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."

TERMS—Two Dollars in Advance.

VOL. XLIV. RALEIGH, WEDNESDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 16, 1853. NO. 8.

TERMS.—If paid strictly in advance, $2 per annum. $2 50 if paid within six months; and $3 at the end of the year.

ADVERTISING.—1 Square (16 lines) first insertion $1; and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.

AGRICULTURAL.

HOW TO MANAGE A WORN-OUT FARM.

Mr. Editor—About seven years since, I took possession of the farm on which I at present reside. At that time its condition was anything else but promising, for in addition to the fact that weeds abounded—fence rows were in bad order, and the buildings scarcely tenantable; the land was to all appearance thoroughly impoverished Being a young man, but newly married, most of my friends remonstrated strongly against my taking the farm. They pointed out all the disadvantages attending the step, and every one predicted that I would starve before the farm would produce as much as my family and cattle would consume. I must confess the picture drawn by my dear friends was not the most encouraging, so that I began to have some misgivings myself, and concluded, before I made a final determination, to hold a consultation with my wife, in whose good sense and judgment I placed as much confidence as in my own. Accordingly, one evening I broached the subject to her, fairly and honestly setting forth the advantages and disadvantages which would be likely to follow. Mrs. L. was a farmer's daughter, and a good farmer's daughter at that, (she was one of those young ladies, whose sense of duty always led her to estimate the useful more highly than the ornamental. She was industrious and frugal, and withal of thoughtful and observant turn of mind. The loss of her mother at an early age threw the whole management of her father's large household upon her — She improved the opportunity thus offered, or rather pressed upon her, not only by rendering herself familiar with the domestic affairs of her father's house, but also from the fact of frequent conversations with him in relation to his farming operations, acquired a pretty good knowledge of the manner in which he conducted them. She was therefore, no bad counseller; but one whose opinion I preferred infinitely to many of those friendly relations who are always more liberal with their advice than their money.

After stating the case fairly, to her, she quietly remarked, "Well, that the farm you speak of renting is out of order may not be denied. The house is not a very comfortable one, but with a little of your assistance I will engage to render it habitable at least. A little economy and good management will enable me to supply our table with vegetables, and sell enough at least to render our situation more pleasant. If you will manage the farm, I will take care of the house, and if you will [illegible] ings, *'plow deep'* I think we will be able to make both ends meet." "Enough said" was my only reply. The farm was rented—and as much stock as our little capital would allow. With hopeful hearts, we confident little wife and myself took possession of the old farm.

From a small manure heap (left by the former tenant we gave the grain a good dressing, and afterwards, a thorough plowing my wife occasionally admonishing me to *"plow deep."* She then took possession of my remonstances to the contrary notwithstanding) and very soon it gave satisfactory evidence of her skill and taste.

But now came the "tug of war" Field plowing was to be done for oats, corn and potatoes, but where was the manure to come from. Our little stock of money was barely sufficient to purchase the actual necessaries of life for ourselves and stock, until the garden and fields would produce their crops; so that not a dollar was left for the purchase of manure. I had not thought of this before, and for a moment regretted the step we had taken. With a heavy heart I mentioned my new troubles to my wife, who with a cheerful tone remarked, *"plow deep"* this year, "George and let us see the result." Re-assured by her condition, and remembering Mrs. L's admonition, I set my coulter *deep*. Away we went, and after a furrow or two, I stopped to examine the soil I had turned up. Much to my surprise, and I assure you, sincere pleasure, I observed that it differed materially in appearance, from that turned up by the former tenant. There was a mystery about this that puzzled me for a moment, but recollecting that I had plowed some four or five inches deeper than my predecessor had done, I began to see the wisdom of my wife's advice, to plow deep. I had found a manure heap. My little knowledge of soils, (for I had been an attentive reader of the only Agricultural Journal I then knew of, the Albany Cultivator,) satisfied me of this fact. Every round I made, my heart grew lighter, until, when at noon, I returned home, I felt as well satisfied that I should have good crops, as any of my neighbors who had applied their hundreds of loads of manure.

The oats were sown and corn and potatoes planted. My neighbors looked on and smiled at my verdancy, in hoping to realise anything from that soil without manure, and I really believe I too should have doubted, but for the hopeful spirit of my wife. She was always cheerful and happy. Busy as a bee the livelong day, the house hourly grew more comfortable and snug. The cows yielded a good supply of milk, which her ready hand turned to first rate butter and cheese. The garden yielded most excellent vegetables, which, with the butter and cheese, were readily disposed of for cash at our county town. The chickens too acknowledged her fostering care, and in fact everything she turned her hand to appeared to prosper.

With an anxious heart, however, I looked forward to the time when I should be able to judge of the character of my growing crops. The season was good, and I soon had the pleasure of seeing them as flourishing as any of my neighbors and when harvested they proved equally good But this could not last long. I had strong faith in the virtues of deep plowing now; but common sense taught me that the time must come when, without some kind of manure, I should be worse off than ever. My manure heap was increasing, but not rapidly enough to furnish the supply necessary. My wheat ground required it all, and more than all; and I knew that every fork full I could make during the winter would be insufficient for my corn ground in the spring. At this juncture, my agricultural paper came in as an adviser. I had read with much care and interest an article on Clover, as a fertilizer, when turned under in its green state; and at once resolved to try it, as I had done the deep plowing. Clover seed was purchased, and sown among the wheat late in February, and as soon after harvest as I found it to be in what I considered its rankest stage of growth, I turned it under, keeping in my mind my wife's motto, *"plow deep."* I again put it in wheat, and the following season I harvested a fine crop. I do not now remember the average yielded, but know that it was nearly thirty bushels to the acre. Thus far things looked so encouraging that I began to think of purchasing the farm, and did so the ensuing fall, at a very low rate. As the extent of my farming enlarged, so did the number of my stock, and as a consequence my manure heap grew also.—But this latter fact did not deter me from pursuing the plan I had originally adopted of *plowing deep and turning under green Clover.*

In concluding this hasty sketch, I would remark that it was prepared not with any desire on my part either to extol the merits of my better half, or claim originality for the method pursued; but simply to show that it is not so difficult a method to restore what is generally termed Worn Out Lands, as many suppose. By deep plowing and green manuring, I have brought my farm from a state of most barrenness, to what may be considered a fair degree of fertility. I apply, it is true, all the manure I can make (I assure you it is not a little now) but do it in connection with the clover, and the value of the system may be estimated by the fact that the average yield per acre of corn for the last two years has been sixty five bushels, while my other crops are equally good. If the same success attends my efforts which has thus far followed them, I shall in two years have my farm paid for, and as a closing item I will mention, that the price paid for it was twenty-four dollars, and I have refused seventy five dollars an acre for it within the last six months.

Franklin County, Aug., 9th, 1852.

G. L.

[We know the writer of the above, well, and testify to the truth of all. His farm, which contains a little over one hundred acres, is rapidly becoming one of the most desirable in the county.—*Ed. Farm and Journal.*]

SOUTHERN VIEWS.

It has not entered into the reveries of the dreamiest politician of the South, to contend for the absurd doctrine, that the constitution of the United States of America, in itself, confers upon any State or section, or indeed the entire confederacy, wealth, independence or power. The constitution creates nothing. It guards what we have. It secures [illegible] town, country, district, section and State, protection only in what may be fairly won by energy, frugality, enterprise and labor. The sons of the dissipated—the reckless or indolent—the vagabond or spendthrift, finds no constitutional clause to perpetuate in him hereditary imbecility, idleness or vice. The greatest evidence of the perfection of our constitution and laws, is, that results always in this country, flow from our own actions.—And while on the one hand, no man in his sell u worth, of wealth or position, can hand it, however blazoned with bright ancestors his family record may be, so, on the other no one, however obscure his birth or position, is denied he highest social and political eminence. We cannot exclude from application in this great nation, that simple truism—acknowledged over the world that government is but the result of society. That as the individuals is, so is the community, and so the nation. We must believe that the greatest nation, is but a small family, aye, a single person—on a large scale or multiplied. We must believe, for it is so.

The spirit and genius of our government and laws - the progress and intelligence of the age—teach us, that, in this country at least, the independence equality, wealth and power of each man depends upon his own exertions.

And is not this just? What right has a lazy, extravagant, stupid boy, to say to his brothers whose industry and intelligence has given them privileges: "Give me equality with you; give me independence. And if, as for illustration they should refuse, leaving him stripped of every part of his inheritance—what right has he to complain? None. His family may provide for him, but it is a charity.

The acquisition of power and wealth, of necessity pre-supposes, diminution in some other quarters of the elements creating it.—Therefore, the very constitution and form of government which secures power and comfort, wealth and independence to those who acquire it, confirms the loss of power and comfort, wealth and independence in those who suffered by the progress of their neighbors. The ruined heir may stand at the gate way of his homestead now closed against him, and sigh in vain. In the midst of his regrets, he may wish for the laws of England which preserves the Manor. The stern justice and the laws—the good every day hard sense of those around him offer no consolation—only reflection. The occupant who has acquired the property, sees from the oak bound window where he is smoking his pipe after dinner, the homeless man, turn with reluctant steps and sad eyes, from the threshold of his boyhood home—now the sheltering place of strangers. Here is a field for essays—for abstractions—for sighs. Like the spendthrift's own, they do no good Would it not be ask for the interposition of artificial legal enactments to return him his property? Would it not be worse than absurd, for him to call a meeting of his neighbors to declare by some form of resolution—some mere paper assurance that he is still "independent, respectable and a gentleman?"

For ourselves we would not live an hour in any society or under any government where laziness, extravagance, indifference and want of enterprise were secured by the mere operation of law. The people who deem that in this country mere written law will confer power, or wealth or honor are sadly mistaken. Like individuals every thing depends upon themselves. If after a fair opportunity, a section loses the elements of power, they may plead in vain for equality. It cannot be given to them, any more than equality in society can be given to a subordinate, second, or low rate class. A kind of charity may be dealed out to a people who have enough pride left—a sufficient remembrance of past independence to feel this humiliation. The season passes. Their public men are bought Their press compromise its opinion and qualify its expressions for fear of offending the "power most respected," yet with a weak show of self-importance. Then the people become habituated to their condition and cease to fret. The work is done.

Under the constitution and laws of the United States, this must ever be the case. The section which is really weakest, will evidence it in representation. The majority of representation like all majorities, will please itself. It is right it should be so, for it is the natural result of Republican institutions. A monarchy or aristocracy alone could prevent it, by conferring hereditary rights upon idleness, and imbecility. As in this country individual independence depends upon worth and industry, so does State or sectional independence depend upon industry and enterprise. As the vagabond and spendthrift is pushed out of society, so that section which becomes weak and significant, is treated with supercilious contempt. It does not need the aid of a telescope to see the tendency of popular majorities in America. It is a most significant fact, that great and important questions, the decision of which involves the solemn obligations of an oath always (in affecting party issues or results) is marked by a strict party line of opinion.—Would you see this? Go into the Halls of your Legislatures and even into the Halls of Congress. The tendency of all this is to anarchy, mobocracy or whatever else you may choose to call it. The anti-slavery feeling for instance is merely the plausible excuse for this rowdy, mobocracy—that ruffian irresponsibility—that ignorant bigotry to vent itself, which when removed, may turn loose the blood-hounds of anarchy upon the sacredness of the constitution itself. The prediposition to legislate about mere opinions—to make moral questions elements of national government, fearfully indicate the under tone of that influence which is daily and hourly increasing in the land. A man must have a smack of the ruffian or rowdy about him to be popular these days.

Want of refinement is a great recommendation, while the public tastes of the lower kind, are catered to in the discussion and decision of momentous issues.

To a people so eminently conservative and genteel as the Southerners, forming as it were a kind of 'gentry' in the country, these indications of popular prejudices should be matters of interest. The almost entire force of this current in America is turned against the South and her institutions, as though by instinct. The area of the North is less than ours, the climate less congenial, the soil less productive. How then is her dense population [illegible] all!

To those who have a taste for poetry—words—mere words—words which being grouped up into harmonious sentences, jingle along, may do very well. For our part, we prefer acts, which being piled up (we care not how rudely) form a monument to industry. We want to see the South go to work and quietly, *by the natural result of her labor*, acquire by right that equality, that independence, that regard for her rights which her delegates have of late years been asking for, in their halls, in both houses of Congress. Let us not live on charity.—Rail-road let us toil and persevere. Let us build Rail roads, and this in effect, create population by bringing it in daily and interested contact with us. Let us spin our cotton into yarns. Let us remember that commerce is king and have a direct trade.—Thus ends our homily.—*Cotton Plant.*

GREEN MOUNTAIN MAID.

'Twas a beautiful spot where the vine-covered cot of the mountaineer stood at the edge of the wood. There the forest bird's song echoed all the day long, and the mountain stream played in the close of the shade; while the graceful young fawn dropped the herbage at dawn from the wile spreading lawn.—'Twas a beautiful spot—'twas a beautiful cot; and surely there ne'er was a maid more fair, nor a maiden more rare, than the maid that dwelt there. Shall I picture this maid of the greenwood and glade as she was in that day when old "Allen" held sway, while his iron-nerved men were the pride of the glen? She was neither too tall, nor too small; nor so light, nor so airy as the form of the fairy. But the pride of the glade was this rosy-cheeked maid, with eyes quite as blue as the summer sky's hue, and the tresses of brown floating gracefully down, and nestling below or a bloom of snow. She could warble and sing, like the songsters of spring, she could spin and weep, could mow and reap—could ride the gray steed at the top of his speed, and had sported a trifle with her father's rifle.—And this bouncing maid of the evergreen shade was chaste and refined, and had such a mind as you seldom can find among the gay maids of haughtier grades.

A lover she had who would have been glad to capture her heart by his scheming and art. O'Handy his name, a dandy by fame, who, though wrinkled and parched, was whiskered and starched, displayed quite a rare and *citified* air.

Well, he knelt at her feet and began to entreat, while his great bosom beat with unmerciful heat; and he told such a tale as he deemed would not fail to make her believe that he could not deceive.

While thus he knelt pleading, while thus interceding, he thought by her smiling his words were beguiling. But he found the conclusion a hopeless delusion; for that maid was unlinking his scheming—was thinking; and she thought in a twinkling, she'd give him a sprinkling of the well peppered ointment of black disappointment. Ere he drew to a close she turned up her nose, as you may suppose, just as high as she chose; and scorning his prose, through his pleadings she broke, and thus 'twas she spoke:

"Oh! great is your name: O'Handy your name—from the city you came with your heart all a flame; and your thought in the shade of mountain or glade, to capture a maid by pomp and parade. Oh! save all your tears, our hopes and your fears, your "ducks" and your "dears," for some other ears. All men are agreed you're a nice bird indeed; but you're figures too lean, you're too gaunt and too green; and that is not all, you've excessively tall; your nose is too big; you've a voice like a pig, and you wear a huge wig, while your upper lip seems just the shade of your dreams. Now my answer you know—there's the door—you may go."

Still he lingered to plead his love and his need—and he boasted and out of his titles and gold, of her station in life whom he chose for his wife. But he found 'twas no part of a mountain maid's heart to bear insult and wrong from an eye or a tongue. The maid could not brook such a word or a look and she caught down a broom that hung in the room, and hit him a blow that made the blood flow not gracefully slow. He fell on all four, just out of the door, all covered with gore.—Then he sprang on his feet, and considered it sweet and exceedingly meet to beat a retreat to cover defeat, and he fled from the place in shame and disgrace; disappeared over the green and was never more seen; and ever since then dandified men have learned to beware of the Green Mountain Fair.

THE BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD COMPANY—IMPORTANT REVELATIONS.—In a printed pamphlet, prepared and published by Alexander J. Marshall, containing his memorial to the City Council of Baltimore, together with a correspondence between himself and Thomas Swann, President of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, some important disclosures are made to the public, which, in our opinion, demand investigation and action by the Legislature of Virginia.

The mere private controversy between Mr. Marshall and a Maryland Corporation, in relation to a pecuniary demand, is not a matter of sufficient public importance to claim at our hands an investigation. But the disclosures contained in the pamphlet, above referred to, if sustained by the record, as we feel assured they will be, affect important interests of the State generally, and of this city especially, in a manner too weighty to permit us to refrain from proper comment.

The facts presented are briefly these: In the winter of 1846-'47, the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, for the purpose of influencing the Legislature of Virginia, and procuring the "right of way" through her territory to the Ohio, on such terms as would best subserve their interest, and be acceptable to the Stockholders, employed Alexander J. Marshall, a distinguished and talented gentleman of Virginia to become their advocate in Richmond, with the promise of a fee of *fifty thousand dollars*, in the event of success on his part. Through his active, energetic, and unwearied exertions, aided by a *numerous and influential agency*, enlisted in the cause by him, the law of 1847 was obtained.

Subsequently, Mr. Marshall demanded of the Company his stipulated compensation—it was denied him. A long and tedious negotiation followed, until, despairing of success through any other means, a suit was instituted, to test the matter, in the Circuit Court of the United States, held in Baltimore.

[illegible] part of the Baltimore Company, marked by a degree of turpitude rarely to be found in the records of Judicial controversy. A course of conduct, the meanness of which is equalled by its baseness; and one which, as we think places the character of that Company completely in the power, and at the mercy of the action of the Virginia Legislature, and justifies her in the exercise of that power to its fullest extent.

This company had obtained from the Legislature of Virginia rights and privileges, by which they are enabled, with Briarian arms to grasp from this old Commonwealth, an divert from her cities, trade of untold value They are enabled to confer upon the city of Baltimore commercial advantages which she would not exchange for *millions*. And when her employed advocate and agent, by whose instrumentality this mighty work was accomplished, demands his stipulated reward, he is forced into a court of justice for relief. This mighty—this wealthy and prosperous corporation, in order to escape the payment of what was to them the *pitiful* sum of fifty thousand dollars, filed as their defence, the plea, *that the contract made with Mr. Marshall, by which his services and those whom he associated with him, was obtained*, WAS AGAINST PUBLIC POLICY AND THEREFORE NULL AND VOID Or in other words, that they had by means of a corrupt and unlawful bargain accomplished their own selfish ends, and having no further use for the agency employed in that accomplishment, spread out their own infamy as a shield behind which to skulk from a pecuniary responsibility. This plea, more meretricious than the statute of limitations, or the plea of usury to escape an honest demand, is the foremost plea filled by them in their defence. It is relied upon, and the court is asked to sustain it, and instruct the jury that it is a good defence. The company have succeeded in making good this defence before a court of the United States—*and it now* stands adjudicated before a competent tribunal, that Virginia has been cheated out of the charter granted that company—that an agency and means in fraud of the law were used to obtain it. The company are estopped from denying that such is the fact, for they have themselves spread the evidence upon the records of a court of justice.—*Alex. Telegraph.*

THE FISHERIES.

The bill introduced by Senator Davis, for the adjustment of the fishery question, provides that whenever the President of the United States shall be satisfied that the American fishermen have been admitted to the privileges now enjoyed by the fishermen of the British provinces, with all the incidental rights of curing and preparing for market, he shall by proclamation, authorize the possession of like provincial fishermen in the waters of the United States, with the further privilege of entering the ports of entry in the United States, on the payment of the same duties as are required by law to be paid by American fishing vessels. There is a proviso stipulating that nothing contained in the bill shall affect private rights of fishing, or confer any right to occupy private property upon agreement.

The measure has been referred to the Senate Committee on Commerce.

DR. HAWKS is making his long-promised visit to his native State, in search of documentary materials for the History of North Carolina, in the preparation of which he has for years been engaged. We again insite any persons who have revolutionary letters or papers to entrust them to him (through us if they please.) *Fay. Obs.*

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF THE MEDICAL SCIENCE.—We have been asked to notice this periodical, because of its last number containing an account of the *post mortem* examination of Mr. Webster's body We some days since copied and endorsed an article from the Baltimore American, which severely reprobated the indelicacy and impropriety of the article in question. We could see nothing good to result to the human family from the autopsy of Mr. Webster more than any other individual, and we are surprised that his family should have permitted a trading concern to have speculated thus on the remains of the great dead. As far as we are concerned, the account of the *post mortem* examination has done neither good nor harm, and for the plain reason that it is written in a technical language, which makes up a sealed book and a dead letter to us.

But while we cannot praise the American Journal of Medical Science, for that is really a blot on its pages, we have no doubt but what it is a useful medical periodical, and one that ought to be able to dispense with such clap-traps as the autopsy of Mr. Webster.

Pet. Intel.

ASSAULT IN A RAILROAD CAR.

James C. Milnor and A. H. Diffin, conductors of the Westchester Railroad, Pa., have been held to bail in Philadelphia in $500 each, for committing a violent assault upon Henry Neilis. It appears that the prosecutor was a passenger on the train to Westchester. The cars were full and the prosecutor was requested to give up his seat to a lady. This he did and managed to procure another for himself. In a short time he was informed to give up this seat also, which he declined doing. The defendants, it is alleged, attempted to put him out of the cars while they were in motion.

ANOTHER MOST PAINFUL ACCIDENT.

We regret to learn that about mid-day, on Saturday last, an occurrence of a most affective and melancholy character took place in the vicinity of Wilmington, whereby John S. Bowden, aged about 15 years came to his death from the accidental discharge of a gun in the hands of Henry Flanner, a boy of about the same age. We have not heard the particulars but believe that the boys had been running on Mr. Potter's rice field at Pom Peter, and were walking one in advance of the other, when Flanner's gun, which was over his shoulder, was accidentally discharged the contents taking effect upon Bowden, who was behind.

John S. Bowden, who was killed, was a son of John C. Bowden, Esq., of this town, and Henry Flanner, of Bennett Flanner, Esq., also of Wilmington. This occurrence has necessarily plunged two highly respectable families into the deepest grief and [illegible] less use of fire arms by boys.—*Wil. Journal.*

TERRITORIAL INCREASE OF THE UNITED STATES.

Mr. Darby of Washington city, in a recent publication, presents the following summary view of the territorial progress of our country:

1. The original territory of the United States according to the treaty of 1783, gave us as the amount of ceded limits, 1,0 0,000 square miles, or 640,000,000 of acres.

2. The extent of square miles, added to the territory of the United States, by the treaty with France in 1803, was 1,000,000 square miles.

3. By the cession of Florida to the United States in 1822, an acquisition was made of 13,000 square miles.

4. The additions of Texas, New Mexico and California, are estimated at 1,400,000 square miles.

The recapitulation is thus:—

	Square miles.
United States original.	1,000,000
Louisiana.	1,000,000
Florida.	13,000
Texas, New Mexico and California.	1,400,000
Amount of Territory of the United States.	3,413,000

It thus appears that the original area of the United States has been more than trebled in the last seventy seven years. The purchase of Louisiana doubled our landed possessions. Texas was annexed about eight years ago, and within that period we have acquired with comparative little trouble a territory surpassing in extent that which we wrested from Great Britain by a successful revolution.—Adopting 50,000 square miles as the mean area, sixty-eight States might be formed out of the United States territory. It appears further that our average annual increase of territory since 1783, has been upwards of 44,000 square miles, or one medium sized state a year.

A glance at these facts, we think, should suffice to satisfy the "fast men" of our day—the men whose restless craving for territorial acquisitions would lead them to anticipate what they hold to be our manifest destiny, and lay violent hands on the unripened fruit, which in its maturity must surely fall into our lap. An average of 44,000 square miles per annum, one would suppose, ought to appease even Anglo-Saxon cupidity, and make us contented with the progress we have thus far made. We can well afford to wait a few years before adding Cuba or another fragment of Mexico to our already immense demain.

It is not at all probable that the future history of our country, for a long time to come, will exhibit any diminution in the ratio of its territorial increase. Acquisitions of new territory may now be regarded as the fixed policy of our government and people. The arguments of those who resisted this policy in its inception as being at variance with the true interest of our country and dangerous to the stability of its institutions, have, it is true, never been satisfactorily answered, but they have nevertheless fallen unheeded on the popular ear. The history of the Louisiana purchase, of Texas annexation, and of our acquisitions from Mexico, conclusively shows that whenever an opportunity is offered for extending our domain, the people will peremptorily demand that it shall be done. The question, therefore, is no longer an open one. The people have made their choice, and whether for good or for evil, and they must abide by it. Having already gone so far as to extend our territorial possessions to thrice their original dimensions, it is now too late to raise a warning voice against the evils and dangers of a wide spread empire. Such an empire is already ours, and if like all other similar political structures, it bears in its bosom the seeds of premature decay and dissolution, the evil is already beyond the reach of remedy.

Since, then, the policy of our government and the impulses of our people, both so strongly tend to territorial acquisition, we may reasonably anticipate that our growth in this respect will be as great for the next as it has been during the last seventy years. A boundless field is spread before us for the exercise of our rapacity and ambition. From our Southern frontier to Cape Horn, an imbecile, disorganised and semi-civilized race holds possession of the soil, and the certainty of a successful issue, would attend every effort to extend our power in that direction.

Richmond Times.

NEW YORK EXTRAVAGANCE.

At one of our city hotels, a merchant doing business down town, has rooms for which he pays *four hundred and eighty dollars a week!* His family consists of five persons. At another hotel a Wall street broker—a bachelor—pays *one hundred and seventy-five dollars for two rooms!* His board and fire bill are not included—two items, which will probably make his expense for rooms and board, about *two hundred and fifty dollars a week!*—There is a house just finished in Madison avenue, the walls of which are finished in the most costly papier mache! Another palace is now going up on one of the avenues, the paintings on the walls of which will cost over one hundred thousand dollars. A rich widow may be seen every day in Broadway, in a carriage that cost over three thousand dollars. There is an old fellow now living in Brooklyn, who four years ago was a journeyman tailor, but who suddenly became rich by the death of a relative, in whose vaults there are stored over twenty thousand dollars worth of choice wines!—These are but a few of the items of New York extravagance.—*People's Paper.*

THE NEW EMPRESS OF FRANCE.

We are indebted to an esteemed friend, (says the New York Commercial Advertiser,) who was formerly resident in Spain, for the following sketch, which seems to explain the family origin of the new Empress of France very satisfactorily. Her history is no less romantic than that of the Empress Josephine:

"By to-day's advice from Europe we are told that the Emperor Napoleon III. has espoused a Spanish lady, 'whose grandfather was British Consul at Malaga, whose grandmother was an Irish lady by the name of Fitzpatrick;' also, that this new Empress was in her own right Countess Teba, although bearing the name of Mathe. Montego. Now, the plain English of all this is no doubt as follows:

"A worthy Scotchman, by the name of William Kirkpatrick, was for some time, the American Consul at Malaga, and failing in business, was succeeded by George C. Bore ll as United States Consul at Malaga. This was, I think, under President Monroe's adm. Mr. Kirkpatrick's eldest daughter, Maria, or 'Mariquita,' as she was familiarly called and known by all Americans there was a very fine dashing lady, and married the Count Teba, a younger brother of the celebrated Palafox, who behaved so gallantly at the siege of Zaragossa, and who, in reply to a demand of surrender, declared he would continue the defence by war to the knife.'

"The Palafox family embraced numerous titles, and was singularly brave and noble.

"This husband of Maria Kirkpatrick (Count de Teba) was a gallant soldier, and so cut up by wounds as to be unable to mount his horse without aid, and when in the saddle, looked more as if he was hooked on than seated there.

"The new Empress of the French is no doubt the daughter of the Countess Teba, 'Mariquita Kirkpatrick, who was the daughter of Wm. Kirkpatrick, the late United States Consul at Malaga—not British Consul—not Fitzpatrick—and not Irish.

"The British Consul at Malaga was Wm. Laird, another old Scotch gentleman, and he was followed by Mr. Marks, an Englishman.

"If the new Empress of France was Countess Teba, as stated then her mother is dead as also is her father, and she took the title of her mother. The name Montego, under which she passed in Paris, is perhaps one of the family names or titles of the Palafox family."

HOW TO MAKE OLD OAK.

The appearance of Old Oak may be obtained by exposing an article of new oak to the vapors of ammonia. Every variety of tint may be procured, according to the duration and temperature of the volatile compounds. A new oak carved arm-chair, exposed to the vapors of ammonia, will in a room twelve hours have all the appearance of having been made 200 years before.

[*Kidd's Own Journal.*

ONE OF FANNY FERN'S BEST.

It is only a little pauper! Never mind her. You see she knows her place and keeps close to the wall, as if she expects an oath or a blow. The cold wind is making merry with those thin rags. You see nothing of childhood's rounded symmetry, in those shrunken limbs and pinched features. Push her aside, she's used to it; she won't complain, she can't remember that she ever had kind word in her life She'd think you were making if you tried it.

She passes into the warm kitchen, savory with odorous dainties, and is ordered out with a threat by the portly cook. In the shop windows she sees nice fresh loaves of bread and tempting little cakes Rosy little children pass her, on their way to school, well fed, well clad and joyous, with a mother's parting kiss yet warm upon their sweet lips.

There seems to be happiness enough in the world, but it never comes to her. Her little basket is quite empty, and now, faint with hunger, she leans against that window There is a lovely lady, who has passed in. She is buying cakes and bon bons for her little girl as if she had the purse of Fortunatus. How nice it must be to be warm, and have enough to eat. Poor Meta! She has tasted nothing since she was sent forth with a curse in the morning, to beg or—steal, and the tears will come; there is happiness and plenty in the world—but none for Meta!

Not so fast, little one! Warm hearts beat sometimes under silk and velvet. That lady has caught sight of your little woe-begone face and shivering form. Oh! what if it were her child?—and, obeying a sweet maternal impulse she passes out of the door, takes those little benumbed fingers in her dainty gloved hand, and leads the child, wondering, shy and bewildered, into fairy land.

A delightful and novel sensation of warmth creeps over those frozen limbs—a faint color tinges the pale cheeks, and the eyes grow liquid and lovely, as Meta raises them thankfully to her benefactress. The lady's little girl looks on with an innocent joy, and learns for the first time, how "blessed are the merciful."

And then Meta passes out with a *heavy basket* and a *light heart*. Surely the street has grown wider and the sky brighter! This can scarcely be the same world! Meta's form is erect *now!* her step is as light as a child's should be. The sunshine of *human love* has brightened her pathway! Ah, Meta! earth is not all darkness—bright angels yet walk on the earth. Sweet voiced Pity and heaven-eyed Charity sometimes stoop to bless. God's image is only marred, not destroyed. He who feeds the ravens, bends to listen.—Look *upward* little Meta!

From the New York Tribune.

MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH TO THE PACIFIC.

A proposition is before Congress to build a line of Magnetic Telegraph to California, and have it completed within eighteen months. It emanates from James Eddy, the manager, and a considerable proprietor of the Maine Telegraph Co. He and his associates make the offer in question, and their known character is a sufficient guarantee that what they undertake they will accomplish. Mr. Eddy is a gentleman who ranks as high, as a faithful and energetic telegraph manager, as any in the country. He has paid great attention to the subject of telegraphs every where, and his present position is based upon a wide and full investigation of the whole subject. His plan is simply, that such as it proposes an underground line, encased in gutta percha, and this substance encased in a metal tube, for additional protection to the wires. The sinking of the line some three feet below the surface is considered the only feasible method of preserving constant and unbroken communication. The usual mode of construction by post and wires would be a perpetual temptation to the savages of the vast plains, it would traverse to make depredations, as well as to the exhausted emigrant seeking fuel for his pot. The exposure, too, of posts and wires to the storms of the mountain ranges the line must cross, far away from stations and settlements, would be such as to subject it to constant, and sometimes long-continued interruptions. In fact, considering the character of the country, a subterranean line seems to be the only one that can be established with any good prospect of answering the purpose. We are thus satisfied that this feature of the plan is wise, and necessary to insure success to the undertaking. Mr. Eddy has made minute investigations in regard the continent of Europe to a considerable extent especially in Prussia where there is now in operation something like fifteen hundred miles of subterranean telegraph.

Mr. Eddy proposes to establish stations on the line at intervals of one hundred miles, with a well sheltered and provided force of five men at each, who, when not engaged on the line will devote themselves to agricultural pursuits and thus gradually gather supplies for the emigrant, and form a nucleus at the different points for trading and general supply stations. The advantages of such to the overland emigrant can hardly be overstated. They will enable him to learn from day to day the precise state of his way, and the supplies he must bring, or can find along at the various points on his route. It will at once cheapen his expense, and render far less lonely and hazardous his march over the plains. In this one point of view alone the Telegraph would be of inestimable utility.

Mr. Eddy's plan embraces another great improvement, which enables him to transmit messages the whole length of the line without re-writing. This is done by the aid of the batteries at the way stations which are to be as an auxiliary force used to supply the electricity in its long route, and thus act so as to accomplish this purpose.

THE RAIL ROAD SUBSCRIPTION.

We have pleasure in stating that the subscription in this town now amounts to nearly $100 000 (the sum required to secure the charter and authorise the organization of the company.) There is no doubt, we learn, that the town, in its corporate capacity, will subscribe another $10 0,000. And we may expect handsome additions from the points at which, as will be seen from an advertisement in this paper, the books are soon to be opened.

We consider the road as secured. For, though these amounts will not build and stock it, such an expenditure will enable the company easily to borrow as much more. And that is the way in which all rail roads are now built. We believe there is no exception. Where one company has half its stock subscribed, there are five which go into operation by means of loans for a larger amount.

Since our last, James Banks, D. G. McRae, Esqrs., and the Hon. Robert Strange, addressed meetings here on the subject, in sensible, practical, and effective speeches.

Fay. Obs.

THE RULING PASSION.

The Cairo correspondent of the Evansville (Ind.) Journal furnishes that journal with the following characteristic anecdote:

Amos Worthington, of Cairo, is dead. He was an unpretending man, lived ostentatiously, and supplied the people with fish. His last words were characteristic: "I say, Pritchard, I'm going to peg, right off. I've fished my last fish; but bury my tackle with me—who knows but they'll bite in Jordan."

MILK FOR BUTTER.

A French paper sometime since made an announcement of great interest to dairy men and farmers—namely, that milk kept in zinc pails will curd four or five hours later than that kept in pails of different material, which allows all the cream to separate. In an experiment made for the purpose, the cream taken from the tin pails yielded 2 pounds of butter, and the other 2¼ pounds. The butter from the zinc pails proved sweeter and more agreeable than the other.

This is certainly worthy of trial.