March 11.—Str. Hoagland's (Bank's Line,) with goods for Hall & Sackett, J. T. Andrews & Co., J. S. Banks, J. A. Cameron, D. Carmichael, J. Hanks & Holt, S. H. Page, O. Shaw, E. B. Walker.

March 10.—Str. Southard (C. F. Line,) with boat Geo. McLaie in tow, with goods for Jenkins, Roberts & Co., M. L. Holmes, Steadman & Horne, R. & A. Murphy, J. M. Green, Ingram, R. A. London, J. W. Parker, John Miller, Barnhardt & Sullivan, W. G. Harris, A. G. Hendon, Marchison, Bell & Co., Thompson & Haines, H. M. Turner, Gold Hill Co., Thomas E. Hines, A. A. McKethan, Worth & Utley, A. C. Desoway, E. Spearman, Starn & W. Hines, D. Boyd, R. J. Krom, R. D. Adams, J. E. Nuttle, H. L. Myrover, G. W. Williams & Co., Worth & Russell, Morrison & Richardson, J. M. Morehead, Gray & Saunders, D. E. W. McLaurin, R. G. Lindsay, C. F. Faucett, Shelly & Field, G. C. Mendenhall, Jas. Huske, Tyson Kelly & Co.

March 13.—Str. Southard (of Frank & Jerry Line,) with boat A. B. Chesnut in tow, and freight for Ezra Hauser, Hunt, Adderton & McRary, S. P. Wiggin, J. H. P. Hauser, McRorie & Co., Bonbow, Kyle & Co., W. N. Tillinghast, J. M. Morehead, McDonald & McMaster, J. Pace, P. C. Philp, P. F. Fries, E. A. Vogler & Co., J. W. Dick, R. D. Adams, R. F. Rich, E. McDonald & Whaley, Hall & Sackett, M. McKinnon, Troy & Marsh, A. J. O'Hanlon, W. Murphy.

March 15.—Str. Brothers (Bank's Line,) with boat Cassidy in tow, and goods for Hall & Sackett, King, Hoge & Co., E. J. Hale & Son, C. E. Lee, S. T. Hawley & Son, G. S. Denning, McIntyre & McMillan, Faulks & McRae, Baker & Owen.

March 16.—Steamer Evrengren, with goods for merchants of this place, and the interior.

Industry Rewarded.

Nelson P. Liles—the advertisement of whose sale appears in another column of this paper—has been constantly engaged in the mercantile business, at Lilesville, Anson County, for twenty-eight years, for twenty-six of which he has diligently discharged the duty of Post Master, and for two years, at the same place. We have often been in his Store, and we can testify to the neatness with which he kept his goods, and the assiduity with which he served his customers. Admonished, by declining health, of the necessity of relaxation, he will retire from business on the 28th instant, with a handsome competency for the remainder of his days. Such are the rewards of industry and punctuality in business. He commenced operations with a small capital.

We call attention to this matter for the purpose of making an observation. Mr. Liles writes us that from 1826 to 1837 he purchased his goods in Fayetteville; and since 1837 in New York; and that while he purchased his stocks in Fayetteville, he made money much faster, according to the amount of capital invested, than he has since his purchases have been made in New York. The remark that we wish to make is this: Fayetteville never held out greater inducements to country merchants than it does at this very time. Large stocks of choice goods are offered at prices which cannot fail to please—see our advertising columns—and we are satisfied that it would be to the interest of those doing business on small capitals, as new beginners commonly must, to patronize this market. The goods are purchased in large quantities, by experienced dealers, and consequently at much lower rates than they can be bought in the northern markets by persons unacquainted with the merchants of those cities and their methods of doing business.—Fayetteville Argus.

How to Run a Neighbor's Business.

Some time since (so runs the current narrative) the owner of a thriving nut-pie concern, which after much difficulty he had succeeded in establishing with borrowed capital, died before he had well extricated himself from the responsibilities of debt. The widow carried on the business after his disease, and thrived so well that a speculating baker, on the opposite side of the way, made her the offer of his hand. The lady refused, and the enraged suitor, determined on revenge, immediately converted his bakery into an opposition pie-shop, and acted on the principle universal among London bakers, of doing business for the first month or two at a loss, made his pies twice as big as he could honestly afford to make them. The consequence was that the widow lost her custom, and was hastening fast to ruin, when a friend of her late husband, who was a small creditor, paid her a visit. She detailed her grievance to him, and lamented her lost trade and fearful prospects. "Oh, oh!" said her friend, "that ere's the move, is it? Never you mind, my dear. If I don't git your trade again, there ain't no snakes, mark me—that's all!" So saying he took his leave.

After eight o'clock the same evening, when the new pie-shop was crummed to overflowing, and the principal was below, superintending the production of a new batch, in walks the widow's friend, in the costume of a kneller-raker, and elbowing his way to the counter, dabs down upon it a brace of hung dead cats, vociferating at the same time to the astonished dæmon in attendance: "Tell your master, my dear, as how they two makes six-and-thirty this week, and say I'll bring other four to-morrow after-noon." With that he swaggered out, and went his way. So powerful was the prejudice against cat-mutton among the population of that neighborhood, that the shop was clear in an instant, and the floor was covered with hastily abandoned specimens of every variety of segments of a circle.

The spirit-shop at the corner of the street experienced an unusually large demand for "goes" of brandy; and interjectional ejaculations, not purely grammatical, were not merely audible but visible too in the district. It is asserted that the ingenious expedient of the widow's friend, founded on it was upon a profound knowledge of human prejudices, had the desired effect of restoring the "balance of trade." The widow recovered her commerce; the resentful baker was done as brown as if he had been shut up in his own oven; and the friend who brought about this measure of justice, received the hand of the lady as a reward for his interference.—Curiosities of London Life.

MURDERS.—A few days since a man named Moses Freeman was killed by his wife. She stabbed him with a knife causing his death almost instantly. Freeman lived in Henderson County. Our informant carried the painful news to the Mother of the deceased; and the reply of the poor old woman was, "that she expected nothing better, for they were both always drunk."

A young man named Whitaker was committed to jail in this place last week upon suspicion of having shot Evans Suttles of Henderson County. It was thought at first that Suttles would not live, but he has recovered so far, we understand, as to be able to walk without any inconvenience. Whitaker is still in jail.

Last week just over the Tennessee line on Walnut Creek "Stob Rod Shelton" was killed by a man named Norton. The murderer has been apprehended and sent to Greenville Tenn. jail. The prisoner and the deceased were both citizens of Madison county.

In all of the above cases, as well as in that of Gentry mentioned a short time ago, the cause is found to consist in the diabolical influences of intoxicating drink.—Asheville Spectator.

Our citizens were aroused about eleven o'clock night before last by the cry of fire. The dwelling-house of Murdock McKinnon was discovered to be burning; and all hands rushed to the rescue. The flames were speedily extinguished, and all returned home. In about half an hour the bells began to ring again, and Captain Bradford's cannon commenced booming from the Arsenal. This time the stables in the Wagon Yard were trapped in flames, and the heavens were illuminated with the glare. These buildings burned down, but no further damage was done. We understand that two negro boys, one of them the property of Mr. McKinnon and the other a hired boy, have confessed that they set fire to the house, at the instigation of a free negro by the name of Booker. They have been arrested, and the proper officers are in quest of Booker. Both fires were evidently kindled by incendiaries.—Fay. Argus.

Booker has been arrested and committed for trial.

The necessity of two additional Tutors in the department of Mathematics in the University being made apparent at the last annual meeting of the Trustees, Mr. S. Pool, of Elizabeth City, and Mr. J. B. Lucas, of Chapel Hill, were appointed to discharge the duties of these offices. The College Faculty now numbers sixteen; consisting of a President, nine Professors, five Tutors, and one Instructor.—Univ. Magazine.

Indian Corn Sweepstakes.

The committee to award premiums to the successful competitors in the Indian Corn Sweepstakes of 1853, have awarded the 1st premium to J. W. Woodfin, of Bucombe, who raised 109 bushels on an acre; the 2d premium to J. Cathey of Haywood, who raised 101 bushels on an acre; and the 3d premium to Sidney Weller, of Halifax, who raised 73 bushels on an acre. We present below the reports of Messrs. Woodfin and Cathey, detailing their modes of cultivation:

J. W. WOODFIN'S REPORT.

I state that the foregoing land was laid off by the gentlemen whose names appear to the foregoing certificate, about the 1st of last February, it being a very poor soil, on the top of a flat ridge, in an old field. I had never grown any thing on it, except very poor grass for 4 years.

My first step was to break the land very deep and subsoil it, by following immediately after the turning plough, with a narrow large plough (bull-tongue.) By this means I broke to the depth of near eighteen (18) inches, and pulverized by cross-ploughing with the same narrow plough, drawn by two mules, as deep as they could draw it. In the meantime, I removed all obstructions, such as rocks, old roots, &c. I then covered it over with the black rich soil in a deep hollow in the mountain near by, I suppose an average depth of 3 inches, making about 500 two-horse wagon loads, which I calculate I placed there at an expense of twenty-five dollars, (\$25.) I then ploughed again as before. I then placed upon it about 100 two-horse wagon loads of manure, from the barn yard, mixed with a quantity of coarse gravel. This manure, I calculated, was worth twenty-five dollars, (\$25.)—After the application of it, I only ploughed and harrowed to mix well the different kinds of soil and manure. I rolled smoothly the ground, and let it lay till I planted, say six weeks or thereabouts from the time I was done manuring it.

I planted it in drills four feet apart, six or eight inches in the drill, one grain in a place; ploughed not more than three times, making no hill to corn at all, and not using a hoe at any time after it was covered in planting.

I planted two-thirds of the acre 24th April, the remainder the 8th May. The first happened at an unfortunate time in reference to the drought; the remainder was more fortunate, and made much the best part of the corn.

When I planted, I used a quantity of what I denominate domestic Guano, which is really the scrapings from the hen house, mixed with the top earth about the place and old ashes; this and its application I estimate at five dollars, (\$5.)

I estimate the several ploughings thus: two mules to each plough, and two ploughs at a haul to each, all furnished, \$1 each per day, \$52. They will go over it twice in three days.

The harrowing, taking up rocks, &c., one hand and mule will do in same time at half that sum, \$ 9 00

I used a small quantity of plaster of Paris, which I estimate at 1 00

Total, \$10 00

Balance of cultivation and gathering, 5 00

I estimate roughly at \$65 00

Giving me the crop and the ground at 10 00

\$75 00

This shows my crop in the crib, which is worth at least \$50. My ground is worth \$100, being worth nothing at all before. Respectfully submitted by your most obedient, humble servant, J. W. WOODFIN.

JAMES F. TAYLOR, Sec'y, &c. FORKS OF PIGEON, HAYWOOD CO., N. C. October 12, 1853.

To the N. C. Agricultural State Society's Committee of Awards, GENTLEMEN: The following is the mode and manner of management given to the crop of corn raised by me on the one acre of land, named in accompanying certificates. On the 19th of March last, I commenced hauling manure on it, and put fifty loads of cow-house and stable manure on the acre, spread and ploughed it in nearly as fast as hauled, at the depth of 8 or 10 inches; then harrowed; I then hauled 60 loads of top soil, ploughed up in a clay lot where stock had run for several years, and spread and harrowed it over; I then, about the 5th of May, ploughed into beds of 31 feet wide, and opened a furrow on each bed and put in those furrows 20 loads of dry scrapings, hog-pen and stable manure mixed with about 100 bushels of leached ashes, on which I planted my corn the 7th of May, put 3 grains at 18 inches distance and thinned out to 2 when the corn was up 6 or 8 inches high. My seed corn was of a 16 rowed yellow corn that grows with small and low stock and ripens early, has a small cob but rather a deep grain, and shells out well from the ear measure; it usually weighs 58 pounds per bushel, but some years it weighs 60 pounds—when dry. Had the seed corn soaked in the dippings of stable manure, with coppers and salt petre dissolved in it. The corn came up well and grew well, until the 8th or 10th of July, when the drought, which had lasted then for about six weeks, began to affect it very much, and the drought continued for 2 weeks longer, which very much injured it, (I think one fourth.) I ploughed twice, harrowed twice, and hoed twice.—The soil was a light poor sandy quality, and I believe that this dry year, without manure, it would not have made more than 8 or 10 bushels of corn. The manure was hauled on a wagon with 4 good oxen. The soaking of the seed corn, as above, had the effect, as I believe, to prevent the moles from eating it, as they run in the ground considerably; but they never interrupted the corn as I could see. In planting the corn, I left out from the edge on one square 18 inches and planted to the line on the other squares.

All of which is respectfully submitted, J. CATHEY.

THE DEATH OF CAPT. GUNNISON.—We find in the Washington papers a letter addressed by Brigham Young, Governor of Utah, to the delegate in Congress from that Territory, giving an account of the massacre of Capt. Gunnison and his party. The Governor states that the massacre was the result of the murder of a friendly Indian on Meadow Creek, by a party of emigrants on their way from the States to California. Soon after the murder, the chief of the tribe informed the Governor of Utah that he was unable to control the three sons of the murdered man. Capt. Gunnison was informed of this at Salt Lake city, and expressed strong indignation against the murderers, but he remarked that no difficulty had occurred between his party and the Indians they had met, and he manifested much confidence in his ability to preserve peaceful relations in his future intercourse with the red men. On this account he encamped more with a view to conciliate and good grass than safety. With regard to the last camp the guide had selected an open spot some four hundred yards distant from the massacre, where surprise would have been impossible, but he was overruled by Capt. Gunnison.

A Beautiful Story.

The most beautiful and affecting incident I know, associated with a shipwreck, is the following: The Governor, an East Indian, homeward bound, goes ashore on the coast of Caffraria. It is resolved that the officers, passengers and crew, in number one hundred and thirty-five souls, shall endeavor to penetrate on foot across trackless deserts, infested by wild beast and cruel savages, to the Dutch settlements at the Cape of Good hope; with this formidable object before them, they finally separate in two parties—never more to meet on earth.

There is a solitary little child among the passengers—a little boy of seven years old, who has no relation there; and when the first party is moving away, he cries after some member of it who has been kind to him. The crying of a child might be supposed to be a little thing to men in such great extremity, but it touches them, and he is immediately taken into that detachment, from which time forth this child is sublimely made a sacred charge; he is pushed on a little raft across broad rivers by the swimming sailors; they carry him by turns through the deep sand and long grass, (he patiently walking at all their times); they share with him such patrid flesh as they find to eat; they lie down and wait for him when the rough carter, who becomes his especial friend, lags behind. Beset by lions and tigers, by savages, by thirst and hunger, by death in a crowd of ghastly shapes, they never—O Father of all mankind thy name be blessed for it!—forget this child. The captain stays exhausted, and his faithful coxswains goes back and is seen to sit down by his side and neither of the two shall be any more beheld until the great last day; but, as the rest go on for their lives, they take a poisonous berries eaten in starvation, and the steward, succeeding to the command of the party, succeeds to the sacred guardianship of the child.

God knows all he does for the poor baby; how he cheerfully carries him in his arms when he himself is weak and ill; how he feeds him when himself is gripped with want; how he folds his ragged jacket round him, lays his little worn face with a woman's tenderness upon his sun-burnt breast, soothes him in his sufferings, sings to him as he limps along, unaided of his own parched and bleeding feet. Dividing for a few days from the rest, they dig a grave in the sand and bury their good friend the cooper—these two companions alone in the wilderness—and then the time comes when both are ill, and beg their wretched partners in despair, reduced and few in number now, to wait by them one day, they wait by them two days. On the morning of the third they move very softly about, in making their preparations for the resumption of their journey; for the child is sleeping by the fire, and it is agreed with one consent that he shall not be disturbed until the last moment. The moment comes, the fire is dying—and the child is dead.

His faithful friend the steward lingers but a little while behind him. His grief is great, he staggers on for a few days, lies down in the desert and dies. But he shall be reunited in his immortal spirit—who can doubt it?—with the child, where he and the poor carpenter shall be raised up with the words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

How to be a Good Farmer.

Here is the secret of good farming. You cannot take from the land more than you restore to it, in some shape or other, without ruining it, and so destroying your capital. Different soils may require different modes of treatment and cropping, but in every variety of soil these are the golden rules to be observed: Drain until you find that the water that falls from heaven does not stagnate on the soil, but runs through it and off freely. Turn up and fill the land until your foot sinks into a loose powdery loam through which the air and heat will penetrate. Let no weed occupy the place where a useful plant could possibly grow. Collect every particle of manure that can be obtained, whether liquid or solid. Let nothing on the farm go to waste. Put in your crops in that course which experience has shown to lead to success in their growth, and to an enrichment and not impoverishment of the land. Give every plant room to spread its roots in the soil, and leave to the air.—And, in all your operations, endeavor to be a little ahead of your neighbors.—Bible Every Day Book.

REVEREND RASCAL.—The Richmond Dispatch contains a long and interesting account of the conduct and character of Rev. James Cowper, calling himself a Methodist preacher, who had almost succeeded in getting charge of the Clay Street Chapel in this city. C. is an Englishman, who is strongly suspected of having poisoned his first wife, and is known to have made divers attempts to secure the affections of young females, and even of married ladies, to accomplish their ruin. These attempts, which were made in the North, were sometimes but too successful, and he completed his career of infamy, by engaging the affections of a young lady, named Miss Martha Fletcher, in South Groton, Mass., whom under a false name, he married and with whom he came to Richmond, on a call as he said, from the Clay Street Chapel. The unhappy parents of the girl, learning his character, determined to expose him and save their daughter, and the uncle of the latter followed the rascal to Richmond with abundant proof of his infamy. Miss F. has gone home with her uncle.

FLORIDA SUGAR.—The Jacksonville News has some samples of sugar made on Gulf land in Florida. Forty-five acres of ratoon cane, much of it of the third year's ratoon, made eighty-three full hogheads of one thousand pounds each, and twenty acres of plant cane made thirty-seven full hogheads, besides seed for thirty acres reserved. This crop was cultivated by sixteen hands, who were assisted in taking it off for six weeks by twenty others. The planter claims that this crop was only one-half with more seed and more open land. From the same cane seven thousand gallons of molasses were made. The sugar is a quality equal to the St. Croix. Of the molasses we have seen no sample, but it is claimed to be very superior.

DROWNED.—A youth named Warren Smith, aged about 13 or 14 years, was drowned in San Diego Muck Creek a few days since.—He had been from home on business, and on