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.

THE FISHERMAN.

A THRILLING INCIDENT.

It was as calm an evening as ever came from heaven—the sky and the earth was as tranquil as if no storm from one had ever disturbed the repose of the other; and even the ocean—that great highway of the world—lay as gentle as if its bosom had never betrayed—as if no traveler had ever sank to death in its embrace. The sun had gone down, and the pensive twilight would have reigned over nature, the queen of an inimitable world to smile upon the goodly things of ours, and give a radiance and a glory to all she shone upon. It was an hour and a scene that led the soul to the contemplation of Him who never ceases to watch over the works he has made, and whose protecting care displays itself alike upon the solid land and the trackless wastes of a deceitful sea.

On the western coast of the county of Devon, which has been termed, and it may be added, justly, 'the garden of England,' upon such an evening, a group had assembled around one of the fisherman's cottages. The habitation was built in the true style of the olden time, when comfort was the only object of the projector. At either side of the door were scattered the lines, nets and baskets that betokened the calling of the owner, and the fisherman was taking his farewell for the night of his happy loving family, who were bidding him "God speed" on his voyage. A fine old man was leaning on his arms on the railing, and talking to an interesting girl whose hand lay upon the shoulder of a younger sister. The stout fisherman, dressed in his rough jerkin, and large boots that reached far above the knees, was in the act of kissing a little cherub, who seemed half terrified at being elevated so high as the father's lips; while the wife and mother, with her infant nursing on her lap, was looking anxiously as she breathed the parting blessing and the prayer for his safe return. A little boy, the miniature of his father in countenance and in dress, bearing a huge boat cloak across his shoulders, and the lantern that was to give light when the moon departed, completed the group—if we except a noble Newfoundland dog, some steps in advance of the party, watching for the nod to command his march to a kind of pier where the fisherman and his boy were to embark.

'Good luck, good luck!' exclaimed the old man, 'good luck, and a safe home again, John; ye want no more but God's blessing, and that ye may have for asking; but ye may as well take mine too—God bless ye, and good bye to you.'

The blessing was heartily echoed by his kind partner and his children, and whistling as he went, with his boat hook on his shoulder, his dog Neptune before, and his boy following, he trudged along to the beach.

With the earliest dawn of morning the fisherman's family were astir; the elder girl was busily arranging her little parlor, while the younger was preparing the breakfast table and the mother spreading before the fire the clothes of her husband and her boy. An hour passed, and she grew somewhat uneasy that he had remained beyond the usual period of his return. Another hour had elapsed, when she said to her father.

'Father go out to the hillock, and try if you can see his sail upon the water; he seldom stays out so long when the sea is calm and the weather fair: my little boy, too, was not quite well last night, and this alone should have hasten him home.'

The old man went forth, and one by one his grand children followed him, until the mother was left alone, rocking the cradle of her unconscious babe. After the lapse of another hour, her daughter entered with the news, that a neighbor had spoken to her father in the night and that he would certainly be soon home.

'God grant it!' said she, and she spoke in a tone of deep anxiety—'He never was away so long but once, and that was when he saved the crew of the ship Mary: and then the whirl of the vessel had well nigh made his grave.'

Again she stirred the fire, again arranged the clothes before it, and poured some hot water into the tea cups. Still the breakfast remained untouched.

The sun was now soaring to his meridian height, when once more the family assembled in their humble dwelling; the prop of the whole was yet wanting. They sat down to a cheerless meal, the seats at either side of the wife remaining vacant. The old man was the only individual who appeared to anticipate no evil, but he hastily finished his breakfast and went forth.

The noon was rapidly passing, and the sun had already given tokens of the glory of his departure, when the fisherman's wife, having lulled her infant asleep, went herself to the hill that commanded an extensive view of the wide-spread ocean. All the household soon assembled to the spot, but no boat was seen upon the waters—nothing that could give hope except the aspect of the waves which looked too placid to be dangerous.

Their deep dread was no longer concealed, and while the old man placed to and fro, looking earnestly at brief intervals over the lonely sea, the mother and the daughter were sobbing audibly.

'Fearless let him be whose trust is in his God!' exclaimed the father. The sentence was uttered involuntarily, but it had its effect—'Aye,' said the mother, 'he always trusted in God, and God will not forsake him now.'

'Do you remember, Jane,' continued the old man, 'how often Providence has been with me, amid the storm and the wreck, when help from man was far off, and would have been useless if near?'

And they cheered and encouraged one another to hope the best—but to submit to the decree of Heaven, whether it came as the gentle dew to nourish, or as the heavy rain to oppress. From that hillock that overlooked the ocean, ascended their mingled prayers that God would not leave them desolate.

The fisherman—the object of their hopes and fears—had been very successful during the night, when at day-break, as he was preparing to return home, he remembered his promise to bring with him some sea-weed to manure the potatoe plot behind his cottage.—He was then close to the rocks, which were only discernible at low water. He pulled for them, jumped on shore, fastened the painter of his boat to the jutting part of a cliff and took his boat hook with him. He collected a sufficient quanty of the weed, but in his eagerness to obtain it, had wandered from the landing place, when he heard his son loudly hollowing, and exclaiming that the painter was loose.—He rushed instantly towards the boat, which was then seven yards off; the boy was vainly endeavoring to use both the oars, and Neptune, the faithful dog, was running backward and forward, howling fearfully, as if conscious of his master's danger, at one moment about to plunge into the waves to join him, and the next licking the face and hands of the child, as if he foresaw that for him his protection would be most needed.

The fisherman perceived at once the desperate nature of his situation: the tide he saw was coming in rapidly, and his hope of escape was at an end, when he perceived that his boy, in an effort to use the oars, had let one of them fall overboard. 'Father, father,' exclaimed the poor lad, 'what shall I do?'—the boat was at this moment so distant that his distracted parent could scarcely hear the words, but he called out to him as loud as he could, to trust in God, the father of the fatherless. He then sood resigned to the fate which he felt awaited him and watched the drifting boat that bore the child in peril from the fatal rocks. He had offered up a prayer to the throne of mercy, when in an instant, a light broke upon his mind. 'Good God!' he exclaimed, 'I may yet be saved.' With the energy of hope battling with despair, he collected all the stones around him, and heaped them rapidly upon the highest ledge of rock; it is indeed wonderful how he could have gathered so many in so short a time, but the Almighty gave strength to his arm, and he was laboring not for life merely, but for beings still dearer to him. The tide came on, on, on, and soon obliged him to abandon his work. He then mounted the pile he had heaped, planted his boat hook firmly in one of the crevices of the cliff and prepared to struggle for existence; but his heart failed him, when he considered how slight was the possibility that the waters would not rise above his head. Still he determined to do all he could to preserve life. The waves were not rough, and the boat-hook supported him.

The awful moment rapidly approached; the water had reached his knees; but he stood firmly and prayed that he might be preserved. On, on, on, it came, slowly, and gently, but more fearfully than if it had raged around its destined prey; soon it reached his waist, and he then prayed that it might go no higher.—On, on, on, it came, and his shoulders were covered; hope died within him, and he thought of himself no longer, but of those who were so dear to him—his wife, his children and his father—it was for blessings on them that he then implored Heaven. Still on, on, on it came, and he was forced to raise his head to keep as long as possible from death; his reason was almost gone, his breath grew feeble, his limbs chill; he panted, and his prayers became almost gurgling murmers. The blood rushed to his head; his eye-balls glared as if they would start from their sockets. He closed them with an effort, and thought for the last time on the home that would be soon so wretched! Horrible images were before him—each swell of the wave seemed as if the fiends were forcing him downward, and the cry of the sea-bird was like their yells over their victim. He was gasping, choking for he had not strength to keep his head above the waves, every moment it was plashing upon them, and each convulsive start that followed only aroused him to the consciousness, if consciousness it could be called, that the next plunge would be his last.

Merciful powers!—at the very moment when the strength and spirit of a man had left him, and the cold shudder of death came on, he felt that the tide rose no higher. His eyes opened, closed and a fearful laugh troubled the waters. They eddied in his throat, and the bubbles floated around his lips—but they rose no higher—that he knew—again and again his bosom heaved with a deep sob, as he drew in his breath, and gave it forth anew in agony.—A minute had passed since the salt sea touched his lips;—this was impossible if the tide still flowed; he could reason so much. He opened his eyes, and faintly murmured forth—'O God, be merciful.' The flow of the ocean had indeed ceased; there he still stood motionless and weeping—thinking of his beloved home, and hoping that his place there might not be forever vacant. The waters in a short time subsided, and he was enabled to stretch his chill limbs, and then to warm them by exercise. Soon the rock was left dry as before, and the fisherman knelt down upon that desolate spot among the billows—hid his face in his hands, and praised and blessed his Creator, his Preserver.

The well known bark of his faithful dog, was heard above the waves, and in another moment the creature was licking his pale cheek. He was saved, for his own boy was in his arms. He had been drifted to the land, and had easily found those who had rowed hard to save his father's life.

Now homeward, homeward, he exclaimed. Homeward, homeward, echoed the child, and Neptune jumped and barked at the welcome sound.

The fisherman's family were still supplicating Providence upon the hillock that overlooked the deep, when the old man started from his knees, and exclaimed, 'We are heard, there is a speck upon the distant waters.'

'Where, where!' was echoed by the group; and he pointed out what he hoped might be the absent boat. They eagerly strained their eyes, but could see nothing, in a few minutes, however, all perceived a sail; still it is impossible to tell the direction in which its course lay.

Then was the agony of suspense; it continued, however, but for a short time, a boat was evidently advancing toward the shore, in a few minutes they could clearly see a man at the bow waving his hat above his head and soon after the well known bark of Neptune was borne to them by the breeze. The family rushed to the extremity of the rude pier, and the loud huzza of the fisherman was answered by the 'welcome, welcome, welcome,' of his father, and the almost inarticulate 'thank God,' of his wife.

And now all was joy and happiness in the cottage, where there had been so much wretchedness: the fisherman, his boy, and his dog, were safe from the great deep; but he would return no answer to the many questions, as to what had detained him so long beyond the usual hour of his return—'wait, my wife,' said he 'until we have dressed and refreshed ourselves, and you shall know all; but before we do either let us bless God for his mercy for out of great danger hath he preserved me.'

Never was there a more earnest prayer offered to the Giver of all goodness, than ascended from that humble dwelling. And when the fisherman had told his tale, how fervently did they all repeat the words that had given them so much consolation in the morning.

"Fearless let him be whose trust is in his God."

WHY EPIDEMICS RAGE AT NIGHT.

It was one night that 4000 perished in the plague of London of 1665. It was at night that the army of Senacherib was destroyed.—Both in England and on the continent a large proportion of cholera, in its several forms, have been observed to have occured between one and two o'clock in the morning. The evil effect of exposure to the night air" has been a theme of physicians from time immemorial; but it is remarkable that they have never yet called in the aid of chemistry to account for the fact.

It is at night that the stream of air nearest the ground must always be the most charged with the particles of animalized matter given out from the skin, and deleterious gasses, such as carbonic acid gas, the product of respiration, and sulphureted hydrogen, the product of the sewers. In day, gasses and vaporous substances of all kinds rise in the air by the rarefaction of heat; at night, when the rarefaction leaves them, they fall by an increase of gravity, if imperfectly mixed with the atmosphere, while the gasses evolved during the night, instead of ascending remain at nearly the same level. It is known that carbonic acid gas, at a low temperature, partakes so nearly of the nature of a fluid, that it may be poured out of one vessel into another; it rises at the temperature at which it is exhaled from the lungs, but its tendency is towards the floor, or the bed of the sleeper, in cold and unventilated rooms.

At Hamburg, the alarm of cholera at night, in some parts of the city was so great, that on some occasions many refused to go to bed, lest they should be attacked unawares in their sleep. Sitting up, they probably kept their stoves or open fires burning for the sake of warmth, and that warmth giving the expansion to any deleterious gasses present, which would best promote their dilution in the atmosphere, the means of safety were thus unconsciously assured. At Sierra Leone, the natives have a practice, in the sickly season, of keeping pres constantly burning in their huts at night assigning that the fires keep away the evil spirits, which in their ignorance, they attribute to fever and ague. Latterly, Europeans have begun to adopt the same practice, and those who have tried it, assert that they have entire immunity, from the tropical fevers to which they were formerly subject.

In the epidemics of the middle ages fires used to be lighted in the streets for the purification of the air; and in the plague of London, of 1665, fires in the streets at one time were kept burning incessantly, till extinguished by a violent storm of rain. Latterly, trains of gunpowder have been fired, and cannon discharged for the same object; but it is obvious that these measures, although sound in principle, must necessarily, *out of doors*, be on two small a scale, as measured against an ocean of atmospheric air to produce any sensible effect.—Within doors, however, the case is different. It is quite possible to heat a room to produce a rarefaction and consequent dilution of any malignant gases it may contain; and it is of course the air of the room, and that alone, at night, which comes into immediate contact with the lungs of a person sleeping.

Westminister Review.

From the Trenton, N. J. Weekly True American.

THE CONTRAST.

THE DEMAGOGUE AND THE STATESMAN.

Extract from the Speech of the Hon. D. S. KAUFMAN, of Texas, delivered before the Literary Societies of Nassau Hall upon the 25th June, 1850.

There is one species of the human family that I cannot neglect to caution you to beware of. Fly him as you would the pestilence; as you would the pestilence; a old him as you would contagion; crush him as would the adder. Just entering as you are upon the threshold of human life, he will continually cross your path. He loves to prey upon the young. You will find him at the social board, at the hustings, and in all the walks of private and public life. He has existed from the beginning of the world down to the present day and unfortunately flourishes most on the generous soil of our free Republic. He is prefigured by the subtile and accursed serpent that "produced man's first disobedience, and brought death into the world and all our woe." He is represented in Holy Writ by the reckless Esau who sold his birthright for "potage of lentiles." His moral and physical deformities are beautifully delineated by the poet of the Iliad in the character of Thersites, to whom the thong of Ulysses was so appropriately applied:—

"Loquacious, loud and turbulent of tongue,
Aw'd by no shame, by no respect controlled;
In scandal busy, in reproaches bold,
His figure such as might his soul proclaim;
One eye was blinking, and one leg was lame;
Spleen to mankind the envious heart possessed,
And much he hated all, but most the best."

He is a hypocrite of the deepest dye, and wears a mask to conceal his awful deformities. He is the very soul of faction, and delights to swim in its turbid waters; he is a Judas who would betray his Saviour; he worships no other Deity but self; he is abhorred of God detested by man, and hardly suited even for hell itself; he has the malice prepense of a murderer; he stirs up strife, envy, and sectional discord; he arrays parents against children, and brothers against sisters, he imbues his deadly poison into social intercourse and disturbs the flow of the human affections.

"A monster mixed of insolence and fear,
A dog in forehead and in heart a deer."

He would array the poor in mortal combat against the rich, and the African against the Caucassian. He is totally destitute of shame and insensible to the opinions of the world.—He could blacken the purest and noblest character, if he thereby succeed in his engrossing desire of self-promotion. He is as inconsistent and shifting as the vane of the weather-cock, or the winds of heaven. He would sacrifice justice, right, mercy, constitution and country to catch the popular breeze. He pretends to an awful zeal in behalf of the rights of those whose favor he is courting. He claims prescience of events and credit for bringing them about. He endeavors to torture his own acts done for one purpose as having been done for any other that may be popular at the hour. He has neither soul, heart or courage. His appetite grows with what he feeds upon. The best men, and indeed nations, have been his victims, and yet his ravenous maw is never unsatisfied. Like Nero, he laughs when his country is burning.—Like Satan, he offers those whom he is tempting, "all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them." He administered the deadly poison to the parent Phocion, and the fatal hemlock of the virtuous Socrates. He is the wooden horse who enters our city, only to destroy it. He is the horrible monster that will crush, if not watched, the Laocoons and their children, who stand firmly at the altar of the constitution. Athens fell from his subtile machinations. He has been the bane of all the confederations that have ever existed. He destroyed Amphyctionic League, the Germanic confederation, the seven united provinces, and the old Swiss confederacy. He is still so fatally bent on mischief as to be aiming his envenomed shafts against our own, glorious Union, to which we are all bound by so many ties of interest and recollection. I need hardly say to you that the hideous being I have been describing is the DEMAGOGUE. Heaven rid our land of this awful curse! Save our institutions from this terrible sirocco—this malaria of Death! It will require watching and praying to thwart his designs. He will insinuate himself into all the existing parties of a country, and if he thinks he can better effect his object, he will create a party for himself. If a member of the political party to which you may attach yourselves, (or political parties are necessary incidents of free governments,) sacrifice him as freely as if he belonged to the opposite party. An honest independent man of the worst political party, is better than the arch demagogue of the best. If we can succeed in checking the progress of this monster, and frowning him out of political existence, we will confer untold blessing upon our country, and may predict with certainty that our Union will be immortal.

You have looked upon that picture, now look upon this. You have seen the counterfeit presentment, now examine the genuine original. You have contemplated with horror the *Demagogue*, now view with delight the STATESMAN!

"See what a grace is seated on his brow.
* * * * * * *
A combination and a form indeed,
Where every God does seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurances of a man."

His whole soul is absorbed with love of country. He knows no sections, courts no factions, foments no discord. He practices justice, acts conciliation, and adheres rigidly to the Constitution. "Nihil aut sensit, aut dicit, aut facit nisi pro patria." He threads the path of duty wherever it leads, and "takes no step backwards."

He says to the tempter, *popularity*, "Get thee behind me Satan." A Curtius, he will throw himself into the deadly breach to save his country. A Regulus, he will not consent to violate a plighted faith, although certain political death awaits him. An Aristides, he sacrifices expediency to justice, interest to principle, and will do no act, however profitable it may seem, that will tarnish the honest reputation of his country. A Brutus, friendship and even gratitude must be sacrificed if necessary, on the altar of public good. He is sincere, candid and frank. He speaks the whole truth regardless of consequences to self. He respects the rights, feelings, and even the prejudices of others. He pretends to no infallibity. He has no guide of political conduct but the Constitution. He has no self-sufficient standard which he chooses to designate *conscience*, and which he puts above that sacred instrument. When he swears to support it, he does it without equivocation, mental reservation, or self evasion of mind whatsoever. He protects the rights of the few against the demands of the many, with as much alacrity as he does the right of the many from the exactions of the few. He believes that the majority should be controlled by the Constitution, and that when they go beyond it they tread upon dangerous and forbidden ground.

I have thus finished the description of the STATESMAN. It is more easy to pourtray than that of the *Demagogue*. Truth is plainer than fiction. It is more easily told, and in fewer words. It has no circumlocution.—Like the annals of the poor, it is short and simple. Let me adjure you then to support and sustain the fearless, independent, patriotic Statesman. Give him a generous confidence. He is engaged in a war with Amaleck. Stay up his hands like Aaron and Heir, and Israel will prevail—justice will triumph. If such should be the determination of the American people, then as the lightning's flash the thunders roar and the strivings of the elements are followed by the shower and the genial sunshine to revivify, freshen and beautify our earth, so will our strifes end in brightening the chain of the Union and in refreshing and enlivening our affections for it.

EMIGRATION TO AMERICA.

The latest accounts from Norway state that preparations were being made on a grand scale for emigration to the United States.—"The number of persons who propose expatriating themselves in order to go and try their fortune in America, is estimated at 20,000 persons, being two per cent. of the entire population of the kingdom. From one commune alone, that of Loelag, in the province of Akershaus, which contains 5,195 inhabitants, 663 individuals are about to embark for New York."

The Tallahassee Floridian of the 29th ult., announces the death of the Hon. W. H. BRACKENRIDGE, one of the most eminent citizens of the State of Florida.

MAJOR NEIGHBOR'S REPORT.

CITY OF AUSTIN, June 4, 1850.

Sir—I have the honor to inform you that I arrived in this city on yesterday, having left Santa Fe on the 24th April and El Paso on the 11th of May. I herewith enclose for your especial consideration a copy of a proclamation issued on the 23d of April by Col. John Monroe, U. S. A., commanding the Ninth Military Department. By it you will perceive that the people of New Mexico are about to go into a separate State organization. This movement, I am induced to believe, has been brought about by the encouragement given them by the President of the United States through his instructions to Col. McCall, U. S. A., as they were published and very generally circulated through that Territory.

Having, since my arrival, been informed that you did not receive my letter on the 12th April, which I forwarded with other documents and letters to you by the military mail, *via* El Paso, I deem it proper to call your attention to my movements after the organization of the county of El Paso. Having received a copy of Gov. Monroe's circular letter to the commanding officers of the Seventh Military Department, ordering "strict non-interference" with me in the discharge of my duties, and several letters from private individuals in Santa Fe advising me to come on to Santa Fe, I lost no time, and arrived at that place on the 8th of April, under the impression that I should be able to effect an organization, I was well and courteously received by the inhabitants. As soon as possible after my arrival I commenced an investigation of public sentiment, and endeavored to ascertain the practicability of organizing.

I deemed it my first duty to call upon Col. Monroe, the Military Governor. I found by his conversation that he would give me no encouragement nor adopt any measures or policy that would forward the views or wishes of Texas; on the contrary, he expressed himself as decidedly favorable to the then existing state of affairs, "and believed it best that the present government with the Mexican laws now in force should be maintained until Congress shall establish some other." During the conversation I asked him the plain question. "Are you willing to acknowledge the jurisdiction of Texas provided I hold the elections and qualify the proper civil officers?" His answer was, "I am not prepared to say so. I have no right to abolish the present government. The judges and other officers are commissioned by the U. S. Government, and I have no power to remove them unless instructed to do so by my Government." I called his attention to the probability of the Executive of the State—in the event of my failure to organize—extending our jurisdiction by proclamation and enforcing the laws by a military force.

His reply was: "That would be the proper course for Texas to pursue; there will in that case be no opposition."

I also called on Judge Haughton, Supreme Judge of the Territory, who expressed his determination to maintain the existing Government, and to imprision any person who should attempt to enforce the laws of the State of Texas.

The civil jurisdiction of the Territory rests entirely with three individuals, viz: Judge Houghton as Chief Justice, and two Mexican District Judges—Otero and Rubino. The own and folly control the only press in New Mexico, (The New Mexican,) and no document can be printed or information diffused by it, except what is approved by a committee of supervisors, at the head of which stands Judge Houghton, the Chief Justice of the Territory, and the masses are kept entirely uninformed or misinformed in regard to the Texas and every other question, except the particular views of the party in power. This is the party that opposes the claim of Texas, a party that completely and absolutely controls the whole Mexican population above the Journado del Muerto, a party so void of principle that the would excite the Pueblo Indians to hostility, or resort to any other measure whatever to prevent the extension of the jurisdiction of Texas. I was informed that those Indians had already been tampered with on the subject of Texas.

Enclosed you will find a copy of one of Judge Houghton's circulars to the Mexicans. This is one of the original documents and bears Houghton's own signature. This party had also circulated many prejudicial reports, such as the enormous amount of taxes that Texas would require them to pay, &c., and some of the Mexican population were excited to a considerable degree against Texas.

The party most favorable to the organization were the original State party. A few evenings after my arrival in Santa Fe, I met a considerable party of gentlemen, principally of that party, and amongst them some of the most distinguished members of the bar, for a consultation on the subject of organization. At the same time that they were willing to go into an organization, and pledge themselves to carry the vote of what is now Santa Fe county, they were decidedly of the opinion that it would be necessary for the State to send a military force, before she could exercise jurisdiction. The party proposing to organize are of course under the operations of the existing Government in the minority, and the organization would have been partial and incomplete.

Having no authority to pledge the State to maintain her jurisdiction, and not being informed as to the action of the Legislature of the State on the subject, I was compelled, contrary to the wishes of many, to defer the election until I could be better informed. In the mean time notices had been posted up in Santa Fe, calling a public meeting for the purposes of taking into consideration the propriety of organizing a State Government. On the 20th of April a considerable number of persons assembled at the court house, and resolutions passed in favor of a state organization; a committee was appointed to wait on the Governor and request him to order a convention.—Having no means of opposing this measure, I deemed it proper to protest against it, a copy of which protest and the Governor's acknowledgement of it, I have the honor to enclose for your consideration.

I deem it proper to call your attention particularly to the official character of the movement in the territory of New Mexico, in favor of a State Government. At the meeting in Santa Fe Major Cunningham, U. S. Paymaster, presided, and Mr. Ellison, the Governors private secretary and interpreter, acted as Secretary, and Judge Houghton was the principal spokesman, and out of the one or two hundred persons present, a large portion were the employees of the Government in the Quartermaster's and other departments.

I have no hesitation in saying that this movement is entirely one got up by the officials in that Territory, and not a spontaneous movement of the citizens. I am informed that the reported meetings in other places were of the same cast. Orders were issued to the Prefects by Judge Houghton, and the petitions for a convention was the result. In my intercourse with the citizens of that Territory, I became fully convinced of the fact, and I believe there is not a person in New Mexico, if divested of prejudice, but what would coincide with me in the belief, that to do away with the opposition and influence exercised by the United States authorities, Texas could at once and without difficulty establish and exercise jurisdiction over the whole of that Territory. I find many of the leading citizens willing to acknowledge our claim, and a large portion of those most opposed to us have and now hold large tracts of land that they acquired from the Mexican Government a short time before the war.

So soon as I ascertained that Col. Monroe, regardless of the claims of Texas, had issued his proclamation for a convention, I deemed it unnecessary to remain longer in that Territory as I could in no way benefit the State by so doing, and finding my means nearly exhausted, I determined at once to return home. On my arrival at El Paso I found that the Indians held complete possession of the Rio Grande below that point, and were committing may depredations on the Mexican settlements of Guadalupe; and even if I had the means, it would be impossible to visit Presidio del Norte without a strong escort, as all communication with that point was cut off by the Apaches.

My duty as commissioner having been executed to the best of my ability, I hope that my action in the premises will prove satisfaction to the State. Deeming it improper to make any suggestions in regard to her future action upon the subject of extending her future jurisdiction over that territory, I can but express a regret that I have not been more successful. Hoping to meet with your approbation, I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. S. NEIGHBORS,
Commissioner, &c.

To his Excellency P. H. Bell.

For the Star.

No. 3.

Schools instead of Poor Houses, Degredation and Crime.

MESSRS. EDITORS: We have already pointed out, in general terms, the insurmountable difficulties lying between a numerous class of our population, and an Education in those Literary Institutions where the expense is necessarily considerable. Some may be ready to suppose, that thus far, we have performed a work of supererogation. But on mature reflection, and a more extended observation, they will clearly perceive, that many of our wealthy and most substantial citizens, are looking to the schools of a high grade alone, (if we may judge from their conduct) for the intellectual redemption of our entire population. We are pleased to see these schools in a prosperous condition. Truly interested to see their number increased. Doubtless they produce an increase of light, and thereby cause an intellectual elevation within a circle whose limits might be easily defined. But we deny, that the mass of mind, existing entirely without this circle (for which we write) is greatly benefited. If the reader will turn his thoughts to famed England, he will have proof sufficient to establish our position. There he will find Literary Institutions of the highest grade, which have grown hoary with age; and from whose walls multitudes have gone forth to write their names far up on the Temple of literary fame. The learned world will unite in saying, that England has produced many truly great men. And yet, in that very kingdom, regarded as the literary and scientific luminary of the world, may be found a vast mass of mind, in nature's most uncultivated state. We will venture the following assertion, with the present conviction of its truth. If we afford the means of mental cultivation to one portion of our population, and neglect the other portion, We depress the neglected, in the same proportion that we elevate the favored. Our reasons for this assertion, shall be given in a future number. But probably, you are ready to remark, many of the young men and young ladies, who are now being educated will become teachers. Doubtless they will. But where will their schools be located? In the poorest and most degraded neighborhoods?—With whom will their schools be filled? The poorest of the poor, for whom we write? No. No. Few of these, if any, will be benefited to any considerable extent. Not because these teachers would be unwilling to instruct them, but because the children are destitute of every thing but a neglected mind and body. But no doubt, many are ready to ask, do not our Common, or Free Schools meet the demand? They do not, and we doubt whether they ever can. There are many reasons why they do not: many, why they cannot meet the increasing demand of the numerous class of very poor children in our State.

First. The districts are so large that the school-houses are thrown entirely beyond the reach of many whom they were intended to benefit. And this difficulty is almost insurmountable, in a portion of our State, owing to the way in which some sections are divided by swamps, or large streams of water: and the paucity of inhabitants in other sections. Again. The schools only continue from two to three months in the year in many places. The amount received from the school fund not being sufficient to enable the Committees to secure the services of any thing like competent teachers, for a longer period. Again. There are children enough, in some districts for three or four pretty good schools. If they all attend, little will be the benefit received by any. We might point out other difficulties connected with these schools; but, as we do not wish to be understood as saying any thing in opposition to them, we will forbear. The Legislature did, no doubt, the best that could be done under the circumstances. And a large number of children receive, at least, some useful instruction in these schools; but, those to whom we wish to direct your attention, live far beyond the limits of Common School benefits. A few thoughts will prove this but too plainly. They have not, neither can they obtain the clothing necessary to enable them to appear in school, decently, or comfortably. They have no books, and no means to procure them, however cheap they may be. They often have but one coarse and scanty meal, and know not from whence the next is to come. They know and feel their poverty; and therefore shrink from these associations, where by contrast, it will be made more palpable. They are in many cases so profoundly ignorant as to place no value whatever upon learning.

In addition to all this, their parents, or those having charge of them spend few thoughts and still fewer efforts to secure for them an Education. And now reader, heart-rending as are the truths we have written, you must admit, that the whole has not been told.

In our next, a plan will be presented by which these out-casts may be brought in and educated.

DISCIPLE.

Pittsboro', June 29th, 1850.

AGRICULTURAL.

PATENT OFFICE REPORT.

A GENERAL VIEW OF AMERICAN AGRICULTURE.

CHAPTER I.

The position of American Farmers.

SEC. 1. Every one that eats bread, or wears cloth made of wool, cotton or flax, has a direct personal interest in the result of Tillage and Farm Economy. Hunger and nakedness are wants of the most pressing character, and Providence has placed them alike in every human being. In civilized communities all are equally dependent on successful Agriculture for the means of subsistence. Let the soil be permanently exhausted, or fail but for a year to reward the labor of the husbandman and no language can adequately describe the intensity of the universal suffering that must ensue. Hence this branch of national industry has peculiar and paramount claims to the earnest attention and the fostering care of all Governments which are regardful of of the public safety, and sustained by common sense.

American Agriculture offers for consideration several interesting and striking features. Prominent among these is the fact, that nearly three-fourths of the labor and capital of the country are employed in this single pursuit. Agriculturists are themselves a large majority of the voters, tax-payers, and customers of all domestic and foreign goods.

Under the republican system their are mainly responsible for the good government of each State, and the Union. If their public servants whether in Congress or State Legislatures, fail to promote improvements in Agriculture, as recommended by President Washington, the fault is not in their representatives, but in those who neglect to ask for such aid as Government may properly grant.

American farmers enjoy advantages superior to those of other nations, for improving both themselves as a class, and their landed estates, upon the highest capabilities of man and of the earth which he cultivates. This Republic proffers to rural science, more than one thousand millions of acres of available, farming lands, of which as little, or as much may be subdued and improved, as wisdom shall dictate. There is neither compulsion nor restraint in either direction. With this entire freedom of action, is associated a degree of security for life, liberty, property, toleration of religion, and exemption from onerous taxes, without a parallel in the history of the world.

In the extent of sea-coast facilities for river, lake and canal navigation, variety of climate, soil, vegetable and animal products, for indefinite and almost unlimited commercial, manufacturing, mineral and hydraulic resources, no other country equals this. There is some danger, however, that we shall prove unworthy of so great blessings—that we may forget the source whence they come—abuse the peculiar advantages and the exalted privileges which we possess, and blindly cling to the barbarous practice of impoverishing the soil, to the incalculable injury of coming generations. Instead of exhausting millions of acres without any adequate recompense, instead of looking longingly to the wilderness of forest and prairie at the West, we should search closely into the lands already under the plow, and learn what can be done, to add two, or three and four fold to their present productiveness. The time has at last arrived when it is indispensible to the continued prosperity of all the older states, that the continued prosperity of all the older states, that the principles both of renovating and exhausting cultivated fields, be thoroughly and universally understood.

SECTION II.—*A few facts about Soils, Plants and Animals:*

Soils contain, as a general thing, not more than one part in a thousand of the atoms, in an available condition, which nature consumes in forming a crop of any kind. This statement expresses a fact of great practical importance; for the husbanding of these fertilizing atoms is the first step toward arresting the impoverishment of the earth. It is the matter in the soil, which makes crops in one arrangement of its atoms, and forms manure in another condition of the same atoms, that the farmer should learn to preserve from waste and loss.

Soils of different degrees of productiveness, where their mechanical texture and phisical properties are alike, always contain unlike quantities of the food of crops. It seems to make little difference how small is the amount of the lacking ingredient in the composition of cultivated plants. Its absence is fatal to the farther growth of the crop, after its appropriate aliment fails in the soil. It is easy to discover the wisdom of this universal Law.—Suppose Nature should organize grass, grain and other plants which serve as the daily food of all the higher orders of animals, as well without bone earth (phosphate of lime) as with that mineral. Would it be possible for such grass and grain to yield to the blood of domestic animals and to that of man himself, that solid earthy matter which imparts strength to human bones, and to those of oxen, horses, sheep and swine? Certainly not. Although *iron* is always present in the food and blood of animals, no farmer ever killed a calf, a pig or an ox, which had iron for the frame of its system. No anatomist ever saw a bone in the body of a person, formed of other earthly atoms than such as Providence had fitted for this peculiar function in the animal economy.

The brains and muscles of all animals contain both sulphur and phosphorus as constituent elements. If their daily food, derived as it is from the sod, lacked either sulphur or phosphorus, must not this radical defect in their nourishment, soon induce weakness and disease; and finally result in premature death? To prevent consequences so disastrous and so obvious, Nature refuses to organize plants with-