

VOL. XII.

THE NORTH CAROLINA STAR

BY THOMAS J. LEMAY & SON.

(Office nearly opposite the Post Office.)

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\$2 50 per annum, when paid in advance—\$3 00 if payment is delayed three months.

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AGRICULTURE.

FARM EXPERIENCE.

Mr. Emory—Twenty years' experience upon a farm has taught me that one acre of land well manured and tilled, will produce more than two acres which receives the same amount of labor and manure.

That one cow, well fed, will be of more profit than two kept on the same fodder.

That one ton of hay cut when the grass is best to blossom, will produce as much milk as two tons cut when the seed is ripe.

That herds-grass and clover will run out on good land in a few years, if cut early.

That the farmer needs patience, perseverance, good judgment, and experience.

That, as if by plough man would thrive, himself must either hold or drive.

But good economy is of more importance to the farmer than hard labor.

That cold water is the best drink, unboiled meal makes the best bread.

That a well conducted agricultural paper is worth four times its cost to the farmer.

If it is worth publishing, some other things I have learned may be forthcoming.

Unity, July, 1850. JOB.

FARMERS' MAXIMS.

It is an error to plant seed from States farther South.

In a cold season only the seed of a colder climate will ripen well.

Often breaking up a surface keeps a soil in health—for when it lies in a hard-bound state, enriching showers run off, and the salubrious air cannot enter.

Weeds exhaust the strength of the ground, and if suffered to grow, may be called garden sins.

The hand and hoe are the instruments for eradicator weeds, yet if there is room between the rows for the weeds, it will be useless.

Never keep your cattle ston; few farmers can afford it. If you starve them they will starve you.

It will not do to have a great field for a little crop, or to sow twenty acres for five loads of hay.

It is better to have a small field than a large one, if the land and it will pay you for it.

Do not buy twenty acres well than forty acres by halves.

In dry pastures dig for water on the brow of a hill—springs are more frequently near the surface of a bright than in a vale.

Rain is cash to a farmer.

The foot of the owner is the best manure for the land.

Cut bushes that you wish to destroy in the summer, and with a sharp instrument—they will bleed freely and die.

Sow clover deep—it secures it against the drought.

Never plough in bad weather or when the ground is very wet.

It is better to cut grain just before it is fully or dead ripe. When the straw immediately below the grain is so dry that on twisting it no juice is pressed out, it should be cut, for then there is no further circulation of juices to the ear.

Every hour that it stands uncut after this stage, is attended with loss.

Accountants should be kept detailing the expenses and profits of each field.

When an implement is no longer wanted wanted for the season, lay it carefully aside, but let it first be well cleaned.

Obtain good seed, prepare your ground well, sow early and pay very little attention to the moon.

Do not begin farming by building an expensive house, or erecting a spacious barn, till you have some thing to store in it.

Have a low and steep stable for a dwelling house. Build sufficiently distant from your barn and stock yard to avoid accident by fire.

Keep notes of all remarkable occurrences on your farm. Recording even your errors will benefit you.

IMPROVEMENTS IN MACHINERY APPLICABLE TO AGRICULTURAL AND SANITARY PURPOSES.

Mr. Joseph Whitworth, an engineer of Manchester, (Eng.) has recently patented a number of improvements in machinery applicable to agricultural and sanitary purposes, which are thus described:

With regard to the subject of the invention of improvements in machinery applicable to agricultural and sanitary purposes, the patents are as follows:

First—The arrangement of machinery with disc, annular, or sythe cutters, for the purpose of cutting or mowing corn, grass, or other crops, as described.

Secondly—The arrangement and construction of mechanical parts into a machine for cleaning the gutters or channels in streets, by means of a circular brush, with the system of levers necessary for carrying and actuating the same, and adjusting its position, to suit the work.

The second part refers to a machine for the sweeping of channels and gutters, and consists of an annular brush which is mounted on a shaft placed at an incline, the disc face of the brush, which is opposed to the surface of the ground, shall be at a suitable distance for the periphery at one side, which extends beyond the wheel, and so as to come in contact with the ground at that point.

The motion is transmitted to the brush from one of the driving wheels, by a train of spur and bevel wheels—the shaft being so pinball-

ed in order to permit the necessary alteration in the incline of the shafts.

Professor Johnson on Animal Food.

This eminent author has been giving several interesting and valuable lectures in Boston the past season on the subject of Agriculture.

The following extracts are taken from the last of the series, and contain many valuable hints and suggestions which will be well for all readers engaged in keeping and raising stock, to ponder upon—

"Man, more than other animals, lives upon the seed of plants; for this contains more starch, gluten and oil than other parts, but less mineral matter. The former exists in different proportions in various kinds of plants, a fact which should be kept in mind in determining the kind of food to be given to different animals. (Here a table of the ingredients of different grains and vegetable productions were exhibited.)"

"Hay and grain contain fifteen parts of water, and vegetables a greater amount. Starch is found principally in the seeds of plants. Gluten is commonly found in one hundred parts of the various vegetable productions in the following proportions: In wheat, ten to nineteen, in Indian corn, twelve, in buck-wheat, ten, in rice, seven, in beans and peas twenty-four, in pea-straw, twenty-five."

"But to decide with any degree of accuracy on what an animal should feed it is as necessary to analyze the flesh of the animal as the vegetable products on which it is to feed. An animal consists of fat, lean, and bone. Wash the blood out of a piece of meat and a substance like gluten remains—called fibrine. Oil in plants makes fat in animals and lubricates the parts of their bodies: mineral substances, as phosphate of lime, form the bones; so that in the animal are found substances on which it feeds."

"There is but one apparent, though not real exception to this remark. Starch which exists in the food of animals, is not found in their flesh and bones. Now if we burn the starch which exists in the food of animals, it resolves itself into water and carbonic acid gas. When their food is received into the stomach the starch passes into the system of the lungs, where by respiration, it is resolved into carbonic acid gas and water, and ejected by the breath; but in the process of its resolution to these ingredients, heat, vital heat is evolved."

"If we desire to increase the growth of muscle in an animal, we must feed him with peas, beans, &c., which contain large quantities of gluten, that forms muscle; if we must feed him with corn, oats, barley, &c., which contain a large quantity of oil, that makes fat; but if we would promote the growth of both fat and muscle, we must feed him with oil cake, which, in one hundred parts contains from twenty to thirty of oil, and twenty five of gluten. Hence a skillful earner of cattle requires a knowledge not only of their ingredients, but also of their various kinds of food. Such knowledge will enable the farmer to adapt his care of his cattle to the particular use which he designs to make of them."

"Other circumstances also affect their food and productiveness. Young cattle require more food than those which are full grown, because they have to supply not only the natural waste, but also the substance which promotes their growth. Animals that are shivering will cold require more food than those which are kept comfortably warm; those that work more than those that remain quiet; and those that are kept in a strong light, more than such as have but little light."

"If we would feed cows to obtain from them large quantities of milk, we must give them food that contains much water, as pumpkins, potatoes, and excellent roots; so as to obtain the least quantity of milk, an article almost equal to cream, we must feed them with dry substances, as oats, barley, corn meal, &c., or if so as to make them produce rich curd for cheese, we must give them peas, beans, &c., which contain much gluten, or still better, cabbage, which contains 35 pounds in one hundred of gluten. Hence the cow cabbage is a valuable fodder in cheese making districts."

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

From the School Fellow.

GRANDMAMA HOARYHEAD, AND HER STORIES.

It was a sad day for us all, in the town of L—, when dear Grandmama Hoaryhead was laid under the cypress tree, in her old bed room. At her grave the extremes of life met, and all mourned her departure. Many children, to whom grief had before been a stranger, wept bitter tears. We all felt that we had lost a friend, a counsellor, a guide. A link which bound us to another generation was gone. But she left us, in departing, a precious legacy. The lessons of wisdom, which fell from her honored lips, will ever be held sacred, and held in reverence the world over. Truly, it might have been said of her, 'she had only one only experience, and lost of youth only its frivolity.' The twilight of her life was calm but not colorless. She never forgot that she had once been young; indeed her heart was never old. Who so sympathizing in all our joys and sorrows, as Grandmama Hoaryhead! Who so patient with our faults, who so lenient towards our many failings! To her latest days, it was our delight to hear her tales of other times, and gladly would we leave our play, for a seat at her feet. Most of all, we welcomed the time when Grandmama opened her rose-wood cabinet, and told us the history of each precious relic, so sacredly treasured. There was a tear in her eye, as she talked of buried hopes, and garnered memories, and we knew that her early days were with her, in her heart."

One evening Grandmama to write these stories for us but knew not until her voice was forever hushed, that she had yielded to our childish persuasion. We then found attached to each relic, its history in her own handwriting, and from among these histories, I select for these children who have never had a Grandmama Hoaryhead, one entitled

THE TALISMAN.

You have sometimes wondered, my dear children, that I should prize a simple hair necklace, more than all the treasures of my cabinet. I remember with what admiration you always look upon the silver goblet, with its exquisite carving; the jewelled watch and its massive chain; the casket of gems, and miniature; but with all their beauties, none of these are as precious to me, as the little band of hair, which so long ago encircled my throat. My own dear mother, many years ago, clasped it as a talisman, upon the neck of her first daughter. You have heard of charms, and spells, worn by the superstitious in times

of danger and pestilence. The aborigines of America, and many other savage nations, put great faith in them, but the talisman which I prize so much, is unlike any of their potent charms. In my early childhood, I was liable to attacks of a most dangerous kind. These attacks caused my dear parents great anxiety. I was particularly my beloved mother, in whose presence the disease more often exhibited itself, and gave her hours of discomfort and suffering. I shudder when I think what might have been the consequence to myself, and others, had not this disease been eradicated. You will cease to wonder at the value the necklace possesses in my eyes, when I tell you the influence it had in dissipating this malady, which like an eastern striver, was blighting and withering the greenness and beauty of my childhood. When I tell you also, that this disease baffled all medical skill, and became each day more violent, and after every attack more fixed, you will understand why I think the necklace as precious as Aladdin's lamp, or Fortunatus' wishing-cup. Yes, more precious, for what could they procure as valuable as the reminiscences of my life, when freed from this direful complaint; or what would I give, in exchange for the memories of the golden spring of my youth, the glorious summer of my womanhood, or even the calm serene autumn of my peaceful old age. Life now would indeed be 'dark and unlovely,' and the future devoid of the hopes which cheer me, had not my gentle mother, and her talisman, effected a permanent cure. I regret to see, that notwithstanding the various improvements of this disease, and the wonderful inventions of 'the electric and magnetic'—this malady still rages and like the hateful Uxus, with its poisonous influence destroys the happiness of many homes. With the hope that I may do something towards exterminating this disease, and to aid those who are endeavoring to drive it from their hearts and homes, I am willing to give the history of my unhappy days, when I was under its sad influence. This disease has various symptoms and features, and develops differently. Generally, the attacks at first are slight, but increase each time in length and strength, and if neglected, a permanent cure is hopeless. Then the unhappy victim goes through life, cheerless now with the sunshine of her smiles, nor gladdening them with the music of kind and gentle words. Need I say that this disease is fatal. NATURE!

It is with pain that I recall the days of my earliest childhood—those days rendered dark and sad by my unhappy temper—and yet it is sorrow mingled with thankfulness. It is like the memory of the day when we have escaped the danger passed. He shoulders at the recollection of the wild screaming winds, the dark heaves, the towering clouds, the almost smothering ship; he loves to remember that the winds were hushed, the ocean lulled, that the stars shone out from beyond the clouds, and that the drowsed ship, with its weary crew, found at last a safe harbor.

It is like the memory of sick and feeble days, which were followed by those of health and strength, the gloomy night which preceded a bright morning, or the frightful dream from which there was a glad awaking.

You have all, my children, heard of the river Lethe, which the ancients believed to really exist, and whose waters they thought could cause forgetfulness, and had I only the memory of those unhappy days, I should indeed wish it were all a fable, and that I might drink from that very river. How little a child thinks that every wrong act may become a life memory, and that by her thoughtlessness, she is furnishing fuel for her future years. I cannot tell you how many wretched hours I have had, surrounded by every thing beautiful, but outward circumstances so little inward promoting the happiness of one who does not cultivate a sweet temper.

You must not think I was always under the influence of these feelings. When everything was just as I wished, I could appear as amiable as any one, but in this world where our favorite plans are often frustrated, and our fondest hopes blighted, we must learn to smile and disappointment and vexation. I have told you that every indulgence strengthened these feelings, and that I was conscious that my sad infirmity was increasing. You have read in your history, that one of the customs of the Egyptians was to introduce at their great festivals, a skelion, the sight of which often changed their mirth to gloom; and thus the knowledge that at any moment I might do and say what could not be recalled, destroys my peace. I resolved to attempt a reformation, but made many ineffectual efforts. Some days would pass without my exhibiting any symptoms of this disease; for I was most still call it, and then in an unguarded moment the angry word was spoken. At last, after many failures, I began to hope I was completely cured—I had been severely tested, I had seen a beautiful china cup, the gift of a friend, fallen from the hand of a careless servant, and gathered up the fragments without uttering a word. I found my little brother, one cold morning, warming my beautiful wax doll by the fire, and though the tears came as I gazed at its disfigured face, I suppressed the angry words which rose to my lips. I patiently repeated, again and again, a difficult passage in my music, though it was tedious, and I was anxious to play a pretty little ditty I had learned. (Poikas word not known in your Grandmama's day) and I began to think I had conquered the monster, but alas! I found, that like the fabled Hydra, that only Hercules could kill, it had a hundred heads, and when one was cut off another would appear.

One morning I awoke, knowing that my lessons were only half learned. I had left the unfinished evening before, for a walk with my cousin, and that one wrong step was the cause of much misery. I was mortified and unprepared, and I resolved to learn them, if possible, that morning; but I found by bitter experience that when we once do wrong, it is hard to undo it. The morning was gloomy, and like Rosamund, in the 'Day of Misfortunes' (a story of Miss Edgeworth's which I hope you have all read), I was a long time in coming to my senses, and when I did rise I was so hurried and worried that my breakfast bell rang before I was ready. 'The old proverb says, 'Haste makes waste,' and so I found that morning. I was the last at the table; my brother came in, all glowing with animation, with a bouquet from the garden for Mamma, while I felt sleepy and cross. I upset my cup upon the table cloth, and upon the dress of a stranger guest, and interrupted papa in the midst of a very interesting story, which I knew he particularly disliked. After breakfast my book were not in their place. P-

nally, after a long search, my geography was discovered in the piazza, ruined by the rain which had fallen during the night; Carlo had my spelling book for a pillow, and my arithmetic was found in the hands of my baby brother, who had been quietly doing a practical sum in subtraction, until so many leaves were torn out that there was a very small remainder. By the time my poor dilapidated library had been found, and I had cried over my geography, I slipped Carlo, and frightened the innocent baby by my harsh tones, the clock struck, and I was late at school. When the time for recitation came, I ought to have remembered my lesson, but I had not learned my lessons, for though that might have distressed her; she could more easily have forgiven any other fault than my attempts at deception. I am almost ashamed to tell you the ways to which I resorted. I copied my sums from my companion's slate, and the first question of my teacher revealed the truth. I answered in geography, after having been told wrong by Ellen D. I kept my finger in at my spelling, and caught my teacher's eye just as I had looked in; I despised myself for this sort of falsehood, and I had lost the confidence of my teacher, and cried from mortification and vexation through the whole of the history recitation, which was the only lesson I really did know. I hope you will never know how I felt. I was sorry, but it was not the right kind of sorrow. I was less sorry for my faults than for the consequences of my faults. The 'I know I had done wrong, I tried to think every one else more at fault than myself.' I wished my cousin had not come for me to walk, not remembering that I should have had self-denial enough to have refused to go whilst my lessons were unfinished. I wished mamma had not given me permission to go, forgetting the promise I made her, of learning my lessons after my return. I said it was very strange that no one had picked up my books, and I thought Ellen ought to have been ashamed to tell me wrong. I made no effort to do better, reasoning most falsely, and saying, 'It is no use to try to do better to day,' as if one fault made another better day. At recess I told Mary G. that Ellen D. had said something about her, and that she had said to her, and if I could have found any relief in knowing that I was not alone in my misery, I should have been comforted. After recess I looked my own writing-book and that of my companion who was always very careful, and though I was really very sorry, I was so ill-natured to say so, and tried to think it was all because one of the other girls had shaken her desk.

I can assure you I went home a most unhappy being. One glance of my mother's earnest eye revealed to her my feelings, and I saw a shade of address steal over her calm features, but company prevented her from coming to me immediately. I went to my room and cried until I was unable to go with papa on an excursion which I had been anticipating for months.

I cannot tell you all the conflicting thoughts which occupied my lonely hours, nor of all that passed after mamma came to me. She talked gently, but seriously with me; she mourned over my unhappy temper, but showed me that I could subdue it; she urged me to resolve anew, but warned me not to expect an immediate victory; and above all she told me to look to God. She opened the Holy Bible and read the words of Solomon, 'He that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city,' and her silver-tongued voice fell upon my troubled soul, like the holy voice of Galilee, 'It is a long and narrow way to the Kingdom of Heaven.' My mother then took the precious necklace of her own dark hair, with the words, 'My Mother,' pressed upon the clasp, and put it upon my neck.

"My daughter," said she, "let this be your talisman. Let it ever remind you of this hour, of the resolves you have made, and may God grant that your future may no more be clouded as your past has been."

My prayer was answered. My trials were many, my temptations strong, but the memory of that solemn hour, my mother's word, and the talisman were ever with me, and I triumphed.

Could this be as a talisman to one of you, my dear children, and help you to fear away this serpent, which if not strangled in infancy, will surely eat out the heart's happiness, Grandmama Hoaryhead will not have written in vain.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BUENA VISTA—BITS OF HISTORY.

The newspapers from all sections of the nation, came to us filled with eulogies on the late President, pronounced at various mortuary commemorations. Most of these addresses, though they abound in noble testimonials to the worth of the departed hero, contain little or nothing that is new. A few, however, are of a different class, and embody facts respecting General Taylor which are not generally known. Among these last description of addresses is one pronounced, at Salem, Mass., on the 18th inst. by the Hon. C. W. Upham. It contains an account of the celebrated dog of truce, which, during the battle of Buena Vista, was sent from Santa Anna to General Taylor and as this account was derived from the lips of the late President, it is veracious in every respect and will hereafter pass into history. The passage is as follows:

"As the incident of the battle may possibly be revealed, be found to shed light upon it, I will here record the facts related to me by General Taylor himself. During the height of the conflict, a flag was seen approaching. The emergencies of the day had so stripped him of his staff, that having no one to send, he went himself to meet it. As the young officer who bore it could not speak English, he Spanish the conference took place in French. The communication was this: 'General Santa Anna desires to know what General Taylor wants.' Feeling somewhat indignant that a message so apparently important should have been sent in such a manner, and regarding it as perhaps a device merely to gain time or some other illegitimate advantage, or at the best, as a species of trifle, he gave an answer dictated by the feeling of the moment—'What General Taylor wants is General Santa Anna's Army.'"

Here the conference closed, and the Mexican officer withdrew. Upon a moment's reflection, he regretted that he had given an answer so undiplomatic, and having so much at the risk of a rupture. He called to mind the fact that his Government had advised him that they had favored the return of Santa Anna to Mexico, from the belief that he was disposed to promote, and might have influence enough with his countrymen to effect a termination of the war, and it occurred to him really designed to open a way for negotiation, and, perhaps, a pacification—his object never near to his heart. He rode over the fields in search of General Wool, made known the circumstances to him, and suggested, if not too great a personal exposure, the expediency of his carrying a flag to the Mexican lines to ask an explanation of the message.

"To send an officer of his rank, character and position, would remove the indignity, it should be so regarded, of his blunt and summary answer. General Wool readily and gallantly undertook the service, and rode forth to execute it, but the fire of the Mexican batteries could not be stopped, and no farther parley took place. The next morning, when Col. Bliss was sent with a flag to the Mexican Head Quarters, he was requested to ascertain what had been intended by the message of the previous day, but he found the State of things such as to render it vain to enter upon the subject. The import of the message remains unaltered to this day. Santa Anna can undoubtedly solve the enigma.

Mr. Upham, in the course of his address, gave numerous anecdotes, exhibiting the late President's courage and generosity. Among other instances of the display of these qualities on the part of the deceased here, he gives the following: "In the conversation, from which I derived these interesting facts of information, General Taylor described to me the anxious consultations of the second night of the battle. His officers came to him, one after another, expressing a decided opinion that his army was too much broken to be brought up to the struggle another day. He declined to them his belief that, dreadfully as his forces had suffered, the enemy had suffered worse; that retreat or any other alternative was entirely out of the question, that he had made his arrangements to present still, a formidable front to the foe and all that remained for them was to make up their minds to conquer or die together, if the assault upon their position should be renewed with the returning light. 'But,' said he, 'gentlemen, if the sun went down, and believe we have beaten the enemy.'"

"When the third day dawned, it was discovered that Santa Anna had fled from the ground; General Taylor instantly ordered a train of wagons, provided with medical and other means of relief, and accompanied by surgeons from his own army, to follow on the track of the Mexicans and administer to the wants of the wounded and disabled whom they had abandoned on the retreat. Upon some one's expressing a doubt whether such a train of the public stores and wagons, for the benefit of the enemy, would be allowed by the department, Taylor cut the difficulty short, at once, by saying, 'Then I will pay the bill'—and to provide for the contingency, he directed a separate account to be kept of all that was expended for the purpose."

President, that the success of your Administration may result to your good intentions and to your devotion to the country.

To which the President thus replied: "Mr. Bodieca, and gentlemen of the Diplomatic Corps: I have listened to your address with mingled emotions of sorrow and satisfaction; it reminds me again of the irreparable loss which my country has sustained in the death of my illustrious predecessor; but it is gratified by the resolution of the representatives of foreign nations the assurance of their friendly feelings and anxious desire to cultivate amicable relations with this Government. I congratulate you, Mr. Bodieca, and your colleagues, upon the universal peace which now prevails, and the good auspices which hang over the future; and I am happy to assure you that I reciprocate, most cordially, all the good will which you have expressed towards this country; and that nothing shall be wanting, on my part, to maintain those kind relations with all foreign nations which naturally spring from the light of honorable peace with every foreign power."

As you have justly remarked, our position is such as to exempt us from the agitating contentions of the old world; and my intention is to maintain a strict neutrality towards all nations, as the true policy of the United States, exerting every legitimate authority to restrain any aggression upon the rights of others, and using the powers of government to promote the harmony, prosperity, and union of this growing Republic, over the destinies of which I have so anxiously been called to preside."

I tender to you, and your colleagues respectively, Mr. Bodieca, the assurance of my high regard.

From the Richmond Republican.

PHYSICAL FORCE.

We regret to see some of our Northern exchanges holding forth threats of a resort to force in case of a secession of some of the States from the Union. In the present temper of the public mind, such threats are worse than useless. They only irritate a sore which all practical men should strive to soothe and heal. The Union depends for its preservation upon the mutual love and respect of its members, and when that is gone, the only power has departed which can hold it together, or make its continuance desirable. Judge Woodruff has truly said that the employment of physical force would be an individual to perpetuate the harmony of a family.

The Union can and must be preserved by the moderation and patriotism of the great body of the American people. If their representatives are unable to accomplish this work, and the ultraism and ambition of sectional and designing men obstruct every effort at conciliation, then let the people themselves arise in their majesty, and put forth their efforts to preserve the Republic from overthrow. Let them meet in all sections of the country in their primary assemblies, and give expression to those moderate, conservative and conciliatory councils which actuate the minds of nine-tenths out of every hundred of the American community.

THE TRUE POLICY OF THE SOUTH.

The Fayette (La.) Republican strongly endorses the true policy of the South in regard to the late war. We have often urged similar views, but upon a subject like this, it seems necessary to add 'placate upon line and proceed upon principle.' There is no need that the South should go out of the Union to protect its rights. By encouraging its own industry and developing its own resources, it can make its interests secure and its power impregnable. Unless it exerts the energy to accomplish these objects in the Union, it can never secure them in an independent confederacy. Let it defeat the Wilmot Proviso as it ought in the halls of legislation, but let it place its chief dependence upon that enterprise and self reliance, to which no Wilmot Proviso can be applied. Declaratory declarations of devotion to the South are of no avail while we neglect the simple and practical measures of redress which are already in our hands."

Let every citizen of the South encourage Southern Industry, Southern Improvements, Southern Commerce and Southern Schools, and our independence will be achieved without a dissolution of the Union.

"THE TRUE POLICY OF THE SOUTH.—The balance of political power is rapidly shifting in favor of the free States. Ours, as the aggressive disposition of the advocates of the free soil, and the growing influence in the national legislature, the minds of many Southern men have been filled with alarm and their efforts to arouse the South to decided action, their threats of Northern aggressions, their threats of violent resistance, if necessary to the interest of Northern sentiment and fully, have excited the apprehense, at least of deep feeling among the masses. It is true, aggression has been made upon the rights of the South. In the holy name of liberty the sacredness of constitutional rights has been violated. The South has been violated; its efforts at conciliation have been spurned, or accepted only after a bitter struggle and with a determination to seize the first opportunity, for more serious demands."

But, notwithstanding these causes of serious complaints, agitations, threats and retaliation, are anxiously for the South. Has it ever occurred to our citizens to examine our real condition? What is our condition? Our machinery? Our faces of internal improvement from every quarter in the Lands of Northern capitalism. We must ex and one means of industry, enlarge our resources and our efforts, instead of banking threats, or even arguments, with the lead in the financial battle, who are so slowly threaten us with destruction. Whatever evil may be in store for the South in the distant future, she is yet safe from direct assault, protected by the sense of justice of our national representatives, by the control of the Chief Executive of the nation over general legislation, and by the integrity of the Supreme Court of the country. The South has time for musing the elements of independence for preparing against the day of trial, if come it must."

Protecting these important staples which control the markets of the world, satisfied with the gains of agriculture, fluctuating though they may have been, the South as a whole has neglected every other department of industry. Northern ships carry our produce abroad; Northern looms weave our fabrics; Northern mechanics manufacture our implements of agriculture; our household utensils and our furniture, our arms and our ammunition are the products of Northern skill and

industry. We read Northern books, and send our sons to Northern Schools, are clothed in Northern manufactures, and to a great extent, are fed by the growth of Northern soil. Every where around us are elements of wealth. The most useful and the most valuable minerals abound in our midst. Our soil is adapted to the production of every species of grain and later-tropical fruit. The forests are masses of sea-islands and inexhaustible resources for the mechanic and ship builder. The whole South is intersected and irrigated by navigable streams. Water power is abundant. Labor is cheap, intelligent and under absolute control.

But we lack enterprise and energy to avail ourselves of the advantages which nature has so lavishly spread around us. The North grows rich and powerful, extends its borders, and increases its influence, while we look on in silent amazement or jealous wonder. "We must light up the fens of industry." From every hill-top, and in every valley, through the entire length and breadth of the whole South, there must be active evidences of Southern enterprize. Every field of industry must be occupied. We must laborize at agriculture. Our property and our peculiar institutions are safe without struggle. Union for constitutional rights is necessary, but not a warfare with Northern men on an abstract question of the right to extend slavery where it can never go. Firmness is more powerful than loud bravado, even when absolute privilege are openly assumed. "Compensation and Compromise" are now an every lip, showing that Southern feeling is right. But there is more to be done for the propriety of the South than the mere settlement of territorial questions. There must be more union in home industrial enterprises. We must spin and weave, write and educate, mine and plan for ourselves. Our ships must export our productions. Our railroads and canals must link us with productive valleys and fertile prairies. We must encourage each other, lending a helping hand to every home enterprise of a public or private nature. Economy must go hand in hand with industry and enlightened energy direct and control every enterprise. There is not a Southern man who will acknowledge the truth of this but will action follow conviction. Shall we always baffle with awkwardness, knowing them to be untrue!

Emancipation may hereafter be made on guaranteed rights. There are indications that slavery is fast with an impassable barrier. Attempts to be made from without to shorten more nearly its limits. For that period preparation must be made. We must go forth with strength by industry; union by moderate consistency; attachment to each other, based on mutual assistance and independence. Convince the North of our determination by firmly marking the line beyond which agitation may not go, associate at home to encourage agriculture, manufactures, industry in all its branches, education in all its stages, and intellectual labor in all its departments; provide by combination of capital and labor for direct importation into our own ports extend patronage in every species of employment to those identified with the South in their feeling and relations; open our mines, dig our canals, construct our railroads, call the hundred hands genius of industry and intelligent activity, guarded by Southern intellect to accomplish Southern independence of all external aid, and we shall need no convulsions to stimulate a patriotic thought, no ridiculous bravado of Southern chivalry, and determination to maintain our rights to insure prosperity in our borders."

ABOLITIONISM UNMASKED.

"Two—we may say three, of the most hot headed abolitionists in the present Congress are from the State of Ohio—we allude to Giddings, Hunt and Chase—and such being the fact, if the sentiments of the great majority of the Northern people coincide with those entertained by these gentlemen, Ohio may be regarded as a proper and welcome asylum for the free negro population of the South, who, galled with their degraded position here, would remove to some place where they might assume a more respectable position in society. It is already known to be a safe asylum for fugitive slaves, but it is equally well known, that while the citizens of that State encourage slaves to abscond from their masters and promise and give them all the assistance and protection necessary to secure their freedom, they refuse to let those who have been emancipated dwell among them. Almost every day cases of the former kind are occurring, and in an instance of the latter we also find the reader to the case of the slaves of the late John Randolph of Roanoke, who after in accordance with Mr. P's will purchasing through the Executor of the testator, a sufficient quantity of land in