THE NORTH-CAROLINA STAR.

THOMAS J. LENAY, Editor

NORTH CAROLINA—"Powerful in intellectual, moral and physical resources, the land of our sires and home of our affections."

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AGRICULTURAL.

We copy the following articles from the "Soil of the South," a new agricultural work published in Columbus, Ga. We do it 1st, Because the articles themselves are valuable and appropriate at this season; 2nd, That our readers who have not met with the work may judge of its merits.

OUR NATIVE PLANTS.

There is no country richer in natural beauties than the Southern portion of these United States, and especially is Georgia, Florida and Alabama, the land of fruit and flowers; and yet, what vast amounts of money do we annually send abroad for the purchase of flowering plants, and fruit-bearing vines, when our mountain tops and valley glens are clad in such wild luxuriant beauties, as the Persian or Chinese never saw. We have recently read an account of an exhibition of American plants in England, at the American garden near London, which attracted thousands and tens of thousands of visitors, and was the wonder and admiration of all beholders. Why shall not Americans establish an *American* garden? and especially, why shall not we of the flowery South collect and propagate in spacious grounds, set apart and appropriated for the purpose, all the rare, beautiful and useful plants, trees, shrubs, bulbs, vines, &c., with which a kind Father's love has so beautifully clothed the naked earth? Surely Americans should be able to look upon the vegetable productions of their land without travelling to Europe for it. Whether it be in the massive bully, the perfumed magnolia, the graceful tulip tree, or the thousand blooms of rainbow hues, or the thousands of life-preserving herbs, or trailing vines, or cereal grains, or wild Pomona's fruits. Our mountains abound in rhododendron, azalias, laurels, and thousands of other trees and plants, which only need to be seen to be admired. Our valleys teem with the magnolia, the bay, the tulip tree, and hundreds of others, with thousands, upon thousands of gay, beautiful and useful plants, which now only

"Bloom to blush unseen,
And waste their sweetness on the desert air."

Are there not citizens of wealth and patriotism among us sufficient to collect these treasures of nature, and propagate from them by the establishment of a suitable garden, where the whole botany of the south might be assembled? But, perhaps, it may be too great an undertaking for an individual; are there none of these Southern States that will undertake it? or if States are fearful to legislate the people's money to *benefit posterity*, will not the Southern Central Agricultural Society take the matter in hand, and build up a monument to the South, alike creditable to her love of beauty and patriotism? Should this be done, twenty years will not have passed away, ere pilgrims from every clime would come to worship at this floral shrine, and the Southern Horticultural Botanical Garden would be eagerly sought for by every lover of nature, from the highest to the lowest walks of life. Come, tillers of the soil, ere the plow has destroyed all the native beauties of our land, collect and preserve those gems planted there by the finger of God.

But of what use can all this be? says the plodding son of Mammon. It would be of no use to men without souls, who can only estimate happiness and prosperity by dollars and dimes. But to those who can see God in the rainbow or the flower, it would elevate and refine. It would teach our children "to look through nature up to nature's God;" it would inspire a love of home and country, and teach us to bless God that the rugged earth we have to till for bread, hath blessed flowers that reflect his smiles, upon our sweating pathway. Nor is this all. The thousand fruits connected with flowers, could not escape cultivation; new varieties would be discovered and discriminated, and this garden would be the means of permanent and lasting good, as well as a living beauty, to each and every citizen of this sunny South. We have often heard foreigners express astonishment at the neglected beauties of our vegetable kingdom, and we are not aware that any large collection of American plants can be found except in England.

We have seen our native plants purchased in France under some high sounding name, and brought back again to the land of their nativity. Let us have grounds and gardens where all can be brought to their highest perfection, where science can unite with skill in developing all their usefulness and beauty—and where is so fitting a place as the land of their creation and birth? We have no definite idea of what kind of arrangements should be adopted to carry out so desirable a plan as the one proposed, but hope to stir up the people to the importance of the matter, and then it will be time to go more into detail. Should any such measure meet with the public favor, picture to yourself, kind reader, one or two hundred acres, set in all the forest trees, the fruits, and the flowers of the South, what a splendid spectacle! Here flowers and fruits from the mountain and the valley meet together, and perfumes from the hill tops and the glens kiss each other. Ah! but the cost, the cost, we hear echoed all around us. What matters it what it cost, so we have the means. We owe it to ourselves, our country, and our posterity, to preserve the first plants of our virgin soil, and we may do it if we have the *will*. Who ever heard of a man refusing his mite to the monument—of the Father of his Country? We here propose to build a greater monument—one to the great Father of the Universe, inscribed in living, glowing letters—Peace, Love, and Good Will to men.

STRAWBERRIES.—Those who would have this delicious fruit for next season's eating, should now prepare for transplanting; through all this month and the next, is the most favorable season for planting out strawberry vines in the South, although they may be planted out with safety, as late as March—Where a new bed is to be made, select, if possible, a piece of new land, fresh from the woods. It depends much upon what varieties are planted, about distances; the large fruiting kinds requiring more room than the smaller ones. We generally plant in rows about two feet apart, and about one foot apart in the row: the ground should be plowed or spaded deep and enriched with any decomposing vegetable substance, such as muck, leaves, straw, &c. Stimulating manures may do for Northern culture, but we *know* they will not do here. The strawberry loves a cool, moist locality, and a deep, porous soil. In planting a strawberry bed, select such varieties as are known to bear our burning suns. We have found the Hovey's seedling a perfect *Salamander*; the Ross Phœnix is another variety which bears a great degree of heat.—The past season has given us a high opinion also of Burr's New Pine; it seems to stand the drought equal to Hoveys' and is a prolific bearer, and of exquisite flavor. In hunting around to find impregnators for the pistillate varieties, we found some promising plants in the woods around us, and flattered ourselves that we had now a *native* that would stand drought, but we were doomed to disappointment, for the hot weather in June literally killed the plants, while the Hovey, and Burr's New Pine, did not even wilt. There is much in the way that a plant has been cultivated in its withstanding droughts; were Hovey's seedling highly manured, and forced into a rank growth, they would wilt as soon under a burning sun, as any other. The wild ones we took from the high grass in the woods, and they could not stand the full rays of the sun. When the plantation is once made, they may be cultivated on the same grounds for twenty years. Use the hoe freely among the vines cutting out the plants when too thick, leaving them to decay where they are cut up. Too much care cannot be used in taking the plants up, to get all the fibrous roots of the plants, and plant them just as they came from the ground with the thousand roots spreading in all directions.—Should the weather prove very dry, during the transplanting, water freely.

GRAPES—NATIVE AND FOREIGN.—We have received a box of grapes from our friend, S. Rose, Esq., of Macon, Georgia, among which were blue Burgundy, Devereux, and a native variety, which we shall call *Rose's Seedling*.—The grapes all came in good order, and all were delicious; but the native grape altogether surpassed the foreign, in richness and delicacy. The native or Rose's Seedling as we now shall call it, is a good sized very dark grape; bunches set thick upon the vine and very compact. We have never seen its superior. We recommend friend Rose to propagate from it extensively, and should it prove a long lived plant, it will take the place of the Catawba and the Isabella, and our Mobile friends need not go to Europe for fine varieties.

FLORAL DEPARTMENT.

This is not much of a month for flowers, but our fair readers may protect, and keep in bloom the Dahlia until frost. Dahlias that have been almost burnt up by late droughts will now put on their robes of beauty again. Cut out all the old blooms. If you would keep them always in full bloom never allow them to go to seed. There are few flowers more desirable than the Dahlia. First, it is extremely easy of culture, flourishes in almost any kind of soil. And although lacking perfume, yet its endless varieties, thousand hues, and exquisite form, entitle it to a conspicuous place in every flower garden. It is a mistaken notion to manure the Dahlia highly. Stimulating manures will make vigorous weed and few flowers. A sandy soil suits them best, producing the greatest number and the most perfect blooms. We extract the following from the Baltimore *Farmer*:

Roses may be increased by layering, budding or cutting, and plants wanted for flowering early, should be repotted this month, to have them well established.

Schizanthus, Nemophyllas, Mignonette, Sweet Alyssum, Pansies, &c., may be sown for winter blooming; also the different stock Gillyflowers.

Chinese Primroses.—Shift now into pots for flowering, and sow seed for a fresh stock.

Pelargoniums may be headed down to within two or three eyes of the old wood.—Do not give too much water till they begin to grow again, or they are apt to rot off. Seed may be sown in pots or boxes in suitable soil.

Lemons and Oranges may be budded this month.

Gloxinias, Achimines, and such like, keep in a shady place, and re-pot in suitable sized pots for blooming, those that are likely to bloom this season.

All greenhouse plants will require repotting, and such as require it, should be headed down, to give them a proper shape. Give them plenty of room, and occasionally water with liquid manure—will be a great benefit to their growth and also add much to the appearance of the foliage.

As planting is all done out of doors, it is only requisite to keep the borders in good order.

Sow the seeds of herbaceous, perennial and biennial plants for flowering next year in the open ground, as Lychnis, Dracocepoalum, Double Wallflower, Carnations, Penstemons, Statices, Phloxes, &c. They make strong plants by the fall, and will be able to stand the winter. In the spring they can be transplanted without the least difficulty.

ALABAMA.

We take the following humorous "advice" from the Chambers (Ala.) Tribune, publish by J. J. Hooper, formerly of North Carolina. Some of it, perhaps, may not be inapplicable to his native State.

ADVICE—GRATIS.

It will be seen by the caption that we charge nothing for this advice. The reason why, is that it pertains to subjects agricultural, whereof it is presumed that we are profoundly ignorant. *Argal*, our advice may be worthless—and so we price it. We think we can say some things that will bear a striking resemblance, at least, to the truth; and if we do, our farming friends may make a clear profit out of this number of the Tribune.—And if so, that will be more than the most of them will do *out of their crops* the present year. Capital! The very thought that one agricultural friend may make more out of one number of our little paper than out of his whole crop, thrills, electrifies us, with delight. Let us try.

Our appeal is to the farmers of Chambers. We are mad enough with the whole brood, almost to wish that the gripes of hunger may get hold of and intertwist their small bowels, to a degree. And we are not angry without reason. It is true, we have not many reasons; but the one or two we have are invincibly potent. Firstly, we can't get any thing to eat. Secondly, NOBODY ELSE, about this town, can get any thing to eat. There are two good and sufficient reasons why we should be at "drawn daggers" with the farmers. Whose business is it to see that people (who have the money to pay for provisions, which by the way we have not, but we'll make a good note at short time, for meal, meat, chicken potatoes, butter, and so forth,) get provisions a plenty? The farmer's, indubitability. And whose fault is it, then, that butter has become "novel and difficult," and chicken-pie an "obsolete idea?" The farmers can't dodge the responsibility. How comes it, that this blessed day, we, our editorial self, are upon a short allowance of Montogomery ground meal. Let the farmers take shame for it. Who is responsible for the fact, that Montogomery Grocers are selling "middling" bacon, to fatmers in this country, at 13 cents? Why these same indentical, leather-headed, low-fenced, poor-horsed, half niggered improvident farmers themselves! We record it against them, that here in Chambers, one of the best grain counties in East Alabama, meal is worth from 80 to 100 cents a bushel, bacon 13 cents, butter 15 cents, chickings of the tenderest age 15 cents, and eggs about 25 cents, if you count out the rotten ones!

Ye gods! Can human nature be expected to survive amid such a state of things! Is it to be expected that we as an impartial journalist are to allow such things to be, without words of plainest reprehension? We trow not.

But the answer to all these grievances, is a groaning about the DROUTH of the past season. We take it, that this is no answer at all—The last was a fine wheat season. Those who sowed that grain in this, and all the surrounded country, received a most abundant return. What is the reason, then, that flour is not, at once, plentiful and cheap, hereabouts? Simply because ourunthrifty farmers will insist on converting good grain lands into poor cotton lands. They pitch their grain crop for a *moderate* supply, if the season should be a good one; and every drouth puts the country on short allowance. This is miserable policy; and in the long run the farmer is injured by it. The little cotton for which all the advantages of raising abundant supplies are sacrificed, does not compensate in a series of years. And strange as it may appear, although every farmer you talk to admits as much, not one in fifty but follows the starvation policy. This county will buy, the coming winter, nearly all the polk for next year's consumption, at enormous prices from Tennessee drover—if indeed any hogs fortunately should be driven here for sale. What a shame! We hope that every man that planted a small crop of corn and a big one of cotton, this year, may suffer in the pork market. Al such richly deserve it.

Again—every other man in this neighborhood is fixing to move to Texas or Louisiana this winter. They are going to settle fresh lands and wear *them* out—and then move again. That is the policy of our people. They scorn the idea of *improving* land; the great agricultural idea of our people is to reduce to hopeless sterility as much of the earth's surface as possible, in one's life time. They care no more for pleasant homes, fine orchards, fat herds, and the pleasure of producing at home what is needed at home, than the Cuban Creoles do for the blessing of liberty. It is cotton, cotton, cotton! Every man who works a half dozen hands, imagines himself a great cotton planter, and would be insulted if it was supposed that he raised his own meat. He is a cotton planter and buys Tennessee pork. As for producing smaller matters in the provision line, for sale, he'd knock you down, if you hinted at such a thing. All our people are "better raised" than that come to, and we have here on the red hills of Chambers just as sorry horses and mules, as few sheep and hogs, and are as guiltless of eating beef, poultry, butter and the like, as they are in Lowndes, Dallas, Greene and Marengo. We are entirely respectable in our ways. We are cotton-planters.

We have an agricultural friend in the lower part of this county who knows all about these things; and he has promised us to give his brethren a rasping on the matters we have hinted at, and we hope he will go to work immediately. Pitch it into them without mercy, and be sure not to do it in an agricultural periodical, for our "Planters" are too respectable to patronize publications which might possibly enlighten them on the economy of farming.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A THRILLING SKETCH.

But each strikes singly, silently, and home,
And sinks outwearied, rather than o'ercome;
His last faint quittance rendering with his breath,
Till the blade glimmers in the grasp of death!

BYRON.

LEONARDO GANDARA; or THE SCOURGE OF GRENADA.

BY G. S. RAYMOND.

It was near the close of a bright and beautiful day in September, 1839, that a troop of some thirty horsemen, in the showy uniform of the third regiment of lancers, and commanded by a gallant looking officer, who might have numbered thirty summers, emerged from a wild mountain pass, so deep and narrow, that the dwarf pines and umbrageous cork trees which grew on either hand to the very edge of the overhanging cliffs, locked their branches over the black gorge, and shut out every ray of sunlight from its gloomy depths, along the bottom of which ran a mountain stream, at this season of the year nearly dry.

Perhaps twenty of the horsemen had dismounted near a huge cork tree which grew in the centre of a little open glade some two hundred yards from the entrance of the defile, when some half-dozen officers, the golden trappings of whose horses, and their own gorgeous uniforms proclaimed them of high rank in the imperial army of Spain, came forth at a quick pace from the black gorge, and by the side of the foremost horseman, a man of noble, commanding presence, rode a magnificent creature, so exquisitely beautiful that she seemed rather a creation of some magic charm than a being of mortal mould.

The girl rode a powerful charger of pure Andalusian blood, black as midnight, and fiery as the wild mustang of the prairie. And yet so perfectly trained was the noble animal, that he seemed to understand her words, nay, even the slightest motion of her hand.

The lady and her gallant escort drew rein under the cork tree where the troopers had just dismounted, and within five minutes the whole party, with the exception of the officers and the lady, were engaged in preparing their evening meal.

"This has been a tedious day's march, Don Santiago," said the young officer who commanded the advance guard, addressing the one who had ridden by the side of the young lady, and who wore the rich uniform of a lieutenant-general, heavy with gold.

"It has indeed, Senor Colonel," replied the general, "but if Dona Minetta shrinks not from the hardships of this rugged journey, little need is here for us to complain, whose boast is that half our lives have been passed in the saddle."

"I meant not to complain, Senor General," quickly rejoined the Colonel; "it was only on the lady's account that I spoke."

"We all know that you are ever considerate of the ladies," said the general in a good humored tone, "but we, and Dona Minetta, too, have more to fear from a sudden attack from the fierce bandit chieftain, Leonardo Gandara, surnamed 'the Scourge of Grenada,' whose headquarters is somewhere in this neighborhood, than cause to be discouraged at the hardships and privations which we must necessarily encounter on our journey. They say this Leonardo bears a charmed life, proof against steel or lead, and that he is generally accompanied by a hundred ruffians as fearless as himself. But come, Antonio, our dinner; 'tis growing late, and we have four long leagues before us ere we reach a place of shelter for the night."

Scarcely had the general ceased to speak, when the sharp report of a carbine was heard near by, and the hissing ball scattered the rich bullion from his shoulder in every direction; and before the astonished officers and their troop could gain their feet, a band of more than a hundred ferocious looking villians armed to the teeth, and led on by a giant chief, dashed upon them from the cover of a dense thicket which skirted the little glade, and commenced the work of indiscriminate slaughter.

One half of the little escort fell under the murderous discharge of their deadly carbines, and the rembinder were fast being cut down by the reeking sabres of the ferocious robbers.

The noble looking general and his five companions drew their swords with the determination of defending their charge at all hazards from the furious assault of the fierce brigands. All thoughts of escape were vain, for they were hemmed in on every side by a hedge of men and horses, and flashing steel.

The last man of the little troop was down, and fifty gleaming blades menaced the half-dozen brave officers who surrounded the beautiful girl, fighting with the energy of despair.

The handsome colonel staggers backward, and sinks to the earth, with his brains dashed out by the butt of a heavy carbine, wielded by a sturdy robber. Another falls beneath a tremendous blow from the sabre of a brigand chief, and but four of all that gallant band remain to defend the lovely maiden against a hundred strong armed ruffians, who never knew mercy, and whose horrible trade is murder.

At the very moment when all seemed lost, and blank despair filled the hearts of the brave general and his gallant companions, a wild, shrill yell rings out from the adjoining thicket, and the next instant there is heard a tramp of horses, a crash as of a thunder gust, and before the astonished robbers recover from their sudden surprise, a hundred horsemen in the dark green uniform that distinguished a foreign legion in the service of Don Carlos, are upon them. The commander of the legion, so young and handsome that he seems almost a boy in years, dashes forward upon a milk-white steed, and, hand to hand, engages the dreaded robber chief himself.

It is a strange, exciting scene; that boy warrior, delicate and fair, almost as a woman, firmly bestriding that beautiful white war horse, and doing battle with the giant outlaw, who guides his coal black charger like a modern centaur, while he plies his sweeping blows with a savage fury that each moment threatens destruction to his slender antagonist.

Five minutes has the fierce combat continued, and full seventy of the mountain brigands have gone down under the resistless blows of the Carlist's sabres, and still the deadly combat between the young commander of the legion and the robber chief continues. Twice has the lithe steel of the gallant stranger in the dark green uniform drawn blood from his stalwart enemy, and twice has the trenchant blade of the foaming robber passed almost within a hair's breadth of his adversary's throat.

At length, taking instant advantage of an unguarded moment on the part of the young Carlist leader, the enraged chief drives his reeking spurs rowel deep into the quivering flanks of his noble steed, and at the same moment aims a deadly blow at the unprotected head of his daring assailant.

God help the generous stranger now! that sweeping blow will certainly hurl him to destruction.

No—quick as thought he reins his trained horse back upon his haunches, and the ringing sabre of the robber chief smote only the iron shod hoofs of his own noble war horse.

In an instant, before the giant can recover from the impetus of his mighty blow—even as his black plume mingles with the flowing mane of his sable courser—he glittering blade of the young Carlist chief quivers in the sunlight like the lightning's flash, and then its keen edge descends upon the bared neck of the doomed wretch, crashing through bone and muscle, as though the bright steel had encountered but the frail web of a spider.

For a moment the headless trunk sways to and fro in the saddle, while a crimson fountain spouts up from the severed neck, and streams down the sides of the noble animal, a shower bath of human gore. 'Tis but a moment, for the next the body topples over and falls heavily to the ground an inanimate corpse.

Thus perished the terrible freebooter, Leonardo Gandara, the *Scourge of Grenada*, who had for more than ten years infested the mountains about the headwaters of the Gaudalquiver, setting at defiance all law, human or divine, and successfully maintaining his position against whatever force the government had been able to send against him.

But what of the brave champion in the green uniform; he who has but this moment slain the powerful robber, for whose head the Spanish government has offered a reward of twenty thousand dollars? Look there! As he leaps from his horse, and approaches the astonished general and his companions, the beautiful girl bounds forward, and grasping both his hands, while she looks up into his handsome face with her whole soul beaming from her dark, lustrous eyes as she mumurs—

"Dear Victor, this is the second time within a year that your brave heart and ready hand has saved me from destruction. I can only repay you with a life's devotion. Come! my father will be proud to grasp the hand of the brave man who has twice saved his daughter's life, and once his own."

"Father," continues the lovely girl, as she leads the handsome young hero towards the wondering group, "father, you behold in our brave defender the gallant American, Don Victor Lincoln; he who, a few months since, at the risk of his own life, snatched me from the flames and the hands of an infuriated rabble at Cardova."

In a moment the noble Spanish General holds the young American to his heart. After a pause of a few moments the young man speaks—

"I need not inform you, Senor General, that I and my brave fellows here belong to the Carlist party, or rather did so before the cause was finally crushed, and since that time we have been wanderers in these mountains, seeking an opportunity to leave the country.

"A few days since, when the news reached us that the government would freely pardon all who should be instrumental in capturing or destroying the notorious miscreant, Leonardo, we determined to win the favor of the Spanish Government, and set out in search of the common enemy, whom we had nearly overtaken when he so suddenly attacked your troop."

"Right gallantly have you won the favor of our young sovereign, my noble preserver," exclaims the General, again embracing the young American. "Don Santiago Ybanes, Duke of Murcia, is not altogether powerless at the court of Madrid. You need not fear to accompany me, with your brave fellows, Don Victor; I am now on my way to the capitol."

* * * * *

Three months have gone by since that terrible encounter there in the little mountain glen, and one bright morning, early in the month of December, Victor Lincoln came forth from the cathedral of Madrid, dressed in the gorgeous uniform of a colonel in the imperial guards, and leaning on his arm was the magnificent Minetta, daughter of the noble Duke of Murcia, who looked smilingly up into his face, and called him "HUSBAND."

INTERNAL IMPROVEMENTS.

Plank Road Meetings.

MEETING AT BANKS', WAKE COUNTY.

Pursuant to previous notice, a Plank Road meeting was held at Maj. A. G. Banks', on Saturday the 13th ultimo.

On motion, Maj. A. G. Banks was called to the Chair, and N. J. Myatt and Thomas G. Whitaker appointed Secretaries.

The object of the meeting was briefly explained by the Chairman, when James Banks, Esq. of Fayetteville, was called on to address the meeting, which he did at some length, and in a manner well calculated to reflect credit on himself and the meeting.

Capt. Spears, of Cumberland, was then called on to address the meeting, and was followed by Col. Eccles, Engineer from Fayetteville.

The call was then made for Col. Thomas G. Whitaker, who responded briefly and forcibly.

Mr. Banks then made some additional remarks, as did some others also.

On motion the meeting then adjourned, to meet again at Adams' & Clayton's Mills, on Saturday the 27th of September, 1851.

A. G. BANKS, *Chairman.*

T. G. WHITAKER, N. J. MYATT, } *Secretaries.*

MEETING AT MRS. BARCLAY'S.

Pursuant to Public notice, a large and respectable number of the citizens of the Counties of Cumberland, Wake and Johnston, met at Mrs. Barclay's, (Barclaysville,) on Saturday the 20th ultimo, when, on motion of Maj. Arch'd McLean, of Fayetteville, Col. Arch'd McNeill, of Cumberland, was unanimously called to the Chair, and N. J. Myatt, of Wake, and Stewart Pipkin, of Cumberland, requested to act as Secretaries.

The object of the meeting was then fully explained by the Chairman, to be to assist the noble enterprise already in progress, of constructing a Plank Road from Fayetteville to Raleigh, in the most direct and practicable route, by the "Joint Stock Company."

After the Chairman had resumed his seat, a call was made for Col. Thomas G. Whitaker, of Wake, who responded briefly yet forcible, and then introduced to the meeting William H. Haigh, Esq., of Fayetteville, who entertained the meeting for some time, with a most excellent speech, proving by arguments and facts the practicability and advantage of such a Road as the one proposed.

John A. Spears, Esq. of Cumberland, was then loudly called for, who promptly responded in a manner well calculated to promote the interest of the Road.

Col. T. G. Whitaker, of Wake, then introduced the following Preamble and Resolutions, which after being read and duly considered, were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, The construction of the Plank Road from Fayetteville, to Raleigh, already located from Fayetteville to Kinsbury, is deemed of inestimable consideration; and whereas, in the opinion of this meeting, it is of great importance that the said Road shall be located in the most direct and practicable route between the town of Fayetteville and the City of Raleigh.

Resolved, That this meeting hereby approves of the formation of the Fayetteville and Raleigh Joint Stock Plank Road Company, and will cordially co-operate with them in securing the speedy construction of said Road.

On motion of Maj. McLean, books were then opened to receive subscriptions for the Road, when about ten thousand dollars was promptly subscribed.

Col. Whitaker, of Wake offered another Resolution as follows, which was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That this meeting recommend to the President and Directors of the "Joint Stock Plank Road Company," from Fayetteville to Raleigh, the importance of making Mrs. Barclay's, (or Barclaysville,) a settled point on said Road, and direct the Engineer to proceed immediately to locate the Road from Barclaysville to some point on Cape Fear River, at or near McNeill's Ferry.

On motion, *Resolved*, That the Chairman appoint a Committee to solicit subscriptions to the Road.

Whereupon he appointed Dr. McKay, John Green, C. C. Barnes, and Daniel McLeod, Esq. from Barclaysville to the River, and Dr. J. T. Leach, Col. T. G. Whitaker, and Simon Smith, Esq. from this to Raleigh.

The thanks of the meeting were unanimously tendered to Mrs. Barclay, for her hospitality and kindness on the occasion.

A Resolution of thanks was voted unanimously to the Chairman, for the able, dignified, and impartial manner in which he had presided over this meeting.

Resolved, That the Editors of the newspapers published in Fayetteville and Raleigh be requested to publish the proceedings.

ARCH'D McNEILL, *Chairman.*

N. J. MYATT, STEWART PIPKIN, } *Secretaries.*

GENEROUS SENTIMENTS.—Intelligent citizens of all sections and all parties in the State, are becoming united in a stronger and firmer band for the regeneration of the State. Sect and Party—Whig and Democrat—East and West—will soon be terms unknown in the great, invincible phalanx, combined to push forward the improvement of North Carolina. The judicious combination and active employment of the capital, energy, skill and labor which has so long lain dormant or been frittered away within our borders, will soon effect wonders astonishing to ourselves. We only ask a "pull all together" to make our native State what every patriotic son of the good old mother would have her.

We take the responsibility of publishing an extract of a letter from a distinguished citizen of the eastern part of the State to a gentleman of this place,—elicited by the celebration of breaking ground on the N. C. Railroad, the 11th July last. Though an eastern man, and identified with the Democratic party,—he knows no East or West, and no political distinctions, in his noble aspirations and efforts for the good of his State. And we are happy in the belief, that there are thousands like him. Written in all the freedom of private and friendly correspondence, it is a "gem of purest ray serene." Though we may differ from him in our notions of the policy of changing the constitution of the State, we may all admire the honesty, patriotism, State pride, and generous social spirit breathed in every line. It will make every North Carolinian who reads it a little better citizen than he was before:

Greensboro' Pat.

"It was truly gratifying to learn that your festival of the 11th (July) went off so well, and especially that so much harmony and such an indomitable spirit prevailed in the meeting of stock holders. I need not tell you how glad I should have been, by my presence, to have extended the hand of gratulation to you and other friends of the noble work. A visit to your town on such an occasion would have been full of pleasure—it would not only have enabled me, in the language of St. Paul, "to rejoice with them that do rejoice," but to have met many of my old and valued friends, and to have formed the acquaintance of many others. And, in this regard, I should not have inquired of what political complexion they were—for, with me it is a *fixed* opinion, that public life would be a curse, and to be abjured, if it interfered with the pleasures which flow from pure and unmixed friendships. That friendship which could thus be interrupted is not seated in the heart, but the head; its professions are of the lip only, and its nurture lasts only as long as the occasion or interest that produced it.

"All praise is due to the western people for their liberal contributions and personal efforts in the cause of the great North Carolina Road. It is but the foreshadowing of what they will be able to achieve when full scope shall be given to their bold spirit of enterprise by the possession of the facilities and incentives which have been much too long withheld from them. No people deserve more, and, from my soul, I wish them the speedy fruition of all they deserve. The assurance that this work will now be accomplished must gladden the heart of every true North Carolinian. Precisely such a work has long been needed in North Carolina; and had we only been as true and as kind to ourselves as Providence has been to us, we should now realize all the benefits of which it is doubtless the harbinger. I now look to it as the great pioneer in the cause of internal improvement. It will take from the demagogue the means of agitation—make many ashamed of their *low prejudices*, and awaken a spirit that will carry us forward and upward to that high destiny whose advantages already begin to unfold themselves to view. No State is more susceptible of those ties, social and political, which should band a people together and make them one in destiny and interest, than our good old mother. With proper channels of trade and intercourse, there will soon grow up a homogeneousness of interest and a spirit of fraternity that will make each and all look to a common good and determine to abide a common destiny. We shall then hear no more of East and West, no more be distracted with rivalship for power,—no more have our ears assailed by the harsh sounds of ungracious tinkering of our good old constitution—the very best, I verily believe, the wit of man ever devised, or *ever can or will* devise: I would preserve it forever as an ORACLE, to which our sister States might make a pilgrimage for counsel and instruction in the general wreck with which the universal relaxation (now in progress) of all the curbs upon the evil moral principles of *our nature* must sooner or later overwhelm them. But I am gliding into an East and West question: Whig as you are, I know you *would forgive me*; but I have a treaty with myself which I should not break."

From the Mountain Banner.

MILK SICK.

"The greatest discoveries are the simplest,"
Philip Sing Physick.

It is seen in the tents of Japhet, in the wigwam of the Indian: it usually makes its appearance when the sun is in that sign of the Zodiac called Taurus, (the Bull.) Every autumn it prevails contiguous to the Apalachian mountains. I have seen it in Virginia, North Carolina, and Georgia. It is found in North Alabama, Tennessee, and in all the North Western States.

This distemper commences with the cow, at length the dire contagion spreads to man—insidious foe!—lies in ambush on our tables, in our milk, butter, beef,—crawls into palaces of the rich, is felt keener than a serpent's tooth in the ranchers of the cow-herd. Wherever the butter and beef from a milk-sick region are eaten and used, there it is found. It commences its stealthy march in sequestered coves, remote places, invades the country, spreads its mortality in our populous cities, its origin is remote from seats of science, from large masses of people, where professional men are rarely found possessing the requisite qualifications to give the public a useful history of this dreadful sickness.—Every drove of cattle or firkin of butter that starts from an infected locality, are so many arrows of death sent to a distant people* generating the most deadly disease I ever saw, where patient and physician are both in the dark.

I have spent thirteen consecutive years seeing and studying this distemper which I am convinced has sent, is sending, more people to "that bourne from whence no traveller returns," than any one pestilence that ever prevailed on the American continent. The Legislature of Kentucky, followed by several others, have offered liberal compensations to any person who would discover and publish a cure for milk-sick, which I have done and sufficiently tested.

In this laconic notice I can only throw out a few hints. The cause is torrent, symptoms so peculiar and characteristic they never can be mistaken. I have written a little book ready, for publication, which shall soon be distributed over the milk-sick area, containing *rationale* of cause, symptoms, and modus operandi of cure. My main object in living is to do good.

WM. A. GRAHAM.

*The butter by time and transportation becomes a more rancid and virulent poison, kills more in New Orleans than on the American bottom in Illinois. The cattle driven from Ohio kill more in the Eastern cities than on her own shores and lakes, because it is a law of the distemper that muscular action, exertion, developes and increases the force of the poison. There is onething consoling, a cure has been provided accessible to all. *Ubi morbus, ibi remedium.*

Why is so little said of the complaint? Because little or nothing has been known. It is sometimes called an anomalous case, a bilious typhoid, a congestive fever—men will adopt any mode to disguise ignorance.

MORE LYNCH LAW—A BALTIMOREAN HUNG!—The El Dorado News, extra, of the 9th of August, contains the following:

Yesterday, at about 2 o'clock P. M., as two miners, Jim Graham and Alexander Leslie, were returning to Greenwood Valley, and when within a mile of that place, while stopping to rest, Graham asked Leslie to lend him a needle and thread to mend his pantaloons. After he had got through with it he returned it to Leslie and while he was putting it up Graham shot him with a shot gun, five buck shot lodging in the back part of the head and neck. Graham then robbed him of seven hundred dollars in gold dust, and started for Sacramento. In about half an hour Leslie, recovered sufficient to crawl to a cabin about a mile distant, and gave the alarm, when a party immediately set out in pursuit of Graham, and succeeded in capturing him about three miles below the place, and recovering the gold.

He was taken back to Greenwood Valley, when a Court of the people was called, a jury of twelve men chosen, and the trial commenced. Everything was conducted in a cool and deliberate manner. After a patient hearing, which lasted from 10 o'clock straight till 12 next day, the jury retired and soon returned with a verdict of guilty, and sentenced him to be hung. He was allowed a few hours to prepare for death, and at 7 o'clock this evening, was taken to a tree in the rear of the American Hotel, where he was hung.

Graham was a sailor from Baltimore, Md. Leslie is yet alive, but very little hopes of his recovery are entertained. He has a father and mother residing in Rondleville, N. C.

A NEW PLANT—called the Victoria Regina, is now attracting a great many persons to the gardens of the country-seat of Caleb Cope, esq., in Burlington county. The flowers of this singular plant often present most grotesque configurations, sometimes likened to heads and bodies of animals, and the stems sometimes presenting the forms of tall grasses, and, at others, contracted into the most clumsy figure. It is a native of British Guiana, and was recently introduced into England, the first having flowered in the gardens of the Duke of Devonshire in 1849. Mr. Cope procured the seed from England, planted it on the 10th of March last, and on the 24th of May it was transplanted, when the leaf measured four and a half inches. Up to the 2nd inst. it had produced thirty leaves, the largest measuring six feet six inches in diameter; the stem of the leaf is from ten to twelve feet long, thickly set with strong spines.—Mr. Cope has erected a building purposely for this plant, twenty-five feet high and thirty-four feet each way, forming a square, with a double roof. In the centre is an octagon tank, twenty-four feet in diameter, the middle containing a basin four and a half feet deep, in which is deposited the lily for its growth.

[*Newark (N. J.) Advertiser.*

TERRIBLE RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—We mentioned, on Saturday, that a terrible railroad accident had occurred near Everett's Tunnel, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, on Thursday last, at the point to which the recent excursion extended, where the road winds around the edge of a deep precipice, at the bottom of which runs the Savage river. The Cumberland Civilian gives the following additional particulars: *Balt. Sun.*

"As the iron train was passing around Savage Mountain, about 50 yards from Everett's Tunnel, the flange of the wheel of the foremost car broke, and the car, with 8 tons of railroad iron was immediately precipitated over the embankment, making several complete somersets and falling a distance of 50 feet. Unfortunately, about fifteen persons were on the car at the time, mostly all natives of Ireland, proceeding to different points of the road west. Three men were killed outright, another had his skull badly fractured and is not expected to survive, another had a leg broken, another had his collar bone broken, a woman had her finger cut off, while five or six others were more or less injured. One of the three men killed was a German named Henry Mesman, well known at this place. The names of the rest could not be ascertained, as they were strangers."

The Allegianian adds:

"A woman, with an infant in her arms, was on the car when it went over the precipice—and, strange to tell, the infant escaped without the slightest bruise, and the only injury sustained by the mother was the loss of a part of one of her fingers.

WHAT NEXT?—This is surely an age of new inventions. A *steam plough* has been invented in England, and successfully used for some time, though not economically. In England it is estimated that the cost of steam power is less by one half than that for horse; but in the United States it is thought the expense would be greater. In the level portions of the Southern States, where fuel is very cheap, it is believed it could be used with the greatest advantage.

A steam machine for sowing seed comes next, we suppose. *Mountain Banner*

MR. LAWRENCE, the American Minister, had not left London at last advices on his proposed visit to Ireland. As entertained at dinner, on the 3d instant, Sir Henry L. Bulwer, British Minister to the United States, and Lady Bulwer, Mr. Rives, American Minister to France, Mrs. Rives, and the Misses Rives, the Nepolion and Turkish Ministers, Dr. Warren, Mr. P. Bassett, and other gentlemen.

There are now four Bishops elect, says the New York Express, awaiting consecration: Creighton, of New York; Rutledge, of South Carolina; Williams, of Connecticut; and Whitehouse, of Illinois. They may, ere long, be consecrated at one and the same time, which will be an incident of deep interest in the church of which they are ministers.

Mr. Attorney General Crittenden has (in the absence of Mr. Webster) been appointed Acting Secretary of State.