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## REMARKS OF J. M. LOVEJOY, ESQ. BEFORE THE WAKE COUNTY INTERNAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATION. Published at the Request of the Association.

I do not think I can interest this audience, for I know but little with respect to the subject, upon which I have been requested to speak. I have not read much about it, nor have I generally attended your meetings. I know nothing of facts in regard to rail roads. I only know that rail roads and steam have great power to build and great power to destroy a State. And I know that you have a glorious territory, the inheritance of your forefathers, which is to be ruined, or improved by this power. Look at this territory. North, South, East, and West. In the East, there is the finest land in the world, irrigated by navigable rivers. There are rich mines in other parts. Look at this territory in the West. Nature has denied it only one advantage, a communication by water with the marts of commerce; while in other respects, the evidence of Geography, land, water, fire and frost declare it to be unrivalled on the face of the globe for the habitation of man. Its latitude is between thirty-four and thirty-seven, which is the best for health, sufficiently removed from the raging diseases of the Torrid Zone, and the terrific consumption of the North. The same latitude west of North Carolina, brings you to the unhealthy valley of the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers; next the unhealthy valley of the Arkansas, which reaches to the sandy plains of Mexico; then the Pacific Ocean; next the Desert of Gobi in Asia, extending to the barren mountains of Turkey; then the Mediterranean Sea, the desert countries in the North of Africa, and the Sirocco swept across of the South of Europe; next the Atlantic Ocean, then the Eastern part of North Carolina, which is also unhealthy, and lastly to the sand ridge upon which is situated the city of Raleigh. Thus do we see that land, seas, oceans, mountains, swamps and deserts show that Western North Carolina is the only great country in the same latitude, which can be safely inhabited, if health is considered of any advantage. And yet all observation and experience, all writers on the subject, affirm that the belt of land between thirty-four and thirty-seven is the healthiest section of the Earth, unless local causes of an unhealthy nature intervene. If you go South of this, you have too much heat; if you go North, you have too much frost. Consequently, the testimony of frost and fire also prove not only that the temperature of that country is the most agreeable in the world, but that cold and heat are so happily proportioned, as to produce all the grains, fruits and vegetables, of more Northern and Southern climes. Wheat, rye, oats, barley, buckwheat and all the vegetables of the North are there. Rice, cotton, tobacco, Indian corn, the sweet potato peculiar to the South, and all its delicious fruits, are there. It abounds in fine pastures, meadows, hills and mountains for grazing. There you can produce the fine merino wool of Spain, the rich sleek cattle of New England and the middle States, and all kinds of stock, in the greatest abundance and greatest perfection. There is every thing to please the ear and the eye. Brooks, rivers, sweet sounding streams, valleys, hills, mountains, pleasant landscapes and flowery fields are there. God has made it the garden, the Eden of the world, and will you not enjoy it?

Will you, or will you not, construct a rail road to this remarkable territory, is the question now submitted to your consideration? A question vast in its consequences, not only to you, but also to your posterity. If you decide against this road, your decision must be final, final for one hundred years, forever. Your most able men believe, that you never can build this road, if the present attempt is a failure. For should the State continue her proposition, poverty will forbid all action hereafter in regard to the subject. North Carolina is not growing rich, but is every day growing poorer. No one will say that capital is flowing into this State, while every one knows it is rapidly going out,—that the decrease of her capital by emigration is greater than its increase. Texas, Florida, Mississippi, Alabama and all the South Western States, swarm with enterprising men, and abound in riches, which have gone from North Carolina. Then, why should you put off this business, and reject the proposition which has been offered by the State? Do you think you have not the means? If you are not able now to build this road, when will you be? Will it be five or ten years hence—will it be when other States shall have drained you of your wealth, and swept all enterprise and intelligence from your borders? Will prostration brighten the future, or add new energy to your hands? The future holds out no hopes, no inducements, no expectations. All is dark and gloomy, and growing darker. Nothing speaks for delay, but every thing for swift, decisive measures. The State is rapidly diminishing in wealth and power; no man can deny it, all things affirm it—your wastelands, which stretch far and wide, once bright with life and cultivation, now barren and desolate, assert it true. The hills and valleys, brooks and rivers, the very trees and stones, could they speak, would cry out and swear it true. Then, why delay this subject? Should you see a man

bleeding to death, would you look on, until his life ebbed out, before you bound up the wound? Would you sit down contented, and think him growing stronger, until his eyes were dim, his lips pale, until he staggered and sunk down at your feet, and then stanch the blood? Your great men say, North Carolina is in this condition. Her resources are wasting away, she is growing weaker, is bleeding; the constant emigration which has been going on for the last fifteen years, has opened the sluices to her heart. These flood gates are gaping wider and wider. Men have learned that labor is three times more profitable in the South Western States, than it is upon the barren sand ridges, that run through the middle of North Carolina. So strongly have they been impressed with this idea, that many have sold their farms, and gone South, although the Raleigh and Gaston road passed their very doors. Now, the failure of this road will increase emigration a hundred fold, for fail it must, we are told, unless the central road is built. But how will this event increase emigration? I answer, the Gaston road has taught men, who have enjoyed its advantages, the vast difference between the carrying of produce by fire, and the carrying it by horses. Fire charges them one ninth of their crop, to carry it the distances of two hundred miles; horses charge them one eighth. Now, if men have sold their land and left the State, who were receiving the benefits of the road, what will that same class of men do when this road goes down? The event will come upon them like a storm, it will cripple them, they cannot move. They must commence buying horses and wagons for what to transport their produce to Petersburg? No, to carry their servants and families to the South West.

This will take place all along the Gaston road, and throughout this country. No man knows the sweet or the bitter of a thing until he has tasted it. Deprive a man of this road, who has enjoyed its advantages, and he quickly finds there is something wanted, there is a gap somewhere; what is it, where is it? The Raleigh and Gaston road has gone down, has it, has it, he exclaims! perhaps this is only a mistake. Truth at length asserts the fact, it has gone down. This man is at first half crazy, like a drunkard deprived of his dram. He almost swears at himself and at the State, blames himself, blames every thing, wishes himself and the State at the bottom of the sea. At last, comes sober reflection, what am I to do, what am I to do? He turns to his wife, he tells her he suddenly finds his produce worth nothing, that they cannot live, the children cannot be educated. Of course, the prudent wife woman calms his passion, stills his temper, advises him to sell the home of his fathers, and leave the land of his birth. He does it, but he does it sadly, and with deep regret. These will be your feelings, ye citizens of Raleigh, if this road goes down. You may not curse, but you will be sorely vexed. You may allege that the farmers who leave this country, will sell their land to others; consequently no change will take place, save that of possession; but in this you are sadly mistaken, sadly in an error. There are but two things which give value to land, situation and fertility. If land is fertile and near a good market, it is very high; if it is fertile and far distant from market, it is very low; if it has neither of these advantages, it is worth comparatively nothing. Now if the Gaston road goes down the land in Wake County will be worth almost nothing, for it will have neither of those qualities which give value to land.

When then will purchase this land—will they be men of enterprise, men who care to improve themselves, or others? No, they will be men, who care for nothing but to live, and who will be contented to live upon the spontaneous productions of the earth. You may think to leave this business for the next generation, may say let us take care of ourselves, let those who come hereafter do the same. You have no right to do this—Had your forefathers acted upon this principle, you would now be grinding the axe of tyrants, to sever your own necks, and forging chains to bind and gail your own ankles. How mean, how barren is the idea of acting only for self! The hours of existence belong not to self, but rather to posterity and to God. What is the value of one man, or one generation of men, when compared with the establishing of a great principle, which shall reach through the hearts of a thousand generations, bracing the soul to virtue, and raising it to that noble destiny, which the laws of Nature intend it shall attain? A generation of men, that sets entirely for self is of no more value than a generation of trees; it is less so, for the tree leaves its kind in the earth and Nature the same as it found her. While a people who act entirely for self, leave behind them desolation and darkness. They have not left Nature as they found her; they have been a dead weight upon the world and drawn it backwards, and they deserve curses, and not the blessing of posterity. Beasts, birds, fish, insect, reptile have a higher value, a more noble dignity in the universe, than that people who consult for nothing but the interest of their own generation; for the former leave their species unimpaired, while the latter attempt to degrade Nature, strike at her heart, hack and hew at her limbs, and

divest her of her noble proportions, by reducing their own children to dwarfs and pigmies.

Were all beings influenced by that dark and narrow despotism, which subjects all action to self interest, society must first suddenly come to a stand, then go backward, and lastly perish. God must stand still; for he works for the universe; the sun, the moon, and the stars must stand still, for they move by God, reflecting his power and his glory. There could be but one hand upon the face of time, destruction—but one movement in the universe, death. Leave this business to posterity! the very idea is unnatural, unmanly, degrading. Besides, your posterity will not be here. Other States will have your children; for be assured, be assured, if the Gaston road goes down, the broom of emigration will sweep with a powerful and mighty hand. All the wealth and intelligence will leave your country, and this part of the State. You must see the wealth leave your city, and go to other places of more comfort and greater conveniences. You must see all your merchants and mechanics depart, who are able. All of you who are young and vigorous and can depart, will do so. But many of you cannot leave, you have not the means, you have families; and women and children, without money, are fixtures; they grow to one spot like trees. I mean no disrespect to the wife and children—they are round our hearts like sunshine round a cloud; we would die for them; dying is nothing, we would be slain a thousand times, to save them. But I mean to say, can a man who has a family take them up at any moment, and move where he pleases like a young man who has no family? Who changes his situation, as Fortune changes, and varies his pathway like the winds of heaven? He it is whom destiny favors, he it is to whom Fortune reaches out her hand. He has the unbroken heart; the elastic step, strong faith, endurance and the indomitable will; he is his; and his imagination makes the far off to come, all brightness and sunshine. He is unincumbered, fetterless, free as the wild wind. He throws himself into the great world race, and outruns the world.—The world cannot keep its eye upon him, he is out of sight in a moment, crying this way, this way—oh world, the goal is before! All these will leave your city, your county and this part of the State. But many of you are past the meridian line of life; you do not love to leave the land of your childhood. Your grandfathers, your grandmothers, your fathers, and your mothers, lived and died here.—Old associations wrap themselves around you like a garment, and cling to your hearts like a ghost to the ruin it haunts. If you start to go away, Time bids you stop, show you his scythe ready to cut you down, points to your gray hairs, points to the graves of your fathers, makes the future fear and drakness, and bids the far off to come with fire. Your feet are upon that section of life where the shadows of age darkly fall, and the sun of existence begins to go down; your limbs begin to lose their strength, and your knees their swiftness, and the bounding energy of youth is gone. You are climbing the thunder stricken hills of time and death. Now here you must stay because you are afraid to go. And ye who have not the means must stay, because you cannot go. Here must you live and linger out your days, amidst the dark crowding troubles that beset you, must see the young and the strong depart, and all wealth and enterprise quit your capital—must see your houses decay, your city dwindle to nothing—the place where you were born and raised, that place, above all others, the most sacred to the soul; God has made it so, and has rooted it in the heart, as strong as death, as deep as eternity. Ye citizens of Raleigh, it seems to me, that a great danger threatens you! that a fearful enemy is about to strike, and to strike fatally. And will you devise no means to avert this danger, will ye hesitate to give the sum of seventy-five, or a hundred thousand dollars, to avert it? Were a hostile foe upon your borders, would you sit in your houses until your throats were cut upon your own thresholds, or would you go out, and meet the enemy in the open field, and pour out your blood like men? Now which is the worst, to be killed by the quick rapid strokes of battle, or to die the still, slow, horrible death by lingering consumption? Were it left to me, I would choose war doubly dark, rather than endure the torments of a monster, that kills by years of torture. The bloody footsteps of War are washed out by the next morning's dew, and the thunders of his march die away, like the voice of the retiring storm. He strikes the heart and it is cold. But here is a danger, which threatens to run into your hearts, to eat up inch by inch, sinew by sinew, bone by bone, limb by limb, joint by joint. Will any one bring up the imbecility of the Raleigh and Gaston road against this project? That is no test, no argument, no evidence. It lies like a dead giant, limbless, powerless, nerveless, between a swamp on the one hand, and a sand bank on the other. Are there large cities at either terminus, to give impetus to travel? Are there rich productive back countries, to load the trains with produce? No; they come empty, and go empty. The very engines seem vexed, that they are doing nothing for the world.—Instead of rushing along from twenty to thirty miles per hour, as they do in other States, here they limp along, stop, hesitate, consider; consider! What do they consider? They

consider whether they shall run into a sand bank or a swamp. Nature is angry that she is so treated and outraged. Nature loves all, works for all, shines, rains, burns, freezes, thunders and lightens for all. Nature is not to blame for the freaks of the Raleigh and Gaston road, but they are to blame who attempted to pen her up in so horrible and monstrous a manner. But if this other road is built, running through the Capitals of a dozen States, through the heart of a mighty empire, attracting to itself all the travel which must necessarily pass through such an empire, then will nature work, then will she have fair play, then will she show you her hand. Her giants, her steeds of fire will move through your State, like a whirlwind, casting off with the rapidity of lightning before your doors, the bounties of all climates, the treasures of the world, diffusing wealth, prosperity and happiness around. On the other hand, if you sit here and do nothing, stand still with your hands in pockets, while other States are up and doing, and claiming their lines of rail road around you, then must they increase, you must decrease, they must drain you of your substance, and eat out your very vitals, must become great, powerful and intelligent, while you must become miserable, poor, wretched and naked. Great events sometimes take place in the world, which bear society as far in a year, as it advanced before in centuries. Such have been the discovery of the electro-telegraph, the art of printing, but more especially the propulsion of machinery by steam.—Nations must avail themselves of those discoveries, or stop short, in their career of glory and renown.

Europe has appropriated them. She has become famous and powerful. Asia has rejected them. She is miserable and in darkness, blinded and dazzled by the very beams, which would have filled her empires with life, beauty and splendor. But what does steam? It does wonders, and brings important events to pass. And will ye reject this power, drive this giantess from your borders? Will you say to her, we dislike your hoarse and troublesome voice! our sleep, our tranquility, shall not be disturbed by your swift impetuous temper; therefore begone and leave us to our slumbers. She says admit me within your borders, and you shall sleep then, more than now; I will carry you five hundred miles per day, and rick you to sleep in the meantime. When you wish to move you shall not pass over horrible roads in horrible hacks, drawn by jaded horses whose swollen limbs and panting chest make you wish to walk rather than ride. She says to you, go to sleep with your wives and children; I shall never fail, never falter; I have feet of iron, limbs of brass and blood all flowing with impetuous speed and resistless power. Go to sleep with your wives and children, or leave them behind; I will carry you far away to distant cities and return before they miss you. I will do all your work myself. I will build up towns, cities and villages wherever I go, even in desert places. Sleep, sleep on day and night, sleep on forever. Your old fields shall grow green with the products of industry and labor.—I will give the poor man prudence, economy and a strong heart, for I will take his produce, which is worth comparatively nothing, and bring him back many, many comforts and luxuries in return. The poor shall rejoice at my going and my coming, for I will feed their children, clothe them, educate them, build them good houses for their bodies, and give peace, tranquility and sunshine to their hearts. I will turn all your water falls into mills and factories. Admit me within your borders, and you shall become great and powerful. I will do all this myself; sleep, sleep on day and night, sleep on forever. But this power says, if you admit me not, I will awaken you with a start. I will torment you with cold, hunger and famine. Your State shall become a skeleton of dry bones and rocking joints. Capital shall leave your State. I will drive your sons away to die in unhealed wounds, your towns shall waste away, you shall become wretched, worse and worse shall eat your perplexities; other States shall eat up your commerce, your wealth shall be given to the cities of the North, your ships shall rot in your harbors, and your seaports become the habitation of beggars and fishermen. A gloom shall hang over the land heavy and deep, the gloom of poverty and ignorance. Ignorance shall walk up to your door as a neighbor, and claim admittance, shall tell your children, they are his brothers and his sisters, that he will eat, drink, and sleep with them, that he will lead them through caves of darkness and dens of crime; that he will blind them, strike out intelligence from their eyes, and blast out the rose from their cheeks like lightning.—The propulsion of machinery by steam was the work of one of our own countrymen.—And by it we have paid Europe the debt we owed her, and more than paid her; so that if we owe Europe much, she owes us more.—She has given us pleasant books;—we have given her great principles of government, and the useful arts.—If the soul of her bards is here, the spirit of Washington, the genius of Fulton and Morse are there. It is the arm of Washington, that strikes on the plains of Hungary, Piedmont and Italy. Far away by the rushing Potomac, the world's great Liberator sleeps while his spirit is building up republics on the banks of the Rhine and the Danube.—

No labouring vessel, no weary sail, carries out our principles, our messages, and our love to the struggling nations of Europe; but the Queen of the deep goes forth with them. Does she traverse, does she sheer off to suit the caprice of wind or wave? What cares she for wind or wave? She walks the ocean like a tyrant, and dashes the billows from her side with scorn. She laughs in the face of the tempest, and her dark hot throat utters roars, out burns the thunder and the storm, which descend to devour her up. She goes to the wharves of Europe, the bold swift messenger of the Eagle Republic, proud of her strength and her origin. Nor does her mission end here; she meets her sister of the land. The two giantesses shake hands and exchange friendly greetings.—The queen of the ocean delivers up to her sister, her news, her letters and her messages for the people of Europe. She receives them and carries not. She stops not in the marts of commerce, where the domes of power shoot heavenward, but strikes off for the inland country, where the oppressed and care-worn poor till the lands of wealthy lords and noble tyrants. And she scatters all along her track, the sons of American Liberty, who teach the people their rights and the foul wrongs which are done them. She throws off her commands to the wires in every direction, crying in her thunder voice write, write, oh Lightning, write the name of Washington, Liberty, America, upon every door post in Europe.—The genius of Fulton and Morse is there. Away, away she goes, North, South, East, and West, through every country in Europe, casting her dark and fiery shadow upon the brows of tyrants, but giving hope and courage to the oppressed.—This power is the great regenerator, the great teacher of mankind. She teaches man every thing, prudence, industry, economy, literature, the arts and sciences. She is changing the face of society, tearing down old despots and building up republics. And how is she doing this? She brings thousands, nay hundreds of thousands of the oppressed of Europe to the shores of America yearly. She carries back their sentiments, their letters and their opinions, by which American principles are planted all over Europe, and spring up desires of revolution and armed for war. The people are beginning to believe that they are not cattle and their tyrants not Gods.—The bit set hard in their mouths, grow worse and worse. The hand that pulls those bits is flashing with diamonds. There was once an awe attached to that hand and a horror at striking it off, but that has departed. For that hand is always cruel and exacting, never gives benefits, never returns favors, but always demands labor, pain and blood.—It may be asserted that the revolutions of Europe answer not the expectations of Freedom. But what did Freedom expect? Did she expect that one or two revolutions could burn out the heart of tyranny from Europe, that one or two rivers of blood could wash out the deep dark stain, which a thousand years of oppression have stamped upon her brow? Freedom expected no such thing. She knows that her tree can only grow in Europe from the dust and ashes of despotism, watered by the blood and tears of her children. That it is a thing of difficult culture and requires great care and patience. That its roots must shoot deep and wide, even to the heart of the earth, before the nations can sit quietly under its shade, and tranquility prevail in Europe.—Kossuth has failed, Hungary has failed. The nations looked on and saw the unequal struggle—folded up their arms and saw her star go down. But God saw it go down, God saw it. And he sees the plains of Hungary all stained and black with the blood and limbs of his children.—But does God sleep, has God forgotten the Earth, shall injustice and wrong triumph forever? No; for every drop of blood spilled upon the fields of Hungary, an armed warrior shall rise up, millions shall there come forth, who shall pour out the anger of God upon Europe like a devouring fire, hurl the bolts of his destruction, all death and lightning, until tyranny backs out from Europe, like the freezing darkness when the sun is eclipsed, and the tree of Liberty is planted upon the grave of despotism.

But to return to our own country: Will you reject this power? Ye dare not do it. She bids you reject her at your peril. She is strong to build up, strong to give life, but she is also strong to kill. You are struggling with a terrible monster. She has her hand on your throat, and bids you say no, if you dare. Say it, say it, and she will strangle you, strangle you by years of torture. Wrench at that hand; it is iron. Wrench at that hand; she is strong and you are weak.—Wrestle, struggle with her. She has feet of iron, limbs of brass, sinews of steel and outstrips the storm in her course. How will she destroy you? She will not be within your borders; will not go through them.—But as she passes by them on her lightning track she will stretch out her hand from the mountains to the seaboard, and tear your houses down, throw up your ships high and dry, to rot upon the sand, rain a blighting mildew upon the land, sow it with the dust of destruction, destroy your cultivated fields, turn them into deserts, and plant them with thorns, thistles and the yellow broom. She will entice the young men from your borders into her own territories, and add them to her other allies, and they are many. All the States, North, West and South, are hers; the

whole world, the ocean, the elements, fire and water are hers. Your wealthy men shall go over to her side. She will take the riches of those who stay, and give them to her friends and supporters, strip the very clothes from their backs, snatch the bread from the mouths of their children, blind and curse them with poverty and ignorance.

Is this fancy, or is it truth? Truth! It is not half the reality. No imagination, however swift in flight or mighty in energy, can paint the terrible evils which must accumulate in a State, unless it use this power to defend itself against the same power existing in other States, to prevent them from drawing her blood and eating up her substance. This power seems to be a great friend, but is an enemy not to be endured, not to be trifled with; seems to us to be the devil himself, in atrocity and cruelty. She takes from you your clothing, snatches the food from your mouths, blinds and curses your children or seduces them away and makes them work for herself; and yet she is not atrocious, nor is she cruel. She works for the world; her aims are long and they require a broad sweep. Can she prevent their passing over your State, tearing your houses down and wasting your substance? Your wealth, your produce, your young men run after her. Is she to blame, or is the world to blame, or is nature to blame, or is Fulton to blame, for arming such a terrible monster against North Carolina? Neither of those are to blame; but you are to blame, if you reject her, and must suffer the consequences of your folly. But you must remember, if you make this power your enemy, there are three things which make her different from all other enemies. First: she can kill you while you have no weapon, nor can have any, with which to defend yourselves.—Secondly: no one will sympathize with you; no one will say she does wrong. Thirdly: you yourselves cannot say she does wrong. You must see her rob your children of their clothing, snatch the bread from their mouths, blind and curse them with ignorance, turn them out into the winter and the storm—must see all this, and still think she is doing right, fold up your arms, shut up your eyes and say nothing.

Again: No people—no christian people—no people, whether savage, barbarous or christian—has the right to reject measures which elevate the masses, or improve the condition of the poor.—This power is the great friend of the poor. She makes the poor man rich, and the rich man richer.—She is the great leveler, but always levels up—never levels down—elevates poverty without depressing wealth. Perhaps poverty is no evil; perhaps the ignorant poor are nothing. Let us see about it. The world says they are nothing—has said it for six thousand years. The world must be believed. Let us believe it—agree with the world that they are nothing—have done with argument—let death decide it. See death how he seizes all classes and conditions of men, slays them, throws them together, strips the worldly gear from their backs, and lays them in one bed! Death decides it. He is impartial, uses all men alike, is stronger than argument—the ignorant poor are something. Yet no one speaks for them, no one cares for them, but death—death and darkness. Death cares for them. He stills the rage of their hunger, hushes their stormy hearts, takes from them their rags, wraps them in his own garments, lays them down upon the bosom of the earth—the sweet mother of mankind—and leaves them there to God. Death cares for them.—Darkness, night cares for them. She hides them in her solitary caves, visits them in their lonely prisons, bars out the sunshine which sees their nakedness and their shame, and throws around them the gloom of her own garments, when hunted to death by the law. Darkness cares for them—death cares for them—death and darkness care for them. Oh! darkness, night! Titanic, unborn giants, who dost gather all nations under thy far reaching, impalpable, wings and dost hover over them as still and silent as the grave! what do the ignorant poor of this world suffer—what do they suffer North! South, East and West—in Europe, Asia, Africa, America—what are they suffering in Ireland, where the dying feed upon the dead, where death slays faster than time can bury, heaps up the slain by the way-side, while the sun pours his hot, dark vengeance down, filling the air with the vapors of destruction, like a cloud giving teeth to the jaws of the pestilence and temper to his tremendous sword. There is another power which cares for them, this great, this mighty power, which you are about to receive within or reject from your borders. You are called on to make way for this power, to build a road for her to the great West, whither may emigrate the poor and the destitute from every quarter; where your sons may go and settle, whether they are doctors, lawyers, farmers or mechanics. Why do your sons go South? Because they can not live here. But do they live there? Every paper announces the death of some one from North Carolina, in the sickly climate of the South-western States. Mobile, New Orleans and all the South-western Cities, are full of young men from this State. But how few of them ever return! Disease, death and poverty prevent it. Poverty, I say, for but few of them grow rich. And why do not the young become rich among strangers? It takes ten years to establish a reputation and character, and by that time they die. No man should