THE NORTH CAROLINA STAR.

THOMAS J. LEMAY, Editor. NORTH CAROLINA—"Powerful in intellectual, moral and physical resources, the land of our sires and home of our affections." LEONIDAS B. LEMAY, Associate Editor.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

USE OF SLEEP TO THE BODY.

Solidification—that is, the conversion of blood into the solid parts o of the body—goes on during sleep. The chief end, indeed, and object and intention of sleep would seem to be this final assimilation of our food, the solidification of the blood, into the several solid parts of the body.

The accomplishment of this miraculous change seems to have required, that everything, both within and without the body, should be hushed into profound repose during the accomplishment of the mighty wonder, in order that nothing might disturb or interfere with the exquisite and miraculous process employed to effect it. To this end the portals of sensation are closed—the eye sees not—the ear hears not—the skin feels not—the very breathing is scarcely audible—the pulsations of the heart are scarcely perceptible—all the living energies are now concentrated into the greatest possible intensity like rays of light into a focus: and directed with almost complete exclusiveness, towards this simple object.

In the day, therefore, we make blood—in the night that blood is converted into solid matter. In the day we garner up the building materials—in the night we repair up the building. The hour of rising, therefore, ought to be the time at which our physical strength is the greatest—and with perfectly healthy persons this is the case. The languor which sickly persons feel in the morning, arises from the process of repair not having been fully accomplished; the building has not been repaired, and therefore its strength has not been restored. The apparent additional strength which is felt during the day, after eating, is only apparent—it is merely excitement derived from the stimulant food: at the first instance in the stomach; and after that food has been assimilated, of new blood in the system.

A TURKISH STORY.

The Oriental correspondent of the Knickerbocker gives the following story:

"Once a rich man, while seated at dinner with his wife during the blessed month of Ramadan, heard a beggar knock at the door and ask for bread. Arising in anger, he, with terms of harshness and severity drove the poor man away. Not long after this rich man became greatly reduced in circumstances, and unable to support his wife: divorced her, and in extreme poverty begged his bread from door to door. The innocent wife married again; and it so happened, that once when seated at the evening meal with her second husband, a beggar knocked at the door and asked for bread. Her husband, handing her some bread and meat, bade her carry it to the poor man, which she hastened to do.

"Now what was the surprise of the woman on opening the door, to perceive under the habiliments of the beggar, her first husband! Overcome with emotion, she, without making herself known to him handed him the food, then closed the door, and returning to her husband, burst into tears. Greatly surprised at the sudden change in her appearance, her husband urged her to tell him the cause of grief, which she did, greatly to his surprise. But judge of her own astonishment, when her husband told her that he himself had been the beggar to whom her first husband had so rudely and irreligiously refused his charity!"

PHYSICAL AND MENTAL SUFFERING.

Mental suffering in not always measured by the exact amount of hardship, privation and misfortune. The capacity for endurance, and the power of resistance, are not alike in all. What discourages one, and produces a recklessness of the future, will animate another, and lead him on to conquer. The amount of suffering in the animal does not even bear a comparison with what exists among human beings. Whilst in one case it is almost entirely the result of physical organization, it must, in the other, originate not altogether in the more complicated anatomical structure of the being, but in the relation of the bodily functions to the more abstruse laws of moral susceptibility to which the reasoning creature is subjected. Society, as now constituted creates suffering in a thousand varying forms, owing to the several classes of which it is composed refusing to recognize, in the relations they bear to each other, the laws of moral right. The civil laws of society bind class to class, and produce the apparent order that exists; but it is not with the many the willing obedience of the heart, if is an involuntary subjection to which necessity yields; for a people to be happy and virtuous they must be trusted. Suspicion must not always be following them about. Political oppression, moral perversion, mental degradation, and physical wretchedness, will ever go hand in hand. As the first relaxes in its severity, the evils of life will diminish, the purposes of existence will manifest themselves in the mental elevation of the masses, and a rapid decrease of disease and suffering will ensue.

A QUESTION.—I once asked a lady her age; she answered me: "If the square of the number of years I have lived be multiplied by my height in inches, the product will be 40,625, and if the square of my height in inches be diminished be the square of the number of years I have lived, the remainder will be 36,00." What was the lady's age and height?

M. N. O.

Lancaster Tribune.

Can any of our readers answer?

EVERY-DAY COMFORTS AND LUXURIES.

The variety of distant regions by which our everyday comforts and luxuries are supplied, is a geographical lesson familiar to our earliest infancy. The child knows that the tea it is drinking came from the estate of a mandarin, and possibly traverses half the course of the Yang-se-kiang in its passage to this country. Its coffee was grown by swarthy Arabs, within the sound of the muezzin's voice. The snowy crystals of sugar extracted from a cane in Jamaica, by Christian Africans, or on the banks of the Ganges by Pagan Hindoos. If the cream is the production of Middlesex, the butter not improbable was churned and kneaded by Dutch or Belgian frans. The material of the urn was perhaps found a quarter of a mile deep in Cornwall or Anglesea, but that of the tea-pot and tea spoon were excavated by Indians from the heart of the Cordilleras, and separated from the ore by means of Hungarian quicksilver. The table was formed from a monarch of the woods which had seen a thousand years in the solitudes of Honduras, and adorned its prime before Columbus was born. The blade of the knife came from the pine clad hills of Sweden but its haft was borne for full a century in the mouth of an elephant which probably never saw man. The table-cloth is a contribution from the New and the work of Armenians, in the dominion of the Sultan. The carpet's texture has passed through the hands of Virginia slaves, while the Indian suppliers of Austria furnished its sash. The coral came from the Australasian reef, its pearls from the bottom of the Persian Gulf. The lessons are endless. Almost any comfortable house in this metropolis has levied contributions on every people and clime. Boundless times, names, conditions, manners and religions, rise to the memory as we walk through the rooms and ask to each other in succession, "Where did this come from?"

London Times.

For the Star.

MR. EDITOR:—If you think this a pretty extract—and love "*Religion*," "*The Ladies*" and "*Flowers*" you can, may be, find a little corner in the "Star" for it.

Raleigh, June 30, 1850.

THE FLOWER THAT LOOKS UPWARD.—A group of young and lighted-spirited girls sat together in the twilight, busily arranging the flowers they had been gathering in the pleasant woods and fields. "What beautiful things flowers are!" said one. "And what pleasant amusement it would be, now that we are all alone here so quietly, if each were to choose what flower she would rather be like." "Just as if there could be any choice," exclaimed Laura Bennett, a little proudly, and holding up a moss-rose as she spoke. "Among all the flowers that grow, there is none to vie in beauty with the rose. Let me be the queen of flowers or none."—"For my part," observed her sister Helen, I could like to resemble the luxurious rhododendron, so beautifully described in our book of flowers. When any one in passing shakes it roughly, it scatters, as we are told, a shower of honey dew from its roseate cups, and immediately begins to fill its chalices anew with transparent ambrosia, teaching us to shower sweetness even upon the hands that disturb us, and to fill again with pure honey drops the chalices of our inward thoughts. Oh! who would not wish to be meek and forgiving, like the rhododendron, if they could? But it is very difficult," added Helen. "It is, indeed," said Lucy Neville, gently, "if we trust only to our own strength. And who is there to help us? It is only when my father looks at me in his grave, kind manner, that I have the slightest control over myself. What a pity it is," said Lucy, simply, "that we cannot always remember that the eye of our Heavenly Father is upon us!" "I wish I could," replied Helen. "I have heard my mother say," observed Lucy, "that praying is better than wishing." Now, Chris," interrupted Laura Bennett, turning immediately toward a fair gentle looking girl by her side, "we are waiting for you." Chris smiled, and immediately chose the pale convolvulus, or bind weed, winding so carelessly in and out among the bushes, and flinging over them a graceful covering, an emblem of meek beauty and loving tenderness. "The only pity is," said she, "that it should so soon close up and fade." "But what says our dear Lucy?" exclaimed Helen. "I think that I can guess," said Clara Seymour, "either a violet or heart's ease—am I right?" "Not quite," replied Lucy, with a deep blush, "although both the flowers that you have mentioned are great favorites of mine. But I should like to resemble the daisy most, because it is always *looking upwards!*" "Do tell me," said Helen, as they walked home together, carrying the flowers which they gathered to adorn their several dwellings; do tell me why you wished, just now, to be always looking upward like the daisy." "O, Helen, can you ask! What more do we require for happiness than to be able, let the cloud be ever so dark, to look upward with the eye of faith, and say, it is the Lord's will, and, therefore, it is best!"—"Do you always think thus?" asked Helen. "Alas, no!" replied poor Lucy, while the tears fell fast; "but I'm trying and praying to God to teach me."

SWEARING AND LYING.—The following mirth provoking story may be an old Jo *relinium*, but we do not recollect of having seeing it before. At any rate the reading of it proved a dangerous experiment to our waistband.

A Quaker had a piece of new ground, which was very full of roots, and set his hired man, John, to hold the plough while he drove the oxen. A root would catch the nose of the plough handles would hit John a wallop in the side; and John would commit a breach of the commandment "swear not at all." So it went continally—catch, jerk, thump, swear whoa! buck! gee! haw! jerk, thump, swear.

At length the placid spirit of friend Jedediah became disturbed by so much profanity, that he stopped and told John to take the good and drive the oxen, and he'd see if he could not hold the plough without swearing. John took the ox goad and Jedediah seized the plough handles. He placed his two legs in a bracing position, and John drove ahead. The plough caught a root, made a bound, and one of the handles hit Jedediah under the chin and he exclaimed:

"Well, raly, I never saw the like."

Again it caught, hit Jed again, and he again declared he had never seen the like. It caught again, knocked Jed down, and he rose with the exclamation:

"Well, raly, I never did see the like."

So matters went, till Jed had returned to the starting point, and had positively affirmed that he had never seen the like, come fifty times.

"There, John," said he, "take hold of the plough and see if thou canst no get along without swearing. Thou hast seen that I have not sworn an oath the round."

"No," replied John, "thou hast not, friend Jed, but thou hast told fully fifty lies."

Jed thought a minute and replied:

"Well, John, I don't know but my lying may be prompted by the wicked one as well as the swearing. I hope the pesky roots will be taken into consideration in the final account of it. Get up, Duke and Darcy!"

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

SMALL SWEET COURTESIES OF LIFE.

I want to tell a secret. The way to make yourself pleasing to others, is to show that you care for them. The whole world is like the miller at Mansfield, "who cared for nobod—no, not he because nobod cared for him." And the whole world will serve you so, if you give them the same cause. Let every one, therefore, see that you do care for them, by showing them, what Sterne so happily calls "the small sweet courtesies of life," those courtesies in which there is no parade, whose voice is too still to raise, and which manifests themselves by tender and affectionate looks, and little kind acts of attention—giving others the preference in every little enjoyment at the table, in the field, walking, sitting, or standing. This is the spirit that gives to your time of life, and to your sex their sweetest charms.—It constitutes the sum total of all the witchcraft of woman. Let the world see that your first care is for yourself, and you will spread the solitude of the Upas tree around you in the same way, by the emanation of poison which kills all the graces of affection in its neighborhood. Such a girl may be admired for her understanding and accomplishments, but she will never be beloved.

The seeds of love can never grow but under the warm and genial influence of kind feelings and affectionate manners. Vivacity goes a great way in young persons. It calls attention to her who displays it; and if it then be found associated with a generous sensibility, its execution is irresistible.

On the contrary, if it be found in alliance with a cold, haughty, selfish heart, it produces no further effect, except an adverse one. Attend to this, my daughter. It flows from a heart that feels for you all the anxiety a parent can feel, and not without the hope which constitutes the parent's highest happiness. May God protect and bless you.—*Letter from William Wirt to his Daughter.*

THE AFFECTIONATE DAUGHTER.

There is nothing more beautiful in the human character than filial gratitude. To be kind and loving towards a parent, is to return in some small measure, what has been received in a very large measure. Few children can ever have opportunity to repay half the tender care and watchful anxiety which a kind mother bestowed on them when in infancy. It is true that they were unconscious of it all, and it is very difficult to persuade them that such constant attention to their little wants and dangers necessary. But when they see what other infants require, they can readily understand what had to be done for them when they were themselves the same little helpless creatures.

There is perhaps no way in which filial love is shown more pleasingly, than in caring for a sick mother. It seems to be returning the same sort of care which has been received in infancy; the feeble patient is very much like the helpless infant.

Wit and Humor.

EXCRUCIATING.

"What do you ask for this article?" said Obadiah to a modest young Miss in one of our shops.

"Fifteen shillings, sir; it is a superb article."

"You are a little dear, 'are you not?" sad Obadiah.

"Why all the young men tell me so," she replied, dropping her eyes and blushing. Obadiah came straight away.

A BAD MEMORY.

A man in the country a few days ago led a blooming widow to the altar. The clergyman looked at the bridegroom and said,

"I think you have a wife living!"

"Have I, do you think?" replied the man.

"I am sure you have," rejoined the parson.

"I really, sir," said the fellow, "have a very bad memory, and I thank you for jogging it.

I now recollect something of it.

Judge——, of Wisconsin, though an incorrigible old bachelor, is a great admirer of the ladies, and few men are more polite or attentive to them, but "baby talk" is his abhorrence. It is said of him that travelling one day in his wagon he overtook a woman and baby.

"Madam," said he, "that child must be a burden to you. If you will promise not to talk nonsense to it you may ride in my wagon." This the lady readily promised; but soon forgetting the scruples of her companion, she commenced with "Iless its little heart!" So it should go ridy pidy in de coches poaches!" "What," thundered the exasperated Judge, "get out of my wagon!"

A celebrated gambler, after attending a great revival meeting, experienced, as he supposed, a change of feeling and was finally induced to go to take his seat upon the "anxious bench."—The minister commenced examining them on their experience and the state of their feelings, and finally, approaching the gambler asked,

"Well, my friend, what do you say?"

"Oh" replied he, unconciously, "I pass! what do you do, old fellow!" turning to his left hand neighbor.

"Sonny, I don't see anything growing about here—what does your father raise on this land?"

"Wall, he raises hackmatack, grasshoppers, hoptoads, straddlebugs, and some other wegetables. Yesterday he raised a double-breasted peg pen right under the window, and mother raised old Cain."

WELL ANSWERED.

A Quaker who was examined before a court, not using any other language than "thee," "thou," and "friend," was asked by the presiding Judge—

"Pray, sir, do you know what we sit here for?"

"Yes, verily do I," said the Quaker, "three of ye for two dollars each a day, and the fat one in the middle for one thousand dollars a year."

'The son of a man worth two hundred thousand,' was found dead drunk in the streets of Pittsburg. A few steps from him lay the carcass of a man worth nothing, in the same condition. Whiskey is a great leveler.

HAR HUM.—"I will bet you a bottle of wine that you shall dead-sit on that chair before I ask you twice."

"Done!" said the gentleman, who seemed determined not to obey the summons so speedily.

"Come down!"

"I will not!" was the reply.

"Then we sit until I ask you a second time."

The gentleman, having no desire to retain his position till that period, came down from the chair, and paid the bet.

BEAUTIFULLY PATHETIC.

A country editor thus gave vent to his sorrows in "breathing numbers."

Oh, ever thus from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay,
I've never raised a calf or cow, or
Hen that laid an egg a day,
But it was "marked" and took away!

I've never fed a sucking pig,
To glut an with its sunny eye,
But yet it was grown fat and big,
And fit to roast, or boil or fry—
I've could n't find it in the sty.

AGRICULTURAL.

To the Editors of the Enquirer.

GUANO.

Allow me space to say a word on this subject. Guano is one of the most valuable fertilisers ever offered to the Agriculturists of America. But there is an undue excitement pervading the public mind upon the subject. The idea is held out by speculating parties, that there will be a scarcity next fall, and cargoes are sold in advance of arrival at high prices.—I beg my friends to keep cool—i. e. as near so as the weather will permit. Unless the winds and waves prove unusually unkind—a contingency that no human foresight can guard against—there will arrive cargoes enough now afloat to supply all demands for fall use, with an ample surplus for next spring.

If any thing should occur from shipwreck or other fatality to the price or supply, I will endeavor to advise your readers. There is no cause, other than an undue excitement among consumers that should greatly enhance the present price. In fact at the enhanced price consumers should refuse to use it.

At $50 a ton I look upon it as the cheapest manure that can be used. That many however, will use it and curse it I have no doubt. In some instances whole fields of corn have been killed and garden vegetables and shrubbery have been destroyed, and so disgusted the owners that they have determined never to allow guano again to touch their soil. Others have used it without the least benefit. This has been owing to its being an inferior kind or to injudicious application. In one instance it was sown over the wheat field with grass seed upon the snow. It might as well have been thrown into the river at once.—Others have put it on the surface around the corn hills like ashes or plaster. In this case it may do a little good, but not half as much as it would if buried six inches below the seed. Then again, others have applied it to soils already rich in the constituents of guano without seeing any marked effects from a costly application.

Others having met with wonderful success have set the whole neighborhood agog, till there is danger of a *morbus multicaulis or California fever*; and some farmers seem as though they thought the possession of guano would be to them a philosopher's stone. Such will fail to obtain the full benefit of this truly valuable farmer's mine. To reap the greatest benefit of guano, it must be applied to *poor* sandy loam, at the rate of about 200 lbs. to the acre, sown broad cast and *ploughed in* DEEP, that is from six to ten inches. The deeper it is buried, more particularly in light soils and warm dry seasons, the more it will benefit the crop and the more permanent will be its effects. It should be covered the same day it is sown. Upon this sow wheat, and harrow or plow it in without disturbing the guano, and the later in the fall the better; as early sown wheat upon guano grows too much in autumn and exhausts a portion of its strength without benefit to the crop. *Never fail to sow clover upon the wheat*, and then you will get as much benefit the second and third years as the first. In buying, buy the best, and only from those whose honesty you can depend upon as it is easily adulterated and no doubt will be.

I have asked you to publish this article, because the pages of the American Agriculturist are full for July, and I desire to call public attention to the subject now, hope other papers friendly to the farming interests of Virginia will copy.

I am, respectfully, &c.,

SOLON ROBINSON.

NEW YORK, June 19, 1850.

From the Petersburg Intelligencer.

GUANO.

DEAR SIR:—I perceive, from a late publication, that Mr. Solon Robinson has given some very wholesome counsel to the farmers relative to the purchase as well as to the use of Guano. I agree with him that, although it is a very valuable fertilizer, the farmers should not permit themselves to "pay too dear for the whistle." Under favorable circumstances, where no disaster befalls his crop, (which is all in the uncertainty of the future) he might perhaps, afford to pay the price at which it now sells. But the present price is quite too high. If I am not misinformed, the *whole* cost of getting it into the U. States does not exceed $25 per ton; whereas the common price demanded is $50. One hundred per cent, profit is unreasonable and exorbitant, and has only been kept up by a combination of the importers to extort from the consumers. But this is not all. *They* purchase by the long ton, and import by the long ton, 2240 lbs.; but, when it is sold, they sell by the short ton, 2000 lbs.; making an *additional* 12 per cent, profit, which many farmers submit to, no doubt, without being aware of it. The profits of the importer are, it will be seen, certain and enormous, but the profits of the farmer are altogether problematical. The best friends of Guano know that its effects are not very permanent. If an investment is made by the farmer, under the present extravagant price, not one third the profit of the importer could be made; even, attended with the most favorable circumstances. But suppose, what is by no means improbable, that his wheat should have the rust, or that unfavorable seasons should in any way occur, he looses nearly the whole of his outlay. I would not discourage the use of the article, but I would insist on such a price as would afford a fair probable remuneration one year with another. I am pleased to see that Mr. Robinson dissuades from a hasty purchase, and says there will be an ample quantity for use this fall.—He is an agent for the sale of it, and therfore, is a good witness in this case. Some of the most intelligent associations of farmers in Maryland have entered into an obligation not to purchase at present prices. It is high time that the farmers hould make a fair portion of the profits, and not leave *all* to the importer.

DINWIDDIE.

NEW CHOLERA CURE.

Dr. Macrae, in the hospital at Howrah, has, according to the Indian news, discovered a new and most successful mode of treating cholera patients. He causes them to inhale a certain quantity of oxygen gas which contributes a strong stimulating effect and finally throws the patient into a refreshing sleep.—On awaking, he finds himself restored to health, with the exception of a general weakness, which always succeeds any physical prostration. Dr. Macrae has tested his mode of practice upon 15 European seamen who had been carried to Howrah Hospital in the last stage of the disease, and the patient has in every instance recovered.

POETRY.

For the Star.

Messrs. Editors: If you can make room in your excellent "*Family Newspaper*" for the enclosed lines—*reprint* them and oblige some of your friends—THE LADIES.

Some fifteen or twenty years ago, Rev. Hooper Cummings, D. D., preached a sermon in New York City in behalf of sufferers by flood or fire—(I forget which.) The awful calamity occurred in Maine, I believe. When depicting the forlorn condition of the *houseless* and *famishing*—he recited the following (as Cummings only could.) The vast congregation were "*dissolved in tears.*" Gentlemen threw gold watches and full purses, and the ladies their jewelry into the contribution boxes.

Raleigh, June 29, 1850.

THE ORPHANS.

My chaise the village inn did gain,
Just as the setting sun a last ray
Tipped with refulgent gold the vane
Of the old church across the way.

Across the way I silent sped,
This time till supper to beguile,
In moralizing o'er the dead
That mouldered round the ancient pile.

There many an humble green grave showed
Where want, and pain, and toil did rest;
And many a flattering stone I viewed,
O'er those who once had wealth possessed.

A faded beech its shadow brown
Threw o'er the grave where sorrow slept,
On which, though scarce with grass o'ergrown,
Two ragged children sat and wept.

A piece of bread between them lay,
Which neither seemed inclined to take;
And yet they looked so much a prey
To want, it made my heart to ache.

"My little children, let me know
Why you to such distress appear,
And why you wasteful throw
That bread which many a heart would cheer?"

The little boy, in accents sweet,
Replied, while tears each other chased,
"Lady, we've not enough to eat,
And if we had, we would not waste.

"But sister Mary's naughty grown,
And will not eat what'er I say,
Though sure I am the bread's her own,
And she has tasted none to day."

"Indeed," the wan, starved Mary said,
"Till Henry eats I'll eat no more;
For yesterday I had some bread:
He's had none since the day before."

My heart did swell, my bosom heave,
I felt as though deprived of speech;
I silent sat upon the grave
And pressed a clay-cold hand of each.

With looks that told a tale of wo,
With tears that spoke a grateful heart,
The shivering boy did nearer draw,
And thus their tale of wo impart;

"Before my father went away,
Enticed by bad men o'er the sea,
Sister and I did nought but paly;
We lived beside you great ash tree.

"And when poor mother did so cry,
And looked so changed, I cannot tell;
She told us that she soon should die,
And bade us love each other well.

"She said that when the war was o'er,
Perhaps we might our father see;
But if we never saw him more,
That God our father then would be.

"She kissed us both and then she died,
And was no more a mother here;
Here many a day we've sat and cried
Together on poor mother's grave.

"But when our father came not here,
I thought if we could find the sea,
We should be sure to meet him there,
And once again might happy be.

"We hand in hand, went many a mile,
And asked our way of all we met,
And some did sigh, and some did smile;
And we of some did victuals get.

"But when we reached the sea, and found
'Twas one great water round us spread,
We thought that father must be drowned,
And cried, and wished we both were dead.

"So we returned to mother's grave,
And only long with her to be;
For Goody, when this bread she gave,
Said father died beyond the sea.

"Then, since no parents we have here,
We'll go and seek for God around—
Lady, pray can you tell us where
That God, our father, may be found?

"He lives in Heaven, mother said,
And Goody says that mother's there;
So if she thinks we want his aid,
I think, perhaps she'll send him here."

I clasped the prattlers to my breast,
And cried, "Come both and live with me.
I'll clothe you, feed you, give you rest,
And will a second mother be.

"And God will be your father still:
'Twas he in mercy sent me here,
To teach you to obey his will,
Your steps to guide, your hearts to cheer."

THE SMOKER.

BY T. S. DUNNO.

I saw him after dinner,
And his face was like the sun,
When nearly he goes to rest,
His long day's journey done.
The beef had made it hot,
And the wine had made it red,
And a cloud was all around it,
Like a certain round a bed.

His chair was tilted back,
And his feet were on the wall,
And the troubles of the world
Did not trouble him at all!
For though he toiled and puffed,
Like an engine or a stove,
Yet smiled and his labors
This "cloud compelling Jove."

Again I passed his dwelling,
In the darkness of the night
And still I knew the Smoker,
Like a glow-worm by his light,
His head was still thrown back,
And his feet were still on high,
And he had a most peculiar look
From out his half-shut eye.

Twas morning: and I saw him,
This great Venus man,
And o'er the news full paper
His misty vision ran;
For still the fire was there,
And still the smoke was thick
And I remembered me the tales,
Whose hero was—Old Nick!

I wonder if he slept?
Or even went about?
Or was he only some machine—
For what? Ah there is the doubt!
Though puffing, always puffing,
He never seemed to go;
What good he did by staying there
Is more than yet I know.

A beggar boy crave charity—
The Smoker "blessed his stars"!
And said he had no change to share'—
Then sent for more cigars!
The patient wife at last complains;
He gruffly bids her cease:
"My home's a hell: it's very hard
I cannot smoke in peace!"

TRUTH.

She stoops no victor's crown to wear,
Her mark is upward towards the sky—
Dauntless she cais the upper air,
'Excelsior' flashes from her eye.
Her brow with fadeless beauty shines,
And virtue walks along her tread,
While love with constancy combines
To form a halo round her head.

CONGRESSIONAL.

Washington, June 29, P. M.

In the Senate today, after the expiration of the morning hour, Mr. Davis, of Massachusetts, resumed his remarks in opposition to the passage of the Compromise Bill. He occupied the floor a couple of hours, and was followed by Mr. Cooper, who commenced a speech in support of the bill. He gave way, without concluding, to a motion to hold an Exective session.

The House devoted another day to the settlement of the contested election from Iowa.—It will be recollected that the House yesterday, by the casting vote of the Speaker decided that Mr. Miller, the contestant, was not entitled to the seat. To-day the House decided by 102 to 94, that Mr. Thompson, the sitting member was not entitled to his seat. The election has been remanded to the people. On motion, the House then adjourned.

Washington July 1. P. M.

Shortly after the Senate met this morning, the consideration of the Compromise Bill was resumed. Mr. Cooper concluded his speech in favor of the Bill, and was followed by Mr. Upham in opposition to the measure.

NEW MEXICO AND TEXAS.

A message was received from the President of the United States, in reply to Mr Foote's resolution asking information relative to recent proceedings of Col. Monroe in New Mexico. The President merely states that all orders given the civil and Military Governor of New Mexico, had been already laid before the Senate. After reading the message, the Senate, on motion adjourned.

In the House, the report of the Select Committee on the Galphin Claim being the special order of the day motions were made to postpone it till to-morrow, and to lay the subject on the table. All these efforts, however, proved futile, the House determining to proceed with the subject. The conduct of the Secretary of War in relation to the claim was condemned by Messrs. Hart, Brooks and Conger, and sustained by Messrs. Toombs and Breck. The latter gentleman had not concluded his remarks when he gave way for the adjournment.

The address delivered by Governor Manly before the late Whig Convention, is patriotic, and falls upon the tympanum of Locofoeism, with more startling effect to their senses, than that stolen thunder of '44.

Governor Manly shows, that the manufactured humbug, "free-suffrage," was gotten up to excite the people, and hopes were entertained that the Democratic candidate would ride into office upon the back of that "critter." The "hoss" was let out at full speed, at the commencement, and ran well at first to be sure, but the animal soon became wind-broken, and foundered in the fore legs, and of course lost the race. The knowing ones were of the opinion, that by applying physic, and other remedies, the same "hoss" and rider, would run a little better, they have accordingly mounted him with a red feather in his cap. We imagine, both the "hoss" and rider, are pretty well known by this time and in August next, the "critter" cannot be saved by physic. *Plymouth's News.*

Sixty thousand Immigrants have arrived at the port of New York since the 5th of April.

COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Star.

No. 2.

Schools instead of Poor-houses, Degradation and Crime.

MESSRS. EDITORS: In our first number, which you have been so kind as to copy from the "Sun," we gave some reasons why a large number of the children of our State cannot secure an education in our High Schools, and promised to present others in this number. If the reader will go with us but for a short time, he will have ample evidence that our position is correct. We will first step into one of our Academies. There sits the Instructor, with quite an intellectual countenance, and very neatly dressed. All around are bright faces, upon which care has never written a line, want left an impress, or sorrow thrown a lasting shade. How comfortably, even neatly they are clad. Go see too, their daily fare; do they not feast bountifully upon the good things of earth? They have affectionate parents, or kind friends to care for them, who are able and willing to supply all their rational wants. This is well; may heaven keep their way smooth.

Now turn your eyes from this agreeable picture, and we will pass for down the dreary vale of poverty. Do not shrink back gentle reader, multitudes of sentient beings like yourself dwell in this disconsolate valley. Here, you may find a soul which nature has most delicately turned to the notes of sympathy. Here, you may find an intellect, tho' now in chaos, which shall be, at some future period, if proper means are applied, an enlightened people's admiration and a world's wonder.—But see, we are at the habitation of a care-worn and toil oppressed widow, over whom the pall of poverty has been thickly spread. We will step in. Does thy soul sicken?—Ah! it is enough, for those eyes behold but too readily, that from this habitation every earthly comfort has fled. Dear helpless children! Their heads, also their feet are bare, their garments are scant and tattered too. Upon what do they subsist? Poor little innocents, their portion is a scanty allowance of this world's refuse. We will now extend our walk and visit that house still further down the valley, with half built chimney, open walls and parted roof. Yes, it is inhabited. Here are a number of Children, with disheveled hair, sallow countenances, partially clad, with torn and filthy garments. But they have fled. We will enter the dwelling.—Alas! Alas! Who can describe the scene! Certainly, want and wretchedness in their most horrid forms, hold a diurnal jubilee within these walls. Near the door stands a much bowed and most emaciated female, very poorly habited, in whose sunken and almost glassy eyes you plainly read, long since, heart-broken. Yonder in one corner, as if thrown there by a hurricane, lies the monarch of this scene, with swollen and parted limbs, bloated face and flaming eyes, fold breath and heavy breathing: from whose very heart, the infernal vampire of night has sucked the last drop of humanity's blood. Hark! His "tongue is full of deadly poison," and "is set on fire of hell." Could the most evil fates of earth (the liquor vendor excepted) united in their most surly moods, or wildest freaks, bring forth an object so revolting as that? They would fail. If the ruling spirit of darkness were commissioned to produce the most unsightly, unseemly thing for earth, would he not, after quaffing long and drinking deeply of the foulest compounds of perdition, and racking much, his capacious and boiling brain, and searching carefully his infernal domain, present that man? Evidently. But where are the children now? See, they are skulking around that old dilapidated and forsaken building. Do you not too easily perceive, in the sly glare of their eyes, that they are scared and hardened into relentless demons of full growth, tho' still in the midst of child-hood's tender years? Ah! They are driven as with the dark wand of a cruel fate, like shivering and starving wolves to deeds of desperation. Mercy, hast thou tears of blood? for these let them flow.

We will turn from this anti-chamber of purgatory and pass to that house, just over the way. Here you find also, a large number of children, and with them, squalid poverty is the smaller evil, for ill-fame hath stretched over them her leaden wings, and over their future sky spread wide her black mantle. They have been cradled by the arms of vice, rocked in the cradle of ignorance, and lead by "her" whose "feet go down to death," whose "steps take hold on hell." Good, they have likely never seen, or of it, probably never heard: but their eyes are accustomed to vice in its lowest forms, and their ears to the bacchanalian song.—Hapless ones! just before you, there opens wide the voracious jaws of a deep and rayless degradation. Compassion, where is thy tenderness.

Reader, Is it not evident to your mind, that these multitudes of children, are almost entirely cut off from the hope of securing an education in our high schools and Colleges? In our next, we intend show in that our Common Schools do not meet the wants of these children of misfortune.

DISCIPLE.

Pittsboro', June 12th, 1850.

BERTIE.

Windsor, July 2d, 1850.

Editors of the Star,

GENTLEMEN:—Our candidate in the Senate H. H. Hardy, Esq., who you will recollect was nominated in May, in consequence of severe indisposition, found himself entirely unable to canvass, requested the party to release him and substitute some other person to carry the Whig banner. It was done at his urgent request, and our respected fellow citizen Lewis Bond, Esq. was called from that retirement which his age and long public service for his County in different capacities demanded, and nominated by acclamation in a large meeting of the people, when he came forward and accepted, is one of those neat, chaste and forcible speeches for which he is so remarkable. His election is certain by a large majority. We have no regular opposition to the Commons the Democratic nominees declining—but we expect, as usual, to have opposition, but they will be beaten by a large vote. Governor Manly, the favorite of our county, will receive a very fine vote, not much, if any, short of 100 majority.

In haste.

Kahegegabbaugh is to be a representative of the North American Indians to the peace convention in Germany.