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CHAS. P. FISHER, Editor and Proprietor.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

THE SEQUEL TO "CAPT. RICE'S TREAT"

Some few years since, a gentleman residing not a hundred miles from this, travelling in the neighborhood of Arkansas, on a collecting expedition, had occasion to call upon a customer, whom we shall call John Smith—not the immortal John Smith, Jr., who writes for the newspapers, but, in all probability, a relation of the "great original," whose portrait hangs upon a peg against the cabin wall. Being, as he thought in the neighborhood, not knowing precisely the whereabouts of the forenamed John Smith, he accented a copras striped specimen of the Old North Carolina State, who was rather listlessly at work, in front of a cabin, hewing out an axle-tree, for an ox cart, from a pine sapling.

Traveller.—Good morning, sir; will you have the goodness to direct me to John Smith's?

N. C.—Certainly, sir; if there is any thing in this world I do know, it is the way to John Smith's. Why, John Smith and me came out together from North Carolina. We cut out that new road leading across that branch, and over that hill, there, W.

Traveller.—But, sir, will you have the goodness to tell where, he lives?

N. C.—To be sure I will. As I was saying, if there is anything in this world I do know, it is the road to John Smith's. Why, sir, John Smith and me married sisters; and he has got the smartest wife in all these parts. She—

Traveller.—No doubt of it, sir; but I want to see him, and have nothing to do with the good qualities of his wife. Will you direct me?

N. C.—Of course I will, as I said before; if there is anything in this world I do know, it is the way to John Smith's. But, as I was observing, his wife can spin for six days, besides attending to her family things.

Traveller.—She may spin sixty for all I know or care; but that has nothing to do with my question. I want to find her husband—will you tell me where he lives?

N. C.—Will I tell you where John Smith lives? Well, that's a good one. I tell you if there is anything in this world I do know, it is where John Smith lives. Why, sir, as I said before, we came from North Carolina together. And he has yoke of the strongest oxen in all these parts—His name, named Jim, is the smartest.

Traveller.—My dear sir, it is growing late, and I wish to get on. If you can direct me, why won't you do it? I ask you again, if you will tell me the way to John Smith's?

N. C.—Haven't I told you a dozen times, if there is anything in this world I do know, it is where John Smith lives? Haven't I told you that we came from North Carolina together? But speaking of his boy Jim—he can pick out his hundred weight of cotton a day, and shell out a turn of corn for mill at night, and no mistake. Besides, sir—

Traveller.—Zounds! man, what have I to do with him—or his cotton—or his corn? I will ask you a plain question, which I will not ask again. Is there, or is there not, such a man as John Smith living in this "section," and if you know the way to his house, will you point it out to me?

N. C.—And zounds! man, haven't I been telling you all the time that there is such a man as John Smith living in these diggins—and if there is anything in the world I do know, it is the way to his house? I tell you again, we not only came from North Carolina together, but cut out that new road leading across that branch, and over that hill. Why, sir, John Smith has the smartest little daughter you ever saw. She has only been a school two years, and has got as far as "amplification."

Traveller.—Confound his daughter, and her amplification too! I think you have got that far yourself. For when I ask you a plain question, which you might answer in a half dozen words, you spin a long yarn about roads, wires, negroes, oxen, and little girls. Now do, that's a good fellow, just talk a little more like a man of this world, and show me the road to John Smith's!

N. C.—Don't you confound John's darter, mister; she's my niece, and a smart one she is, too. Why you are as talkous as a skinned ell; and won't let a body direct you when they are trying to do it with all their might. To be short with you, as you seem to wish it—I tell you again, that if there is any thing in this world I do know, it is the way to John Smith's! I tell you again we came from North Carolina together—we bought land together, at a dollar and a half an acre—we bought 300 acres apiece—we cut out that new road leading across that branch, and over that hill, together. John Smith's land has across that swamp, but he don't live there now. You see this land here, sir? It is just about the finest tract you ever saw in your born days. Just think of them tall sweet gums down by the road—twig that cypress, and be a whopper! at least three feet across the stump. You see—

Traveller.—I see I am not likely to get an answer out of you to-day; so I might as well keep on. I ask you now, and for the last time, will you, or will you not direct me the way to John Smith's?

N. C.—And I tell you now, and for the twentieth time, if there is anything in this world I do know, it is the way to John Smith's. But I must tell you about his fine blooded mare and Timoleon filly. She took the puss last Saturday was a fortnight, at the Big Deer Leap Course, like falling off a log. She's a holy critter, I tell you—and shoots it down a little thicker on the grid—and throws it down a little faster than the fastest kind of lightning.

Traveller.—Good day, sir. And may old Nick take John Smith, his wife, daughters, negroes, and sundries in general; and you your "amplification" in particular. (Puts spurs to his horse in a fit of absolute despair of obtaining a direct answer to a simple question.)

N. C.—The same to you, sir. And may Old Nick take you and your horse too. Why I covered such a man. He kept asking, and asking; and I kept telling, and telling—and he wouldn't listen a single bit. "Why, he would't even wait till I told him what he give for his mare, besides a hundred other little things that would have been new to him; and made the time pass off agreeably. Well, tell him to go ahead. But if he goes the road he's started on in such a hurry, he won't get to John Smith's, and that's some comfort, any way. (Resumes the hewing of his axle-tree.)

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THE SPELLS OF HOME.

By the soft green light in the woody shade,
On the banks of moss where thy childhood play'd,
First look'd in love to the summer sky,
By the dewy gleam, by the very breath
Of the primrose tufts in the grass beneath,
Upon thy heart there is laid a spell,
Holy and precious—oh! guard it well!

By the sleepy ripple of the stream,
Which hath lull'd thee into many a dream;
By the shiver of the ivy leaves
To the wind of morn at thy casement eaves—
By the deep bees' murmur in the lime—
By the music of the Sabbath chimes—
By every sound of thy native shade—
Stronger and dearer the spell is made.

By the gathering round the winter hearth,
When twilight call'd unto household mirth;
By the fairy tale, or the legend old,
In the ring of happy faces told;
By the quiet hour, when hearts unite
In the parting prayer, and the kind "good night!"
By the smiling eye and the loving tone,
Over thy life has the spell been thrown.

And bless that gift!—it hath gentle might,
A guiding power, and a guiding light,
It hath led the freeman forth to stand
In the mountain battles of the land!
It hath brought the wanderer o'er the seas,
To die on the hills of his own fresh breeze;
And back to the gates of his father's hall
It hath led the weeping prodigal.

Yes! when the heart in its pride would stray
From the pure first loves of its youth away;
Where the sullying breath of the world would come,
O'er the flowers it brought from its childhood's home;
Think them again of the woody glade,
And the sound by the rustling ivy made;
Think of the tree at thy father's door,
And the kindly spell shall have power once more.

Francis I. of France, said that a drawing room without flowers, was like the year without the spring, or rather like the spring without flowers.

There is iron enough in the blood of 42 men to make a plough share, weighing 24 pounds.

Drunkness.—If a man could see and hear himself when he is drunk, as others see and hear him, he would be cured forever. Seeing others in that state makes no impression, because every man believes he is different from the rest of his species.

Retributive Justice of the Indian.—An event took place at Prairie Du Chien last week, which strongly marks the Indian character. Two Indians of the Winnetago nation quarrelled, on which one stabbed the other to the heart; he attempted to escape, but was overtaken, brought back, and placed upon the body of the dead Indian, by the relatives of the latter. Several gentlemen interfered in behalf of the captive, and requested that he might be allowed to go, because he was not so much in fault as the other. They were answered, that if "white men" would pay fifteen dollars to the mother of the deceased, he might go, otherwise he must die. This condition not being complied with, he was doomed. During this negotiation the savage sat upon the dead body of his foe, smoking his pipe, giving the usual "Ugh!" His executioner then stepped behind him, and with a single blow of the hatchet severed the right arm at the shoulder; upon this the Indian resumed his pipe, and began to smoke as if nothing had happened; in a short time the executioner, with a blow, severed the left arm. The Indian still retaining his upright position, not a muscle of his face changing a third blow across the small of his back, brought him to the ground; even then his countenance wore the same cold, serene and stolid expression. He was however, soon cut to pieces by the relative of the dead man. The savage made almost superhuman efforts to escape, but the moment his pursuers touched him he surrendered and walked back, and seated himself upon the dead body, without once attempting to escape. This was an instance of Indian retribution and savage fortitude.—*Dubuque Express.*

A Snake Story.—The following is a part of a letter received from White Hall, Morgan county, Illinois.—*V. Democrat.*

The following account may be relied on as true, and you are at liberty to publish it if you think proper. Having been engaged in building a new brick shop, I had occasion to go to Seminary Creek, about half a mile from this place, to quarry the rock for my foundation. On the third day of our labor, Mr. Bernard said he discovered a great many small holes through the crevices of the rocks, which seemed to be very smooth, and he supposed there must be a great many minks in the back of the rock, if we could but get at them. These holes continued visible for several days, when all at once the mystery was solved; for we broke into a cavern in the cliff which was literally

full of snakes of all sorts and sizes known in this climate. We cleared away the rocks and dirt, and such a mass of live snakes had never been seen at once as here presented. We then commenced killing and counting until we had taken out the enormous sum of one thousand seven hundred snakes from one opening in the rocks. This may seem to you to partake some little of the marvellous, though it can be substantiated by many respectable gentlemen who have visited the scene since, and any person, by calling on me, can have an opportunity of seeing them any time during the winter, or until they shall have become rotten and invisible.

Yours, &c.

IMPROMPTU.

On the third nomination of Henry Clay for the Presidency, by the Whigs.

When pumpkins shall grow on the top of a steepie,
And showers of panicles shall fall with rain,
When bankets and dainties can humbug the people,
Clay's prospect of power shall brighten again.

When griststones shall turn themselves round on the spindle,
And John Bull swallow a third part of Maine,
When the Grahamites fatten, and Beechers dwindle,
Clay's prospect of power may brighten again.

When cider shall flow on the broad Mississippi,
And whigges no longer shall scramble for gain,
When the Atlas refuses to scold like Zantippe,
Clay's prospect of power may brighten again.

When candles shall creep through the eye of a needle,
And dunces confess themselves minus in brain;
When rogues cannot cheat us, nor demagogues scoldle,
Tues, may Clay's hopes faintly glimmer again.

LAW AGAINST IDLENESS.

Herodotus tells us that it was one of the laws of ancient Egypt that every man was obliged once a year to explain to the Chief Magistrate of his district the means by which he obtained his subsistence. The refusal to comply with this ordinance, or the not being able to prove the obtaining of an honest livelihood was a capital offence. Similar laws were enacted at Athens by Solon and Draco.

In looking over the old Plymouth Colony and Massachusetts Bay laws we find several analogous to the Egyptian and Athenian edicts. The first was passed at a General Court, held 4th June, 1630, and is as follows: "For the preventing of idleness and other evils occasioned thereby. It is enacted by the court, that the Grand Jurymen of every Town shall have power within their several townships to take a special view and notice of all manner of persons, married or single, dwelling within their several townships, that have small means to maintain them and are suspected to live idly and loosely, and to require an account of them how they live, and such as they find delinquent and cannot give a good account thereof unto them that they cause the constable to bring them before the Governor and Assistants at Plymouth the first court of Assistants after such delinquents shall be found out, that such course may be taken with them as in the wisdom of the Government shall be adjudged just and equal."

In 1671, the annexed law was promulgated against "misdpending of time."

"It is enacted by this court, &c., that no person, house holder, or other, shall spend his time idly and unprofitably, under pain of such punishment as the court or assistants shall think meet to inflict; and the select men of the several towns are hereby required to give a list of the names of such as mispend their time, whether house holders or others; and of all single persons that live from under family government, or will not be governed by their parents or masters where they live, that the court may proceed with them as the case may require."

In 1720, the Legislature of Massachusetts passed a law to prevent idleness, &c., which empowered the selectmen or overseers of the poor, with the assent of two justices of the peace, "to set to work all such persons, married or unmarried, ably of body, having no means to maintain them, that live idly; and use no ordinary and daily lawful trade or business to get their living by;" and further declares that "no single person of either sex, under the age of 21 years, shall be suffered to live at their own hand, but under some orderly family government." However these laws might be regarded by the losers of the present day, it is very certain that they were at that time and under that state of Society productive of eminent success.—*Savannah Georgian.*

The Wrong Passenger.—A fellow who has brass sufficient to face the devil out of any thing, and give him two in the game, accosted a shabby dressed, hollower looking customer, in the St. Charles, yesterday, with the intention of making some sport of him.

"Stranger—I think I've seen you somewhere," "Very likely, sir—I've been there frequently."

At this capital rejoinder, the huzgen winking looked rather blank, and a suppressed laugh from a number present, made him feel like setting out on a long credit. He rallied, however and made a second effort.

"What might your name be?" "It might be Sam Patch, but isn't it?"

A universal roar followed this genuine display of wit, and the Beau Brummel brazen was shortly among the missing.—*Crescent City.*

Mahomet.—Carlyle thus speaks of the great orator:—"From an early age he had been remarked as a thoughtful man. His companions named him 'Al Annu—The Faithful.' A man of truth and fidelity; true in what he spoke and thought. They noted that he always meant something. A man rather taciturn in speech; silent when there was nothing to be said, but pertinent, and sincere when he did speak—always throwing light on the matter. This is the only sort of speech worth speaking!—Through life we find him to have been regarded as an altogether solid, brotherly, genuine man. A serious, sincere character; yet amiable cordial, companionable, jovial, even—a good laugh is as natural as any thing about him, which cannot laugh. One hears of Mahomet's beauty—his fine sagacious, honest face, brown florid complexion, booming black eyes. I somehow, too, like that vein on the brow, which swelled

up black when he was in anger, like the "horse-shoe vein" in Scott's Redgauntlet. It was a kind of feature in the Hashem family, the black swelling vein in the brow; Mahomet had it prominent, as would appear. A spontaneous, passionate, yet just true meaning man! Full of wild words, all uncultured; working out his life task in the depths of the desert there.

Hints on Health.—Avoid excess of food, as the principal source of dyspepsia. Five or six hours should elapse between meals. Commercial and professional men should avoid long fasting. Do not hurry from dinner to business; rest an hour afterwards. Never eat things out of season, nor much of dishes which you are not accustomed. Much liquid at dinner delays the digestion. Avoid intemperance. Water is the most healthy beverage. Excess of fermented liquor is highly injurious. Useful exertion is indispensable to health and happiness. Muscular exercise well regulated, conducive to longevity. The sedentary work, which ever exercise after it has become habitual. Standing at a high desk to write, when sitting with sitting, will be found highly beneficial to literary men. The constant use of soft stuffed seats is injurious. Rooms in which the sedentary are employed should be warmed by fires in open grates, which admit ventilation; not by steam, hot water, gas, or close stoves. Never stand or sit with your back to the fire. Mental excitement is one of the most prevalent causes of disease, producing dyspepsia, mania, and insanity. Few things tend more to the preservation of health, and the prolongation of life, than the maintenance of a calm, cheerful, and contented state of mind, and the cultivation of feelings of affection. Mental inactivity is scarcely less injurious than excessive exercise, giving rise to hypochondria. In the choice of professions, the talents, disposition, and natural bent of the mind of the individual ought to be studied. Trips to the country, to watering or bathing places, are highly beneficial to those who live in towns.—*Curtis, work on the Preservation of Health.*

A Ludicrous Loss.—During the disastrous retreat of Sir John Moore, to Coruam, an officer of the Highland infantry was sent in command of a detachment, to clear away any obstacle that the then existing bad weather might have thrown in the front of the army. As they were busily employed in clearing away some trees, they were suddenly interrupted by hearing a sharp firing close to them, on their proceeding to the place where the sound came from, they found themselves in the midst of a sharp skirmish, occasioned by the French having attack the escort of a carriage containing the person of a noble Spanish lady.—By the arrival of the British, the skirmish was brought to a speedy conclusion; and, when the lady, on inquiring of the commander if he was unhurt, cast her eyes on his bare legs, she said—"The Virgin and all the Saints be praised!—he has escaped with only the loss of his breeches!"

Shaking the Napkin.—A gentleman once introduced his son to the Rev. Rowland Hill by letter, as a youth of great promise, and likely to do honor to the University of which he was a member. "But he is shy," added the father, "and idle; and I fear buries his talents in a napkin." A short time afterwards, the parent anxious for the reverend gentleman's opinion, inquired what he thought of his son. "I have shaken the napkin," said Rowland Hill, "at all corners, and there is nothing in it."

The English Navy.—Great Britain has at this time two hundred and sixty vessels in actual service, 13 of 80 guns and upwards, 19 of 74 guns, 22 frigates of from 30 to 50 guns, 42 corvettes of from 22 to 30 guns, 60 steamers of from 4 to 18 guns. The largest naval force in commission in the world.

Sun and Moon.—Dr. Lardner says that if three hundred thousand full moons were in the heavens at noon day; their light would be equal that of the sun; as the intensity of the light of the sun is to that of the moon, as 300,000 to one.

The Red Sea.—The water of the Red Sea is so very clear, that Mr. Buckingham read on the wood or stock of an anchor the name of the ship at the depth of 25 fathoms (150 feet).—*Mirror.*

Distinction between Discovery and Invention.—The object of the former is to produce something which had no existence before; that of the latter, to bring to something that which did exist, but which was concealed from common observation. Thus we say, Otto Guericke invented the air pump; Sanctorius invented the thermometer; Newton and Gregory invented the reflecting telescope; Galileo discovered the solar spots; and Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood. It appears therefore, that improvements in the arts are properly called inventions; and that facts brought to light by means of observation, are properly called discoveries.—*Dugald Stewart.*

The Boonsick Times enumerates the following, as one of the things he don't like to see:—"A man taking a paper so long without paying, that he forgets how his account stands, and then disputes it."

Wonder if the subscribers know what he means? Hard to Do.—Dixon's feat of walking fifty-four hours on a stretch, has suggested to a young married lady to undertake to hold her tongue for forty-eight hours! The thing is impossible, says the impatient editor of the Lincoln Telegraph.—*Boston Post.*

Digby says his dear friends the ladies have high authority for the adoption of that ornamental article of dress against which, in modern times, so many feeble witneys have been directed, as Byron speaks of—

"Godesses
Who in the earlier ages raised a bustle!"
Boston Post.

We were tickled almost to death at a little thing we heard yesterday. A drunken fellow was talking along with a jug of whiskey, and as he attempted to climb a fence, he fell on one side of the fence, and the jug on the other. The liquor immediately commenced running out, and when it was nearly gone, the loafer raised himself upon his elbow and listened to the liquor as it came out with its peculiar sound of "good—good—good!" Oh

you!" (said the loafer, I know you are good, but you, I can't get at you"—[*Cin Mic.*

From the American Farmer. TO PROTECT FRUIT FROM LATE SPRING FROST.

Many expedients have been resorted to for the protection of fruit from the lightning influence of late frosts. Throwing a sheet over the tree, hanging straw upon it, kindling a fire under it, &c., have each been found to have a beneficial influence, but none have been more successful than the experiment which I am about to describe.

My friend, Major Ruff, who is a virtuoso, lately informed me that many years ago he saw it stated in a French paper that throwing a hempen rope over the top of a fruit tree, when in bloom or near the time of blooming, and by letting its lower end touch the ground, the tree would thus be protected from the influence of frost. This I thought quite rational and philosophic; I accordingly made the experiment. To prove more fully the *modus operandi* I took two dishes half filled with water, and set them a few feet distant, under the tree, on the night before an expected frost, the trees being nearly in full bloom. Throwing the rope over the top of the tree I let other end hang in the water of one of the dishes—the event proved the correctness of the theory. There was a hard frost on the morning of the 27th inst. and the dish into which the rope was deposited, contained ice of the thickness of a dollar, while that in the other dish was scarcely of the thickness of paper.

The philosophy of the above experiment is this; the rope, which was previously wetted, was a conductor of heat; the air, and of course limbs of the tree, became colder in the night than the earth—the rope conducted the heat from the earth to the tree, thus keeping up an equilibrium and preserving the tree from frost.

As far as my observation extends, the critical time for fruit is long before it is in blossom; but it is nevertheless true, that severe and protracted cold at that time, or even later, will destroy the fruit. This was the case last year. The fruit was killed by severe frost after it had been formed.

There is not in my mind a doubt that by attaching a rope to each tree of choice fruit, and thus letting it permanently remain through the winter and spring, that the fruit would be secured from the effects of frost.

To the incredulous and the supercilious, who balance their great all their lives with a big stone—who, sufficiently wise, despise knowledge and instruction, the above may appear unworthy their attention. Let such be informed that it is not less philosophic than lightning rods attached to buildings, to protect them from the influence of electricity.—Let them be instructed that

"There are more things in Heaven and Earth,
Than their philosophy has ever dreamed of."
W. L. HARTON.
Woodlawn, Harford co., March 29th, 1842.

Whig Ingenuity.—Calling the old Hard cider Tippecanoe Clubs—"the Home Leagues." This is part of the new humbug; in the South, they are calling the "Tip and Ty" clubs "Clay Clubs," and we suppose the trick of debauchery and panic will be resorted to, to run in "the Old Harry." We know a preventive.

Public Opinion.—Public opinion is often a mighty tyrant when it interferes in private affairs. The lightest sunrise is to it equal to the heaviest accusation—the meanest prejudices to the wisest laws. It judges without evidence and condemns without appeal; it drives away such as have sinned and would return repentant. It hurries on those who otherwise would have consumed folly by crime.

"Are you fond of novels, Mr. Jones?" "Very," responded the interrogated gentleman, who wished to be thought, by the lady questioner, fond of literature. "Have you," continued the inquisitive lady, "ever read 'Ten Thousand a Year'?" "No, madam—I never read that many novels in all my life!"

Soap Suds.—Instead of suffering your washerwoman to throw out the soap suds about the kitchen door, make her pour them, as made, in a barrel in your garden, and water your plants of all kinds with them.

India Cotton, &c.—We observe that several distinguished Senators in the recent debates have expressed the same views on this subject which the *Mercury* has on several occasions during the past year strenuously enforced. We mention it not for the purpose of claiming "our thunder"—but as a strong proof that the positions we maintained were not only true, but reasonable, and indeed obvious to all calm minds on comparison of the facts of the case. The *N. Y. Journal of Commerce* has also taken up the subject in a recent number and handled it with the ability and fullness of information that give such value and even authority to the commercial articles of that paper.

We thank the *Boston Post* for going back to the Tariff agitation of 1824 and showing by extracts from the organs of the protective party that the very same silly cry of danger to the South from the competition of India Cotton was raised then for the same purpose, of persuading us to submit to a Tariff. The same paper also shows that the Tariff party made use then of the same paltry humbug they are so busy at now, of hiring penny-lancers in the Southern cities to send them weekly lies headed "change of views at the South" and other such pitiful trash. We are glad to see that the *Richmond Compiler*, having lately given circulation to such statements, has upon better examination and fuller information, manfully retracted the slander. If the statement were true, it would only prove that the Southern people had lost their senses, become callous to their own immediate interest and turned their backs on all the principles that they had before held sacred. There has always been a little miserable tail end of the Northern Tariff party at the South, and they have waxed or waned according as it was dearer or cheaper to import two or three editors from Cape Cod or "March Schunk."