

THE FLOWERS COLLECTION



FAYETTEVILLE, N. C. Saturday, December 27, 1856.

C. C. McCRUMMEN is our duly authorized agent for the collection of all claims due this office.

In order that our young men may enjoy the Christmas holidays as well as the "rest of mankind," we publish this week but one half of the paper. Of course no liberal hearted patron, (and we have none but that sort,) will find any fault with the arrangement.

We had a sprinkling of snow here on Sunday last, which perhaps would have covered the ground to the depth of an inch or two had it not rained considerably in the morning and wet the earth too much. At the "present writing," it is intensely cold, with a keen cutting wind—and the boys anticipate some skating on a small scale in a day or two.

We are glad to find the name of our friend, A. A. McKay, Esq., of Sampson, among those of the members of State recently elected by the Legislature. We might say more, but we cannot say less than that he amply deserves the honor. He might obtain much higher ones if he were inclined to leave the walks of steady professional life for the busy arena of political strife.

The "People's Bank," much to our surprise, passed the House of Commons by a majority of two votes. As to its fall in the Senate we are not yet apprised, but presume that it either has been or will be defeated. Its passage through the House was, in our opinion, a ruse.

Our brother of the Wilmington Journal is laboring under a seriously wrong impression respecting the use made of our "heart and gizzard" in Sampson. The first article we have none of, having lost it "in days lang syne" while walking with a dark eyed lassie one moonlight night "away down upon the Swanee River"—and as to the latter commodity, we are not from Turkey, have none of the Shanghai about us, nor are we particularly sound on the "goose question."

Our neighbor's complaint about his stolen axe brings to mind (fret in animo) an anecdote which we cannot forbear relating. An old country friend approached us with a long sad countenance, and remarked that "some cussed democrat had got into his smoke house and stole half his meat." But, said we, how do you know it was a democrat? "Ah," said he, "if it had been a know nothing he'd have stole it all." As General Jackson said, "E Pluribus unum; maximum in parvo; ne plus ultra."

We learn that the address of Jas. Banks Esq., in Raleigh before the Oak City Guards, upon the "Romance of Scottish History" was an able and eloquent effort, and was received with great applause by a large and intelligent audience assembled to hear it in the Representative Hall.

Christmas has come and gone. Santa Claus has done his old duty towards the little ones—and "stuffed his stockings" coming down innumerable chimneys to stock stockings. The usual quantity of egg nog has been compounded and duly imbibed, to say nothing of the hogg without the egg which has found its way down accustomed channels.

Powder enough has been burned, and money enough spent therefor and otherwise, to send the gospel of him in whose honor these festivities were instituted, to the uttermost parts of the earth, and to christianize and enlighten the darkest spots under heaven. But while we deprecate the wild roysterings and orgies, too universal upon this day, we at the same time rejoice that there is one day, amid the cares and troubles and sorrows of the weary year when all are glad and a common smile seems lighting every eye. We look with just as much contempt upon the long-faced, sanctimonious, smile-freezing, lurch-chilling Pilgrim's Progress who keeps his sad little ones at church all day to hear a Christmas sermon from a prosy parson, as we condemn the prostitution of that festive day to Bacchanalian revels and carousals.

However, the day has come, been spent and has gone as many another Christmas will come and go, and we wish you all, good readers, full many a happy Christmas and many a merry New Year's day!

Railroad Accident. The Union and Spartanburg train met with a serious accident last Sunday a few miles above Ashford's ferry—by which a number of passengers were more or less injured, some very severely. Mr Price, of North Carolina, is dangerously wounded. The passenger car was thrown from the track down an embankment some fifty feet, rolling over three times and becoming a perfect wreck. It is a miracle that all were not killed.

We recommend the "verse" below to our poetical contributors as a 'version of our own aversion to versifiers. There seems to be a universal and perverse design to reverse the order of poetical things, or you may invert the converse of the proposition. There's a punishment for you: To win the maid the poet tries, And sometimes writes to Julia's eyes; She likes a verse—but cruel whim, She still appears a-verse to him!

Nearness—its natural resources. We copy the following from a recent issue of an emigrant to Nicaragua, to Gov. head, of Kentucky:

"The next point of interest to which I turn your attention is, the agricultural resources of this country, and I shall do so simply naming over some of the products of the soil, among which are to be found coffee, cocoa, or nut from which chocolate is made, cotton, Indian corn, wheat and tobacco. Of Indian corn three crops are grown annually and it is the opinion of men who have raised in the Mississippi Valley States that at least three times as much corn can be produced here as in the best of those States. Tobacco grows much ranker than in the southern portion of the United States, and produces almost double the amount of sugar produced here, acre for acre, than can be produced in the South, as you call it, Kentucky. Coffee grows as abundantly here, the quality is as good, as in any of the India Islands. The profitable culture of coffee here is a matter of not so much certainty, tobacco this country will one day rival the world, both in quality and quantity of the and smoking tobacco. Indigo is extensively raised here, and which properly handled, is also produced here."

From a private letter to the Rochester American, dated Moimouth, Warren county, Illinois, December 12: "A bloody tragedy was performed at the Baldwin House," in this city, this afternoon. About 2 o'clock the terrible cry of murder was heard, and we all started out to discover the cause. Distant only a few yards, there—weltering in their blood—lay the victims of the most sanguinary, single-hand conflict it has been my lot to witness. The circumstances are as follows: A Mr Fleming, an elderly gentleman, and two sons about 25 to 28 years of age, had called upon a Mr Crozier, at his room at the B. House, armed each with a loaded pistol, to coerce the latter gentleman into a concession and retraction of a calumny affecting their daughter and sister, with which they charged Mr C. Mr C., after some warm language had passed between the parties, did sign a retraction, in the presence of a friend whom the Messrs Fleming had brought with them.

Immediately after delivering the paper into the possession of their friend, the Messrs F., or one of the brothers, said to Mr C: "I'm now going to cock my pistol," and one of the boys, holding a cocked pistol to his head, directed the other to inflict the threatened punishment, which he immediately commenced. He had struck three or four blows, when C. pulled a dirk from a side pocket, and passing at the same time his left arm around the neck of the one who piled the lash, stabbed him in the left breast; and as quick as thought, withdrew the knife, and struck the one who held the pistol a back-handed blow which reached, as did the first, the heart of his victim.

Both brothers received their death-wounds in less than two seconds, and were both bloody corpses in three minutes after they were struck. The old man had gone out into the hall and locked the door, and stood upon the outside, with a pistol, to keep out assistance.

The affair has created an immense excitement here, I assure you. The young man Crozier is under arrest, having surrendered himself into custody, and is to undergo an examination to-morrow. "The sympathies of the people are mostly with Crozier. He acts and looks the picture of despair. He is a young man, some 27 or 30 years old, and unmarried. He is said to have been engaged to the lady in question, who is at present out of the State. The other parties were respectable farmers, and two of them, I understand, were members of the church, in good standing."

Bayard Taylor's new home. Willis, in a letter to the Home Journal, tells the story of Bayard Taylor's new home in Germany. With a German gentleman, who had been his travelling companion in the East, he had formed one of those friendships of which we had been speaking—an inexplicable interchange of magnetic recognition and trust. They were together, in scenes far remote from both their homes; and their acquaintance, brief as it was, was yet knit by unusual associations and by a sympathy that had been reciprocally complete. They parted—each to return to his own land, but without promise of corresponding; and it was some time before Bayard heard from his German friend. The missive, when it came, was startling, however. It was a formal conveyance to him of an estate to belong to him and to his heirs—a free gift, and given irrevocably as a pledge and token of friendship. The grounds were complete, the house furnished.

TALL SUGAR CANE.—We were shown yesterday by a Southern gentleman (Mr W. Ronx, of La.) sugar canes 28 and 33 feet long! He informed us that this was the Chinese sugar cane now grown extensively in the State of Illinois, to which place he had been in order to procure some of that peculiar seed for his plantation, a quart of which will plant an acre. He told us that, in the southern portions of Illinois some of the growers of the Chinese sugar cane made at the rate of \$100 to \$150 per acre of land by this cultivation.

BRIDS.—It is stated that no less than twenty thousand singing birds are disposed of every year in New York. They are raised chiefly in Germany, among the Hartz Mountains, by the peasants, and are brought over here during the summer. The heroic Sir Charles Napier wrote very beautifully and touchingly to a lady on the eve of his great victory at Mencee—"If I survive I shall soon be with those I love; if I fall I shall be with those I have loved."

J. Hoseford Smith, Esq., has been recognized as Turkish consul for the port of New York. Mr Smith was formerly U. S. Consul at Beyrout.

THE PLAGUE AT NEW ORLEANS. In imitation of Dr. Lord's Ode on the Cholera. BY THE REV. JOHN T. WIGHTMAN.

By mansion and cot, By fountain and plain, By circled grove plot, I am coming again, To execute judgment—an angel of wrath, With terror and anguish and death in my path. With the stealth of a thief At midnight, I come, Unmoved by thy grief, To rifle thy home; In the land of the rose, my cold shadow to cast, And blight the fond hopes of hearts I have passed. Through chambers of wealth, Through lanes will I weep; And blasting its health, Leave the city to weep. From the scourge of my breath, the stranger shall flee, And the desolate barque be left on the sea. Every street will I tread, Closing store-house and mart, Crowding graves with the dead At each stroke of my dart; For the plague-cart shall wait by your mansion of pride, The rich and the poor to the dark-house shall ride.

And onward advancing Like a strong man from wine, Where revellers are dancing In the shade of the vine, With the step of a giant, their circle I tread, Before me the living—behind me the dead. Through the massive-built wall, Through gateways of brass, At the victim's faint call, Death is eager to pass; Neither turrets nor arms can be a defence, 'Gainst the life-quelling touch of my dire pestilence.

Not the bones of thy sires That hallow the soil, Nor the fumes nor the fires, Stay the Bechion's toil; Tho' thy Crescent may gleam, and the Cross may be shown, To the harvest of death I go speedily on. O'erblast of the gale The wild shriek is heard, Of women that wail For their children adored; Like the moths of Egypt, aroused from their rest, Find their first born infected and dead on their breast.

Weep, maid in thy bower! Weep, husband and wife! For I taint in an hour The loved ones of life; Weep, city of graves! howl, Queen of the West! For my pestilence preys on thy fair sunny breast. And those whom I spare From my poisonous breath, Grow pale with the fear Of the angel of death, And like ghosts from their tombs, in silence they meet, In gaunt forms that move through the desolate street.

And when I have shrouded Thy dwellings in gloom, Thy vaults are all crowded— Thy city a tomb— The Creoles shall weep o'er their fresh-turf sod, And read in their ruin to reverence his God. O! Sovereign on high, Stay, stay thy dread hand! Hear a nation's loud cry For a plague-smitten land! Let Death sheathe his sword, our sacred homes spare, And joy turn away the wail of despair.

*The Bechion is a public officer of Florence, who during a plague, carries away the dead. Charleston, S. C.

THE ENGLISH NAVY.—There were in commission in the English Navy, on the 1st inst, 264 vessels of all kinds, carrying 5,037 guns and 49,044 men. This is a reduction since the 1st of January of 61 vessels, 1,194 guns and 13,691 men. Of those in commission on the 1st inst., 24 vessels, 425 guns and 4,218 men had been ordered home.

Not bad. An American poet says that hand-organs "Are crusaders sent From some infernal clime, To pluck the eyes of sentiment, And dock the tail of rhyme, To crack the voice of melody, And break the legs of time. But hark! the air again is still, The music all is ground, And silence, like a poultice, comes To heal the blows of sound, It cannot be—it is—tis— A hat is going round!" A Poetical Subscriber. There is more truth than poetry in the following letter from Alabama, received by yesterday's mail. We have read smoother rhyme and more accurate orthography with less pleasure. It inculcates a useful moral which we commend to some of our readers to whom it may apply: Long live the writer in that peace he so laudably covets: "Enclosed find Two Dollars for your Weekly Paper." For He Who takes the papers And pays his Bills when due, Can live in peace with God and man And with the Printer Two. How much will you have learned after having carefully read "these few lines?" Of course these three lines only are meant.

For the Carolinian. Meeting of the Bacchanalian Club for the purpose of celebrating Christmas appropriately.

The Meeting was called to order by a motion made by Mr Vagus, who moved that the Hon. Mr Profligatus take the Chair. The motion was agreed to. The Chairman arose and said: Gentlemen. King Bacchus will be here in a few minutes; you know whom I mean, Argutus the great. But gentlemen, I must express to you my profound thanks, for the very deserved compliment you have conferred on me by making me president of your meeting. Let the earth quake and the Ocean tremble, and let the immensity of space shower down on us its curse generally but I will never desert you. I am one of the noblest works of mankind—and honest man, and if I don't discharge the duties of this meeting correctly, why then some of you tell me of it, that's all.

Here the president took his seat amid a loud call for a treat from the chair. Vagus moved that the meeting proceed to business. He was decidedly in favor of the treat, but thought there were other gentlemen present who would like to stand treat, and he hoped the members of the society would preserve order until all could be heard, and then all would have a grand glorification. The treat was suspended, for a short time only. Sarsculottes was then loudly called for. Sarsculottes—said Mr President, I don't see the necessity for all this fuss and feathers, if you are going to do any thing, why don't you do it? that's the question. My notion is this—relative to this meeting—if a pigeon kills a pigeon, let him always hide the feathers; that's my doctrine; and if you eat snake, hide the skin; for, if you don't, some other snake might come along and see the skin and kick up a fuss about it. (Loud calls for drinks.) The speaker being interrupted, became confused and took his seat.

Sanscouci, a brother of Sarsculottes, was next called for, but being very free and easy (dead drunk) declined speaking. Shanghai attempted to make a very few remarks, but was so tall, that the society vetoed speakables, and invited him to hand down his speech with a little nutmeg. The President then said there were some resolutions in the house he would be glad to hear from. (Cries of "the resolutions.") Ignoramus, Esq., arose amid enthusiastic shouts, and said: Misser President, I've been looken on here for some time 'bout sayin' anything; but I have got some resolutions I am guine to offer to this meetin.

The 1st preamble I am guin to offer is this: Whar-as, There is a mighty fuss kicked up about what wants to take a dram now and then. 2nd Whar-as, I think people had a darned sight better tend to their own business than to be troublin us good sitizens. Tharfor, Resolved.—That whoever wants a dram, will take it by himself, if he feels like it, or otherwise.

Resolved.—That when man is axed to drink he will drink in course. In sportin these I might say a good depl Mr President: but I wont, cause I dont think it beario on the pint in view. The resolutions were unanimously adopted, In comes Bacchus. President—"Here Bacchus take this seat!" Bacchus—Well hic, boys what hic, you all bout here? hic, been having a hic glorification thout lettin hic, me know anything bout it? hic.

President—"We assure you sir, that we have the most profound regard for you. The Sun, Moon and Stars in all their brilliancy might darken the universe, before we would deign to forsake you or cease to do you homage." Bacchus—"All hic, right boys what hic have you got to drink? come up boys all of you?" Cries "We'll all drink with you."

The meeting then adjourned to Mike Slocu's grocery en masse, where the day was religiously and as appropriately celebrated. X.

A SERMON.—It hardly seems possible that the subjoined specimen of "Pulpit exercise in Texas" can be authentic; and yet we are informed by a brother Editor in that region, that it is entirely true, he himself having heard it delivered. "One of those zealous preachers who draw illustration from everything, and suffer no opportunity to pass at all admitting of a moral, arrived at his log church one morning quite late, and took for his text: "Marvel not;" and then went on in the following strain, in his peculiarly nasal, half singing voice: "My friends the scripture says, 'marvel not,' and hence it is wrong to marvel-er. As I was riding along this mornin-er on my way to this place, I happened to look up, and I seen a parcel of boys playing 'marvel-er!' There was a lean boy, so thin that it seemed if he had been a little thinner, the wind when it blew, would blow him away-er; and there was a fat boy there, so fat, that if he had been a little fatter, he would have been as wide as he was higher-er. And they were playing marvel-er; and I heard what he said-er. And soon I heard the lean boy, that it seemed as though he had been a little thinner, the wind when it blew would blow him away-er, say 'I'm fat.' And he lied-er; for he was no more fat than I was-er. And then they played agin-er; and I heard the fat boy, so fat that if he had been a little fatter, he would have looked almost as wide as he was higher-er, say 'I'm lean;' and he lied-er, for he was no more lean than I was-er, and there came up a boy sry as a cricket-er, and he kept a running about and skipping, and jumping and shouting-er. And he played with the rest; and in a little while I heard him say, "By golly I an dead-er." And he lied; for he was no more dead than I was-er. Now my brethren, the Scripture says, "thou shalt not lie-er; and you see how wronging leads to lying-er. And you see how wronging it is to marvel. And therefore, I says again, 'marvel not.'—Anickerbocker.

The Asheville Spectator, one of those watchful custodians of American liberties, but for whose sleepless vigilance and paternal guardianship the country would go to "rack and ruin," has, in the short space of several columns, laid bare a conspiracy on the part of James Buchanan to cheat and defraud the South, humbug the people generally, and build a Pacific Railroad anyhow, whether the people and their representatives in Congress wish it or not. He has also discovered Mr Buchanan to be neither "an honest man" nor "a patriot," together with the proof, backed up by strong assertions and deliberate opinions without number, that his election was obtained by "fraud, chicanery and rascality." After dissecting Mr Buchanan "piece by piece" and exposing all his enormities, the Spectator, gazing indignantly upon the Democratic party, thus lets off: "How long will you suffer yourselves to be duped and led astray by a class of men who prey daily, ably, hourly upon the vitals of your personal and national prosperity." Then the Raleigh Standard comes in for a column or so, for its participation in the "fraud mentioned above," and its senior editor is dubbed "a wiry demagogical politician—cunning as a fox" &c. Of course Mr Holden will immediately, after this expose, leave the chair editorial and retire into "some vast wilderness, some boundless contiguity of shade," where his deeds of penance may have no spectators, and where he may hereafter rest in the sweet assurance that his country is safe in the hands of so pure, national and incorruptible a party as that which claims, as one of its champions, the Asheville Spectator. In conclusion, permit us to remark that the application of such terms as "fraud," "chicanery," "rascality," "corruption" and the like indelicate and unmanly expressions, to a great political party, never did one iota of harm save to those applying them. And the epithets 'dishonest,' 'unprincipled anarchist' &c applied to a wise and good statesman who has served his country in high official station for more than a quarter of a century, and who has just been chosen by the willing votes and votes of his countrymen to preside over the nation, can only recoil upon the head of him who casts them.

The Legislature. Is under adjournment until the first of January. There is any amount of business before it yet; and what may be the length of the session it is impossible to tell. As to the Western Railroad Bill, we are afraid to cherish a hope; but trusting to the wisdom, fairness and justice of the Legislature, we look forward to its passage or the defeat of every other internal improvement bill.

Not that we are ungenerous or would be unjust. But if the claims of Fayetteville are set aside, and not only those of Fayetteville, but the claims of the State upon her legislators to develop those immense resources within her very heart, the bringing forth of which will tend to her increased prosperity, we cannot see why mere local and personal claims and interests should be regarded and advanced by the State herself.

Should the Western Railroad bill be finally defeated, we are afraid that a wail of discontent awaits certain other measures, not through a spirit of revenge, but by the application of the same principles of opposition which shall have characterized the reaction of those defeating it. No appropriation is asked—and the old stereotyped excuse that "our constituents instructed me to involve the State no farther in debt," is therefore inapplicable here. But should that be the grounds of opposition upon which the bill is defeated, the same "constituency instructions" should and will govern in all cases, even where they are inapplicable as in this instance: else even-handed justice would not be meted out to all.

Wire pulling is very efficient sometimes, and intrigue accomplishes much that plain, manly, honest, open course is often the wisest and invariably the safest.

We see, from late accounts in the New York and New Orleans papers, that Walker's situation is growing more and more desperate. Surrounded on all sides by an enemy whom he has repeatedly defeated but never can, it seems conquer and totally crush, he is engaged in one perpetual battle, a ceaseless fight with no prospect of cessation in the future. But he seems equal to every emergency, and by his genius, energy and unflinching will, he may yet succeed in what seems just now a hopeless enterprise.

That celebrated ditch in our vicinity is now in first rate skating order—the only inconvenience being a bone sticking up here and there, or a dog's hind leg embarrassingly protruding, or maybe the slank of a departed shanghai rearing its gaunt proportions through his icy shroud; but these are slight vexations compared with its many advantages, even omitting the delightful breeze which comes "stealing and giving odor" from beneath the sewer's archway.

The "North Carolinian." After a discontinuance of sundry and divers weeks, this paper has again turned up; the copy received is that of Nov. 22d, and if all the future issues of it should be filled with interesting matter like the one alluded to, we will always hail its arrival on our desk with pleasure. The "Carolinian" is certainly one of our most witty exchanges, and demonstrates that its editor Mr Wm. F. Wightman, is a very amusing white man.—Newbern Union.

Shade of Tom Hood! Spirit of Douglass Jerrold! Punch, where art thou? We have often been insulted, browbeat, trampled on, run over and generally devastated—but this "Smash up" has done the business for us. We have often been "scorched," by our cotemporaries—but this new burn business is our final conflagration. Would we could exclaim, "The waves roll-over me. Selah."

After a discontinuance of sundry and divers weeks, this paper has again turned up; the copy received is that of Nov. 22d, and if all the future issues of it should be filled with interesting matter like the one alluded to, we will always hail its arrival on our desk with pleasure. The "Carolinian" is certainly one of our most witty exchanges, and demonstrates that its editor Mr Wm. F. Wightman, is a very amusing white man.—Newbern Union.

Shade of Tom Hood! Spirit of Douglass Jerrold! Punch, where art thou? We have often been insulted, browbeat, trampled on, run over and generally devastated—but this "Smash up" has done the business for us. We have often been "scorched," by our cotemporaries—but this new burn business is our final conflagration. Would we could exclaim, "The waves roll-over me. Selah."

After a discontinuance of sundry and divers weeks, this paper has again turned up; the copy received is that of Nov. 22d, and if all the future issues of it should be filled with interesting matter like the one alluded to, we will always hail its arrival on our desk with pleasure. The "Carolinian" is certainly one of our most witty exchanges, and demonstrates that its editor Mr Wm. F. Wightman, is a very amusing white man.—Newbern Union.