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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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FOR THE WATCHMAN.

AD-VALOREM—NO. I.

"The Immortal Eleventh."

The Democratic Convention which assembled in Raleigh on the 8th of March, passed the following resolution No. 11, which is likely to become famous for its many strange qualities:

"Resolved, That we are opposed to disturbing any of the sectional compromises of the Constitution, State or National, and that we especially deprecate the introduction, at this time, by the Opposition party of North Carolina into our State politics of a question of constitutional amendment, affecting the basis upon which our revenue is raised, believing it to be *premature, impolitic, dangerous* and unjust; at the same time we deem it the duty *of the Legislature*, when passing acts for the raising of revenue, *so to adjust taxation as to bear as equally as practicable*, within the limits of the Constitution, *upon the various interests and classes of property in all sections of the State.*"

Every body may know, why it is that the Democrats think it "premature, impolitic, dangerous and unjust" *"at this time"* for the Whigs to advocate equal taxation. We will tell why it is. Moses A. Hedgpe, a Democratic Senator from Wake County, introduced a bill, in the last Legislature, to alter the Constitution, and made a speech for *Ad valorem*. W. W. Holden, the Editor of the *Standard*, the Democratic organ, and State Printer *for Democracy*, was present, heard Mr. Hedgpe's speech and spoke of equal taxation in the Standard of January 27th 1859, as follows: "*There can be no doubt of the practicability and justice of the ad valorem system.* *** *we do not propose now to discuss the question, our only purpose being at present to re-assert our support of the doctrine.* * * * *Of its final triumph we have no doubt.*"

Frank I. Wilson, who formerly Edited the Democratic paper in Salisbury, and was recently co-Editor of the *Standard* with W. W. Holden, is in favor of *ad valorem*. He and others got up the Working-men's Association in Raleigh, and issued an address to the people of the State, urging an entire change in the present system of taxation. Mr. Reeves of Surry—the famous expunger—is, or was an ad valoremite, and the Democracy of Surry passed a resolution in favor of it. So did the Democracy of Catawba. It is known that six of the sixteen Democrats, who composed the business committee at the recent Convention in Raleigh, were in favor of this system. McLean of Guilford, and Williams of Caswell—the latter is the gentleman who ran for Congress against Gilmer—voted for this system in Convention.

Now, if this is all so, why did the Democrats not adopt this system? The Whigs got in before them—that is all. W. W. Holden has for a long time been setting his stakes to be Governor, and he expects the nomination after Gov. Ellis' term expires. He has also been setting his stakes to ride into the chair upon *ad valorem*, and when the Whigs got in before him on *equal taxation*, the Democrats think it "*premature*, impolitic, dangerous and unjust" "*at this time.*"

Another reason why *at this time*, they do not wish to take up the subject is, that it happens to be the recurrence of a periodical excitement on the negro question. This excitement has become chronic with the Democracy, and has its exacerbation once in *four years*, immediately preceding a Presidential election; when it throws the party into the strangest and *most hideous* kind of *fits* ever known to jerk mortal men. During the continuance of these fits, a Democrat will jerk most convulsively, agitate his legs and arms to the very hazard of dislocation; his face will become fiercely red, and he will froth and foam at the mouth, and gnash with his teeth, at such a rate as often to bite his own tongue. Any one can see at a glance—the party, expecting, as it does a return of its *fits* this coming summer and fall—would be very likely to regard it as "dangerous" to be engaged in any other business than that of exciting the sympathy of its Southern friends by its approching frothings, foamings and kickings.

But they have ventured to undertake all the *ad valorem* they could *at this time*. How much is that? They tax "the various classes and interests of property in all sections of the State" "as equally as practicable, *within the limits of the Constitution.*" What are the limits of the Constitution? It permits the Legislature to tax every thing at its will, *except negroes*. The plain meaning then of the above resolution is this—to tax every class and interest of property every where in the State *equally*, that is, upon the ad valorem principle, except negroes. They are pledged then to tax your wheat, corn, hay, eggs, chickens, ducks, horses, cows, tin-cups—every thing the poor man has, and let one half of the rich man's negro property go free, and the other half they will tax as they do a white man, i. e. by the poll.

There is no escaping from this conclusion. They may deny it as they will, but it is so. They have began to deny it already. Governor Ellis made a speech to the Convention, which re-nominated him, the other day and like the thief, who cries "fire, fire," to divert attention from his roguery, he proclaims it that the Whigs intend to tax the plough horse, the family bible and the threshing machine. He does this, too, right in the face of the resolution passed by the Whigs, in which they say that in altering the Constitution, power may be given "*to discriminate in favor of the native products of our State and the industrial pursuits of her citizens.*"

Gov. Ellis is bound by the resolution of his party, if he acts in good faith, to do what he charges the Whigs of intending to do. His own words will, therefore, apply to him. Little did he know that he was cutting his own throat, when he used them—listen to him:

"He says now, that the hard of the hard working man, upon which he makes a subsistence for his family—the growing citizens of the State—should be taxed just as high as the gold and silver plate, that decorates the abode of the luxurious; that the plough-horse that tills the crop of the man who eats his bread "in the sweat of his face," shall be taxed as much as the racer of the man of pleasure; that the pleasure carriage and the road wagon; the billiard table and the threshing machine; the pack of gambler's cards and the family bible; the spirits that make drunk the inebriate and the medicine administered to the sick; shall be taxed alike under one *equal*, horizontal and unbending rule of *ad valorem*."

Just so—the Democratic resolution—the immortal Eleventh lands Gov. Ellis to do. Do not family bibles, threshing machines, road wagons, spirits, &c., constitute "various interests and classes of property," which the Democrats stand pledged to tax "*equally?*"

The resolution, on this subject, passed at the Whig Convention was as follows, viz:

"*Resolved*, That we recommend a Convention of the people of the State be called, on the federal basis as early as practicable, for the purpose of so modifying the Constitution that every species of property may be taxed according to its value, said power to *discriminate only in favor of the native products of our State and the industrial pursuits of her citizens.*"

Now, corn, wheat, oats, rye, tobacco, cabbage, cider, apples, liquor, tar, pitch, turpentine, cotton, &c., &c., are "native products of our State," and Whigs do not propose to tax them—for the resolution says that the Convention may "discriminate in favor of the native products of the State." Again, tin-cups, threshing machines, "the spirits that make drunk," the plough, the loom, the anvil, the flower barrel, the wash tub, the poor widow's spinning wheel, yes, *the very crutch on which she hops to Church*, this—all these are the products of "*the industrial pursuits of the citizens* of the State, and *the Whigs do not propose* to tax them. But how is it with the Democrats? *They do propose to tax all these things.* Is not corn a native product? Is not the cider you make, your own property? Is not a tin-cup *property?* Do not the items enumerated, constitute "various interests and classes of property," and does not the Democratic resolution say, in substance, yes, in words, that it is the duty of the Legislature "to tax these classes and interests of property "*as equally*" (that is upon the ad valorem principle,) "as practicable within the limits of the Constitution."

Let it be known, keep it before the people, that the democrats, with Gov. Ellis at their head, are pledged to tax the native products of the State, and the industrial pursuits of its citizens, while the Whigs are not so pledged.

That the democrats are pledged to tax upon the equal or *ad valorem* principle—every class and interest of property in the State, *except negroes*.—However strange it may appear to the friends of Gov. Ellis, yet it is a logical truth arrived at by the fairest rules of construction that, if he is true to the resolution above cited, the *immortal eleventh*, he is bound to recommend to the next Legislature—should he be elected Governor—and should the democrats have a majority in the same, they are bound to carry his recommendation into effect—that "our equal, horizontal and unbending rule of *ad valorem*" taxation be applied to the "plough, horse and thrashing machine," "*the family Bible*, and the medicine administered to the sick,"—to the potatoes of the poor, and the cotton of the rich—the chicken and the race-horse—the wash tub and turpentine barrel—the land and the pack of gambler's cards—every interest and class of property—*except negroes*, because the Constitution "*limits*" taxation on negroes, and nothing else.

MORE ANON.

JOHN POOL AND INTERNAL IMPROVEMENTS.

The Democratic presses of the East are using their best endeavors to persuade the people of the west that John Pool is now and was when in the Legislature of North Carolina, an anti internal improvement man. This they will fail in for the simple reason that they have no foundation to work upon. Mr Pool was not opposed in principle to the granting of aid to State works, as an evidence of which we cite his vote upon the Wilmington Charlotte & R. R. R. bill, and also his vote upon the Western Extension. But if this is not sufficient, we will give a little Democratic authority to prove the assertion we make that John Pool is not an anti-internal improvement man. The Western *Advocate* whose Editor was in Raleigh during the sitting of the two last Legislatures and therefore had every opportunity of finding out these things, has ferreted out a little remark made in a speech by Mr. Wm. H. Thomas of Jackson county wherein said Thomas acknowledged himself "pleased to hear such sentiments from Mr. Pool, he was glad to find him a *better Internal Improvement man* than some western men."

This is what a Democratic Legislator says about John Pool, who is paraded before the Western people as being opposed in principle to Internal Improvements. This thing is worth making a note of.—*Wilmington Herald.*

WHO MADE THE "BLACK REPUBLICANS?"

Black Republicans is the bug bear with which Southern Locofocos seek, on all occasions, to frighten children into bed, or into their party, which is worse. That our readers may know whose powers of procreation brought "Black Republicanism" into existence, we give them the following from a late number of the New York Daily *News*, a staunch, old line Democratic paper:

"But in an evil hour we took the Free Soilers to our bosom and elected Mr. Pierce in 1852.—We made a bad bargain. This sectional fragment of our party, thus warmed into new life, permeated the entire Government of Mr. Pierce; so much so that most of our National Democrats had to leave it. So strong, indeed, did the sectional anti-slavery principle become by having been taken to the bosom of the Democratic party in 1852, that in 1856, it set up for itself, denounced those who had warmed it into life after its complete prostration in 1850, gathered to itself all the Abolitionists and other opponents of Democracy, and formed the present Black Republican party."

The "glorious uncertainty of the law" was hardly ever better illustrated than by the Carstang Shaw case. The first jury gives Miss Carstang one hundred thousand dollars damages, and the next jury gives her none!

In exhuming some bodies at a family graveyard near Crawfordsville, (S. C.) lately, the body of a woman buried some twelve or more years was found a petrification, with each article of dress perfect.

HOW GODFREY HORTON CHOSE HIS WIFE.

BY MARY E. CLARKE.

"Godfrey, old boy," said Henry Clayton, as he tilted back his chair, and put his feet on the mantlepiece, "when is the wedding to be?"

"Whose wedding?"

"Miss Laura Somers, or Jenny, which is it?"

"I do not know, I am sure."

"Now don't be mysterious, Godfrey; you know you are a most constant visitor and all 'our set' are talking about the match. Don't pretend you have not selected one of the sisters."

"How do you know either of them will have me?"

"Don't be absurd old boy. You, young handsome, talented, and with a large fortune, need not be over bashful. Come, be frank, which is the favorite sister?"

"Well, frankly then, Henry, I cannot tell you. I have visited the family for several months, as you know, but I cannot decide. Laura is certainly the handsomest, with her flashing black eyes and queenly manner; but Jenny seems, although the youngest, to be the most womanly and useful of the two. Yet, I cannot be sure of that. My entrance is the signal for cordial welcome and smiles, and, let me call at what hour I will, they are always well dressed, and apparently disengaged. To be sure, I always in the morning have to wait sometime before Laura is visible."

"Pop in unexpectedly and notice the internal economy."

"How can I? A card at the door will put any lady on her guard or even the notice of a gentleman visitor."

"Go there in disguise. As a washerwoman, for instance."

"Good! I will."

"Go there as a washerwoman?" cried Clayton.

"Not exactly, but I will obtain admittance to a morning's privacy."

"Well let me know the result."

Laura and Jenny Somers were the only children of a widower, who although in moderate circumstances, moved in very fashionable society. At the period of my short sketch, he was about to supply the lamented Mrs. Somers' place, after nearly ten years mourning, and, although a kind, indulgent parent, had no objection to his daughters' marriage, and indeed, had told them so. Laura, whose high spirits resented the probable supremacy of a step-mother, had already selected Godfrey Horton as her future husband; and Jenny, who was younger and gentler in spirit, tried to conquer a carefully concealed preference for the same purpose. All his attentions were ascribed by her to a brotherly regard, though every act of kindness or courtesy touched her very heart.

It was the morning after a large ball, and the sisters were in the breakfast room together. Laura, her glossy black hair pushed negligently off her face, with the rough tumbled braids of last evening elaborately coiffure gathered loosely into a comb, wearing a soiled wrapper, torn stockings, and presenting rather an alarming contrast to the brilliant ball-room belle, was lounging on a sofa. Jenny, in a neat morning dress, with a large gingham apron, little white collar, and hair smoothly brushed into a neat knot was washing the breakfast dishes.

"There is an old man at the door with some artificial flowers," said the servant, opening the dining-room door, "will you see him?"

"No," said Jenny.

"Yes," cried Laura, "send him up."

The servant departed to obey the last order.

In a few moments the man came in. He was poorly clad, with a coarse blue cloak, which was much too large for him. His hair was white, and he wore a beard of the same snowy hue. Making a low bow he placed the large basket he carried on a table, and opened it.

"I have a bunch of blue flowers here," he said, taking them from the basket, "that will just suit your golden hair, Miss," and he held them before Jenny.

"It was my sister who wished to look at your flowers," said Jenny quietly.

"Yes, bring them here," was Laura's imperious command.

The old man's eye followed Jenny, as she washed, wiped and put away the dishes, swept the room, and dusted it, and then sat down beside Laura, who was still looking over the basket.

"See, Jenny, this scarlet bunch. Will it not be lovely, with a few dark leaves to wear with my new silk?"

"But," whispered Jenny, "you can't afford it just now."

"Yes I can. Father gave me some money yesterday."

"To pay the last dry goods bill."

"Well, I can have that carried to my private account."

"O! Laura, I hate to hear you talk of that private account. It seems so much like cheating father."

"Nonsense! It will stand till I am married, and then It can easily save it out of my housekeeping money."

"I should not wish to marry in debt," said Jenny.

The old peddler looked earnestly at the sisters.

"You had better take this blue bunch, Miss," he said to Jenny. "If it ain't convenient to pay for it now, I will call again."

"No, I shall not take them."

"They are very becoming Miss. Look in this glass."

They were becoming, mixing with the glossy golden hair, and setting off Jenny's dazzling complexion.

"I wish my hair was light," said Laura. "I should like to wear blue. Godfrey Horton said last night that forget-me-nots were his favorite flowers."

Jenny colored, and placing the bunch again in the basket, said, "Come, Laura, decide. You are keeping one waiting whose time probably is valuable;" then, passing a chair, she added, "Be seated, sir, you look tired."

"I am tired, indeed," was the reply.

"I will take the scarlet bunch, and these red camelias, and this white cluster," said Laura.

"But, sister you cannot afford it."

"Yes I can. Godfrey Horton is rich." The old man bit his lip.

"Think," said Jenny in a low tone, "if you love him, how much it will grieve him if he should discover this deceit."

"Nonsense! Well I'll tell you how to remedy it. Lend me some money out of the housekeeping funds."

"So" thought the old man "she is housekeeper. Miss Laura always gave me to understand that was her post."

"Laura! Steal from my father!"

"Then don't preach."

"Miss Jenny," said a servant, entering at that moment, "the dinner has come."

Jenny left the room; and Laura still turned over the gay flowers, while the old man pointed out their various beauties, his eye in the meantime, running over the disordered hair, shabby dress, and lazy position, whilst he mentally contrasted them with Jenny's neat attire.

"Not decided yet?" said Jenny, returning after a short absence.

"No. Come here."

"I can't. Father has sent home a calf's head, and I am afraid to trust it entirely to Margret.

"I must superintend the dinner, make a pudding, and the parlors must be dusted, and there is my white muslin to be finished."

"Before I would be the drudge you are!" cried Laura.

"Drudge nonsense! I have plenty of time left for enjoyment, and father cannot have a comfortable house if some one does not superintend these things. Who'l I marry, you may do it," and she laughed merrily.

"As if I should not marry first!" said Laura. "There, I have chosen all I want."

"Shall I call again for the change?" said the peddler. "I shall be happy to put the Misses Somers on my list of customers."

"Yes, call again."

So the peddlar took up his basket, walked home, threw aside his wig, beard, and disguise and wrote an offer of his hand and heart to Miss Virginia Somers, which was accepted.

Laura Somers has two sources of profound speculation: One is, "Why did Godfrey Horton propose to Jenny instead of me?" The other, "I wonder why that old man never called to be paid for those exquisite flowers?"

Denominational Oxen in Texas.—Texas is a great State. It has not only a large, growing, mixed population—every variety of climate and soil, game and stock—but its very oxen have become denominational, if not sectarian in name, character, and spirit. In proof of this we give the following incident:

A minister travelling along the road, met a stranger driving his wagon, which was pulled by four oxen: as the minister approached, he heard the driver say, "Get up Presbyterian!" "Gee Campbellite!" "Haw Baptist!" "What are you doing, Methodist?" The minister, struck with the singularity of such names being given to oxen, remarked—

"Stranger, you have strange names for your oxen, and I wish to know why they had such names given to them."

The driver replied, "I call that lead one in front, Presbyterian, because he is true blue, and never tires—he believes in pulling through every difficult place, persevering to the end, and then he knows more than all the rest. The one by his side I call Campbellite; he does very well when you let him go on his own way, until he sees water, and then all the world could not keep him out of it, and there he stands as if his journey was ended.—This off ox, behind, is a real Baptist, for he is all the time after water, and will not eat with the others, but is constantly looking first on one side, and then on the other, and at everything that comes near him. The other which I call Methodist, makes a great noise and a great to do, and you would think that he was pulling all creation, but he don't pull a pound."

The minister having his curiosity gratified with the explanation, rode on wondering what he should next see and hear in Texas. This is no dream, but a fact as we have heard it; nor are we influenced by dyspeptic feeling, in telling our readers the ecclesiastical relation of Texas oxen.

True Witness.

Killing Sermons.—There are various ways of performing this species of murder. Some do it by smothering them in sleep. They drive and are driven by the world so hard during the week, that when they take their seats on the Sabbath they are soon overtaken with drowsiness.—They resignedly yield to the soft seductions of sleep, and the sermon is smothered. It may be that the preacher ought to keep the hearer awake. But if Paul could not always keep his hearers awake, other preachers ought not to bear all the blame of their slumbering hearers. It is true that the Eutychian family is not extinct.

A Philadelphia Horse Trade.

Philadelphia lawyers have been renowned the world over for their sharpness—but we think that hereafter they will have to give up to the M. D's. We have heard of some pretty keen horse trading done in our day, but the following is decidedly the sharpest we have ever come across. Some individuals might call it rascality:

Mr. H. is a citizen of Brooklyn, L. I., and is a great admirer of horse flesh.

The other day he went to Philadelphia, for the purpose of buying a grey mare belonging to a physician of that city. The grey mare is a very good looking quadruped, and also very fast. She can go a mile in 2:42, with the doctor and his wife in a wagon. Mr. H. heard of her merits and resolved upon a purchase. He went to Philadelphia to see the physician, and make him an offer for the mare. He met the physician, when the following conversation occurred:

"I understand, Doctor, that your trotting grey mare is for sale."

"I did want to sell her, but I imagine she is now disposed of."

"Disposed of—to whom?"

"To Mr. S., a celebrated connoisseur of horse flesh, residing in Brooklyn."

"Indeed! he is a neighbor of mine. What did he agree to pay you?"

"Five hundred dollars."

"Ah!" said Mr. H. "Well, I'll tell you what *I'll* do. Let me have her and I'll give you five hundred and fifty, cash down."

"But I've promised her to S."

"Never mind that. If he should call, say that she is dead—that I broke her leg on the Point Breeze road, in consequence of which you had to blow her brains out."

"And will you back me up in the story."

"Of course I will."

"It's a bargain, then. Give me the five hundred and fifty, and I'll send the mare down to-morrow night, but hadn't we better crop her mane and tail, so that S. can't sue us for lying to him?"

"Just as you please. There's your money; and now send the mare to New York. I'll make arrangements for her passage."

The physician promised to do so. This was on a Monday morning. On Monday afternoon Mr. S. made his appearance. Mr. S. also hails from Brooklyn, and prides himself upon owning the best establishment in —— Place.

"How d'ye do, Doctor!" said Mr. S. "I have come to pay for the——"

"What mare?"

"Your grey mare, the one I wrote to you about last week."

"Haven't you heard about that I she's dead and buried."

"Dead! Nonsense—you're fooling me."

"Not at all. If you doubt it, ask your neighbor H., who broke her leg while driving her on the Point Breeze road."

"Is H. in the city?"

"Yes. You'll find him at the La Pierre."

It is not necessary for us to say that Mr. S. called at the La Pierre, and saw H., neither is it necessary for us to say that H. swore that the grey mare was dead, and that he had killed her. He could not do otherwise without losing "one of the best bargains he had ever made."

Mr. S. regretted the catastrophe, and concluded that there was no use of crying for spilt milk. He shook hands with H., and left, saying that he would try and find a piece of speed in some other part of the city. Having quieted S., H. took the next train, and arrived at his residence in Brooklyn, in first class spirits.

Physician promised to send the mare by the New York boat that evening. He didn't do anything of the kind. In consequence of this, H. arrived in town again, to see "what the deuce it all meant." He found the physician at his own house, and opened the door out as follows:

"Why didn't you send that mare I bought of you on Monday?"

"On Monday?"

"Yes, on Monday."

"You're mistaken. I sold you no mare on Monday, and for the best reason in the world—she was dead some hours before."

"Dead! What do you mean?"

"What do I mean? And have you forgotten that you broke her leg on the Point Breeze road, and that so badly that we had to blow her brains out?"

"You don't mean to swindle me by any such game do you."

"Swindle? No, indeed. You killed the mare, and I can prove it."

"Who by."

"Your own neighbor in Brooklyn, Mr. S."

"And what does he know about it?"

"Just what you told him—and that is, that you killed her while trying her speed."

H. could hear no more. He rushed to a lawyer and instructed him to commence prosecution against physician for swindling. Lawyer took fee, listened to statement, and informed Mr. H. that having admitted the death of the mare on Saturday. Mr. H. saw how matters stood, and started for home, feeling as sore-headed as an angry bull, at the loss of his money.

A few days afterwards, as we learn from a gentleman posted on the points, Mr. H. saw a grey mare driven by his neighbor S.

"What bob-tailed mare is that, S?" inquired H.

"Miss."

"Possible! Where did you get her?"

"Bought her from Dr. ——, in Philadelphia. She's not as good looking as the one I wanted, but in point of speed I think her fully equal."

"What did you give?"

"Four hundred dollars."

"Say no more. Lets drink."

S. accepted invite—hitched a lamp post to grey mare's nose, and went into H.'s dining room, to take "something warm." H. did the honors. As he raised his glass to his lips, a bystander thought he pronounced an imprecation on "the biggest rascal in Philadelphia."

EMPLOYMENT OF SLAVES.

The true policy of the South should be to remove, as much as possible, the slave population from our cities, especially from our seaports, in which they become corrupted and grow impatient of restraint. The proper condition of the slave is that of a tiller of the soil or a house servant, for thus he is kept under the salutary restraint of the master's eye and preserves habits of respect and subordination to the white man, which is the natural status of the inferior negro when uncorrupted by the evil counsels and dangerous associations that he is subject to in large cities.

The chief argument in defence of the institution of slavery was for a long time, that without negro slaves, the culture of our Southern staples could not be extensively prosecuted. The argument *ex necessitate*, is, at all times, a forcible one, but it does not apply to negroes as mechanics, cab drivers, &c., Indeed, I see no excuse for their employment in cities, except in the capacity of menials, and their employment otherwise almost invariably ruins them as servants, and is highly detrimental to the community.

The views I advance are, perhaps, novel but I am satisfied that they are correct; and unless a prompt remedy be applied to the existing evil, great harm will ensue to the institutions of the South. In calling attention to this great evil, I have next to the welfare of the South, in view that of the slaves, and though a few may find a profit for the time in allowing their slaves the privilege of following mechanical pursuits, they should not be allowed to jeopardize the safety or the interest of the many. Neither should the rights and dignity of white men be disregarded. The time is past when laboring men were regarded as little better than beasts of burden, and honest labor vindicates itself. Are Southern men willing to close the door of mechanical pursuits against their sons? Would any right-minded Southerner be willing to see his son working at the same bench with a set of buck negroes, and on an equality with them? If a check, then, be not put in time to the present practice, farewell to Southern mechanics; we will be soon compelled to trust our work entirely to negroes and such foreigners as may not deem themselves above consorting with negroes.

If the owners of slaves are blind to their own true interests, and deaf to the just claims of white laboring men, the latter should act in the matter and take measures for their own protection; by so doing they will not only secure their just rights, but deserve well of the South by checking a source of great danger to its welfare.

PHILANDER,

[*in Mobile Mercury.*

A CHEAP GAS FACTORY.

The Kanawha (Va.) Republican, noticing the workshops of nature in the Western Virginia says:

The extent of her manufactory of gas down in the lower regions, near Malden, on the Kanawha river, may be estimated by the fact than when, in the spring of 1844, in boring a salt well, at the depth of 1,000 feet the augur struck the reservoir of gas, the stream of gas that rose to the upper surface was so powerful as to shoot the whole boring apparatus, consisting of 1,000 feet of poles and a sinker weighing 500 lbs., into the air, like an arrow. The stream of gas is three inches in diameter, and has been blowing up with unabated force, day and night, for *sixteen years*. When our railroad is completed, this gas may be turned to some account. Pipes may be laid along the line so as to light up by night the whole road East to Richmond and West to Cincinnatti, and then enough to spare to light up three cities. That in this same region there is an extensive subterranean manufactory, of oil, admits of no doubt. The oil makes its appearance on the water of our river, and in places comes to the surface of the earth. Thus nature invites the search for the great reservoir that is doubtless way down below.

Post-Office Brokerage.—The Philadelphia Ledger says:

About four years ago, the Pennsylvania Bank, desirous of getting a more central location, agreed to sell its old bank building, in Second street, for $250,000, to the United States Government for a Post-Office. Everybody was surprised, if not at the price, that the Government should locate so important an office at the extreme Eastern end of the city, when all the improvements of the day and all the business was travelling away from it westward. The Pennsylvania Bank exploded just as it was about to go into its new building on Chesnut street, and on overhauling its affairs, it is discovered that the President of the Bank had given $23,000 to the postmaster of this city, for his services in getting Congress to pay over the money for the purchase of the bank building. The Bank's assignees brought suit against Postmaster Miller to recover this money, and, after a full and impartial trial, a jury has brought in a verdict in favor of the claim of those who have the management of the affairs of the defunct bank.

The debt of the State of Virginia is $43,552,120 33.

Diseases of Animals—Remedies.

Worms.—Take an ounce of white powdered lime, a teaspoonful of salt, and a handful of unleached wood ashes; mix them well and give the horse a large table-spoonful of the mixture, in his oats or cut food, two or three times a week.

Colic.—Turpentine is one of the most powerful remedies, especially if combined with a small quantity of opium and in good warm ale. A solution of Aloes may be advantageously added. The horse should be walked about, and the belly rubbed with a brush or cloth. If relief is not obtained in half an hour it will be prudent to bleed. Clysters of warm water, or containing a solution of aloes, may be injected. Give the animal bran mashes and lukewarm water for two or three days afterwards, and keep him well stabled.

Mange.—A liniment made of four ounces of sulphur vivum, two drachms of white hellebore, four ounces of oil of tar, one pound of linseed oil well mixed together, and rubbed in with plenty of friction every day for several days, with an occasional washing with soap and water, in most cases a cure will be effected.

Catarrh.—In nineteen cases out of twenty, recovery will take place without any medicine, if the horse is kept free from the *cordials* grooms are so fond of administering, and allowed warm stabling and mashes, and no heating food. A fever ball may be given mixed with a little aloes and antimony.

Bone Spavin.—Take six ounces oil of origanum, two ounces camphor, two ounces mercurial ointment; mix them well together and rub the spavin two or three times a day, keeping the legs dry and free from dirt.

CATTLE.

Milk Fever.—From half a pound to a pound of Epsom salts, dissolved in a quart of boiling water, and add one-quarter of an ounce each of powdered red pepper, caraway seed, ginger, and a gill of molasses, and give the whole lukewarm at once. If this does not act on the bowels, another dose is to be given, with the quantity of pepper, caraway, and ginger doubled. After the operation of this medicine, sedatives may be given if necessary. Bleeding is sometimes, but rarely, necessary in the first stages of this disease.

Red Water.—Take a pound of Epsom salts, half an ounce of ginger, and half an ounce of carbonate of ammonia. Pour a quart of boiling water on the salts and ginger, stir thoroughly, and when cold add the ammonia. If this fails to set on the bowels, repeat a quarter part of it every six or eight hours till it succeeds. Give a nutritious diet afterward.

Simple Fever.—In slight attacks a mash or two, with a little ginger, is sufficient; but if neglected it will turn into pleurisy, and then a veterinary surgeon should be called in to give the best chance of saving the animal.

Hoven.—In the early stages, the gas in the animal's stomach may be neutralized by giving two ounces of ammonia in a quart of warm water every quarter of an hour, or by the use of chloride of lime, in the same way.

Scours or Diarrhea.—Mild purgatives, followed by astringents, are advisable in this disease.

Dysentery, Scouring Rot.—This is a dangerous and troublesome malady, and difficult to cure. Dry, warm stabling, with careful nursing, will do much. Dry, sweet food, should be given. Give a purgative, and afterward make a mixture of two ounces prepared chalk, one ounce powdered oak bark, two drachms pulverized opium, and four drachms powdered ginger, to which add a little starch, and give it in a quart of warm gruel.

Typhoid Fever.—Copious drinks of oat meal gruel, with tincture of red pepper, a diet of bran, warmth to the body, and pure air, are great essentials in the treatment of this disease; followed by light purgative medicines, and afterward by light stimulants, to move the digestive organs into healthful action.

Hoove.—Half a pint of lime water every morning, and a tablespoonful of salt each evening, for four or five days, will alleviate this disease, which most generally affects calves and young cattle.—An ounce of oil of turpentine in four ounces of linseed oil, repeated once a week, is often effective.

Inflamation of the Lungs.—Warm water and mashes or gruel may be given, and the animal kept in a warm dry place. If the body is cold, give two ounces sweet spirits nitre, four ounces liquor acetate ammonia, in a pint of water, two or three times a day.

Colic.—A carminative mixture, composed of a half a teaspoonful each of powdered anise seed and cinnamon, given in a quart of spear-mint tea, and repeated if necessary, is the best method of treating this disease. A couple of quarts of thin gruel made from slippery elm bark, is also good. Brisk friction of the belly, and warm housing should also be used.

Mange.—Rub the affected spots once a day with an ointment made of sulphur, one pound; mercurial ointment, 2 ounces; turpentine, ½ lb.; lard, one and one-fourth pounds. Melt the turpentine and lard together, and stir in the sulphur as the mixture cools; then rub down the mercurial ointment on some hard surface with the other ingredients.

Cabed Rags and Sore Teats may be removed by washing the bag and teats several times a day in clean soft water, or an ointment made by simmering the root of bittersweet in lard.