

beet made out an inch square bar of iron, straight, the lower end tapered to a point, has the upper end tapered to half an inch, with a tap; the mortice in the stock must be cut tapering also. It will be found very useful in sowing turnips, grazing lots, &c.

It is generally admitted to be the best plan to plant cotton on beds, and they should be made early, and it is frequently the case, that the grass weeds come up with the cotton, or a little ahead, and get the start of it. In order to obviate this, run off the rows, make a ridge with two or more furrows, as the distance of the rows may require, to complete the beds, just before planting. This combines the advantages of early and late bedding, without the disadvantages of either, and consumes no more time.

The beds should be opened with a small scoter, made for the purpose, so that in running round with the plows for the first time, there will be a space not more than three or four inches wide, instead of six or eight inches, which gives nearly half of the space of the cotton row list in favor of the hoe hands. The seed should be covered with a wooden tooth harrow; if the ground bakes, run over the second time.

Respectfully,  
J.  
White Sulphur Springs, Ga., 1854.

**A REPORT**  
Read before the Caswell County Agricultural Society.

At the last meeting of the Caswell County Agricultural Society it was referred to this committee to take into consideration, and report thereon, the propriety of holding a Fair at Yanceyville during the present year.

A movement of this kind, on the part of the farmers of this county, is so unusual, and will lead to consequences so important, that it caused your committee to give the matter a deep and thorough consideration; after hearing the objections against and the reasons for it, they have come to the conclusion that the interest of all our citizens would be promoted by holding a Fair at Yanceyville for the exhibition of the manufactures of the machine, the skill of the artisan and the productions of the soil of our County.

It is no new thing to have attention called to projected schemes for an increase of the wealth of the citizens or the development of the resources of a County or State, to efforts made to minister to the luxuries, to gratify the tastes and relieve the great human race from its necessities, at first, a murmur of doubt or a smile of incredulity greets the prospect of success, after a little, quietly, slowly but surely, difficulties disappear, obstacles are overcome, the skill of science and the flowers of nature are put under contribution, and the result is, that the most sanguine expectations are realized; another garment of comfort or another bowl of pleasure is placed before our eyes and within our reach.

A few years ago and the shores of Europe were distant from our own two, three, or four months' travel, but now, by the ingenious application of scientific skill to the secret powers of earth, air, fire and water, the sound of the cannon has hardly died away upon the coast of Turkey before a knowledge of the result has filled our cities, penetrated our mountains and spread over the rich and broad valleys of the Mississippi; inflating the price of grain, reducing the value of cotton, changing the price of slaves and affecting every product of the soil upon which depends our comforts or our hopes for wealth.

It may be asked how have this and other like results been achieved? The answer is, by the association of mind, labor and capital: no one man has mind to devise the ways and invent the means to execute so vast a plan for improvement; no one man has a capital necessary to develop it; and even if he possessed the mind and capital, nature having set bounds to his physical powers would force him to join the powers of others with his own to secure success: Experience and observation have taught the cautious and the prudent that the surest and safest way of success in any enterprise, calculated to benefit the many, is by combining and associating men together and giving a common direction to their various powers. The truth of this has long been known and acted upon by the industrious, intelligent and business part of the citizens of the Northern States; with them to combine mind, labor and capital, makes no work too remote and no prospects of good profits too dim.

Their soil is by nature poor, but combined mind and money and thorough teaching through papers and periodicals, taught their farmers how to make it rich, and enable them to feed Europe, starving and stretching forth her hands begging for bread. The soil of Massachusetts and Rhode Island was sterile and barren compared with that of our own State—stones, gravel and land were their striking features—now, however, by the application of manures, a judicious mixture of soils, they have made their lands easy of cultivation and more productive than ours, and of course realizing to the farmer larger profits than ours do.

Their soil is by nature poor, but combined mind and money and thorough teaching through papers and periodicals, taught their farmers how to make it rich, and enable them to feed Europe, starving and stretching forth her hands begging for bread. The soil of Massachusetts and Rhode Island was sterile and barren compared with that of our own State—stones, gravel and land were their striking features—now, however, by the application of manures, a judicious mixture of soils, they have made their lands easy of cultivation and more productive than ours, and of course realizing to the farmer larger profits than ours do.

Numerous other facts might be given to illustrate the benefits a well organized and regularly conducted agricultural society would confer upon the county. Not among the least of the motives rulling and controlling human actions is the laudable ambition for praise or the desire to accumulate wealth.

This society should pursue a course that will offer to the farmer one or the other of these inducements for which ever may be his aim, the result will be the attainment of the organization of this society. The most affective method of bestowing upon the farmer a suitable and honorable reward for his progress in farming is to hold a Fair, and offer premiums for the best cattle of all descriptions, for the finest tobacco of a given number of pounds, for superior home manufactures, and in fact for a sample of each article that it would be to the interest of this county to encourage the production, it would offer a fair field for competition of a pleasant and most praise-worthy character, it would bring together the farmers, and place before their eyes a superior sample of all the products of Caswell to serve as a standard to reach by good management on his own farm, it would stimulate those who farm well to surpass if possible what they have already accomplished, and the expense incurred in arranging these fairs would be laid out amongst and return to the farmers so that nothing would be lost, but much might be gained.

Your Committee are of opinion that Yanceyville presents the most suitable location for holding a fair. The lot known as the Silk

county some 1500 more children attending the common schools than Caswell, and, notwithstanding there are not so many acres as in Caswell, the cash value of their land exceeds ours by some two millions of dollars; the value of her farming utensils is greater by some thousand dollars. By nature our soil is as rich as hers, yet by attending agricultural societies, observing the best modes of tilling the land, her farmers have placed their county far ahead of ours.—This instance will illustrate the result that would take place upon comparing Caswell with many other Northern counties, yet she has as good climate and fine soil as are to be found anywhere, and above all, we regard ourselves as good farmers. It is true that tobacco is cultivated nowhere so profitably; the soil yields corn readily and abundantly, and in this portion of the country our wheat is considerably the heaviest and finest brought to market; all this however is the result of the virgin soil, for we have not increased the value and fertility of the land in proportion to the means afforded us and the improvement of every thing around us.

Why are we behind? It cannot be that our citizens are not formed of materials capable of improving. No county in the State has a population surpassing ours in energy and intelligence. The misfortune is, we place too low an estimate on the labor and knowledge necessary to make a good farmer; we regard farming as a mere mechanical operation; we never direct our attention to reviving the soil after we have exhausted it; we are satisfied when we plough, sow and reap, never reflecting that the earth should be supplied with the strength of which you deprive her by reaping.

The errors and negligence in farming have attracted observation, and efforts are now being made throughout the State to call the attention of farmers to the facts and means of remedying these evils. There is now being published in the State the *Farmer's Journal*, edited with much learning and ability, the object of which is to aid and instruct the farmer in all the different branches of his pursuit and is well worthy of their patronage.

The Legislature has also lent its aid to stimulate and encourage the farmers to seek improvement on their present system: at its last session a law was passed giving an agricultural society in each county \$50, whenever they have paid a like sum to their treasurer.

Why pass such a law? Because it was apparent to the members of the Legislature, coming as they did from all sections of the State, that our present system of farming was a vicious one and required improvement. But you may ask, why offer a bounty to a society and make that one of the means to correct errors and mistakes? The answer is a plain one—this agricultural societies have been tested in every State in the Union and have been found the readiest and surest means of overthrowing bad farming and diffusing good systems among the people; to assemble them once a week to compare how each one prepared the soil, the different method of sowing and gathering the harvest, will soon point out errors and suggest causes of failure and stimulate the mind to pursue a well digested system of farming; each one learns from his neighbor, and there will rarely be found a farmer however obscure he may be, or limited his operations, but possesses some practical information, the knowledge of which will be beneficial to his neighbor or the community. The object of the society is to open these fountains for the use and benefit of all. The present system is admitted to be defective; and if the farmer remains on his plantation, never hears the causes or inquires into the reason why his neighbor makes so many more bushels of grain to the acre than he does. Why his cattle are in better condition, he will continue to follow the system that brings small remuneration for his labor—wear out the strength of his vigorous manhood in obtaining simply a support—and will perhaps in his old age drive him to look for a living in the fresh and strong lands of the New States.

But let us hunt after and seek the most profitable and judicious method of managing a farm by reading agricultural periodicals and papers, conversing with your friends and neighbors when you have assembled together, and an improvement in our system will soon develop itself. Why do you cure tobacco yellow instead of red as formerly? Because it commands a higher price in market; this method has been pursued for a number of years by some of our farmers who obtained high prices for it, while others have only recently acquired the information necessary to succeed in so curing it, and have for a number of years been losing the difference in the price of the two kinds of tobacco. Had we had a society similar to the one now formed, many farmers would doubtless have learned the art of curing tobacco yellow at a much earlier day, and thereby gained many hundred dollars for the county.

Nitrogen is indigestible. In the consumption of food in the body, about one half of the organic substance of it is given off by the process of breathing, sweating, &c., through the lungs, and the pores of the skin. Nitrogen remains unconsumed, and almost wholly unchanged, passing off in the urine. It is this which gives it its peculiarly offensive smell.

By far the largest portion of nitrogen contained in the food passing off in the urine, we see the necessity of saving it as a part of the manure, if we would get the full richness of the stable, compost heap. To preserve it in the stable, the earth, under the floor, should be hollowed bowl-shaped, so that all liquids can run into it. In this should be placed straw, or other litter, well sprinkled with lime, to aid in decomposition, and plaster to detain the ammonia or nitrogen, and disinfect the heap. When it can be obtained, charcoal dust should also be liberally used, as it has a great affinity for nitrogen, which it will hold in its pores for agricultural purposes.

As often as this compost heap becomes full, saturated, it should be removed, and a new one formed.

By chemical analysis it is found that each pint of human urine will produce a pound of wheat. By adding this to the compost heap, a family of six will add twelve pounds of wheat each day, to their wealth, or, seventy-five bushels to the year.

To the heap add, in the course of the year, 50 bushels of hydrate (air slaked) lime, and plaster to disinfect it, pour on your dish-water, your pot-liquor, your soap suds; heap on your potato tops, your old cucumber vines, and cabbage stalks, that now disfigure your garden; spread the whole on about five acres, and plow it in, and you will be 100 bushels of wheat in a year, the richer for it.

Factory has been kindly and generously offered for our use by its owner, with the promise of enclosing it with a small expenditure it can be made a convenient and pleasant place for the exhibition of the skill and industry of the county. A safe and convenient place for cattle, as water can be obtained with little trouble. We are of the opinion that the cost of such a fair both in preparing the lot and payment of premiums, will not exceed three hundred dollars—this sum it is proposed to raise in part by voluntary contributions, and from the interest and zeal already manifested in the success of the enterprise, there can be no doubt but a sufficient sum can be raised to carry the design into successful execution.

Some of our largest farmers are deeply interested in this matter, and exhibit that kind of spirit that knows of no such thing as failure, and by a little effort and exertion this feeling can be spread throughout the country, and our citizens stimulated to bring their products to the fair for exhibition, and enter the list for praise and premiums. The fair can be held at a season of the year when it will not interfere with laborers and engagements of the planters, some in October or November, when the crops are gathered and the weather is mild and pleasant. Surely it would be a matter of no small moment and consideration of our farmers at the end of the year to gather together, talk over the system pursued by each one in planting, the incidents of the year, the causes of a failure of the crop, and above all compare with each other their products, and determine who has succeeded best—bestow the reward when it is due. A course like this would get up a generous rivalry and a friendly feeling among the farmers, a laudable strife for success, that would in a few years largely increase the wealth, and place Caswell at the head of the list of agricultural counties.

JOHN A. GRAVES,  
N. M. ROAN,  
E. P. JONES,  
THOS. D. JOHNSTON,  
THOS. BIGALOW,  
S. P. HILL.

From the Ohio Farmer.

**HOW TO SAVE MANURE THAT WILL YIELD 100 BUSHELS OF WHEAT.**

BY L. V. BIERCE.

MR. FARMER:—I have said a family of six persons could, by saving all the house slop that usually goes into the drain, make manure enough to produce one hundred bushels of wheat.

Without a close examination, this will appear like a wild estimate, or rather, like an assumption requiring proof.

All manures are rich, as I have heretofore shown, in proportion to the amount of ammonia they contain. If manures lie around the yard, and the gaseous ammonia is suffered to escape into the atmosphere, they are but little better than dry bones, or tan from which all the coloring matter has escaped, leaving only the woody fiber.

It is a common, but mistaken idea that, passing food through the boiler, gives it a fertilizing principle. This process only decomposes it, and fits it for the use of vegetation. A larger amount of manure, and possessing the same quantities, would be produced by rotting it in a compost heap, where the gases are preserved, as by passing it through the body of an animal. Generally the manure of the compost heap, is the best; for then all the nitrogen, which is the basis of ammonia, is preserved; while in the ordinary way of suffering dung to lie around the yard, it mostly escapes, thus losing the most fertilizing portion—the nitrogen—contained in the food.

All manures, I have said, are rich in proportion to the ammonia, or nitrogen they contain. Let guano be spread out, until the nitrogen has escaped, and it is no better than dry cow dung. That article is tested, chemically, in the market, and is valuable just in proportion to the nitrogen contained in it. A crop of clover plowed in is far better manure than a crop of straw, because clover contains a far greater per cent of nitrogen. So, the manure of the hen house, is far richer than that of the hog-stye, and that of the hog-stye, far richer than that of the cow yard, because the bugs and worms constituting the food of the fowls contain more nitrogen than does the food of hogs, and the food of hogs contains more than hay on which cows are kept.

It is not the manner, then, in which the decomposition takes place, but the constituent parts of the food that give richness, and value to manures.

Nitrogen is indigestible. In the consumption of food in the body, about one half of the organic substance of it is given off by the process of breathing, sweating, &c., through the lungs, and the pores of the skin. Nitrogen remains unconsumed, and almost wholly unchanged, passing off in the urine. It is this which gives it its peculiarly offensive smell.

By far the largest portion of nitrogen contained in the food passing off in the urine, we see the necessity of saving it as a part of the manure, if we would get the full richness of the stable, compost heap. To preserve it in the stable, the earth, under the floor, should be hollowed bowl-shaped, so that all liquids can run into it. In this should be placed straw, or other litter, well sprinkled with lime, to aid in decomposition, and plaster to detain the ammonia or nitrogen, and disinfect the heap. When it can be obtained, charcoal dust should also be liberally used, as it has a great affinity for nitrogen, which it will hold in its pores for agricultural purposes.

As often as this compost heap becomes full, saturated, it should be removed, and a new one formed.

By chemical analysis it is found that each pint of human urine will produce a pound of wheat. By adding this to the compost heap, a family of six will add twelve pounds of wheat each day, to their wealth, or, seventy-five bushels to the year.

To the heap add, in the course of the year, 50 bushels of hydrate (air slaked) lime, and plaster to disinfect it, pour on your dish-water, your pot-liquor, your soap suds; heap on your potato tops, your old cucumber vines, and cabbage stalks, that now disfigure your garden; spread the whole on about five acres, and plow it in, and you will be 100 bushels of wheat in a year, the richer for it.

**ORIGINAL POETRY.**

For the Southern Weekly Post.

**FOR ONE IN SICKNESS.**

In prayer most fervent, and on bended knee,  
Meek emblem of my heart's humility—  
I seek that ever glorious throne above,  
And humbly ask for her I dearly love,  
Mercy and health, O gracious God, of Thee!  
Transfer in kindness all her sufferings to me,  
And let my agony, and racking pains,  
And deep abasement, prove a healing spell—  
To call the roses to her cheek, and melody—  
To that voice, whose heavenly accents dwell,  
Like sweetest music in my memory; and strains,  
Of praise will echo from my soul until,  
The earth shall thank thee, that it yet contains,  
One heart that's pure, one lovely angel still. W.

For the Southern Weekly Post.

**AN ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.**

I am composed of 18 letters.  
My 1, 8, 2, 9, abounds plentifully in New Britain.  
2, 9, 3, is an ugly bird.  
3, 7, 8, is a vessel.  
4, 2, is a preposition.  
5, 2, 3, 1, 11, is what we all like to possess.  
6, 1, 4, 5, 11, 7, was a Queen in olden time.  
7, 5, 2, 8, 6, is a river in Europe.  
8, 2, 7, 4, 5, is one of the cardinal points.  
9, 2, 16, 13, is prized by the housewife.  
10, 13, 12, is a species of the deer.  
11, 1, 17, 6, 8, is a town in Prussia.  
12, 6, 14, is used by every class of people.  
13, 2, 1, 17, is what no one likes to have.  
14, 2, 3, is a pronoun.  
15, 6, 4, 2, 7, was the name of a great man of ancient days.  
16, 13, 6, 8, 1, 12, is a town of Liberia.  
17, 13, 10, 11, 15, is necessary to the preservation of health.  
18, 3, 7, 12, 1, is a race of men noted for bravery.  
My whole is the best and cheapest Newspaper published in North Carolina. M. F. R.

**METROPOLITAN CORRESPONDENCE.**

LETTER XXXIX.

CHARLESTON, March 27, 1854.

A Visit to the "Up Country"—Greenville—Furman University—Minors—Female College—Condition and Prospects of Furman University—Columbia and Greenville Railroad—Scenery near Greenville—The Mansion House—Return to Columbia—Jenny again—Night Trip to Charleston—Morning and Marketing—Green Peas and their Significance—Where I put up and why—A kind Hostess—Good Night.

MY DEAR POST: My time was so fully occupied last week, that I was reluctantly compelled to omit my usual letter, and if I consulted my inclination only, I should plead occupation and fatigue as further apologies, and not write even now. A day or two after the date of my last communication, I visited the upper part of South Carolina, going over the whole extent of the Columbia and Greenville railway, to the latter flourishing village—which is remarkable, chiefly for its salubrious summer climate. It is the site of the New College, established under the auspices of the Baptist Denomination, and called Furman University. It is certainly with no invidious spirit that I take this occasion to remark upon the frequent misapplication of the term University to the higher institutions of learning in this country. A University is a collection of Colleges and should properly comprehend two or more distinct collegiate organizations, in science, letters, law or medicine. According to this rule—and I know not how any exception to it receives authority—there are but few Universities in this country—those which combine literary, law and medical schools under one general chancellorship. I think the frequent misapplication of this term arises from national love for sounding titles—a passion strangely out of keeping with our republican and democratic professions. I will venture while I am upon this point, to utter my earnest protest, more over, against the ambitious and ill-judged use of the term College in connection with our higher female schools. I must confess that I heartily dislike the term Female College. The two words seem to me to have no natural affinity for each other. A College of men—or even of boys—will do very well—but a college of young ladies sounds amiss to my ears. I do not object to educating young ladies as thoroughly as young men—though I should insist, on different modes of culture and development—but it savours too much of the usurping spirit of the "Women's rights" movement, to claim the titles—and degrees also—appropriate to men for the gentler sex. And what better name do we need for female schools—of the highest grade—than that very suggestive and time-honored one of Seminary? This is a digression I know, and one which may, perhaps, provoke the dissent of some of your readers, but I earnestly hope that few of them will fail to see the propriety of calling things—even female seminaries—by their right names!

Reverend mentors, or rather let us go back to Greenville—and the Furman University, of which college I am gratified to record the flourishing condition and prospects. Yet in its infancy—with its buildings in the process of construction—its numbers, in all its departments, one hundred and seventy-five pupils—with continual accessions. The endowment of the College is generous and I believe complete. If the sanguine expectations of its friends are realized, in the acceptance of its chancellorship, by the Rev. Dr. Manly, the present able and popular President of the State College of Alabama, the fortunes of the Furman School will be rendered morally sure, and its reputation will be at once established. Its present faculty is composed of efficient and progressive men, jealous for the well being of the College and the ripe scholarship of its pupils.

I have dwelt a little upon this new institution of learning because it occupies an important position, and will probably play a leading part in the work of education at the South.

The Columbia and Greenville Railroad is 145 miles long—besides two ten mile branches—leading one to Abbeville and the other to Anderson. The construction and equipment of this road has cost more than the average rate of expense in building railways—owing to the uneven nature of the country which it traverses. It is said to be well managed, however, and the increase of business—especially of freight transportation, is so rapid, that it may soon be a profitable investment to the stockholders. The main road passes through the flourishing town of Newberry—forty-seven miles from Columbia.

Two PORTRAITS FROM THE CROWD.—Charles again draws the following portraits, the originals of which we meet almost daily:

"Some beings, where'er they go,  
Find ought to please, or to exalt,—  
Their constant study but to show  
Perpetual modes of finding fault."  
"While others, in the careless roind  
Of daily want, and daily care,  
Can yet call flowers from common ground,  
And twice enjoy the joy they share."  
"Oh! happy they who happily make,  
Who, blessing, still themselves are blest!  
Who something spare for other's sake,  
And strive, in all things, for the best!"

**THE FROG.**

Of all the funny things that live  
In woodland, marsh, or bog,  
That creep the ground, or fly the air,  
The funniest thing's the frog.  
The frog—the scientificest  
Of nature's handy-work—  
The frog that neither walks nor runs  
But goes it with a jerk.  
With pants and coat of bottle green,  
And yellow fancy vest,  
He plunges into mud and mire—  
All in his Sunday best;  
When he sits down he's standing up,  
As Pappy O'Kinn once said;  
And for convenience sake he wears  
His eyes on the top of his head.  
You see him sitting on a log,  
Above the "vasty deep."  
You feel inclined to say "Old chap,  
Just look before you leap!"  
You raise your cane to hit him on  
His ugly-looking mug;  
But ere you get it half way up,  
Adown he goes kerchunk.

portation, is so rapid, that it may soon be a profitable investment to the stockholders. The main road passes through the flourishing town of Newberry—forty-seven miles from Columbia.

Greenville—let me add here—is one of the most attractive summer-places in the whole South—and must now become an exceedingly popular place of resort. In its vicinity are found some of the finest landscape views which the picturesque range of the Alleghany Mountains affords. Of these Caesar's Head and Table Rock are already widely known to fame. Within the immediate range of these famous scenes there lie, however, many choice gems of natural beauty—mountain and valley—wood and waterfall—almost unknown to the multitude and some of them, indeed, quite terra incognita to all but a few adventurous explorers. All of these will, by and by, tempt the foot of the tourist and reward his pains.

To those of your readers, my dear Post, whose business or pleasure may carry them to Greenville—I take a cordial pleasure in commending the Mansion House. To the generous courtesies of its warm-hearted proprietors, Messrs. Erwin and Swandale, I am indebted for a very pleasant sojourn in the place.

I meant to have lingered in the 'up-country' of South Carolina for some days. But my steps were otherwise directed and I returned immediately to Columbia—to experience more of the hospitality of 'mine host' and friend Janney, before I made my departure for the Queen City of the South.

I am an economist of time, and generally travel by night, instead of by day, when the choice is granted to me. Hence it was that I took the night train from Columbia to Charleston. This is a freight train with a passage car bringing up its rear—and performing a slow progress of ten miles an hour. I am so much used to railway travelling, that I can sleep pretty well in the cars, and so the night was mild and there was neither heat nor dust to annoy me, I beguiled the tedium of the way by familiar dalliance with Morpheus.

The morning was yet below the Eastern horizon when we reached the city—overtaking the wagons and carts which were bearing to the markets the vegetables and poultry which give so much piquancy to dinner! The occasional basket of green-peas—displayed in these well laden vehicles—savoured to my taste of Southern luxury—and stood significantly to the Hills House—or the still excellent Charleston Hotel. To neither of these grand hostelries went I, however; but true to the memories of the past—which whispered to me of never failing kindness, during months of former residence in the city—I repaired to the home where I had experienced it—the Waverly House—then and still kept by Mrs. Gleason. I rejoiced to find the evidence of her deserved prosperity in the extended area of her house and the increased beauty and elegance of its appointments. I have written few sincere words than these, in which I bear testimony to the kindness of my amiable lady host. No where, I am confident, will the invalid—seeking health or strength in the balmy air of Charleston—find a more kindly reception and care than at her house.

I shall devote another letter to Charleston—and the extreme lateness of the hour warns me to close this, without the provocation of another topic. So allow me to say at once "Good Night." COSMOS.

The following fact fell under the observation of a country minister in Lancashire, known to a writer in "Household Words." A poor man lay a dying, but still perfectly sensible and acute. A woman of his acquaintance came to see him, who had lately lost her husband. "Bill," said she, "where thou art bound to thoult maybe see our Tummus; be sure thou tell him we have gotten th' wheel o' the slandry mended, and it's mostly as good as new; and mind thou sayst we're gotten very well without him; he may as well think so, poor chap." To which Bill made answer, "Why, woman! dost thou think I've had no better to do than go clumping up and down the sky a-searching for thy Tummus?"

A man's first care should be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart; his next, to escape the censures of the world. If the last interferes with the former, it ought to be entirely neglected; but otherwise there cannot be a greater satisfaction to an honest mind, than to see the e approbations which it gives itself, seconded by the applauses of the public. A man is more sure of his conduct, when the verdict which he passes upon his own behavior is thus warranted and confirmed by the opinion of all that know him.

Two PORTRAITS FROM THE CROWD.—Charles again draws the following portraits, the originals of which we meet almost daily:

"Some beings, where'er they go,  
Find ought to please, or to exalt,—  
Their constant study but to show  
Perpetual modes of finding fault."  
"While others, in the careless roind  
Of daily want, and daily care,  
Can yet call flowers from common ground,  
And twice enjoy the joy they share."  
"Oh! happy they who happily make,  
Who, blessing, still themselves are blest!  
Who something spare for other's sake,  
And strive, in all things, for the best!"

Of all the funny things that live  
In woodland, marsh, or bog,  
That creep the ground, or fly the air,  
The funniest thing's the frog.  
The frog—the scientificest  
Of nature's handy-work—  
The frog that neither walks nor runs  
But goes it with a jerk.  
With pants and coat of bottle green,  
And yellow fancy vest,  
He plunges into mud and mire—  
All in his Sunday best;  
When he sits down he's standing up,  
As Pappy O'Kinn once said;  
And for convenience sake he wears  
His eyes on the top of his head.  
You see him sitting on a log,  
Above the "vasty deep."  
You feel inclined to say "Old chap,  
Just look before you leap!"  
You raise your cane to hit him on  
His ugly-looking mug;  
But ere you get it half way up,  
Adown he goes kerchunk.

Two PORTRAITS FROM THE CROWD.—Charles again draws the following portraits, the originals of which we meet almost daily:

"Some beings, where'er they go,  
Find ought to please, or to exalt,—  
Their constant study but to show  
Perpetual modes of finding fault."  
"While others, in the careless roind  
Of daily want, and daily care,  
Can yet call flowers from common ground,  
And twice enjoy the joy they share."  
"Oh! happy they who happily make,  
Who, blessing, still themselves are blest!  
Who something spare for other's sake,  
And strive, in all things, for the best!"

**THE FROG.**

Of all the funny things that live  
In woodland, marsh, or bog,  
That creep the ground, or fly the air,  
The funniest thing's the frog.  
The frog—the scientificest  
Of nature's handy-work—  
The frog that neither walks nor runs  
But goes it with a jerk.  
With pants and coat of bottle green,  
And yellow fancy vest,  
He plunges into mud and mire—  
All in his Sunday best;  
When he sits down he's standing up,  
As Pappy O'Kinn once said;  
And for convenience sake he wears  
His eyes on the top of his head.  
You see him sitting on a log,  
Above the "vasty deep."  
You feel inclined to say "Old chap,  
Just look before you leap!"  
You raise your cane to hit him on  
His ugly-looking mug;  
But ere you get it half way up,  
Adown he goes kerchunk.

**Southern Weekly Post.**

RALEIGH, APRIL 8, 1854.

WILLIAM D. COOKE,  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS—TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, in Advance.

CLUB PRICES:  
Three Copies, ..... \$5—full price, ..... \$6.  
Eight Copies, ..... " ..... " ..... 16.  
Ten Copies, ..... " ..... " ..... 20.  
Twenty Copies, ..... " ..... " ..... 40.

(Payment in all cases in advance.)

Where a club of eight, ten or twenty copies is sent, the person making up the club will be entitled to a copy extra.

Postmasters are authorized to act as Agents for the Southern Weekly Post.

MA. H. P. DOTY is our authorized agent for the State of ALABAMA, MISSISSIPPI and TENNESSEE.

**THE EASTERN QUESTION.**

The world is looking with anxious suspense towards the East. The laborious and prolonged negotiations which have occupied the entire winter, proving utterly fruitless, the two great Western Powers are now preparing themselves for the impending struggle with a vigor commensurate with its demands, and it is probable that in a few weeks, if at all, the belligerent parties will be engaged in the actual throes of a conflict which nothing but exhaustion can finally arrest.

The character of the controversy has already been fully explained in the leading periodicals of the day, and most satisfactorily in several elaborate articles contained in the British Quarterly. More recently however, the publication of the correspondence between the Emperors of Russia and France has, in spite of the caution and reserve of the illustrious disputants, thrown considerable light upon the public mind, and placed the Czar in a most unenviable attitude before the world. Napoleon had ventured with his own hand to remonstrate, in courtly style, but with becoming firmness, against the aggressive movements of Russia. We have now before us the reply of Nicholas to the French Emperor, dated St. Petersburg, February 9th, next style, from which a careful reader may obtain some idea of the spirit which animates the imperious autocrat, and of the deceitful pretenses under which he seeks to hide the enormity of his designs. The Czar does not hesitate to avow, in explicit terms, that the controversy with Turkey is a religious one, and insinuates that France and England have indelicately meddled in a question between the Greek Church and the Porte with which they have nothing to do.—"In claiming," says he, "for my co-religionists in Turkey the confirmation of the rights and privileges which they have long acquired at the price of Russian blood, I claimed nothing which was not confirmed by treaties." He then proceeds to show, by an evident distortion of facts, that his invasion of the Principalities was preceded and caused by the approach of the French fleet to the Levant, and very distinctly charges Napoleon with dishonorable conduct in proceeding stealthily to a participation with Turkey, instead of openly, from the first, making a declaration of war.

We have also before us the circular of the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, Drouyn de L'Hay, which appears to be intended as a final reply to the letter of the Czar. This circular is conceived in an admirable spirit, and very effectually disposes of the false issues and absurd subtleties resorted to by Nicholas in support of his arrogant policy. In the first place, it is clearly shown that the religious liberties of the Greek Christians in Turkey cannot be the true object which Russia wishes to secure, because the policy of the present Sultan has been distinguished by moderation and reform, and Nicholas is very sensibly reminded that he would be more consistent were he to evince a little of that spirit of toleration towards dissenters in his own dominions, of which the present ruler of Turkey has set him so laudable an example.

The circular very carefully refutes the assertion of the Czar, imputing the initiative of hostile demonstrations to France, by showing that "each of those demonstrations was preceded by an aggressive act on the part of Russia." It makes it historically evident that the French fleet had not approached Salamis until a large accumulation of troops on the frontier of Turkey had proved to the world that Nicholas was determined to enforce his demands at the point of the bayonet. This one sufficient fact is indeed placed now beyond dispute by the seizure of the Principalities north of the Danube and their regular organization into Russian dependencies.

If the statement of the Czar were entitled to a moment's credit, that his object was simply to secure a confirmation of the stipulated privileges of the Greek Christians, however much we might disapprove of his conduct, we could not respect the inconsistency of Louis Napoleon in arranging him for his injustice. The world has not yet forgotten how frequently France has meddled, on a similar plea, in the internal affairs of Italy. Even now, a French army continues to occupy Rome, and there sustains, not the religious liberties of the people against a tyrannical government, but a tyrannical government in its exercise of arbitrary restraint upon the religious liberties of the people. For these gross inconsistencies the French emperor seems to us quite as much exposed to the criticism of mankind and the condemnation of history as the emperor of Russia.

But nobody believes a word of the pretended zeal of the Czar for the religious rights of the Greek Church. That Church in his own dominions is a mere machine in his hands, employed in the furtherance of his despotic purposes. It is nothing better than an abject parasite upon the State, and has no rights independent of the personal prerogative of the emperor. Of course there can be no sincere regard for the religious liberties of the same Church elsewhere. The policy of Nicholas is self-aggrandizement, and all Europe knows it well. Hence the cordial combination of the western powers against him, and the justifiable determination to