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A VISIT TO FORT HILL.

The residence of the Hon. John C. Calhoun, near Pendleton, S. C.

In paying a visit to the great statesman of America in his secluded home at the South, the visitor is so struck with both him and his home, that he is at a loss which to admire most—the far-seeing sage, or the magnificent scenery by which he is surrounded.

Mr. Calhoun at home. On his plantation, in the midst of his family, and surrounded by scenes familiar to him for so many years, he is the same, and yet he is in some respects a different person from the Senator at the capital. He is more in his ease, more sociable and familiar, and far happier.

His residence, about five miles from Pendleton, in Pickens' district, about 250 miles from Charleston.

I reached Pendleton about mid-day, and no sooner had I landed from the mail stage, than I made inquiry of the landlord of the hotel in regard to the residence of Fort Hill. He replied, "Yonder is Mr. Calhoun himself." My eyes followed the direction to which his finger pointed, and sure enough I saw, seated under the shade of a large tree, that stately head, whose features I once saw as never forgotten, and I had seen Mr. Calhoun before in the Senate, and recognized him at once.

He rose as I approached to shake hands, and I was seated, surrounded by his children, his neighbors, and when I delivered him my letter of introduction, he asked me to a seat. When he had read the letter, he introduced me to his neighbors, and then kindly invited me to return with him to his residence and spend two or three days. It is needless to say, that I at once accepted his invitation, and was seated by his side in his carriage, and on my way to Fort Hill.

Soon after leaving Pendleton, the carriage entered a forest, in which we continued until we reached the gate, which opened into the grounds in the immediate vicinity of the mansion. This is so concealed that you hardly notice it, until you are within a very few rods of the pillars of the north and east fronts of his house.

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 12, 1849.

The scenery—its wildness and softness—mountain and valley—forest and cultivated field—which surround it. Nature is here most bountiful; and I must believe that the associations by which it is made so interesting, are more than the land itself.

Directly south of the mansion, distant, perhaps, twenty steps, is his study. It stands alone, a plain white building, with but one room, a piazza, and four pillars, and one door, or entrance. In it is his library, some way connected with the great study of his life—his Union and her interests. He is not a reader.

His theories, or doctrines, as the world calls them, are all based on these, and they never fail him; always correct, and he always will be, as long as he lives. The key of this building he always keeps under his immediate control when he is at home. No one enters it but him, unless he is there.

The view to the southward of his house is very beautiful, extending over hill and dale; the Seneca river passes through his plantation, and forms the principal branch of the Savannah river, by which the produce of his plantation is sent to Hamburg, opposite Augusta. His house itself stands 1,000 feet above the level of the sea, and about 300 feet above the Seneca river.

The view to the northward of his house is very beautiful, extending over hill and dale; the Seneca river passes through his plantation, and forms the principal branch of the Savannah river, by which the produce of his plantation is sent to Hamburg, opposite Augusta.

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made on my mind which I shall not soon forget. Mr. Calhoun's clear voice for a moment broke the spell. "The Seneca must be about two-thirds of the size of the Jordan." I looked up, and he described the resemblance, probably, with as much accuracy as if he had seen both. Again, I thought with what interest he followed the history of an empire or republic, or the history of the cotton plant in India, or these rivers and brooks, or Jordan and Ephraim, and Texas rivers. While he was gazing up that placid stream, I recalled at him, and I have felt an irresistible love come over me, and a consciousness of irresistible power is him, which I never had felt before in the presence of any created being.

One conviction was this: that but for ignorance, downright stupid ignorance, on the part of the people of the United States, made so and kept so still more stupid, back party papers, contented with the interest of selfish, aspiring party leaders, whose interest it is to keep the masses in the dark, and to keep the real character of John C. Calhoun, of his glorious and god-like intellect, his lofty patriotism, and love for country, which is only bounded by that country, and not by any State or section—he wishes but justice to all—of his unswerving devotion to the cause of his country, his supreme contempt for dishonesty, and his serene indifference to the world, and his love for all that is good, useful, and patriotic; above all, his honesty and incorruptibility or his sagacity—his long experience of forty years in the highest seats in the councils of the Union—and his deep thought and foresight, which all make him what he is, and what he is, and what he is, and what he is.

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There seems to be so much anxiety among the negroes of Mr. Calhoun's among white folks. The marriage of his young male or female slaves with a slave on another plantation, creates as much excitement as a marriage in Astor place would do. The matter requires a great deal of arrangement and proper settlement. These matches are generally made up between parties residing on different plantations. A very intelligent house servant of Mr. Calhoun was married (the second night I was at his house) to a female slave on an adjoining plantation. The marriage ceremony was performed in the evening, and in the mansion of the proprietor of the plantation. I listened to the fiddles and the happy songs of the negroes, on their way to and from the wedding from this and all the neighboring plantations, until nearly daylight. The ceremony was performed by the oldest negro, who was a sort of authorized, or rather recognized parson of the Methodist order. Mr. Calhoun has some very old slaves on his plantation. One old negro that I saw, Monsi Calhoun, (by the way, all the negroes on his estate are called by his name in the neighborhood,) is over 112 years old. She has 63 living descendants on this plantation, who take care of the old dame. Her husband lived to a very old age; his name was Polydore. Both were brought from Africa, and had lived with the Calhouns for many years. On this plantation, in this place, as much respect to the old negroes as if she was a queen. Directly in front of the negro quarters is a field containing several acres of the sweet or Carolina potato. They grow to be very large. I did not notice any of the Seward kind on this farm. The Calhoun estate is situated on the side of Washington.

The second morning I took my departure for Pendleton, very much gratified and delighted with my visit. The personal appearance of Mr. Calhoun is very imposing; he stands fully six feet. His features are very marked. He has eyes clear and piercing as an eagle's; his hair is white, full, and thick, and he is a man of a very great age. He is full of life, energy, and activity, and bids fair to live thirty years yet. He is a man that I think will live to a very great age. I should judge him to be 62 or 63 years old now. The longer such men live, the better for mankind and the human race. Correspondent of the New York Herald.

RAIL ROAD MEETING. On Tuesday last the people were addressed by Ex-Governors Swain and Graham, at the subject of the Central Rail Road. Gov. Graham led off, and proved to demonstration by facts and figures deduced from the history and experience of other roads, that not only would the stock be a profitable investment, but the value of the land lying contiguous to the road as well as the price of all agricultural products would be enhanced to a very great extent. One argument which is frequently advanced in opposition to the scheme, to the effect that we were too poor to build the road, was met by the governor with complete success, and we wish that every man in the county could have heard him. He cited his hearers to the State of Georgia, which now had three rail roads running parallel to each other, and he declared that he was now declaring six per cent interest on the capital stock. The agricultural products in that State are computed by the census of 1840 to amount in value to \$21,000,000—in this State, North Carolina, they reach \$27,000,000. Now if Georgia could build and maintain, and derive profit from these three parallel roads, it would be a useless undertaking, surely North Carolina, who fell so little behind her in the value of her products, could build one road of two hundred and ten miles in length. We will not attempt to follow Mr. Graham through the chain of his arguments, but we wish to say, that in the future number we will take pleasure in advertising to the facts and statements advanced by him, and sincerely hope, though coming through a second hand, they will have a good effect upon our readers. Gov. Swain followed in an most impassioned appeal—full of pathos and eloquence and thrilling with interest. He said that he was a questioner of mere dollars and cents with them as to the building of the road—it was a question of life and death. That surrounded by other States, who had gone far ahead in the matter of internal improvements, by means of which their mineral, agricultural, and manufacturing interests were being fully developed, we would be driven out of the great marts of the world, whilst they, on the other hand, would eventually come to our own doors, and compete with us successfully even there—would drive us, as we had done the Indians before us, from our very homes by the superior advantages of their mode of travelling. He said that he would stand with us, until either advance or sink into utter insignificance and disgrace. He was listened to throughout with deep interest, and elicited more than once the approbation of his audience. The books were then opened and the subscriptions to the stock considerably increased. Hillsborough Democrat.

TRAVE GALLANTRY. On Monday last, according to the New York Mirror, as a funeral procession was passing the Hamilton Avenue Bridge, in South Brooklyn, a young gentleman, of the highest standing, endeavored to precipitate himself from one of the carriages forming the funeral cortege, and to jump from the edge of the drawbridge into the water. The leap was very high, and the form of the youth was immersed for what seemed to the anxious spectators, a long time. A young gentleman, clad in the most elegant and bearing in his arms the person of a small boy, of some six or seven years old, who, while playing to near the brink of the drawbridge, had fallen into the stream, and but for the intervention of his gallant deliverer, must have perished. The young hero of this exploit was Mr. Francis Cassidy, of 49 Mercer street, N. Y.

How shines a good deed in this naughty world. The New York Post, of Tuesday, records another instance of heroism in the highest degree. A gentleman, who has been since a gentleman who was bathing at Long Branch found himself beyond his depth, and was borne outward by the under tow. Two young men who were also bathing, discovered the danger of the gentleman and immediately started to his relief; but when they came near him, they were obliged to stop, as they were unable to reach him. They continued to continue his exertions for his own safety, giving him now and then a little support. A gentleman, Dr. Rodgers, from Virginia, saw from the hotel the whole affair, and started for the beach, in the meantime untrussing himself, and throwing by his clothes, containing his watch, money, &c. on the ground as he ran, arrived just as a boat was putting off to the rescue, and, jumping on board, called for an oar, but was not heard. The boat proceeded but a short distance before it was swamped, and the Doctor, seizing an oar, swam for the drowning person, and gave it to them, encouraging them to sustain themselves until aid could arrive. The boat, however, floating at the spot of the ways, was unfortunately thrown against one of the gentlemen, and he lost his hold of the oar. Dr. Rodgers, seeing that, placed himself under him, and thus sustaining him, brought him safely ashore, together with those on the boat.

UNWASHED FRENCH LADIES. An American lady, writing from Paris, says that she has lately discovered the secret of the many beautiful and bewitching complexions seen in France. It seems that water is concealed by the French ladies as the great secret of the skin, so that unless some outward circumstance really soiled their faces, they are not touched with water from one week's end to another; the owners content themselves with gently rubbing with dry soap, and exclude water almost entirely from their faces. The old French Methodists have a large and commodious church, at which, however, ministers of other denominations frequently preach. A flourishing Sunday school and bible class are kept up. The school-house is an exceedingly neat and well arranged structure. We may here remark that at Cedar Falls there are some remarkably handsome situations well adapted for the residence of the wealthy. The old French Methodists have a large and commodious church, at which, however, ministers of other denominations frequently preach. A flourishing Sunday school and bible class are kept up. The school-house is an exceedingly neat and well arranged structure. We may here remark that at Cedar Falls there are some remarkably handsome situations well adapted for the residence of the wealthy.

THE DEEP RIVER FACTORIES. Deep River, within the county of Randolph, affords a constant and abundant water power, and numerous fine sites for milling improvements, which have within a few years past invited a large amount of capital to its banks; and presenting numerous openings for more extensive branches of the most flourishing and prosperous sections of Western North Carolina. Its Cotton Manufactories have become a distinct, important and growing interest, felt throughout a large extent of country. Those who only knew the country through which the river flows, (or rather through the rocky bed of fifteen years ago, and the narrow, shallow channels along its narrow bottoms and the ravine-like valleys of its tributaries, would now be astonished at the improvements presented in a ride of twelve or thirteen miles. In this space there are three Manufactories in successful operation, and two more going up, on a capital altogether of \$750,000, giving employment to a large number of operatives of both sexes and all ages, affording a home market for all sorts of agricultural productions, which has a sensible influence upon the prosperity of the farmers for a considerable extent around; and giving spur to industry and enterprise of every description.

THE GENTLENESS OF CHRIST. What an expressive idea is there in that short sentence! How much to admire, to imitate, to perform! How great a duty, as no one ever did; but not that we should imitate them. He spoke to the temper and stilled the rolling billows, but not that we should lift up our voices when the wind blows, and the thunders roll, and the waves be piled mountain high, and attempt to wash them to peace. He stood by the grave and saw the dead man lying in the tomb, and came again to life; but not that we should place ourselves by the graves of the dead, and attempt to restore them to life. He opened the eyes of the blind, and taught the lame man to leap as a hart, and the tongue of the dumb to sing—but not that we should blind him in this, attempt by ourselves to give vision to the flesh of the blind, or to give voice to the dumb. But Christ was meek and gentle, that we might be so too. Christ was benignant and kind, that we might be so too. Christ was patient and forgiving, that we might be so too. Christ was not irritable, and uncharitable, and fretful—and in all these ways we may imitate him in this, attempt by ourselves to give vision to the flesh of the blind, or to give voice to the dumb. But Christ was meek and gentle, that we might be so too. Christ was benignant and kind, that we might be so too. Christ was patient and forgiving, that we might be so too. Christ was not irritable, and uncharitable, and fretful—and in all these ways we may imitate him in this, attempt by ourselves to give vision to the flesh of the blind, or to give voice to the dumb.

THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN.

No sickness there, no pain, no sorrow,  
No weeping, no sighing, no groaning,  
No fearful shrieking from the midnight air,  
No dread of summer's bright and fervid ray,  
No hidden grief,  
No wild and cheerless visions of despair,  
No vain petition for a swift release,  
No tearful eyes, no broken hearts are there.

Care has no home  
Within the realm of heaven,  
The storm's black wing  
Is never spread forth  
Against the blissful  
As some to tender flowers  
And delicate plants,  
No chilling dew  
Upon the tender frame,  
No morning blast  
From the east which fills  
The land of glory,  
No parted friends  
O'er mournful recollections  
No bed of death  
And endless love attends,  
To watch the coming  
Of a pulsing heart,  
No blasted flower,  
Or withered bud  
Which celestial gardens know,  
No mourning black  
Scattered destruction  
No little world,  
Startles the sacred host  
With fear and dread,  
The song of peace  
Creation's morning heard,  
Is sung wherever  
Angels' minstrel tread.

Let us depart  
If hope like this  
The weary soul  
Shall bleed no more  
With faith our guide  
White-robed and innocent  
Why labor to plunge  
And find the ocean  
Of eternal day.

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