

# The Pee Dee Star.

FRANC. M. PAUL, PUBLISHER.

"Be just, and fear not: Let all the ends thou aims't at be thy Country's, thy God's, and Truth's."

TERMS: \$2.00, IN ADVANCE.

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## THE PEE DEE STAR,

FRANCIS M. PAUL,  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.  
At Two Dollars, payable in advance; Two Dollars and Fifty Cents; if paid within six months; and Three Dollars if not paid till the end of the subscription year. Subscriptions when paid within three months after receiving the first number, will be considered in advance.  
No paper sent out of the State, unless the money accompanies the order, except to a known responsible name.  
Any person sending us five subscribers and Ten Dollars, will be entitled to one copy gratis.  
No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid, unless at our option.

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ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at One Dollar per square, (sixteen lines) for the first week, and Twenty-five Cents for every continuance. The following deductions will be made in favor of standing advertisements:

3 MONTHS.	6 MONTHS.	1 YEAR.
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### Verses for the Year 1900.

Tell John to set the kettle on,  
I want to take a drive—  
I only want to go to Rome,  
And shall be back at five;  
Tell cook to dress those humming birds,  
I shot in Mexico.  
They've now been killed at least two days,  
They'll soon be *un peu* haute.

And Tom, take you the gold leaf wings,  
And start for Spain at three—  
I want some Seville oranges,  
'Twixt dinner time and tea;  
Fly round by France and bring a new  
Perpetual motion gun,  
To mow with some friends I go,  
A hunting in the sun.

The trip I took the other day,  
To breakfast in the moon,  
Thanks to my Lord Bellair, he  
Spoiled my new balloon;  
For, steering through the milky way,  
He ran against a star,  
And turning round again too soon,  
Come jolt against my ear.

But Tom, you get the car repaired,  
And then let Dan and Dick  
Infuse with ten square miles of gas,  
I mean to travel quick,  
My steam is surely up by now;  
Put the high pressure on,  
Give me the breath-bag for the way—  
All right—hey—whizz—I'm gone.

## The Pee Dee Star.

### Thoughts on the Origin and Progress of the Arts.

(SELECTED FOR THE "PEE DEE STAR," BY A. J. G.)

#### THEIR EARLY DEVELOPMENT.

In the arts of modern animals we find those of their earliest representatives, and in the handicrafts of the living barbarians, we may contemplate those current in Eden, and in the colonies that sprung up around it; for there is as marked a resemblance in the primal devices of man, as in those of the groups below him, and necessarily so, since originating in the same wants, the same instinctive impulses suggested and will ever suggest them. Whilst pressing energies gave rise to primal devices, necessities led to their improvement and multiplication. Whenever a marked advance took place, it seems to have arisen in much the same way as among inferior beings. If we examine the habits and actions of these, we shall find the same diversity of temper, talents, and their consequences, prevailing as with us. The ingenious and industrious thrive; the idle and inept suffer. Every creature, from the lion to the lion-ant, from the eagle to the ephemeron, is the author of its own fortunes, good or bad. Some, in advance of their fellows, modify stable structures and stratagems to meet unusual emergencies and are rewarded for their pains. They are the inventors of their tribes. Novel circumstances suggest new ideas, which become manifested in new forms, materials and practices. Precisely so with the animal man. As circumstances changed around him, so did his devices; and hence useful results gradually accumulated, and the avenues to civilization opened.

If necessities were the parents of invention, conveniences were its nurses and enjoyments its teachers. As society improved, so did these, and keeping in advance, they courted and encouraged it on. Suggesting new ideas, they kept enlarging human prospects and eliciting new devices, which required higher efforts to fulfil. In this way the most refined of people have arisen from the rudest, and in this way people must always rise. Every decided acquisition in the beginning leads to another, and it to others and others; so that the truth is now becoming apparent, that necessities, science and art can only cease with human progress; and the converse—when it is arrested, they must decline, and as it retrogrades they will disappear, one by one, until the race revert to primitive ignorance and infelicity.

#### WHAT IS YET TO BE DONE BY THEM.

The faculties of those who talk of limits to knowledge, and to the fruits of knowledge, are nascent. They have neither full nor half grown ideas of man's powers, and the miracles in agriculture, chemistry and mechanics, he has to perform. Would they judge of the future by the past, or determine what is to be by what is? Do they think the earth is to remain as now—the greater part arid moors, dark forests, and morasses? A larger, much larger, proportion of their own species, too, as destitute of mental and moral cultivation! Why, man is only entering on his task—by a few preliminary and scattered experiments preparing himself to set about it.

An infinity of work is before him. As an agriculturalist, he has to lay and keep enlarging the basis of the social column. All but an insignificant portion of his splendid patrimony is yet wild land—this he has to reclaim and convert into orchards and gardens, into grass and grain-growing fields. The richest sections, the tropics, so exuberant in fertility, are to be subjugated—hardly touched by the plough, the deemed the birth-place and special home-stand of the species. Free and facile communications with and through all have to be established. Add to this the purification of the atmosphere from miasma—by human providence, salutary it is to succeed the baneful miasma of marshes—the hotbeds of fevers and agues are to be dried up, and human life and life's happiness prolonged.

The nature and properties of myriads of unknown plants have to be ascertained—the valuable fostered, improved and multiplied—the noxious and useless suppressed. So of animals—for to us is committed the power of molding and multiplying such as are serviceable, and of annihilating others, by removing the conditions under or by which alone they can exist. By the exercise of this prerogative, results have been brought about as singular as any in vegetable or artificial organisms. Dimensions, forms, colors, proportions, habits, tastes, and the very faculties of the lower tribes, have been changed—so much so as to make it doubtful whether species and subspecies may not be one after all to this strange plasticity of animated nature. The earth is a laboratory in which man as a chemist has hardly begun to operate. A few loose samples of what it is composed have been partially analyzed, but the bulk has not been broken into. Then the infinity of processes ceaselessly and silently going on in organized and inert matter has to be grappled with. As a factory, too, furnished with implements—and materials in superabundance, little has been done in it—nothing worth naming, in view of what has to be done. The rich stock has been neglected—not half of it has been yet even seen—while forces for fabricating it have from the beginning of time been, some running to waste, others lying dormant for want of being called up to labor.

When every force, latent and manifest, is brought into service and made the most of—when man has spread his influence over every foot of the earth's surface, and brought the stores beneath it within his reach—when mundane matter, in whatever form appearing, is made to contribute to his ends—when the planet is wholly changed from its natural wildness, as a harbor for untamed brutes and noxious reptiles, into a fit theatre for cultivated intelligence—it will be time enough to speak of human advancement as culminating, and the arts as approaching the limits of perfection.

Till these things come to pass, instead of looking for no more discoveries, we should be prepared for a constant succession of them. Prepared or not, they are sure to come; for the hosts of keen intellects interrogating nature in our own country, and the legions as busy in others, are not entreating her for nothing, nor for trifles.

Civilizations may be likened to a statue, the carving of which is the business of the species. It includes all duties and furnishes appropriate employments for the varied capacities of all men of all time. Each successive age withdraws one band of laborers, and brings forward another, whose faithfulness, awkwardness, or negligence, advances or retrogrades the work. Under barbarism it was a shapeless block; with the dawn of knowledge its features began to appear and then nations occupied themselves in chiselling away material and bringing them into higher relief. During the last century some artist-like touches were added—more have been in the present one—and in the next this great moral sculpture will be further improved, for the time can never be when to it new graces and a higher polish cannot be given. To those who add nothing to it, existence is a blank.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Political.

### SHOCKING INSTANCES OF FALSEHOOD.

By the mail we received the Washington Union of Sunday last and the Wilmington Journal of Monday, each containing an article on the Clingman and Edney business, and each affording a most sad instance of the degradation to which the Locooco press has arrived, when men who have some character in private life, deliberately set out to falsify well known facts, to effect a party purpose. It is a melancholy spectacle, thus to see newspapers which ought to be examples of uprightness and truth, which ought to be enlighteners of the public mind, deliberately perverting the truth, and filling the public mind with falsehood.

Each of those papers pretend to give a history of the Edney business. Each relies upon Edney's own letter, though his "facts" (as they call Edney's bald statements) have been denied by Gen. Dockery, by Jas. T. Morehead, and by John Baxter, by Edward Everett, and by Edney himself. These denials all go for nothing in the Union and the Journal. Nobody, according to them, is worthy of belief but Edney, and he only when he says something disparaging to the Whigs.

The following is the closing paragraph of the Union's long article:

"One peculiar feature of this affair is exhibited in Mr. Clingman's letter, printed in the Union of Thursday last; and that is, the acquittal of General Edney, for writing his so-called Fagg letter in 1852, in which he expressed himself warmly in favor of Mr. Clingman. It was for indicting and printing that letter that Stanly and others demanded that he should not be appointed charge d'affaires to Guatemala, and it was in reference to this very Fagg letter that Mr. Everett, Secretary of State, wrote officially to Gen. Edney, telling him that his appointment would be postponed until the Fagg letter was explained. It was explained, and Edney was appointed. Now, however, Mr. Everett comes forward, at a late hour, in a letter to Mr. Badger, and says this explanation had no bearing upon Mr. Edney's appointment!—when the record shows, first, that Mr. Everett wanted the Fagg letter explained, and said emphatically that, in order to give time to have it explained, the consideration of the whole matter would be postponed; and second, that in a few days after this explanation Mr. Edney was appointed charge to Guatemala. Even when Edney went out of office, as another of Mr. Everett's published official letters shows, he, Everett, took pains to write to Edney and tell him that his services as charge to Guatemala were only dispensed with because it was determined by the President to recommend the appointment of a full minister for Central America, in place of the chareship held by Mr. Edney and that held by John Rodman Kerr, of Maryland! Both places were dispensed with on this ground, and no censure was attached to Mr. Edney for writing his Fagg letter."

It would be difficult to compress into so short a space a greater amount of falsehood than is contained in the above—falsehood that the Editor of the Union, if he ever read Mr. Everett's letters, (which he had published three days before and here relies on,) must have known to be such. Where, except in Edney's (or Clingman's) own letter do we find any thing about "the acquittal of Gen. Edney"? Where do we find that "Mr. Stanly and others demanded" that he should not be appointed charge? Where do we find that "a few days after this explanation Mr. Edney was appointed charge to Guatemala"? Where do we find that Mr. Everett wrote to Edney that "his services as charge were only dispensed with" for the reason stated by the Union?

The fact is, and Mr. Everett's letters published in the Union of Thursday last show it, that instead of being appointed a few days after this explanation, an appointment which he previously held was "revoked" a few days after that explanation.

Edney was appointed, and his nomination confirmed by the Senate, in August 1852. He wrote the Fagg letter on the 22d Sept. 1852. Mr. Everett wrote to him on the 2d Feb'y 1853, offering him the opportunity, which he asked for, to explain. The explanation was made on the 2d Feb'y 1853, and on the 16th Feb'y 1853 Mr. Everett wrote to Edney that his appointment "is hereby REVOKED." His "acquittal" of which the Union tells was like that of the fellow whose case our friend Ham. Jones tells of, who, after a conviction for petty larceny and the receipt of 39 lashes thereof, informed his friends that he was "whipped and cleared."

So much for the Washington Union.

The Wilmington Journal starts by saying that Edney was "the quondam pet of the Whig delegation from North Carolina, through whose influence he got the appointment of consul to Pernambuco." *Bid he?* Let us hear what Edney himself says, in the Fagg letter, which will bear republication. "[We will only premise that the letter, unacted, was handed to Col. Fagg by Clingman himself, who protested however, that 'he did not know its contents.' Of course not.]

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Sept. 22, 1852.

"My Dear Sir: I am not ready to go home; I am arranging my Jack affairs, and will not reach home in time to see you before you go to Raleigh, and I desire to say to you as an old and true friend, that I want you to stand by Clingman for Senator. His friends elected you and every Whig member from the District, and the whole district delegation should vote for him if they reflect the will of their constituents; and no man can blame them, for it is well known if the West submit to the caucus movements of the Middle and Eastern members, that we will never elect any body,—Clingman has more character and more mind, and more statesman's qualifications than any man of ten men in North Carolina; he has a national reputation that no man from the State ever had, and I beg of you to combine your efforts with his other friends, and act with concert at the start for him, and never desert him, and the day will be yours. Curse those middle and eastern men, they think you and I, and all our men must just do as they say, and as I and you get there a caucus will be proposed, the effect of which is to shut your mouths forever and give all the benefits arising from it. The days and the hours have arrived when Western men must stand by their own rights and their own men. Can any man in North Carolina blame our Western men for standing by a Western man, particularly when he is the strongest man in his own district? If the central men had ever acted with any liberality towards our men, there would be some reason for our going into caucus; as they never have, there is no reason, no, none, and I trust in God our men never will again fall willing victims to their base duplicity.

"Fagg, you are a sensible and fair minded man, and I only suggest these things that you may take advantage of our rights at the outset; otherwise 'all is lost.'"

"I desire further to say to you, that if Clingman be made Senator, he can get any office for you that you desire, whether the Whigs or Democrats are in power; he has gotten me the one I hold, and I only suggest this, that you may be apprised of his ability to serve his friends in the hour of need, and I further thought it might be pleasant for you to have a lucrative office for a year or two, or perhaps take his place in Congress. All this is between us, and I beg of you as my friend to heed what I have said."

"B. M. EDNEY.

"N. B. Well, Fagg, I am sorry that I shall not be able to be at Raleigh; I fully designed being there, but am sadly disappointed. I would to God I could have been to have contributed to pay Clingman a debt of gratitude higher than any I ever owed to any living man, or ever will; he is the truest friend God ever made, and when you trust him and sound him you will find him so."

"If we meet no more, God bless you my dear fellow, and I pray you may always prosper and be happy; and if you intend to do me favor which I will always love you for, stand by Clingman till death or victory. God bless you forever."

B. M. EDNEY.

It is undoubtedly true, that some Whig members gave Edney a recommendation to the President, but when they found out, by the Fagg letter, and the Carroll pension

fraud, what sort of a man he was, they "revoked" their recommendation, and asked that his appointment might be recalled. In this they differ from the Locooco members, who keep Forney in a high office in spite of, (or in consequence of,) notorious acts that degrade him in the opinion of all honest men.

The Journal does not think that Gen. Dockery offered to give Edney any of his own money to induce him to come to the mountains and take the stump for Scott and Graham: "He's not one of the giving kind," says the Journal. Not for such a purpose, we are free to admit. He gives liberally to the cause of Education, of Religion, of charity to the poor;—but not to Gen. Edney. The sneer of the Journal will not hurt Gen. Dockery.

It is not worth while to follow the Journal through its long article, which is alike distinguished for direct mistatements and for suppression of truth.—*Fay Observer.*

The Whig papers have brought out against Mr. Bragg in the present contest for Governor, certain acts of his while a member of the House of Commons in 1842-'3. One of these is the fact recorded on the Journal, page 323, that Mr. Bragg, as Chairman of the Judiciary Committee, reported against a proposition to abolish Imprisonment for Debt! In answer to this, the Standard says that those who make the objection do not know whether he was in favor of the proposition or not; that, "as Chairman of the Committee, he had no opinion, but reported as a majority of the committee directed, as it was his duty to do; and that he is individually responsible only for what he said in debate in the House, and for his votes as recorded in the journals." It is customary, we believe, and the Standard doubtless has the knowledge of the fact, that the reports of committees are drawn up by some one of the committee who concurs with the majority, and not of necessity by the chairman. The chairman, if he does not concur with the majority, has the same privilege as any other member of the committee, and could make a minority report. If, therefore, as chairman of the committee, Mr. Bragg made a report against abolishing imprisonment for debt, without expressing his disagreement, it must be taken as his report, and as evidence that he was opposed to abolishing imprisonment for debt. The Standard's answer to the objection against Mr. Bragg, therefore, is nothing more than an artful "dodge"; so that if Mr. B. does not "belong to a dodging breed," his organ does.

#### Imprisonment for Debt.

Keep it before the People, then, that Mr. Bragg, in the Legislature of 1842-'3, reported AGAINST a proposition to abolish imprisonment for debt.

Hillsborough Recorder.

Re it remembered by the humane, every where, that the present aristocratic candidate of the Locooco party for the Governorship of the State, while a member of the Legislature, as chairman of the Judiciary Committee, reported against the abolition of Imprisonment for Debt! We presume that few men will be found in North Carolina, savage enough to justify such an act of barbarism as this. Rolling in affluence himself, he cared not how poor men, whom sickness or misfortune have stripped of their substance, were torn away from their families, and incarcerated within the four walls of their county jail. He knew that he could ride by their prison in his carriage, look out upon their iron grates, and feel that he belonged to a sort of nobility, who could not be Imprisoned for Debt. Poor men of the State! let Mr. Bragg be consigned to the quietude of private life for the next two years—where he can better study the humanities becoming a Governor than in the Executive Mansion in the City of Raleigh. Adversity is most generally an admirable softener of the human heart; and it would be a pity to deprive him of its eminent advantages.

#### Fayetteville Argus.

MATRIMONY.—BY DOW, JR. I want you, my young sinners, to kiss and get married and then devote your time to morality and money making. Then let your home be provided with such comforts and necessities as piety, pickles, pots and kettles, brushes, brooms, benevolence, bread charity, hops, crackers, faith, affection, cider, sincerity, union, integrity, virtue, wine and wisdom. Have all these things always on hand, and happiness will be with you. Don't drink anything intoxicating, eat moderately, go about business after breakfast, lounge a little after dinner, chat after tea, kiss after quarrelling, and all the bliss that earth can afford shall be yours till the grave closes over you and your spirits are borne to the brighter and happier world. So mote it be.

A Singular Personage.  
"Rhoderich," the Baltimore correspondent of the Washington Star, gives the following account of a very singular personage.

There resides in Baltimore county, not far from our city, a very singular and extraordinary personage, who has thus far passed through his life unobtrusively. His history yet remains to be written, and few, if any there are, that could do it justice. He has lived the life almost of a hermit, seldom appearing outside the walls of his hermitage, except when special occasions require. There is a marked singularity in his dress, general appearance and manner. Though upon the turning point of fifty, he has remained a bachelor. Humble in his profession—being simply a repairer of clocks—he is proud, and looks down upon those of high rank and wealth with a degree of contempt. He is lord of his own castle, and inhabits it *solus*—has no friends, no companions, and wants none. He eschews women, considering them a useless expense, and a source of multifarious vexations. Wealth, to his philosophy, is an absorbing evil, and money in any shape, except so far as it contributes to higher enjoyments, mere dross.

This singular person has existed in the same hut, same locality, for many years, and still his neighbors know him not. He spends only so much of his time at physical labor (mending clocks) as will procure a plain, scanty living, and obtain other requisites for mental enjoyment. He visits Baltimore about twelve times a year on foot, and then so arranging in point of time, that his entrance and exit are made in the night. His passion is books and mental culture. Though in seeming poverty, he has a well selected library of several hundred volumes, containing all the classics, besides other works. His visits to Baltimore are generally of a literary character, always taking home books of a rare quality.

To see him, the beholder would suppose he belonged to the ignorant, unlettered division of human nature. In this however, the few who were fortunate enough to form his acquaintance found themselves mistaken. Contrary to all expectations, he proved a scholar of superior finish, versed in the classics thoroughly, and master of Latin, Greek, French, German, Italian, Spanish, Hebrew, and many other languages, all acquired without a tutor. He is also familiar with the various sciences, accomplished in manner, address, &c. He converses freely, fluently, and sensibly, upon the most obtruse and complicated subjects; is well posted in politics, and knows the history of the past and current events accurately. He delights particularly in oriental literature, and possesses a fund of information relating thereto. He professes alliance with no religion, and yet observes a code of scrupulous morality.

His best costume is extremely antiquated, parts of it having been in use probably twenty years, and all together, if put up at auction, would not command ten dimes. The casual observer would suppose him a poor mendicant, and feel inclined to extend the hand of charity, yet he is surmised to be comfortable in the world's lore, and proves himself to be enviably rich in all that appertains to a refined and highly cultivated intellect. His name I do not feel at liberty to mention at present. I have given you the outlines of a reality, which, up to this period, has probably never been thought of beyond the ordinary routine of life. The "Learned Blacksmith," John McDonough, Peter the Hermit, and Stephen Girard, were not more peculiar than the hero of this brief epistle.

Worthily the past year he has mastered the arts of stenography and photography, and reads and writes them with ease.

PREMATURE BURIAL.—A shocking instance of premature burial is related in a *Manheim Journal*. A woman who, according to the official register had died on Easter Monday, in child bed, was duly buried. The cure of the parish, whose house was close to the cemetery, after hearing moans from that place, called a medical man and ran to the cemetery—but it was too late. The unfortunate woman was found turned on her side in the coffin, weltering in her blood, but still warm. Her real death appeared to have been preceded by a severe struggle, as the coffin had been forced open, and the woman had torn her hair from her head. She could not have been dead many minutes before the persons arrived. The subject of premature burials has excited the attention of the French Government, and it is proposed to establish death houses, where the bodies of deceased persons may be kept until decomposition commences, which is now universally allowed to be the only evidence of death. Similar houses have long since been established in many parts of Germany.