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."

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AGRICULTURAL.

A PATTERN FARMER, &c.

We love to record any thing like the following found in North Carolina:

The Editor of the Mountain Banner gives a lively sketch of his visit to Henderson Court; from which we extract the following:

We staid Sunday night with our good friend Dr. Columbus Mills, a pattern farmer and a model of hospitality. It did us good to see his hundred sheep, his fat cattle and fine horses. His barns and stables are all arranged with care and so as to afford shelter to all his stock. He has one barn 150 feet long, the loft of which is filled for 100 feet with good sweet scented hay. It is the biggest pile of grass we ever saw, and reminded us of the fulfilment of the scriptural prophecy that "all flesh shall become grass." Much of this grass, however, will become flesh.

The Doctor informed us that he made over 500 bushels of wheat this year. One arrangement connected with his thrasher we admire very much, the invention of his brother, Wm. S. Mills, Esq. This is two large drawers running across the whole width of the barn, and fixed on rails so that they can be pushed out. Each of these drawers will hold about fifty bushels, and they are used for sunning wheat. They can be run out into the sun and back into the barn at pleasure."

THE NEW SWEET POTATO.

We made reference the other day to a new variety of the sweet potato, believed to have been brought from some part of South America. Superiority as to size, flavor, &c., was claimed for it over all other kinds. We suggested that it was probably the West India yam, which grows in most countries, and is frequently met with in the vegetable market here. This has brought a note from an esteemed correspondent, who knows something of this new variety, and he intimates that we shall soon have an opportunity ourselves of judging of its merits. "The fact is," he says, "the root is different in growth and every quality, from every one we have here, and I, as well as many who have tasted them, view them as entirely superior. They are either in the shape of a thick yam potato, or like a turnip; a great proportion of the large size is in that form. For my own part, I consider them the most elegant root on a table that I know of, when prepared as the Irish potato; and to me they seem a connecting link between a fine mealy Irish potato and a sweet potato.

Mobile Herald.

MEMORANDA OF AGRICULTURE, &c., IN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

NUMBER ONE.

A very large part of the entire soil of England and Scotland is owned by the Nobility and a few wealthy Commoners. The lands are leased out, ordinarily for a long term of years, to those who farm them, at different prices, according to their position, improvements, and capabilities, at from 16 shillings to £4 00 per acre. About £3 00 per acre, per annum, is a common price in good agricultural regions.—The size of the farms vary from a few acres, up to five, six, and even eight hundred or a thousand acres.

England may be said to be one vast enclosure, there being no waste or unenclosed lands, except on a few *heaths* and extended *mosses*. The fields are commonly small, and divided off by *Hedges* of *Hawthorn*, *Privy* or *Holly*.—Many of these hedges are kept beautifully trimmed, and together with the trees that are left along the hedge-rows, in the grass lands and cultivated grounds, gives to the whole country a most lovely and forest-like appearance.

About two-thirds of all the land in England is devoted to grass, either for hay or pasturage. Their grass and grain fields are much infested with noxious weeds; more so than the lands of our country—it requires a vast amount of labour, by *hand weeding*, an employment at which you see many engaged, to keep down those foul intruders. Among these noxious productions, the *Butter Cup* is perhaps the most common. The *Narrow Plantain* is abundant every where, and the Wild Poppy abounds especially in the Southern part of the Kingdom. But the most dreaded of their noxious weeds is the *Squinsch*, having a root like the Horse-radish, and is very hard to eradicate from the soil.

The cottages of the English Farmers are unusually small, built of brick, and are comfortable without elegance. The English people are fond of flowers, and hence you rarely see a cottage, however humble, that is without the adornment of cheerful flowers around it.

The improvements in the cultivation of the soil in England and Scotland have been immense within the last few years. This is not only shown in the draining of large bodies of *salt marsh* and fresh *bog land*, and the cultivation of dry *moores* and *heaths*, hitherto thought impracticable to the hand of a agriculture, but in a more appropriate and scientific management of old and long cultivated soils.

The British government is doing much for the country by the loan of large sums of money to agriculturists to enable them to *ditch* and reclaim the *bog lands*, and *moores*, and especially the large bodies of *salt marsh* on the borders of the sea.

Every portion of England is highly improved, nevertheless there is a vast difference here as elsewhere in the productiveness and adaptation of the soil on different farms and in different sections. It is as true here as in old Virginia, "that the hand of the diligent maketh to flourish." All the country, in the neatness of its cultivation looks garden like, still it is those farms on which the most judicious labor and taste have been bestowed, that exhibit the highest appearance of fertility and beauty.

In my next No. I will give you some memoranda of the English and Scotch Methods of Plowing, Rotation of Crops, &c.

J. J. M.

STEAM PLOUGHING.

We have heretofore noticed the introduction of steam ploughing in England. We now subjoin an extract describing the process pursued in the experiment. One engine only was used.

"The field selected for the purpose had grown a wheat crop, and was of good malleable soil. The engine—a beautiful piece of machinery—was placed on a movable train road at the end of the field. By way of testing the relative powers, the plough, a double one, with reversed shares and coulters, was drawn in one direction by horses, and contrarily by steam. The horses, four very powerful animals, had much labor to drag the implement, and that only at a slow pace; whilst the engine of 26 horse power, hurried it back as fast as a man could fairly walk to conduct the plough. After several "shouts" a subsoil plough was attached at a gage of 9 and afterwards 12 inches. This additional burden, which the horses could not possibly have drawn, evidently steadied and improved the motion, and left the work in a most satisfactory manner. Harrows were afterwards appended with an equally pleasing result. The ploughing took place across old land, which showed in some places considerable dips.

"Two engines placed parallel at each end of the field would, without difficulty, with only a double plough, complete four acres of land in ten hours, and if required, subsoil it too.—The work is more effectively performed, for it must be borne in mind, that land ploughed by steam has this great advantage—that there are no indentations or basins left as when ploughed by horses (from the feet) a matter of great importance on clay soils, and where subsoiling is required, an advantage that cannot be too highly appreciated."

We subjoin the estimate given of the cost of doing this work in England, compared with that of accomplishing the same work by horse power. We do this not because we suppose the information can be of any practical value in this country, but to show how low both mechanical and agricultural labor, as well as the hire of horses, are estimated, compared with the cost of the same work in this country. The wages of engine drivers, strokers of firemen, ploughmen, and cost of fuel and horse hire must be more than double those of the estimate to command the labor here described in this country.

"We will now proceed to show the relative cost of ploughing a field of (say) 24 acres by animal power and by the aid of the steam engines.

BY HORSE POWER.				£	s.	d.
24 Acres of Land, requiring two horses a-breast and man, could be ploughed at 8s per acre.				9	12	0
BY STEAM POWER.						
Two drivers at	2s each per day,	for	4	16	0	
Four strokers,	2s	do.	4s	1	4	0
Ploughman,	2s	do.	4s	0	12	0
Two Boys	1s	do.	4s	1	0	0
Coal,	4 cwt	do.	24s	4	8	0
Add 10 per cent wear and tear of engines,						
only 24 acres,				0	16	0
				7	16	0
Balance in favor of Steam Power,				1	16	0

"By steam power the 24 acres would be completed in a week. It would require at least 10 horses to plough it in the same period.—Some lands must have more horse and manual labor, and, of course, at a greater cost than in the above calculation. No estimate is made of the value of subsoiling, which, with steam power, would be better accomplished without additional expense, except one man, perhaps, for guiding the plough."

REMEDY FOR THE DISTEMPER AMONG CATTLE.

A fatal discemper among the cattle, has prevailed in Danville and the surrounding country for several years. It is known as the North Carolina distemper. Our friend, James P. Stone, a respectable farmer in the neighborhood of Danville, has communicated to us a remedy which he has repeatedly used with entire success.

Remedy: A table-spoon full, twice, of brimstone; a table-spoon full, once, of saltpetre; a table-spoon full, once, of alum. Mix together, and reduce to small particles by beating. Pour out a quart of cold water, stir well, and after a few minutes pour the mixture into a bottle. Drench the cow from the bottle, till she has taken the quart. One dose will effect a cure. *Danville Register.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

PRAISES AMONG THE MARRIED.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

Yes, among the married. Why should they not speak kindly of each other? the voice of commendation is sweet, doubly sweet from those we love. It chills the best feelings, weakens the highest aspirations when continuous and sacrificing effort calls forth no kindly returns—no words of cheer, of encouragement. The snow never untrampled in the deep, hollow recesses of the mountain cliff, where no straggling beam of merry sunshine melts it with kisses; cold and white it sleeps in perpetual shadow, till its soft roundness congeals into ice. And so the heart, if forced to abide in the shadow of frowns, under the continual dropping of hard, unkindly words, will assimilate itself to its mate, and become a sad and listless heart, lying heavily and cold in the bosom that should be all filled with glowing sympathies.

Husbands often do not know with what ceaseless solicitude the duties of a wife and mother are accompanied. They leave home early, many of them; the routine of business, the same as it was yesterday, and will be months to come, is so thoroughly digested that the performance is measurably without annoyance. They have no heavy or wearing household work to do, no fretting little ones hanging on to their garments, now to nurse, now to correct, now to instruct, while still the dusting, and the cleansing, and the preparing of food, must be going on, and the little garments must be nicely fitted and made, or all would be untidiness and confusion.—Yet how many an adroit manager contrives to get through with all this, willing—if she is but appreciated, and her valuable services esteemed—to endure, calmly, the trials incident to her lot, keeping care from her pleasant face by a merry spirit and cheerful demeanor.

But if she never hears the kindly "I thank you," or beholds the beautiful smile that unuttered gratitude spreads upon the countenance of him for whom she has forsaken all, what immeasurable anguish will she not experience?

We have often thought how poignant must be the grief, how heavy the disappointment of the young wife, when she first learns that the husband of her choice is totally indifferent to her studied efforts to please. He has many times, in former days, praised the glossy beauty of her sunny hair, and curled its rings of gold around his fingers. He has gazed in her face until it is stamped upon the tablets of his heart, yet—through utter thoughtlessness—he forgets now that it has been such a talisman of goodness and purity to him, or old associates have made him too much their own, to play the lover after the solemn words of ceremony are spoken. He has given her his honor, and a home; his name, his means; what more can she want?

Gaily as the bird upon the tree by her door-side, does she go carrolling about her work. The day seems one long year—but still, twilight *does* come, and she awaits the return of her husband. He has perhaps but slender resources; he is a laboring man, and their cottage is humble and low-roofed. How light is her step; how happy her brow. Like a skilful painter she has touched and retouched all the slender luxuries of her home, till they seem to her like the adornings of a paradise. She has taste, refinement, a quick perception of the delicate and beautiful, though mayhap she never has plied her needle at worsted tapestry, traced the outlines of a single tree or flower, or elicited sweet sounds from harp or piano.

The hearth is bright and red—not a speck of dust is visible. She has brought out all her hoarded wealth, and the tablets, the new varnished bureau, and the arm-chair back, shine in snowy garniture. She has placed the little pictures in the best light, hung up the wide sampler—her child-work at school—made all things look cheerful and bright, placed a bouquet of brilliant flowers upon the neat supper-table, and another in the little fire-place, and with pleasant anticipations she awaits his return.

"How cheerful every thing looks," she murmurs; "and how pleased he will be; he will commend my care and taste."

Presently the well-known step draws near; she flies with a happy smile to meet him, and together they enter their mutual home.

What! no sign of surprise! no new delight on his feature!

Does he receive all her attention as a matter of course? something looked for, expected, easily done, and without price? Can he not pay her the tribute of a glad smile? Alas! he does not believe in praise; his wife must be disinterested; must look upon these performances as stern duties; if he praise now, and forget to praise again, they may be discontinued.

She is disappointed, chagrined; and unless taste and perfect neatness are indispensable to her own comfort, she gradually weanes in well doing, when a little kindly encouragement, a little praise, might have stimulated her to constant exertion.

Many a wife becomes careless of her appearance because of her husband's indifference. Now in the simple matter of dress—not so simple either—how often men think it beneath their notice to approve the choice of their companions. We once remarked to a gentleman, that his wife displayed most admirable taste in her attire, and what think you was his answer? With a sigh we record it; "has she? well now I should hardly know whether she had on a wash gown or a satin dress." We involuntarily disliked him; and thought that the expression upon the countenance of his partner, spoke volumes.

Now we do like to see a husband notice such things, even to particularity. We like to hear him give his opinion as to whether such and such a thing is becoming to his wife. We are pleased to see a father interested in the little purchases of his children, one who never says with a frown, "oh! go away; I don't care for such things; run yourselves."

And in how should someone, she husband should express his approbation of neatness and order, he should be grateful for any little effort that may have been put forth to add to his comfort or pleasure; he should commend the good graces of his wife, and at fitting times make mention of them. Indeed not one alone, but both should reciprocate the good offices of the other. We never esteemed a woman the less on hearing her say, "I have a good husband;" we never thought a man wanting in dignity, who spoke of his wife being dear to him, or quoted her amiability of industry as worthy of example before others. Who does not esteem the unaffected praise of a husband, or a wife, above that of all others? No motive but love induces either to

"Speak the gentle words
That sink into the heart."

Solomon says, "her husband he praiseth her;" and only the morose and reserved, who care not to fill the fount of kindliness by pleasant words, differ from the sacred writer.

How many a home have we seen glittering with splendor; where glowing marble from Italia's clime gives a silent welcome to the entering guest; where on the walls hang votive offerings of art that fill the whole soul with their beauty; where the carpets yield to the lightest pressure, and the rich hangings crimson the palest cheek. Yet amidst all this show and adorning has the proud wife sat, the choicest piece of furniture there—for so her husband regards her. Formal and stern, he has thrown around her the drapery of his chill heart, and it has folded about her like marble. She is "my lady," and nothing more. No outbursts of affection in the form of sweet praise, fall upon her ears—yet pendants of diamonds drop therefrom, but their shining is like his love, costly and cold. We have heard such a one say, in times gone by, "all this wealth, all this show, and pride of station would I resign, for one word of praise from my husband. He never relaxes from the lofiness which has made him feared among men; he never speaks to me but with measured accents, though he surrounds me with luxuries."

We wondered not that a stifled sob closed the sentence; who had not rather live in a cottage, through which the winds revel and the raindrops fall, with one in whose heart dwell impulses, the holiest in our nature, one who is not ashamed or afraid to give fitting commendation, than in the most gorgeous of earthly palaces with a companion whose lips are sealed forever to the expression of fondness, sympathy, and praise.—*Olive Branch.*

THE LATE S. S. PRENTISS AND THE AMERICAN WHIG REVIEW.—We copy the following notice of the last number of the American Whig review, and of Reminiscences of the late S. S. Prentiss, from the New Orleans Bee:—

The first object that attracted our attention was an engraving, or portrait, of the late lamented Sergeant S. Prentiss; and in looking at the table of contents, we noticed "Reminiscences of S. S. Prentiss, by T. B. Thorpe, Esq., of Louisiana, author of Tom Owen, the Bee Hunter, &c. &c." It seems it forms part of the plan of the editors of the Whig Review to give an engraved portrait of some distinguished individual in every number, generally living American statesmen, and whenever that is possible, an authentic memoir of the person represented, will be found in the same number. Such a plan greatly enhances the interest of the work; and this number will be highly valued, not only on account of the portrait, but for the reminiscences of the life of such a man as the late S. S. Prentiss.

Those who were familiar with the expression of countenance of Prentiss, will say, that though certainly to be seen in the portrait, the engraving is not a striking likeness of the man whose eloquence we had occasion so often to admire. The face is rather too large, and there is not a sufficient air of benignity thrown around it.

Considering the scanty materials that Mr. Thorpe had at his command, we think he has succeeded admirably in conveying to the minds of the readers of the Review, a pretty accurate conception of the genius and character of the late Mr. Prentiss. Take it as a whole the article is well written, many of the descriptions are as graphic as they are true, and some of them as just as they are amusing. We are sorry that our limits will not allow of large extracts from the 'Reminiscences,' for we are certain, that thousands throughout the whole south, will read with intense interest anything, or any anecdote that has reference to a man who had for many years attracted a large share of public notice, and acquired such an amount of well earned celebrity.

Here is a fine anecdote from the article in question:

"The extraordinary inspiration that the presence of ladies gave to Mr. Prentiss when addressing an audience, was easily perceptible, and consequently his addresses "to the Court," were always finer from that soft imagery, so peculiar to him, than were his speeches delivered before a promiscuous audience. An amusing incident occurred many years ago, that is, perhaps, worth relating. In one of the "new counties" of Mississippi, then just wrested from the aboriginal inhabitants, Mr. Prentiss had an Indian for a client. The log cabin court house presented little to excite the imagination, and the "etiquette of the bench," almost precluded anything but a very common place speech. Mr. Prentiss took but little interest seemingly in the matter before him, when two or three ladies were noticed, peering into the "Hall of Justice," evidently anxious to hear his voice, and see one of whom they had heard so much. Instantly the manner of Prentiss changed, and he was soon indulging in some of his most brilliant sentences. The politeness of the Sheriff found seats for the fair intruders upon the common court room, and the consequence was that Mr. Prentiss was soon in the midst of an address in behalf of the "wronged Indian," that for pathos, for beauty, and for effect, was never surpassed."

Here perhaps, continues Mr. Thorpe, while speaking of the involuntary compliments he paid to the presence of women, it may not be improper to say, that towards all connected with him by ties of blood, he ever felt the most active affection, and more especially did his heart, through youth and manhood turn towards his sisters and mother. Of all the sons of New England, who have found a home in the far south, none have surpassed him in attention to those outward tokens that tell of an ever cherished remembrance, an ever living love. From the time that Mr. Prentiss left the paternal roof, almost to the hour of his decease, did he pour out his soul to an absent Parent, in continued correspondence, which as now preserved, extends over more than a quarter of a century, growing in quantity, and increasing in affection, to the day of his death.

Upon the very threshold of his first success, he writes: "I am very proud of my sisters, and I am grateful to them also for, had I not such kind and affectionate sisters, and such a mother as I have, I do most sincerely believe, that I should never have been successful in life. But the thought," he continues, of "home, and the loved ones there, has warmed my benumbed feelings, and encouraged me to renewed efforts, by the reflection that there were, though afar off, those whose happiness was in some degree at least connected with mine; and I hold that no person can be entirely miserable while there is in the world a single individual who will rejoice in his prosperity, or feel sorrow for his adversity."

We cannot resist giving the two following anecdotes from Mr. Thorpe's sketch as truly characteristic of its subject and as illustrating not only the filial affection which lingered in his bosom, but the beauty and fitness of his replies. "When Mr. Prentiss on a visit some years ago to the North, but after his reputation had become wide-spread, a distinguished lady of Portland took pains to obtain an introduction by visiting the steamboat in which she learned he was to take his departure in a few moments. "I have wished to see you," said she to Mr. Prentiss, "for my heart has often congratulated the mother who has such a son." "Rather congratulate the son on having such a mother!!" was his instant reply: and it was unaffected and heartfelt.

No man perhaps ever lived who received a greater number of personal compliments than Mr. Prentiss, but he always received them with that peculiar grace and dignity so eminent in his reply to the lady of Portland.—One day, says Mr. Thorpe, I met him on the street, in New Orleans, leading by the hand his two sons, remarkably beautiful children. I was struck with their evident resemblance to their father, and complimented him upon it. "Ah," said he, "they have the light hair and blue eye of the Anglo Saxon robber," "they are American boys."

Our readers should get the review, and read the whole article. From the "Reminiscences" we can make no further extracts, but will state that this number of the Whig Review, published in New York, opens with a sensible, temperate, and well-timed article on "Unity of the Whigs: Their Principles and Measures." It is a paper of considerable merit; patriotic in feeling, conservative in tone, and sound in principle. It deprecates sectional agitation, counsels a rigid adherence to the Government and the laws, points out the folly and wickedness of disunion, and exhorts all good men to practice devotion and loyalty to the Union, as the safest and surest guarantee of its perpetuity.

As beacons in harbors, lighting up a great flame with a few dried sticks, afford sufficient help to ships wandering on the deep; so, one illustrious man, in a troubled and afflicted city, himself content with little, is the great benefactor of his fellow citizens.

ADVERTISING FOR WIVES AND HUSBANDS.—The Troy (N. Y.) Whig has the following:

Four young ladies, tired as they say of celibacy, advertise for husbands in the Troy Times. Widowers are notified that they need not apply. For further particulars aspiring swains are requested to address, postpaid, Ella Irving, Kate Seymour, Grace Forrester and Eliza Marchmont. Wonder if they wear bloomer dresses!

This advertising for wives and husbands is not now a new business, and sometimes turns out with extraordinary luck to the parties. The New York Express relates the annexed instance.

More than a year ago a gentleman from the West, very well off, of a very excellent character, and withal, a very good looking man, under 40, advertised in the Express for a wife. We saw his friends, his referees, his daguerreotype, and all that. To the advertisement came about one hundred answers, and from many most reputable and intelligent ladies. Suffice, it to say that the gentleman, who is particular as to his choice, and the lady who was equally so as to her choice, were married, and we were assured by a very intimate friend of the parties the other day, that a better united or happier couple are not to be found in the country. The gentleman had been a successful Western merchant for many years, and the lady was a sister of a New York merchant in good standing here.

A MOUNTAIN IN MOTION—SURPRISING IF TRUE.—The New York Tribune translates from its German exchanges an account of a singular catastrophe:

"Above the district of Magyarokarck, in the south-western portion of Transylvania, there are two mountains, Venyikes and Gelesztas. The district lies on a slope of the two mountains, which are from 800 to 1,000 feet high, opposite a kettle-shaped hollow. On the 13th of August the Gelesztas began to move, and forced the Venyikes, which is about four miles from Magyarokarck, so near to that district that it is now scarcely twenty paces distant, and threatens to destroy the whole village. The motion of the mountain continued from midnight on the 13th to noon on the 15th of August, and during this time it occasioned great damage through a space of about one third of a mile in length and nearly a quarter of a mile in breadth. The fields beneath and around the mountain, which in this place were covered with a harvest of uncommon beauty, were precipitated into the depths, and instead of them huge rocks now rise against the sky. No one would know the place. No one knows where was his own field—the two parts of a plowed field, which were torn asunder, are often found at the distance of two miles from each other, with a bottomless abyss between them. The population of the place, numbering about three hundred and eighty souls, are encamped, with their little property on a mountain lying within this district, and expect the next calamity in a state of great depression. Beneath the torn up mountain, and even on the very spot water gushes up on ever side, and the ground in the vicinity is so cracked that no living creature can approach it."

WHICH IS THE HAPPIEST SEASON?—At a festal party of old and young, the question was asked, "Which season of life is the most happy? After being freely discussed by the guests, it was referred for answer to the host, upon whom was the burden of fourscore years. He asked if they had noticed a grove of trees before the dwelling, and said: "When the spring comes, and in the soft air the buds are breaking on the trees, and they are covered with blossoms, I think, *How beautiful is Spring!* And when the summer comes and covers the trees with its heavy foliage, and singing birds are among the branches, I think, *How beautiful is Summer!* When autumn loads them with golden fruit, and their leaves bear the gorgeous tint of frost, I think, *How beautiful is Autumn!* And when it is *here* winter, and there is neither foliage nor fruit, then I look up through the leafless branches, as I never could until now, and see the *stars* shine."

MASONIC INTELLIGENCE.—It is generally known a disruption occurred in the Grand Lodge of Freemasons in the State of New York in 1849, in consequence of amendments of its constitution, by which past masters, other than the last past master of each subordinate lodge, were deprived of the right to vote. It was contended by a portion of the fraternity that those amendments were unconstitutional; and withdrawing from the Grand Lodge, of which Judge Willard, of Troy, was then grand master, they organized a new grand lodge, taking with them the funds of the old body, for the recovery of which, we believe, an action is now pending. These differences excited the attention of other grand lodges, who were called upon to determine which of these bodies they would recognise as the true grand lodge of New York. The Grand Lodges of twenty-four States of this Union, that of Montreal and William Henry, the Grand Lodge of Peru, and most of those in Europe soon declared in favor of the old, or, as it was called for the sake of distinction, the "Willard" Grand Lodge.

Action was delayed by the Grand Lodge of England, however, until very recently, and her decision has been looked for by the Freemasons of this country with the greatest interest. We learn from the American Keystone, the organ of the Masonic fraternity in New York, that the special committee appointed by the Earl of Zetland, the English grand master, have reported that the contested amendments were legally and constitutionally made.—They hold that "the Grand Lodge which for so many years has subsisted in the State of New York still continues its functions, and still possesses of right an unimpaired jurisdiction, the only Grand Lodge which can be Masonically recognised."

The Grand Lodge thus sustained is the one of which Oscar Coles is grand master, and Dr. J. W. Powell, Grand Secretary. Messrs. Phillips and Herring are the principal officers of the other body. It is probable that reconciliation will now be effected.

New York Com. Advertiser

Said one apprentice to another—"Bill I'd much sooner work for my boss than for your old man." "Why so?" "Because my boss ain't always around the shop interfering with his own business."

True practical philosophy makes the most of little pleasures, and the most of everything.

THE SYRACUSE RIOT AND FUGITIVE RESCUE.

We published on Friday last a telegraphic announcement of a serious riot at Syracuse, N. Y., resulting in the rescue of a fugitive slave, named Jerry, from the custody of the United States Commissioner after he had been remanded to the possession of his master, P. J. Layer of Missouri. The Syracuse Star, of the 3rd inst., however contains additional facts in relation to the outrage, from which we make the following extracts: *Balt. Sun.*

That the city of Syracuse was disgraced on Wednesday by the occurrence of a riot, during which the authorities were *paralyzed or refused to perform their duty*, is by this time a matter of notoriety in every State and every city in the Union. The fact no one but a traitor or a knave will have the hardihood to deny.

For the outlines of the affair we must refer to our paper of Thursday. In that report we find nothing that requires alteration. These outlines we now propose to fill up, to render the picture of their infamy more complete, who, occupying a respectable station in society, incited, by the basest means, a horde of ruffians to desecrate the temple of justice and to violate a law of the U. States.

The riot commenced in the Commissioner's office in the second story of the Townsend Block. The principal instigators of it were two physicians and a clergyman of this city. The fugitive was seized by a negro carman of this city.

The fugitive was recaptured and consigned to the police office. Then the abolitionists renewed the excitement, and their orators, by inflammatory appeals to the crowd which collected in front of the office, strove, by every means in their power to incite them to an assult upon the Marshal and his assistants.

This disgraceful state of affairs continued from 3 P. M. till the rescue of the fugitive at 8¼ A. M., and all this while the Mayor made no attempt to disperse the mob or to restore order and obedience to the laws, further than to ask the rioters individually to go home! He never addressed the mob: never read the riot act—never, in a word, exercised as much authority as an efficient magistrate would have done in the case of an ordinary affray among two or three persons.

The Sheriff being called upon for assistance by the Marshal, very promptly requested the commanders of the Citizen's Corps, the National Guards and the Washington Artillery, to order out their companies. The order was promptly complied with, and the companies were assembled at their armories ready for duty, each man being supplied with three rounds of ball cartridge. Before marching to the Sheriff's office, however, *Col. O. J. Vandenburgh, the commander of the regiment, issued his order to the Captains of the three companies forbidding them to turn out!* He did this at the solicitation of Charles A. Wheaton and other leading Abolitionists, and in accordance with his own personal prejudices—since he was heard to express a desire *that the law should not be executed, and his own determination to do all in his power to prevent its execution.*

Having received an order from their Colonel to disband, the commanders of the companies had no alternative but to obey, and the troops were accordingly dismissed.

When it became known to the mob that the troops were dismissed, they renewed their menaces against the officers, and the black and white scoundrels who addressed them redoubled their exertions to inflame them to the point requisite for the accomplishment of their infernal purpose. The police office, in which the Commissioner was then holding his examination of the case, was assailed with stones and the windows broken, until it become impossible to proceed with the case. An hour and a half after the adjournment, the doors were forced in and the fugitive rescued.

Col. Vandenburgh's conduct in this affair is aggravated by the fact that, after the final escape of the fugitive, he issued an order for the Citizens' Corps to turn out immediately—thus virtually acknowledging, by his own hand, when too late, that he had been guilty of an unjustifiable act, in previously countermanding the order of the sheriff.

Several prominent citizens of Syracuse were engaged in the riot, and have, therefore rendered themselves amenable to the law.

The mob was composed chiefly of white men, and was swelled by the strangers in the city, it being the day of the county fair and an abolition convention, the latter of which was on hand for a full delegation of law breakers.

Newspapers throughout the State of New York unite in condemning the opposition to the laws of the United States at Syracuse, in wresting a prisoner from the custody of a United States officer. The Journal of Commerce publishes an immense number of signatures got up under the auspices of the "Union Safety Committee"—several thousands in number, comprising many of the most substantial and worthy citizens, without distinction of party endorsig a resolution on the subject, which is strong and decided. It sustains the Compromise, in all its parts. It deprecates a farther agitation of the slavery question in Congress, as dangerous to the Union of the States. It pledges the signers to support no candidate at the ensuing or any other election, for State officers, or for members of Congress, or of the Legislature who is known or believed to be hostile to the compromise measures, or any of them, or in favor of re-opening the questions involved in them, for renewed agitation.

The following article, which we copy from the Journal of Commerce, gives a very interesting and accurate account of the state of affairs in South Carolina:

SOUTH CAROLINA.—The time is at hand for a demonstration, by this State, of her policy as a member of the Federal Union. The action of her Legislature at their session in December last, and the recommendations of her State Rights General Convention, held in Charleston in May last, all look to State secession, separate and immediate. The co-operation which they invoked from other States, has not been offered them. Georgia and Mississippi and Alabama, have, on the contrary, given signal evidence of their determination to maintain the Constitution and the Union, as they are. Mississippi was indeed, the only State from which South Carolina expected co-operation; and she, as an interior State, was not considered as being able to contribute as much force to the movement as either of the other States.

The Legislature of Mississippi, at their last session, went so far as to authorize the call of a State Convention which was to consider the grievances suffered by the State from her connexion with the Federal Government, and the time, measure and mode of redress. It was a project, in fact, of Gov. Quitman, and it was his desire and expectation, that the Convention thus called, would take measures leading inevitably to secession. The result of the election of the delegates to this Convention is well known, and has afforded an additional evidence of the soundness of Southern sentiment on the subject. The Union party prevailed, by an overwhelming majority, and Gov. Quitman, therefore, withdrew himself from his position as a candidate for re-election as Governor of the State.

This result has unquestionably produced some hesitation on the part of the immediate and separate secessionists of South Carolina.

A very numerous party, controling much of the wealth, and character, and talent of the State, has sprung up, the policy of which is to stave off immediate action, by declaring themselves ready for secession, when renewed federal aggressions, deemed inevitable and not remote, should bring them the powerful alliance of some one or all of the Slaveholding States.

At meetings held by this party, who have assumed the name of "Co-operation," strong resolution have been adopted in opposition to separate secession; and the Legislature has been by them counseled against calling the Convention. The secesssionists have, on the other hand, through their county conventions and their various organs, been busy in promoting their ends. Elections have lately been held in the State, of delegates from the Southern Congress, which was to meet at Montgomery, in Alabama, next December, according to the recommendation of the last Nashville Convention; and the occasion has been seized upon for the manifestation of a spirit of determined hostility to the Federal Union. The delegates elected to this Southern Congress by South Carolina are all, so far as we have heard, avowed disunionists, and in favor of measures, as one of them, Mr. T. S. Palmer, declares—which will tend directly to the dissolution of the Union, and the formation of a Southern Confederacy."

This *Southern Congress* will consist of delegates from South Carolina alone; but it is not improbable that these delegates will convene at the time and place designated, and there deliberate in connexion with self-appointed Ruckers and Quattlebums from other States.

The programme of proceedings on the part of South Carolina is as follows:—The Legislature is to meet in November. This is the same body, composed of the same members, who passed the Act providing for the Convention, and by a large majority, last winter, and against the earnest admonition of Cheves and Barnwell, who saw in it a step rash, desperate, and destructive of the very end which they had in view,—to wit, the formation of a Southern Confederacy. The majority of the members of this body are secessionists, or were so, as they proved by their course at the session of last winter. By the Act providing for the Convention, it is devolved on this Legislature to summon the Convention. It is discretionary with the Legislature to call it or not. The delegates to the convention have already been elected, and were selected, in most cases, from the hottest and most ultra disunionists in the State. At least, four-fifths of them were avowed secessionists, at the time of their election.

There is a bare possibility that the Legislature will not, under existing circumstances, summon the Convention. Many of the members may have changed their views, with the change of circumstances. It is seen that the people of the State are no longer united in favor of immediate and ultra measures; and that in the event of any attempt at forcible secession, the first conflict must be between the two parties in the State itself, as was the case in the nullification war.

But, if the Legislature call the Convention, there is again a chance that this body will fall into the policy of the Co-operationists.—Again, if they resolve upon Secession, they may still consent, although it is not required them, to submit the measure to the vote of the people of the State.

The question in South Carolina is not, as it was in Georgia, between secession and acquiescence, or submission. There are no submissionists in South Carolina. There is no party there in favor of acquiescence in the Compromise measures, as an adjustment of the questions that agitated the country in 1849-50. The question is between the Secessionists and the Co-operationists; between immediate secessionists, and the wait-a-while disunionists.

The Legislature which is to determine whether the Convention shall assemble, will be in session no longer than till the end of the third week in December. The Convention, if summoned, will meet in January or by the first of February. The result will be awaited with much intesest, and may be such as will deeply agitate Congress and the country.

THE N. C. RAILROAD.—The papers to the west of us state that several of the contractors on the North Carolina Railroad in Rowan, Guilford, Alamance, &c., have already commenced their work, and are progressing finely. The contractors in this county have not been idle. Messrs. Charles W. Johnson and Paul C. Cameron have a number of hands at work on the sections extending east from this place, and Messrs. Turner and Jones have been actively engaged in preparing carts, &c.; and will we presume, soon commence work on the section extending west. We commend the energy of the contractors in the west who have got the start of us, but they must keep up a steady pull to enable them to continue in advance of Orange. The work having been commenced here, "the dirt will be made to fly" under the direction of the efficient and energetic contractors who have taken it in hands.

Hills. Rec.

The editor of the Union is rallying his party on the great national issue of the Compromise. Compared with this, all other issues, in his opinion, sink into the merest insignificance. Such being the fact, is it not most unreasonable in the editor of the Union to make war upon an Administration to which the Compromise measures owe their existence, and which stands pledged to veto all measures calculated to impair their value? If Mr. Fillmore is a candidate for the next Presidency, can the editor of the Union make with him the issue of the Compromise? Certainly not; for Mr. Fillmore and the editor of the Union are heartily united on this question.—They both look to the Compromise as the salvation of the Union.—*Pet. Int.*

Decency and decorum are not pride.