

Carolina

Dedicated to Politics, News, Agriculture, Internal Improvements, Commerce, the Arts and Sciences, Morality, and the Family Circle.

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From the American Organ.
LAND DISTRIBUTION.
The effect of distributing the proceeds of the public lands, or the lands themselves, amongst the States, may be imagined, though not adequately described, by a glance at the results flowing to a single State, from the investment of its portion of the twenty-six millions divided amongst the States in 1836. The Albany Journal says:
On the 1st of January, 1836, \$26,000,000 in the Federal treasury were divided among the States. New York received four million, five hundred thousand dollars. She invested it in education. It has wrought magical changes in twenty years. Seven stately colleges and a Normal school have arisen in our towns. A hundred new academies adorn our villages. When bells ring at noon nine hundred thousand children pour out from eleven thousand school houses.
—When Saturday night comes round, a free library is thrown open of a million and a half of books. Every boy and girl in the State, from five years up to twenty is offered tuition gratis, by that United States deposit fund. It adds twenty-five thousand dollars every year to the principal of the school fund. It gives one hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars every year toward the expenses of the school system. It has educated a generation. It will educate the next, and the next, and dozens more.
The interest on \$4,500,000 at the legal rate in New York, (seven per cent.) is three hundred and fifteen thousand dollars per year. This sum enables New York to educate "every boy and girl in the State from five years up to twenty," and to add \$25,000 per year to the school fund. Seven colleges, one hundred academies, and eleven thousand school houses have been erected in the last twenty years, from this fund. The interest on the original four and a half millions has amounted to over six millions which have been expended in the education of the children of New York.
The portion of New York, in the one thousand and seventy millions of acres of land remaining unsold, would be from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and eighty millions of acres. But suppose that of good saleable land her portion should be half that quantity, or seventy-five millions of acres?
And suppose that of these seventy-five millions New York should sell annually but one million of acres, and thus reserve the fund for the continued benefit of her people for seventy-five years! She would thus receive twelve hundred and fifty thousand dollars annually, in addition to the three hundred and fifteen thousand dollars now annually accruing from her portion of the deposit of 1836, making the aggregate sum of over one million five hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars annually! Now, if an accruing interest of three hundred and fifty thousand dollars annually for the last twenty years has enabled that State to build seven colleges, one hundred academies, and eleven thousand school houses, how many colleges, academies, and school houses would the one million five hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars annually enable her to erect and support in the next twenty years? If similarly expended, that State could exhibit thirty-five colleges, five hundred academies, and all supported from this fund!
To whatever extent facilities for acquiring knowledge might be considered advantageous, that State might, by these means, extend them, and yet apply millions upon millions of dollars to works of internal improvement, and other objects of State interest.
Is there a true, genuine patriot in this broad land, who would not rejoice to witness in every State, such results as New York has thus exhibited, and which flow from the investment of her four and a half millions of dollars in education?
A distribution of the public lands amongst the States, would enable every State in this Union to establish precisely such a system of public schools, and at the same time to facilitate internal improvement to the extent demanded by the interests of the people.
Each State would then have within her individual reach, all the elements of internal strength and independence—the sons of each could be educated within the limits of their native State—oppressive taxation would not drive the citizens of the Atlantic States to the far West—local improvements would introduce wealth, industry, and enterprise into each of the States where the energies of their people are now dormant—migration to the new States would be arrested—a stronger attachment to the locality of one's birth would be created—and thousands of those who would otherwise sell themselves for Federal pay and plunder would defend the doctrine of "States Rights," and thus aid in arresting the onward march of our republic to national consolidation.
Instead of increasing the power of the Federal Government, this distribution of the land fund would tend directly and effectually to weaken its influence over the ambitions, speculating, and reckless spirits who through the very halls of Congress, and are ready to sell both their souls and their constituents for a few townships of land! Take from the Federal Government its means of corrupting the Representatives of the people, and place those means in the power and disposition of the States, and we shall hear no more of the frauds, corruptions, and inequities growing out of railroad grants to the States.
Distribution is emphatically a "State's right" measure—a measure which will vastly increase the power of the several States independent of the Federal Government as to the means of internal improvement—a measure which will render applications to Congress for aid to local improvements wholly unnecessary—a measure which, at the very moment of its inauguration, will take from the Federal Government, *these very means* by which individuals, corporations, and States have been hitherto corrupted and purchased! So anxious were Mr. Calhoun, General Jackson, and other distinguished statesmen in times past, to de-

prive the Federal Government of this vast corruption fund, they were even willing to surrender all the public lands to those States, respectively in which they lie, as a lesser evil than their application by Congress to the purpose of increasing Federal influence.

If the present sham Democracy of the South were serious and earnest in their professions of devotion to the rights of the States, they would promptly unite in a movement which will forever separate the Federal Government from this immense "corruption fund," which now consists of ten eleven hundred millions of acres of land, worth at its present estimate, more than thirteen hundred millions of dollars, and which, in the not distant future, may swell up to the value of three or four thousand millions, a fund sufficient to buy up a majority of every Congress for the next one hundred years, if the character of some of the members of the last Congress is any index to the character of its successors.

We warn the people of the several States, who are devoted to the rights of the States, and who dread a national consolidation, not to lend a willing ear, to those Congressional aspirants who, with professions of devotion to "State rights" upon their lips, *prate* against a division of the "common fund," amongst the States to whom it properly belongs. They may be honest in their opposition to a measure which would obviously and undeniably diminish the power of the Federal Government, and which would add strength to the States—that is possible; but it may be (we would not even institute it) that observation has taught them, that there is an easier way to make riches, than by fighting against power!

From the Presbyterian.
BYLON'S LETTERS FROM ITALY.
(CONCLUSIONS OF THE PROPHETIC.)
Done of St. Peter's from the Pincian hill—Approach to St. Peter's—Interior view—Illustrations of its Vestibule—Wind of Religious Impressions—The Vatican—Countless treasures of the Curious and Beautiful—A Monastic Succession—Fortress of Popery—An iconoclastic idea of my own—Churches with the gospel—Stained glass not Popery.

Rome, Italy, December —
MISSISSIPPI.—Standing upon the Pincian hill, so well known as the most delightful promenade in Rome, and looking over the crowded mass of gloomy houses to the opposite extremity of the city, the eye rests upon the magnificent dome of St. Peter's, the crowning monument of the genius of Michael Angelo, who made good his boast that he would suspend the Pantheon in air. No work of art can be conceived more majestic than this. Beautiful for situation, gigantic and faultless in its proportions, intensifying every hour the wonder and delight of the beholder, the first object seen on your approach to the Eternal City, the last that fades out of sight as you leave it, it stands at the head of all your recollections of Rome. It is to the modern city, what the Colosseum must have been to the ancient. Close to it, devoid of all merit but vastness, stands the immense pile of buildings known as the Vatican—the seat of the Pope—the nursery of mild "bulls" and harmless "thunders," the treasure-house of forgotten lore, and the museum of all that is costliest and best in the productions of ancient and modern art.

Let us now leave the Pincian hill and follow the stream of carriages that is ever pouring forth from this quarter of strangers towards these wonderful buildings. We will pass through the Strada de Condoti, over the bridge of St. Angelo, under the shadow of the frowning Mausoleum of Hadrian, and so, after more than a mile's walk, we will stand in the beautiful Piazza of St. Peter's. We need not attempt to describe what is so familiar to every eye in pictures and engravings. It is enough to say that this whole Piazza, with its obelisk, its two fountains, and its noble semi-circular colonnades, is a fitting introduction to the magnificent temple that lies beyond it. As we look across this Piazza to St. Peter's itself, we are at once sensible of a deep disappointment. The facade is a failure; it is mean and low, and it is a relief to be told that it does not belong to the plan of Michael Angelo. But as soon as we pass the vestibule into the church itself, every other feeling gives way to boundless admiration. We remark at once what all travellers have told us, its apparent want of magnitude. So exquisite are all the proportions that the eye is at first deceived, and requires the help of actual measurements to be brought to a correct judgment. It has only been after many visits, and many paces to and fro, that I have at length been able to comprehend the vastness of this edifice. It may be well to know that cherubs, very little to the eye, measure full six feet; that the tape line shows some doves in bas-relief to be as monstrous as eagles; that very respectable human faces in mosaic, on the concave of the dome, show a breadth of some twenty feet or more; and that one end of the nave—a small corner of the building—would hold the largest Protestant church in America, steeped and all, and then leave room for a walk around it!

It is only by the help of some homely statistics like these that we at length comprehend that we are in the largest temple in the world. It would be a work of supererogation to follow the stream of conscientious travellers in a description of this edifice; but I will say that I went all over it; I saw the famous iron St. Peter, with his toe half-kissed away, who is seated of looking so like Jupiter Strator; I saw all his mosaics and statues, and its gorgeous awkward baldichino resting over the tomb of St. Peter; I saw all its altars, and the ministers thereof despatching their business in haste or at leisure, playing ball and marbles in the adjoining rooms; I went down into the vaults and saw whole rows of dead Popes; and then I went up to the roof, and so to the top of the dome, marking the crack in it which, through some Protestant spectacles, seems to widen every day; and then gazed out from the ball perched up five hundred feet above terra firma. St. Peter's is a little world in itself. After a hundred visits, you discover still new beauties to cause wonder and delight; and yet after a hundred visits, your first impression is only the more confirmed, that it wants the very chief requisite of such a temple—the power to produce those feelings of religious awe and solemnity which a sense of fitness absolutely demands. In York Minister, Puritan though you be, you tread with instinctive reverence the solemn aisles, and feel the awfulness of the place. In St. Peter's no such influence is apparent, and just so far it falls short of the great aim which the lovers of an artistic religion are striving after. We feel certain that it would do as well for the throne-room of a palace as for a place of worship. The very same remark applies to almost all the churches of Rome. With their profuse ornamentation, they lack the seriousness which befits religion, and yet they befit the atmosphere of Rome, where religion is the least serious of all possible things.

It is but a step from St. Peter's to the Vatican. You know the entrance by the Swiss mercenaries that are sauntering around it. They are the Pope's household troops, with striped garments of red and yellow intermixed with gold lace, and with long spears, such as are only seen now-a-days on the stage of a theatre, or in pictures of the martyrdom of John Huss. If they were not so gaudy they would look like convicts; but, being gaudy, they look all the more like convicts. Once in the Vatican, and it is the easiest thing in the world to be lost. You may wander for hours through almost interminable galleries and grand suites of apartments, and yet leave many more hours, work undone. The Pope's abode is but a small part of this immense pile. The bulk of the building forms the grandest museum in the world. Here are rescued from oblivion, and built into the firm walls, the records of the early Christian faith in the inscriptions on the marbles from the Catacombs—a collection of extraordinary interest and value. Here are gathered, beside a great amount of the rubbish of old Rome, the choicest of the remains of ancient genius—the Laocoon and the Apollo Belvedere standing at the head of a long list that the eye wearies in gazing at. Here are Egyptian museums and Etruscan museums, museums of pottery, and all sorts of museums, occupying odd corners in this great pile, each of which, isolated, might worthily form the chief attraction of a city. Here is the greatest and most valuable library in the world, occupying gorgeous cases, with not a book in sight, and ornamented with jeweled cases and costly lockers, the gifts of kings. Here is the choicest of all collections of pictures in the world, only about fifty in number, but every one of them a miracle of art, worthy to hang upon the same walls with the "Transfiguration," the last and best creation of the divine Raphael. Here are frescoes almost without number, painted through the "manificence" of successive Popes by master hands, and comprising the most valued works of Michael Angelo—"The Last Judgment"—to my mind a horrible caricature of a most solemn theme, and utterly unworthy of its name. Here is a vast manufactory of mosaics always in full blast to supply new churches, and just now busily manufacturing the likenesses of the Popes, from St. Peter down, for the new church of St. Paul—an irresistible argument in the eyes of the vulgar for an unbroken apostolic succession. And here, too, if reports be true, is the manufactory of saints out of heretics in the dark dungeons of the Inquisition, where tortures are the strongest arguments used, and where, possibly, the lost Bishop of Detroit may be found if sought for. And beside all this, who knows what else the Vatican is used for? There are vast chambers which the stranger is never permitted to explore, and where, we may well believe, there is a good deal of machinery that dreads the daylight.

In going upon and contemplating the riches of St. Peter's and the Vatican, the mind of the Protestant must always be filled with contending emotions. If he be a lover of art, he will never tire of looking at that marvellous dome, and he will roam with ever-increasing delight through those almost endless galleries; but still he cannot help but see that they are what, more than all else, give dignity and strength to the most relentless of all the superstitions with which humanity was ever cursed. As long as Pagan Rome can point to her St. Peter's as the first of all earthly temples; as long as she can boast of herself as the conservator of the richest treasures of ancient and modern art; as long as the Vatican remains to represent Popery to a world fond of glitter and wealth, just so long is her strength likely to remain unsubdued and her arm uncrimped. This may seem strange to English and Americans, who look at things with a practical eye, and are ever recurring to the question *qui bono*; but

when one sees what slaves the Europeans are to their senses, that a prodigious influence the mere tinsel of a Court has over them, and how the strength of a throne is often just in proportion to the brightness of its ribbons and the multitude of its decorations, then it is easy to believe that the nations are held to the Court of Rome not so much by inward convictions, as by the glory that surrounds and centres in the huge piles that crown the *Monts Vaticani*.

When, in 1848, the Pope ran away from Rome in the shape of a footman behind a coach, I venture to predict that he never would have returned if the nest had been destroyed after the bird had flown. Garibaldi wanted to do that, and was only restrained by the interference of Mr. Cass, our American Minister. I would not be the advocate of any unmeaning iconoclasm, but still, much as I love the arts, I would not lift a finger to save Michael Angelo's dome, or all the museums of the Vatican, if, by so doing, I were guilty of nursing for a day longer the vile brood that there nestle and hatch inequities to plunge the world withal. Wiser men than I have said the same thing, and men too who have not any excuse of a hereditary hatred of Popery. I have seen men that were calm at home, and that could give their money to put stained windows into Popish cathedrals, here boiling over with a disgust which we are accustomed to look for only in Scotchmen. This is a new idea to broach, but I believe it dwells in nine-tenths of the minds that look calmly and soberly on Popery at home. Kings and Emperors will continue to honour her as long as she worships in such a temple, and dwells in such a house; and there is nothing that so surely proclaims her doom as the progress of the nation towards the substitution of the real for the fictions, and the substantial for the showy. What might have been accomplished by Garibaldi and his ragged republicans will surely be accomplished when, in a more earnest age than the present, truth is found to lie in the head which the crown covers, and not in the jewels it bears; in the body that rates, and not in the gay spangled garments that puff it out and make it look large and dazzling to weak eyes. A very poor skeleton will Popery be when once she is stripped—and stripped she will be—wherever the Bible goes to make men lovers of truth and haters of deceit and sin.

But this homily has crowded out all the mention I meant to have made of other churches in Rome. There are a great many of them. They are all rich in useless treasures; and while some of them are very beautiful in the interior, there is not an exterior in the whole city but that must be pronounced positively ugly. There is not a Gothic church here, and only a single window of unstained glass—a curious fact, showing that these are not indispensable to Popery, and do not therefore, indicate positively Popish privileges. In fine, it may be said of these churches—and there are three hundred and sixty-five of them—that they are neither ornamental nor useful. They fill up empty spaces, and are excellent charcoal houses; but for all the good they do to the souls of men I would not give a straw. The wealth of the faithful has for ages flowed into them, and never flowed out again; and what with gold and silver that deck old tombs, and the jewels and pearls that hang in great clusters around the necks of wax Madonnas, or fill the hollow orbits of grinning skulls, there is enough given over to cobwebs and dust to cover Italy with a network of railroads, to care for all the sick, and starving, and dying that choke up her filthy villages, and to plant a smile upon the lips that now piteously, but in vain, implore the tender mercies of the Church.

Good, Plain English.
I never for the life of me could make out what we gain by using fine words. Nay, I, perhaps unfortunately, always suspect them, and am not in the habit of giving them above half credit for their meaning. Just compare now—look on this picture, and on that—which expression do you like best—"A large room well lighted," or "An extensive apartment effectually illuminated?" "A man going home," or "An individual proceeding to his residence?" To me, the former of these expressions, in each case, conveys good sense in sound words; the latter disguises that sense in the overplus of a exornation. And as we might expect, it is just those cases where a false effect is aimed at that such expressions are used. We find them most often in those lowest of literary productions—our provincial newspapers. When a common incident in a dull everyday town is to be rendered into a piece of news, "men" become "individuals," "woman" are spoken of as "the fair sex," "meats" are turned into "viands," people never "go," but always "proceed;" never "feel," but always "experience" a sensation; never "live" anywhere, but always "reside;" never "eat," but always "partake of refreshment."

Here is a bit of rural description which I cut out of a country periodical the other day:—"The parish church of D—, is a neat but ancient structure, that commands veneration by its antiquity, and enforces admiration by its beauty. It stands in the centre of an extensive burial ground, and both that and the sacred edifice are closed from the world by a circumbent range of chestnut trees, whose expansive branches form a verdant canopy over a commodious gravel walk which is shaded by their

luxuriant foliage." Nor are such follies confined to the worst productions of our press. In the *Illustrated London News* the other day, when the band of the French "Guides" was here, we are told how the people cheered them as they "proceeded" in omnibuses through the city. But what do my hearers imagine Frenchmen did in return? Did they wave their caps or cry *Vive l'Angleterre*? It may have been so, but I defy any one to say that they did as pointed out to us by the paragraph in question, for it is there said they "evinced a reciprocity!" What that may mean translated into facts I suspect neither you nor I have the remotest notion. Does a man want to puff himself or his goods? He has recourse to these same fine words. A conjuror from Yorkshire becomes "the Wizard of the North," or a "Professor of Prestidigitation" (by way of the way with these people every one is a Professor); a lot of new goods becomes "an extensive assortment of novelties;" and so on to the end of the chapter.

... No, my good friends, let me advise you all, and especially the young among you, who are beginning to make their own sentences, and choose their own style of talk and correspondence—stick to your Saxon, your own fine, nervous, honest English. Enriched as it is with many necessary and ornamental words from classical sources, depend on it, wherever an idea can consistently with usage, be expressed in both ordinary and extraordinary language, the homely, usual, one-syllable English is by very far the best.—*Alford.*

THE COMET.

A western philosopher is of opinion that it is the comet which makes the weather so cold. We had supposed that the comet was to make us hot, and were looking forward to its appearance as the best chance for warm weather. We should like to know whether the extraordinary weather of last winter was also owing to this comet. Were the severe winter of '55-'56, and the late spring of the last year, also the work of this floating iceberg of the celestial sea?
According to our Western savant, the comet is bound to hit the earth between wind and water the 16th of June next, and put it in the predicament which Maginn said Great Britain was in 1831—"scudding to the infernal regions with a fair gale of wind to its tail." The West is a great country, certainly, great in philosophers as well as pumpkins and patriots. We trust that if the comet does hit the earth, it may strike it somewhere in the West—say in Utah. It deserves such a distinction. For our part, we are thankful that this comet has made its appearance, and given us all something to talk about. Nothing is more benevolent in life than the simple provision which is made for the exercise of the gift of gab. First we have a war, then a dissolution of Parliament, and a bright prospect of a row in Utah, and a comet; a real wide-awake, old-fashioned comet; a long, low, red, piratical craft, which Maury, the look-out at the mast-head of the National Observatory, has reported as distinctly visible in the North-west, bearing down upon us with all sail set, and travelling with a velocity compared with which the speed of a cannon ball is but the pace of a snail. We shall expect this comet to grow larger and brighter every night, and furnish a fruitful topic of speculation and delight to astronomers, and of wonder and awe to outsiders.
Nobody in this country ought to have the least alarm about it; the comet is in more danger than we are; if it comes near the United States we will annex it.

Comets have always created more or less panic among the intelligent inhabitants of this excellent planet. Man's inward conviction, that his moral nature is out of gear, is always suggesting that the physical universe has various screws loose, which may bring the terrestrial machine about his ears, in an abrupt and ruinous manner. In old times, there was a superstitious fear of comets, as prodigies, portending the fate of governments and nations. When the light of philosophy had dispelled the mists of superstition, then arose the fear of collision. A railroad collision, with cars travelling 30 miles an hour, is gentle as the kisses of lovers, compared with such a smash up as that of the earth coming in contact with a comet, each of the locomotives travelling more than a thousand miles a minute! Happily, however, the earth has hitherto escaped this grand catastrophe, though comets have often passed through different parts of the solar system—21 within the orbit of Mercury, 47 within that of Venus, 58 within that of the Earth, 73 within that of Mars, and the whole within that of Jupiter. There is not a trace of the physical effects of comets upon this or any other planet, or any authentic record of the existence of such effects. There are no known data from which it would be possible to predict, with certainty, such a thing as the collision of a comet with the earth. It cannot be even said, with infallible accuracy, that on a given day, month, or even year a comet will so much as cross the orbit of a planet. We know nothing of their nature, save that, though more singular in their form and varied in their time of appearance, they are subject to the same laws, moving about the sun in orbits, more eccentric than the planets, proclaiming their mighty and eternal march, in their mighty and eternal march, "The hand that made, and that directs us," is Divine.—*Richmond Dispatch.*

FROM THE HERALD OF TRUTH.
THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.
A Bit of Pleasant Reading in School.
BY G. W. S.
The city bells, with all her sisk,—
Her chalk, her paint and curls;
Is not so beautiful I think.
As our own country girls:
Nor Scotland's loaves, England's fair,
Or nymphs of Shannon's waters,
Can for a moment half compare
With our old farmer's daughters!

I've traveled many countries o'er,—
I've been at many places;
I've looked at many lovely forms—
At many pretty faces:
But of all the girls I ever saw,
On land, or on the water,
The one that I admire the most,
Is a good old farmer's daughter!

AFFECTION.

We sometimes meet with men who seem to think that any indulgence of affectionate feeling is weakness. They will return from a journey and greet their families with a distant dignity, and move among their children with the cold and lofty splendor of an iceberg, surrounded with its broken fragments. There is hardly a more unnatural sight on earth than one of those families without a heart. A father had better extinguish his boy's eyes than take away his heart. Who that has experienced the joys of friendship, and values sympathy and affection would not rather lose all that is beautiful in nature's scenery than be robbed of the hidden treasures of his heart? Who would not rather follow his child to the grave than entomb his parental affection? Cherish, then, your heart's best affections. Indulge in the warm and gushing emotions of fraternal love. Think it not a weakness. Teach your children to love; to love the rose, the robin; to love their parents, to love their God. Let it be the studied object of their domestic culture to give them warm hearts, ardent affections. Bind your whole family together by these strong cords. You cannot make them too strong.

Weight of Bees.—It is not often that insects have been weighed; but Reannur's curiosity was excited to know the weight of bees, and he found that 336 weighed an ounce, and 5376 a pound. According to John Hunter, a pint contains 2160 workers.

Whale Caught.—A whale of large dimensions was harpooned and killed Thursday morning, near the Shackleford Banks, about six miles from Beaufort, N. C. It was sixty or seventy feet long, very fat, and yielded upwards of fifty barrels of oil, which will be worth at least \$1,000.

Preserving Eggs.—I am convinced, from numerous experiments, that eggs may be better preserved in corn meal, or bran, than in any thing else. Mrs. —, last fall, put down some twenty dozen, small ends down, and only two came out worse for resting some four months.

"It is a solemn thing to be married," said Aunt Bethany. "Yes; but a great deal solumner not to be," said the little girl, her niece.

I say, Sambo, does you know what makes de corn grow so fast, when you put de manure on it?"
"No, I don't know," eep it makes ground stronger for de corn."
"Now I jist tell you, when de corn begins to snic'de de manure, it don't like de fumery, so it harries out de ground and gets up as high as possible, so it can't breathe bad air."

HOOPS.

The following parody of one of Lord Byron's "Child Harold" stanzas, is the best thing we have seen on the "vexed question" that now for some time has made the subject of excessive comment.

Roll on, ye monstrous whale-bone hoops—roll on!
Ten thousand squibs are launched at you in vain.
Man marks the world in his restless course,
But cannot touch the hoops; they laugh to scorn
Jokes, punsters, clergymen, the press, and all
And when they die at last—as die they must—
'Twill be because they've gone the appointed round.

A conference preacher, one day, went into the house of a Wesleyan reformer, and saw, suspended on the walls, the portraits of three expelled ministers. "What," said he, "you have them there." "Oh, yes, they are there," was the answer. "But one is wanted to complete the set." "Pray, who is that?" "Why, the devil, to be sure." "Ah," said the reformer, "he is not yet expelled from the conference."

The Price of Hides and Leather.—As the price of leather is exciting much interest, we quote the following from a New York circular:
"The market has been without animation throughout the past week. The trade here purchased only to supply orders from their tanners and the transactions have consequently been more limited than hitherto, and amount only to 13,948 hides, embracing 1,560 G. S., and 1,900 to 1,500 dry domestics for export. Some holders exhibit more willingness to meet buyers at lower rates; but the condition of the leather market, for the present, affords no encouragement to dealers to make extensive purchases, except at considerably greater reduction than importers are willing to submit to. The stock in first hands is equal to only a half month's supply, and with small receipts for the remainder of the month must soon be absorbed by necessary consumption. The receipts of sole leather in the past week have been smaller than in the previous weeks of the month. Sales during the same period have been a little more extensive, at prices favoring purchasers."
"What a poor world this would be without women and newspapers! How would news get about? It sears us just to think of it."

Among the distinguished spirits which are to be met in this State, is the most of a *Carolina* to elevate her status and improve her morals. This has long been felt to be a serious evil and embarrassment, and many of her best and truest friends think the time has come when the remedy should be applied.

Whilst we appreciate the value of Papers published abroad, and wish success to their Editors and Patrons, we feel that we ought to be independent of them, and to have a North Carolina Presbyterian Paper, which we can call our own. It should be the repository of local intelligence, and be specially adapted to the wants of our Churches. It is needed to be the organ of our Synod—to elevate and enlighten the piety of our Membership, by diffusing evangelized knowledge—to promote the cause of education—to develop the talents of our Ministry—and to strengthen the attachment of our people to the soil and sanctuaries of their own State.

There is no reason why Presbyterians in North Carolina should not have their Church Paper as well as Presbyterians in Virginia, South Carolina, and several others of the Southern and Western States. Hundreds of Church members in our bounds will take a State paper, who will take no other. And why should North Carolina be dependent for everything on other States? We hope that the day of her dependence has passed forever. It is proposed that one step should now be taken for the accomplishment of this most desirable object.—The Church is ready for a State Paper. There is a loud call for its establishment. We are sure that nothing can be gained by delay. In six months, it may be had, and we hope will be, in successful operation.

It desirable that it should be established with capital sufficient to secure it from all possibility of failure, or from any form of embarrassment, and at the same time make it a Paper of the highest class and value. Let it be equal to the best, or nothing, is the general wish and demand.

We propose therefore to raise the sum of \$5,000 as a permanent capital, to put it on a sure basis and give it a fair and manly start.—To secure this amount, the stock may be divided into 50 shares in North Carolina, and we appeal to the Church in North Carolina with the confident hope that the men can be found who will say, "Let us work go forward!"

Already 35 Shares have been taken, with little or no effort. Should more than 20 Shares be taken, we may either increase the amount of the capital, or by making the shares smaller, say \$50 each, increase the number of Proprietors. If the Paper is conducted on the cash plan, it will be unnecessary to call in more than a very small portion of the capital.

As soon as 50 subscribers are obtained, it is proposed that they meet at some central point, in person or by proxy, to select a location, title, Editor or Editors, and make all other necessary arrangements for the publication of the Paper. When once established, we have no fears that it will fail.

We appeal to you for aid. We ask you to give us your influence and prayers. We trust that every Minister and Elder in the Church will take a deep interest in this glorious work, and become a *Special Agent* in its behalf.

S. COLTON, H. McALISTER,
F. K. NASH, M. McKAY,
W. W. PHARR, E. W. CARUTHERS,
W. N. McBANE, C. K. CALDWELL,
J. M. SHEWBORN, GEO. McNEILL, Sen.,
C. H. WILEY, H. B. CUNNINGHAM,
Hos. F. NASH,
RALPH GORRELL,
E. N. HUTCHINSON, } *Elders.*

Persons wishing to subscribe to the Stock, or to make suggestions touching the interests of the Paper, are requested to address Rev. W. W. Pharr, Oak Lawn P. O.; Rev. W. N. Mcbane, Madison; or Rev. GEORGE McNEILL, Fayetteville N. C.

FAYETTEVILLE, March 28, 1857.

Sun-Flowers a preventive of Chills and Fevers.—Prof. Manry has published an article giving the result of an experiment which he made by planting Sun-Flowers near his residence for the purpose of preventing frequent attacks of chills and fevers to which the locality was subject, particularly during the Summer. His first experiment was entirely successful, but to ensure and establish confidence, he designs continuing his experiments, and thus making a further test.

It is thought to be satisfactorily proven that the Sun-Flower plant, by absorbing the malaria which produces or occasions this grievous complaint, can prevent it, it is suggested that a cheap and convenient plan will be afforded to Southern planters and others who live in localities which are annually visited by chills and fever, or agues, to save a vast expense in doctors' bills—in cases, life itself—and in every case, a great deal of time, which is now lost to them.

SCARLET FEVER.—For adults, give one tablespoonful of brewers' yeast in three tablespoonful of sweetened water, three times a day; and if the throat is much swollen, gargle with the yeast, and apply the yeast to the throat as a poultice, mixed with Indian meal. Use plenty of catnip tea to keep the eruption out on the skin for several days.

SMALL POX.—Use the above doses of yeast three times a day, and milk diet throughout the entire disease. Nearly every case can be cured, without leaving a pock-mark.

The Price of Hides and Leather.—As the price of leather is exciting much interest, we quote the following from a New York circular:
"The market has been without animation throughout the past week. The trade here purchased only to supply orders from their tanners and the transactions have consequently been more limited than hitherto, and amount only to 13,948 hides, embracing 1,560 G. S., and 1,900 to 1,500 dry domestics for export. Some holders exhibit more willingness to meet buyers at lower rates; but the condition of the leather market, for the present, affords no encouragement to dealers to make extensive purchases, except at considerably greater reduction than importers are willing to submit to. The stock in first hands is equal to only a half month's supply, and with small receipts for the remainder of the month must soon be absorbed by necessary consumption. The receipts of sole leather in the past week have been smaller than in the previous weeks of the month. Sales during the same period have been a little more extensive, at prices favoring purchasers."

"What a poor world this would be without women and newspapers! How would news get about? It sears us just to think of it."