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From the National Intelligencer. DIPLOMATIC HISTORY.

Most of our readers, we suppose, are apprised that there is in the press, at the office of the Editors of this paper, a Compilation of Public Documents communicated to or emanating from Congress, which, under the title of "American State Papers," embraces the whole documentary history of the United States, from the beginning of the Government to the present day.

CONFIDENTIAL. To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States.

I communicate to Congress, in confidence, the translation of a letter from Louis de Onis, to the Captain General of the Province of the Caraccas.

JAMES MADISON. January 10th, 1811.

Translation of a letter from Louis de Onis to the Captain General of the Province of the Caraccas, dated Philadelphia, 2d Feb. 1810.

The administration of this Government having put the stamp upon the servile meanness and adulation in which they stand in relation to their oracle Bonaparte, the day before yesterday, by their direction, Mr. Eppes, the son-in-law of the former President, Jefferson, made a proposition, that a Minister should be immediately sent to Joseph Bonaparte, at Madrid: this was supported in the committee in which the House then was by Mr. Cutts, who is the brother-in-law of President Madison.

In the annexed paper you will see all the debates, which, for want of time, I have not been able to have translated: if your Excellency should not be informed, by my former despatches of the mode of thinking of the present Administration, this alone will shew the little hope there is of obtaining any thing favorable from it, but by energy, by force, and by chastisement.

The facility, I again repeat it, and I will repeat it a thousand times, with which American vessels are admitted into our colonies, preferring them to our own, makes these people believe, that our weakness does not permit us even to talk to them on equal terms, much less to take measures which may injure them.

nullity did not entitle her to any thing else, was taken by the present Administration some time since, though it was not in them the determination of reason. To accomplish it, they thought of forming an alliance, offensive and defensive, between France, Russia, Denmark, Sweden, and the United States; and some even suppose that it is formed.

This country is now without a cent, with a deficit of four millions of dollars in her revenue; with not more of an effective army than 6000 despicable men—of whom 2500 that they had at New Orleans, are reduced by death to 600; and, although they have passed a law for 100,000, much time and money will be necessary to organize them.

Go! preserve you many years. LUIS DE ONIS. To the Captain General of the Province of Caraccas.

From the New York Daily Advertiser. Major Downing's official Report on the United States Bank.

PUBLISHED "BY AUTHORITY." Rip Raps, Aug. 4th, 1833.

Dear Sir:—I have just got here after examining the Bank; and it was the toughest job I ever had in my life. The General was so bent on my doing it, that I had to "go a-head," or I'd sneak'd out the first day. I was nigh upon a week a bout it, figerin and siferin all the while. Mr. Biddle see quick enuf it was no fool's journey I come on, and I made some of his folks scratch their heads, I tell you.

plagy some of them are fellows there, they figer sharp at siferin. They'd do Administration some time since, though it was not in them the determination of reason. To accomplish it, they thought of forming an alliance, offensive and defensive, between France, Russia, Denmark, Sweden, and the United States; and some even suppose that it is formed.

I put a good many questions to Mr. Biddle, for the General gin me a long string on em; and I thought some would stagger him; but he answered them all just as glib as our boys in Downingville do the catatize, from the chief "cend of man" (clear through the petitions—And he did it all in a mighty civil way too, there was only one he kinder tried to git round, and that was—how he come to have so few of the General's folks among the Directors until very lately? "Why," says he, "Major, and Major" says he (and then got up and took a pinch of snuff and offered me one) says he "Major, the Bank knows no party; and in the first go off, you know, the General's friends were all above matters of so little importance as Banks and Banking. If we had put a branch in Downingville," says he, "the General would not have had occasion to ask such a question," and with that he made me a bow, and I went home and took dinner with him.

Arter I had been figerin away there nigh upon a week, and used up 4 or 5 slate pencils, and spit my mouth as dry as a cob, rubbin out the sums as fast as I did them, I went to the General, and told him it was no use; I could find no mistakes; but so long as the Bank was at work it was pretty much like counting a flock of sheep in a fall day when they are just let into a new stubble—for it was all the while crossing and mixing, and the only way was to lock up all the Banks, and as fast as you count em, black their noses.

"Now," says I one day to Squire Biddle, "I'll just take a look at your money bags, for they tell the General you han't got stuff enuf in the Bank to make him a pair of spectacles, "none of your rags" says I, "but the real grit," and with that he call'd 2 or 3 rhaps in Quaker coats, and they open'd a large place about as big as the "east room;" and such a sight I never see—boxes, bags, and kegs, all full, and I should say nigh upon a hundred cord. Says I, "Squire Biddle what on earth is all this? For I am stump'd!"—"O" says he, "Major that's our Safety Fund,"—"how you talk?" says I.

"Now," says I, "is that all genuine?"—"Every dollar of it," says he; "will you count it Major?" says he. "Not to day," says I; "but as the General wants me on em;" and at it I went hammer and file. It raly did me good, for I did not think there was so much real chuck in all creation. So when I got tired, I set down on a pile, and took out my wallet, and began to count over some of the "Safety Fund" notes I got shaved with on the grand tower. "Here," says I, "Squire Biddle, I have a small trifle I should like to barter with you, it's all "Safety Fund;" says I; "and Mr. Van Buren's head is on most all on em." But as soon as he put his eye on em, he shook his head. I see he had his eye teeth cut. "Well," says I, "it's no matter,"—but it litted my dander considerable.

"Now," says I, "Mr. Biddle, I've got one more question to put to you, and then I'm through. You say your bills are better than the hard dollars; this puzzles me, and the General too. Now how is this?"—"Well," says he, "Major, I'll tell you; suppose you have a bushel of potatoes in Downingville, and you wanted to send them to Washington, how much would it cost to get them there?"—"Well," says I, "about two shillings lawful—for I sent a barrel there to the General last fall, and that cost me a dollar freight."—"Well," says he, "suppose I've got potatoes in Washington just as good as yours, and I take your potatoes in Downingville, and give you an order to receive a bushel of potatoes in Washington, wouldn't you save two shillings lawful by that?"

We sometimes charge," says he, "a trifle for drafts, when the places are distant, but never as much as it would to carry the dollars;" and with that we looked into the accounts agin, and there it was. Says I, "Squire Biddle, I see it now as clear as a whistle."

When I got back to Washington, I found the General off to the "Rip Raps," and so I arter him. One feller there told me I couldn't go to the Rip Raps—that the General was there to keep off business; but as soon as I told him who I was, he ordered a boat and I paddled off.

The General and I have talked over all the Bank business; he says it is not best to publish my report, as he wants it for the message; and it would only set them Sticksfish nibblin agin in Wall street. I made him stare when I tell'd him about the dollars I saw there, and once and a while he would rinkle his face up like a ball of ravins; and when I tell'd him Biddle wouldn't give me any of his "Safety Fund" for any of Mr. Van Buren's that I had with me, the General took out his wallet, and slung it more than 5 rods into the brakers.

We are now pretty busy, fitting and joining the beams and rafters of the message; and if Mr. Van Buren don't git back before we begin to shingle it, I guess his Safety Fund will stand by a poor chance.

The General don't care much about having his head for a sign-board; but, says he, "Major, when they put my head on one end of a Bank Bill, and Mr. Van Buren's on tother end, and promise to pay Andrew Jackson," and then blow up, it's too bad—I won't allow it—it sha'n't be." The General says, if he allows Amos Kendle to make his report about the State Banks, it is but fair to let me publish mine about Squire Biddle's Bank. So I am getting mine ready.

We have a fine cool time here, and ain't bothered with Office seek-ers: we can see em in droves all along shore, waitin for a chance.—One fellow swam off last night to get appointed to some office—the General thinks of making him Minister to the King of the Sandwich Islands, on account of their being all good swimmers there.

Yours, eternally, J. DOWNING, Major Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

A gentle Reproof.—There is no sound which greets more harshly on the ear of a man of feeling, generous disposition, than to hear a brutal husband speak harshly to an amiable wife. The wretch who can treat a woman ill, deserves the contempt of his fellow creatures—but when that woman is one who looks to him for support, for kindness and protection—one whose path through life he is bound by every noble principle to strew with flowers, the brute who plants the thorns instead, like Cain should have a mark set upon his forehead, that he may be known and shunned by every honest man. But there is many a worthy woman, who could tell an affecting tale of patient suffering under unmerited abuse.

Zachariah Hoigden was not naturally an ill natured man. It was want of reflection, more than a corrupt and ungenerous heart, that led him to consider his wife in the light of an inferior being, and to treat her more like a slave than an equal. If he met with any thing abroad to ruffle his temper, his wife was sure to suffer when he came home. His meals were always ill-cooked, and whatever the poor woman did to please him was sure to have a contrary effect. She bore his ill-humor in silence for a long time, but finding it to increase, she adopted a method of reproving him for his unreasonable conduct, which had the happiest effect.

One day as Zachariah was going to his daily avocation after breakfast, he purchased a fine large cod-fish and sent it home with directions to his wife to have it cooked for dinner. As no particular mode of cooking was prescribed, the good woman well knew that whether she boiled it, or fried, or made it into a chowder, her husband would scold her when he came home. But she resolved to please him once if possible, and therefore cooked portions of it in several different ways. She also with some little difficulty procured an amphibious animal from a brook back of the house, and plumped him into the pot. In due time her husband came home—some covered dishes were placed on the table, and with a frowning, fault finding look, the moody man commenced the conversation.

"Well, wife, did you get the fish I bought?" "Yes, my dear." "I should like to know how you have cooked it—I will bet any thing that you have spoiled it for my eating."

[Taking off the cover.] I thought so. What in the name of heaven possessed you to fry it? I would as lief eat a boiled frog."

"Why, my dear, I thought you loved it best fried."

"You did not think any such thing. You knew better—I never loved fried fish—Why did't you boil it?" "My dear, the last time we had fresh fish you know I boiled it, and you said you liked it better fried. I did it merely to please you. But I have boiled some also." So saying, she lifted a cover, and lo! the shoulders of the cod nicely boiled were neatly deposited on a dish; a sight which would have made an epicure rejoice, but which only added to the ill-nature of her husband.

"A pretty dish this!" exclaimed he—"Boiled fish! Chips and puridge. If you had not been one of the most stupid of womankind you would have made it into a chowder."

His patient wife, with a smile, immediately placed a tureen before him containing an excellent chowder!

"My dear," said she, "I was resolved to please you. There is your favorite dish."

"Favorite dish, indeed," grumbled the discontented husband, "I dare say it is an unpalatable wish-wash-mess. I would rather had a boiled frog than the whole of it."

This was a common expression of his, who as soon as the preference was expressed, uncovered a large dish at her husband's right hand, and there was a bull-frog of portentous dimensions, and pugnacious aspect, stretched out at full length! Zachariah sprang from his chair not a little frightened at the unexpected apparition.

"Why dear," said his wife in a kind entreating manner, "I hope you will at length be able to make a dinner."

Zachariah could not stand this. His surly mood was finally overcome, and he burst into a hearty laugh. He acknowledged that his wife was right, and that he was wrong—and declared that she should never again have occasion to read him such another lesson. And he was as good as his word. Lowell Journal.

The Courier and Enquirer publishes a letter from HACKETT, the Yankee Comedian, which, after narrating his success in England, notwithstanding the prejudices of managers and others, continues as follows:

"But to a Dublin audience I am indebted for an enjoyment above money or price—ay, far surpassing that, gratifying as it was, when at the close of my performance in London last month the audience so vociferously called me out, and amid my farewell bows, thundered their long continued applause and bravos."

"The first night of Rip Van Winkle, when in the midst of the scene where he finds himself lost in amazement at the change in his native village, as well as in himself and every body he meets, a person of whom he is making inquiry mentions the name of Washington. Rip asks, 'who is he?' The other replies—'What? did you never hear of the immortal George Washington, the Father of his Country?' The whole audience, from pit to gallery, seemed to rise, and with shouting, huzzas, clapping of hands, and stamping of feet, made the very building shake. These deafening plaudits continued some time, and wound up with three distinct rounds. To describe to you my feelings during such an unexpected thunder-gust of national enthusiasm, is utterly impossible. I choked—the tears gushed from my eyes, and I can assure you it was only by a great effort that I restrained myself from destroying all the illusion of the scene by breaking the fetters with which the age and character of Rip had invested me, and exclaiming, in the fulness of my heart, 'God bless old Ireland.'"

From the Southern Drawer. COTTON SEED OIL.

Athens, July 29, 1833.

Messrs. Editors.—As this is the age of improvement and all appear anxious to husband the resources of the country and to develop new ones, permit me, through your paper, to attempt to turn the attention of the public to one which the South possesses in an eminent degree, and which has been suffered to remain unimproved, for the want of but a very moderate share of enterprise. I allude to the manufacture of cotton seed oil. I propose to shew, first, its entire practicability, and then its extensive usefulness, from which the inference will be readily drawn, of the great sources of profit necessarily resulting to the cotton-planting States. The difficulty heretofore was, the want of a machine to separate the kernels from the lint and hulls which absorbed the oil and prevented its complete extraction from the former. This has been entirely obviated by a machine, invented by our ingenious fellow citizen, Lancelot Johnson, Esq. of Madison, Morgan county. It is as perfect for the purpose as it is possible, and it is altogether different from any thing of the kind heretofore invented. There is one in Virginia with the company owning the Athens

of another description, but in point of expedition and faithful execution, it is nothing to compare with Mr. Johnson's. That plan is a rough heavy stone cylinder turning within a semi-concave circle, brought so near together as to crack the seed, and then they are sifted and the hulls blown away by a fan. This plan is imperfect, because the hulls and lint are mashed into the kernels occasionally. Mr. Johnson's is altogether different, and is upon the plan of an inverted cob or coffee-mill. The hopper is circular and conical, and lined with steel-plate teeth, chisel-edged, and spirally arranged from top to bottom. Within the hopper, which stands upon a square frame, and conforming to its shape, there revolves a vertical block, around which are also inserted similar and corresponding teeth to those mentioned. The two sets of teeth are then brought, by means of a regulator, just near enough together to cut the hulls of the seed as they pass through, and are then separated by an inclined rocking riddle and fan, perhaps not unlike a wheat fan. The operation is very perfect. Not a fibre is mixed with the kernel, and they drop as clear as cleaned rice and not unlike it, having about as many kernels cut in two, as the broken grains usually appearing in that article. It hulls twenty bushels an hour with horse power, and can be operated by a common rope hand attached to the gearing of a cotton gin. It will cost about as much as an ordinary threshing machine. The press for expressing the oil, is the most expensive part of this business, and will cost \$750. Now, with such an establishment it is already ascertained that there is nothing easier than making the oil, and this brings me to the mention of its usefulness, premising that the facts submitted are supported by either actual experiment or testimony of the most unquestionable character.

One bushel of seed will make half a gallon of oil, and this oil sells in the cities of Philadelphia and New York, for one dollar a gallon, when linned oil is selling for ninety cents. The reason for this difference is owing to the greater number of uses to which it can be applied. In the first place, it is decidedly better painting oil, and is pronounced by all who have tried it, particularly that distinguished practical citizen General David R. Williams of South Carolina. It is a most excellent lamp oil, and is in its use, free from smoke or smell. It answers in the manufacture of woollens equal to any oil ever tried, and for greasing machinery n thing can exceed it. There are several minor uses to which it can be applied with singular advantage. It has a remarkable property, combined with rotten stone, in cleansing, with unrivalled brightness, all kinds of metals and also tortoise-shell. When fresh, it can be used in corn bread for the same purpose, and to as good an effect as lard, having nothing offensive in smell or taste, the latter resembling that of the hickory nut. The cake, as it is called, that part which is left after expressing the oil, is superior, as food for cattle and hogs, to the linned cake, which always commands a dollar a hundred, and is known to fatten the finest heaves brought to the New York market. A bushel yields 121 pounds, and is consequently worth 121 cents after the oil is extracted.

It remains to shew the immense advantage which is in store for this country, from this at present unimproved resource. The cotton crop of Georgia, for instance, is 250,000 bales, which, at the usual price obtained, is equal to six millions of dollars. In the seed, this crop weighs three hundred millions, and takes about 600,000 acres to produce it. The fibres when taken off, being one-fourth of the weight, leaves two hundred and twenty-five millions of pounds of seed, which at thirty weight to the bushel, makes in bushels, 7,500,000. From this quantity, subtract one million and a half necessary to plant 600,000 acres, and there will then be a balance of six millions, equal to three millions of gallons of oil or three millions of dollars, half the value of the cotton crop—one which is such a vast source of wealth to the people of Georgia. This is exclusive to the cake, worth seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars more.

In making these statements I am not unaware that I run the risk of being considered visionary, but I have the consolation of recollecting that such an idea was ascribed to a certain manufacturing establishment, not far from this place; but who considers it now as a wild project? There is not one planter in twenty, who has any idea of the quantity of seed he makes. For every thousand weight of seed cotton, there are 25 bushels of seed, which are worth to him in oil and food, at least fifteen dollars, considerably over half the value of his cotton, and really worth more than an equal quantity of corn. The time will come when a man will just as soon think of throwing away his corn as his cotton seed. It is contemplated to establish an oil press at this place, in connection with the company owning the Athens