

NORTH CAROLINA BULLETIN.

"DEVOTED TO NORTH CAROLINA INTEREST, EDUCATION, AGRICULTURE, COMMERCE, MANUFACTURES, INTERNAL IMPROVEMENT, AND HOME MARKETS. IN THESE ARE COMBINED THE PROSPERITY OF THE STATE."

VOLUME I.

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MR. FILLMORE'S SPEECH.

AT ALBANY, N. Y.

Mr. Mayor and Fellow Citizens: This overwhelming demonstration of congratulation and welcome almost deprives me of the power of speech. Here nearly thirty years ago I commenced my political career. In this building I first saw a Legislative body in session, (cheers) but at that time it never entered into the aspirations of my heart that I should ever receive such a welcome as this, in the capital of my native State. (Cheers.)

You have been pleased, sir, to allude to my former services and my probable course, if I should be again called to the position of Chief Magistrate of the nation. (Applause.) It is not pleasant to speak of one's self, yet I trust that the occasion will justify me in briefly alluding to one or two events connected with my last administration. (Cheers.) You all know that I was called to the executive chair by a horde of slaves, which overwhelmed the nation with grief, that the country was unfortunately agitated from one end to the other upon the subject of slavery.

I felt it my duty to rise above every sectional prejudice and look to the welfare of the whole nation. (Applause.) I was compelled, to a certain extent, to overcome long cherished prejudices, and disregard party claims. (Great and prolonged applause.) But in doing this, sir, I did no more than was done by many able and better men than myself. I was by no means the sole instrument, under Providence, in harmonizing difficulties. (Applause.) There were at that time noble, independent, high-souled men, in both Houses of Congress, belonging to both the great political parties of the country—Whigs and Democrats—who spurned the character of selfish party leaders (cheers) and rallied around my administration, in support of the great measures which restored peace to an agitated and distracted country. By the blessings of Divine Providence, our efforts were crowned with signal success, (cheers) and when I left the Presidential chair, the whole nation was prosperous and contented, and our relations with all foreign nations were of the most amicable kind. (Cheers.)

The cloud that hung upon the horizon was dissipated, but where are we now! Alas! There stood at home, with civil war, and from abroad with a rupture of our peaceful relations. I shall not seek to trace the causes of this change—These are the facts, and it is for you to ponder upon them. Of the present administration, I have nothing to say, and can appreciate the difficulties of administering this government, and if the present Executive and his supporters have with good intention and honest hearts made a mistake, I hope God may forgive them as I do—(long and prolonged applause.) But if there be those who have brought these calamities upon the country, for selfish or ambitious objects, it is your duty, fellow citizens, to hold them to a strict responsibility. (Cheers.)

The agitation which disturbed the peace of the country in 1850 was unavoidable. It was brought upon us by the acquisition of new territory, for the government of which it was necessary to provide territorial administration. But it is for you to say whether the present agitation, which distracts the country and threatens us with civil war, has not been recklessly and wantonly produced by the adoption of a measure to aid in personal advancement rather than in any public good. (Cheers.)

Sir, you have been pleased to say that I have the union of these States at heart. This, sir, is most true, for if there be one object dearer to me than any other, it is the unity, prosperity, and glory of this great Republic; and I confess frankly, sir, that I fear it is in danger. I say nothing of any particular section, much less of the several candidates before the people. I presume they are all honorable men. But, sir, what do we see! An exasperated feeling between the North and the South, on the most exciting of all topics, resulting in bloodshed and organized military array.

But this is not all, sir. We see a political party presenting candidates for the Presidency and Vice Presidency, selected for the first time from the free States alone, with the avowed purpose of electing those candidates by the suffrages of one part of the Union only, to rule over the

United States. Can it be possible that those who are engaged in such a measure can have seriously reflected upon the consequences which must inevitably follow, in case of success?—(Cheers.) Can they have the madness or the folly to believe that our southern brethren would submit to be governed by such a Chief Magistrate? [Cheers.] Would he be required to follow the same rule prescribed by those who elected him? [Applause.] If a man living South of Mason and Dixon's line be not worthy to be President or Vice President, would it be proper to select one from the same quarter, as one of his Cabinet Council, or to represent the nation in a foreign country? Or, indeed, to collect the revenue, or administer the laws of the United States? If not, what new rule is the President to adopt in selecting men for office, that the people themselves discard in selecting him?

These are serious, but practical questions, and in order to appreciate them fully, it is only necessary to turn the tables upon ourselves. Suppose that the South, having a majority of the electoral votes, should declare that they would only have slaveholders for President and Vice President; and should elect such by their exclusive suffrages to rule over us at the North. Do you think we would submit to it? No, not for a moment. [Applause.] And do you believe that our southern brethren are less sensitive on this subject than you are, or less jealous of their rights? [Tremendous cheering.] If you do, let me tell you you are mistaken. And, therefore, you see that if this sectional party succeeds, it leads inevitably to the destruction of this beautiful fabric reared by our forefathers, cemented by their blood, and bequeathed to us as a priceless inheritance.

I tell you, my friends, that I speak warmly on this subject, for I feel that we are in danger. I am determined to make a clean breast of it. I will wash my hands of the consequences, whatever they may be; and I tell you that we are treading upon the brink of a volcano, that is liable at any moment to burst forth and overwhelm the nation. I might, by soft words, hold out delusive hopes, and thereby win votes. But I can never consent to be one thing to the North and another to the South. I should despise myself if I could be guilty of such evasion. [Tumultuous applause.]

ask, with the dramatic poet—
"Is there not some secret curse—
Some hidden thunder with immortal wrath—
To blast the wretch who owes his greatness
To his country's ruin?" [Cheers.]

In the language of the lamented, immortal Clay—"I had rather be right than be President." (Enthusiastic and prolonged cheers.)

It seems to me impossible that those engaged in this, can have contemplated the awful consequences of success. If it breaks asunder the bonds of our Union, and spreads anarchy and civil war through the land, what is less than moral treason? Law and common sense hold a man responsible for the natural consequences of his acts, and must not those whose acts tend to the destruction of the government be equally held responsible? [Applause.] And let me also add, that when this Union is to be dissolved, it will not be divided into two Republics or two Monarchies, but broken into fragments, and at war with each other.

But, fellow-citizens, I have perhaps said all that was necessary on this subject, and I turn with pleasure to a less important, but more agreeable topic. [Cheers.] It has been my fortune, during my travels in Europe, to witness once or twice the reception of Royalty, in all the pomp and splendor of military array, where the music was given to order, and the cheers at word of command. But, for myself, I prize the honest spontaneous throb of affection with which you have welcomed me back to my native State above all the pageants which royalty can display.— [Cheers.] Therefore, with a heart overflowing with grateful emotions, I return you a thousand thanks, and bid you adieu. (Prolonged applause.)

From the Presbyterian. INFANCY.

How beautiful is infancy! Its rounded limbs, its tiny fingers, its dimpled mouth and rosy smiles, are all beautiful—beautiful as the realization of a poet's dream. When the little innocent, jumping and springing in its nurse's arms, licks its baby glee, the sacred names, "Papa," "Mamma," a new thrill of joy is awakened in each parent's heart. They hear the first audible expression of intelligence from that embryo mind—that mind so plastic as to receive the impress of their slightest touch. How pure and holy now is their office! To watch those faculties, as they expand in the sunlight of parental affection as flowers bloom in spring-time; to bend them to the sublime influences of truth; to nourish them with the pure precepts of the gospel, and strength on them in its glorious light; in short, to draw out the young soul which dreams in the smiles and laughing eyes of the little cherub; to teach it its first lessons of love, gentleness, and gratitude; to unfold in a thousand ways, by words of love and looks of tenderness, what only a parent's heart can devise, those little feelings of right and wrong, which must be so moulded as to form, in later life, those nice and delicate perceptions which mark the upright and conscientious being, on whom Heaven smiles approvingly; to eradicate, or rather to give a direction and coloring to the embryo passions which beautify

or mar the character and destiny of every individual being,—this is an office which angels might delight to engage in.

Here is where education begins—in the mother's arms—in the cradle—in the nursery. We speak of it as if it were the work of our schools and academies, solely—as if it began with the head. How absurd! It is the heart—the heart, where all good is received—that is the soil where the seeds of education should first be sown—sown with a skilful hand, and the young germ, watched over, pruned, reared with parental tenderness, watered with a mother's tears, and nurtured by a mother's prayers.

O ye parents! fulfil this mission well. Ye are sowing seeds which will produce happiness or misery, life or death.

How beautiful is infancy! Behold it in its cradled slumbers! Beautiful as a dream of heaven, is the angelic expression of that little face. A smile plays around that dimpled mouth, calm, placid, holy, as if the little sleeper were listening to an angel's whisper. Though there is, alas! even here, the fatal germ which we all inherit, it has not as yet developed itself in actual transgressions.

No malicious temper has inflamed that little heart, no unkind or bitter word has passed those innocent lips. The blush of shame has never tinged those lily cheeks; that little hand has never raised in anger; that tiny foot never spurned even the meanest reptile that draws its existence from the great source of life and power.—It knows nothing of a vain, deceitful world. It has never felt the chill of disappointment, the sorrow of bereaved affection, the misery of confidence betrayed. The poisoned arrow of suspicion has never touched that guileless heart, the breath of slander has never cast a blight upon that fair brow. Would that it might ever be thus; but it cannot be. Sin is in the world. The cup of life cannot be drank without tasting its bitter waters, and the heart will feel and know their influence. The tempter will woo with fascinating smiles, artfully concealing beneath the dimly glow of pleasure the misery and suffering that follow his pathway.

O! how soon, then, should that young heart be taught to love honesty and truth—

alone can subdue these unhalloved influences, tame all "unholy passions, all unlawful desires." That, and that alone, can calm the troubled waves of life, sweeten its sorrows, and brighten its joys.

THE YANKEE FOX SKIN.

BY YANKEE HILL.

'Mornin', 'Squire! said 'down east,' giving a nod and a wink at Lyman and Towle, as those gentle stood in their store one morning, 'up and dressed' for business.

'How are you, Sir?' said the merchant.

'Pooty well, consider the state of things in ginerawl. I say, you sell skins here, don't you?' 'We do, occasionally,' was the response.

'Well, so I calculated; buy Fox Skins, teou I reckon?' 'Sometimes. Why, have you got some for sale?' 'Some. Ye-es, guess I have one; its some teou I tell you.'

'Let's look at it,' says one of the merchant's. The owner of the skin tugged at the capacious pocket of his 'yaller over-cut,' a few minutes, and out came a pretty considerable, sizable bang-up of a venerable rinfard.

'There it is, a perfect beauty it is, too. Aint it?' 'Seen many finer ones,' says Towle.

'Praps you hev, and praps you haint; but I deon think it is a rare beauty—slick and shiny as a bran new hat.

'When did you get this skin?' says the merchant.

'When did I get it? Why, when I killed the darn'd critter, of course.'

'Yes, we know, but was it in the fall or summer, or when?' 'Oh! yes; well, I reckon, 'twarn't fur from 4th July, any way, fur I'd jest cleard' up my old shootin' piece, fur 'rade on the glorious anniversary, and along comes the old critter and I jest giv him a rip in the gizzard that settled his haab, mighty sudden I tell you.'

'Fox skins,' said the merchant, 'are not very good when taken in hot weather, the fur and hair is thin, and not fit for much in summer.'

'Well, now I reckon since I can't see think it over, 'twarn't hot weather, when I shot the critter; no, I'll be darned if it was; made a thunderin' mistake 'bout that, for it was nigh on to Christmas, was by golly, fur I and Seth Peurke was going to a frolic. I remember like a book, cold as sixty, snowin' awful, was, by ginner!' 'Well,' says the merchant, 'was the Fox very fat?'

'Fat! I O! Molly, warn't it fat! Never did see such a fat feller in my born days. Why, you, the fat, came clean through the critter's hide, run down his legs, till the very arse was greasy where the darn'd varmint crawled around.—Did by peankins!'

'Too fat then, we guess, to be good,' said Towle. 'Fat skins, er, are not so good as those taken from an animal not more than ordinarily fat.'

'Well, guess it warn't so darn'd fat, neither;

come to think about it, 'twas another Fox our Sish shot last fall; this old critter, warn't 'so darn'd fat—not overly fat; I guess, it was 'twixt that poor; kind of lean; tree-menjus lean; poor old varmint was about to die of pure starvation; never see such a darn'd eternal starved, lank famished live critter, on the land's youth before I'

'Very poor I guess it was; an' I reckon poor that the old critter boose stuck clean out almost through his skin; had'n't killed it jest when I did, it would die afore it got ten rods further along. Fact by Golly!'

'Ahl well,' says the merchant, 'we see the skin is poor, very poor; the fur is thin and loose and would not suit us.'

'Wunt suit you! Nnow look a-bear,' says the Yankee, folding up his versatile skin,—'I dun: kind o' like sich dealing as that, no how, and I'll be darn'd to darnation; if you catch me a tradin' Fox skins with you again, there aint no lumber in the state of Main!' And the holder of the skin vanished!

From the Railroad Record. BEAUFORT HARBOR.

A few numbers back we published an interesting communication in relation to this harbor, showing its capacity from actual survey and establishing the remarkable fact that it is one of the best in the Union and the best at the South. In the June number of DeBow's Review, Mr. George P. Elliott gives the following interesting remarks, which we republish, as the subject has new interest to us in proportion as we draw nearer the completion of the Cincinnati & Charleston R. R. Connection.

In a recent number of your Review there is an article from the pen of the Hon. D. L. Yulee, urging the claims of Fernandina, in Florida, as the outlet to the trade of the Gulf of Mexico. As this gentleman has abundant opportunity for collecting

information, I shall assume his statements as correct, and shall make my comparisons accordingly. It will be seen by the report above, that the main bar of Port Royal is nearly a mile in width, and has nineteen feet at low water upon it. This depth exceeds the bar of Charleston by nine feet, the Savannah river by eight feet, and the bar of Fernandina by five feet, the bar of Baltimore by three feet. The report states that the mean rise and fall of the tide is seven feet; this, at high water, would give twenty-six feet at ordinary tides, and twenty-eight at the spring and frequently a northeast wind would bring thirty feet upon the bar. This depth is sufficient for all naval and commercial purposes of the present day. It will be seen, by referring to the records of the New York commission of pilotage, "that of the vast number of vessels which entered the port of New York during the year ending June 1, 1855, only seven exceeded twenty-two feet" in draught of water. This fact alone places Port Royal far beyond competition with any harbor south of the Chesapeake, and makes her equal to any other Atlantic port, with perhaps the exception of New Port. This statement is beyond cavil, for here stands the record of the scientific officials of the Government; it is no hearsay statement, but the record of a proven fact.

The first position that I aimed at I think I have demonstrated, namely, that this is not only the best harbor of the South, but one of the very best in the whole Union.

The next point to which I would call attention is that the Government must of a necessity fortify it, and build a naval station and dockyard here. It would be wanting in common sense and common precaution to permit this position to be left undefended, liable to be taken possession of by any maritime power that we may be at war with. It is the only port south of the Chesapeake that a line-of-battle ship, with her full armament on board, can enter; and the harbor has depth and capacity sufficient, when once entered, to ride the whole navies of the world in safety. If it is inquired why it has been neglected so long, it is easy of solution—the Government was ignorant of its great capacity, and the inhabitants who dwell upon its shores were unwilling to exchange their quiet homes for that of bustling commerce, and have ever refused to press its claims upon public attention. The British Gov-

ernment, however had full knowledge of its advantages, for they had stowed away in their archives an accurate survey of this noble harbor, taken when South Carolina was a "plantation." A century had passed away between the two surveys, yet they corresponded in all essential particulars.

Commander Maffit, in his report, says: "Beaufort river, also a tributary of Port Royal Sound, affords eighteen feet at mean low water until within three miles of the city of Beaufort, from thence up fourteen feet at mean low water is the least that can be found in the channel.

"The commercial facilities of this harbor are unrivalled, and their developments will be fully exhibited by the progress of the coast survey."

From the record you will perceive that any ship drawing twenty feet can reach the present wharves at Beaufort, and a little dredging will enable the largest class to come up also; but this will not be necessary. The town of Beaufort is situated upon the upper end of a tongue of land, which extends itself down towards the sea; and at the extremity of this tongue, four miles below the present town, twenty-four feet is found, at low water, within a few feet of the shore, and this depth gradually deepens to five, six, and seven fathoms; if the mountain cannot come to Mahomet, Mahomet will go to the mountain. Beaufort will easily and naturally extend itself down to deep water.

The next point that will attract attention is the subject of health. In the location of a city near the tropics, this is an important consideration, and in this view Beaufort can compare favorably with most of the cities situated along the South Atlan-

tic coast. It is situated on the southern extremity of Fort Royal Island, which is ten miles in length, and is entirely surrounded by salt water. No fresh water stream of any magnitude flows into Port Royal Sound. The site of the present town of Beaufort is open to the North-east, east, and south, and is fanned by the sea breezes during the summer season, and should it extend itself down the river, it will be gradually opening itself to the S. west, and west, where the salt marshes of the Jordan reach Broad River, and the two together extend themselves for many miles in an open and splendid view. As the prevalent winds during the sickly season are usually from the southwest, it is a very important consideration in the location of a Southern city that it should have a salt atmosphere in this direction, and Beaufort stands unrivalled in this peculiarity. Charleston is similarly situated, but she has not the extent of salt water in the desired direction, and both the rivers that touch her wharves penetrate the interior, and are more or less impregnated with fresh water, whereas Beaufort is entirely surrounded by salt water arms of the sea, which are nearly as briny as the ocean itself. Experience has taught us that the locations upon the sea coast, invariably the most healthy, are those that have salt water to the south and west, and those most sickly that have in the same direction—

As an illustration of this point we will state, as a fact, beyond cavil, that the western shore of the island of Hilton Head is remarkably healthy, while the eastern shore, open to the great Atlantic itself, is proverbially unhealthy—and so it is with other islands along the coast. The thing is only explained by the fact that the full winds, the south-westers pass over the land instead of the salt water, bringing poison in its breath.

If I have succeeded in establishing the important point of health, the next step to give importance to my scheme is to show its position as to the internal trade of the South. The isolation of Beaufort has been hitherto caused by its having no great river emptying itself into its wide waters from the interior. I have remarked elsewhere, that great rivers were formerly the feeders of cities but now that railroads are superseding them, it places Beaufort in a new light altogether. A road of eighteen miles will reach Pocatigo, a station on the Charleston and Savannah Railroad—

This would put Beaufort in direct commu-

nication with both of those cities, and all their tributaries north and south of them, by pushing this road through upper Prince Williams, a branch road near the Beaufort line would reach Beaufort, upon the South Carolina road, at a distance of 25 miles from Beaufort. This junction

of the roads that run from South Carolina and North Carolina, Georgia and Alabama—The main track should be directed for Augusta, passing through Barwell village and touching Aiken in its course. I estimate that 116 miles will be the whole distance from Beaufort to Augusta, in Georgia. Only two streams are to be crossed by this route—an arm of the sea near Beaufort, 600 feet in width, and the Savannah river, at Augusta. The country through which it would pass is well adapted for railroad construction. This route would furnish a new line and outlet to the great trade that is anticipated from the completion of the Blue Ridge Railroad. It is scarcely necessary to pursue this point further. A road of 115 miles to Augusta will put Beaufort in contact with Memphis, and when the connection between Selma and Brandon is completed, it will be in contact also with Vicksburg, upon the great Mississippi itself. Of all the projects for a road to the Pacific, that which will pass near the 33d degree of north latitude will be found the most practicable. It is not only the shortest route from the North Pacific to the North Atlantic Ocean, but has also the advantage of passing through a climate that will enable it to be used at all seasons of the year.—The fruits of winter and the heats and pestilence of summer will furnish no interruptions to its constant use.

MR. BUCHANAN'S WEAKNESS.

The New York Express thus exposes Mr. Buchanan's weakness: "The measures of the Fierce administration are already endorsed, Mr. Buchanan has held office under it abroad, and he has, in advance, announced his adherence to measures which he has condemned. He has stood upon the Missouri Compromise flat-footed, and in his recent declarations has acquiesced and approved its repeal. He has a record against the extension of slavery, and a record against arresting the extension of slavery. He has a Democratic record and a Federal record, as red and blue as Lucifer himself. His antecedents as a politician are of the worst possible sort, and of so mixed a caste that it will lead all cautious men to mistrust him. He has been aspiring for the Presidency for twenty-five years and a public man for forty. He has held Federal certificates of sessions under the worst regime of Federalism, and Democratic certificates of election since the time fortune first favored Andrew Jackson. He has been an extreme party man, too, and as such wanting in magnanimity to political opponents, as witness his treatment of Henry Clay, and his attacks on John Davis, of Massachusetts, for exposing his inconsistency and want of Americanism in regard to American labor. Too ambitious to be consistent too timid to be just, and ever ready to be all things to all men, a "forty-four man" by profession, a "forty-nine man" by action, very English in England, very American in America, very pro-tradition in the United States Senate, very protective in Pennsylvania. We hardly know a man against whose political professions and practices more can be said.

This record, of course is to be met fairly and fully not abusively or unkindly, we hope, but nevertheless in the full light of an intelligent and manly canvass. We neither like Mr. Buchanan's antecedents, his politics, his principles nor the platform on which the Cincinnati Convention have placed him. We want firmness, consistency and fairness. He will, from the necessity of the case, be compelled to walk in the footsteps of the present administration, and we pray a kind Providence to save us at least from such a public calamity as this.

VALUABLE RECIPE.—MR. A. Bronson of Meadville, Pa., says, from fifteen years experience, he finds that Indian meal poultice covered over with young hyacinth, softened with hot water, and laid over burns or frozen flesh, as hot as can be borne, will relieve the pain in five minutes. If blisters have not arisen before they will not after it is put on and that one poultice is generally sufficient to effect a cure.

Rancid butter, it is said may be rendered sweet and good by churning it in new milk. Try it.