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The editor of the American Celt, one of the most prominent Roman Catholics in the country, traveled a short time ago through several States, delivering Roman Catholic lectures. He was by no means pleased with what he saw and heard. He says:

Turn, where you will, travel where you will, the social war wages without any of the forms of legal warfare. It poisons the fountains of justice, it breaks down the Irish aspirant for professional honors, it turns out old employees at a moment's notice, its sway extends throughout all American life, from the President's Cabinet to John Smith's kitchen.

He then proceeds to comfort himself by the belief that "as a party the Know Nothings are probably defeated." But he adds, "The soul, the sentiment of Know Nothingism is more rife at this moment than when Orr and Parsons raged, and Louisville gutters ran red with human blood!"

He then assails Dr. Brownson for saying "the majority of Catholics in this country are native born Americans." This assertion the Celt styles "a fallacy," and adds: "If Dr. Brownson means that a majority of those who ought to be Catholics are native-born, we might incline to agree with him. But if he means to say that the majority of those who obey the commandments of the Church are native born, he makes a wholly indefensible misstatement. We doubt if there are native-born Catholics enough (exclusive of converts) in the whole State of New York to fill Albany Cathedral, if they were all gathered together."

So this high Roman Catholic authority concludes, from careful and extended observation, that the soul, the sentiment of Know Nothingism, of Americanism, is more prevalent and powerful at this moment than it ever was before. We are very glad to be able to agree with him. And we rejoice to learn from him that the native-born Catholics in the whole State of New York are not numerous enough to fill a single cathedral. The Catholics then, as the Rochester Observer says, are foreigners, coming here from their European systems of despotism, fresh from tyranny and superstition, fresh from the entire control of priests, and contaminated by all the corrupting influences that pervade the theological and political institutions of Europe. They are foreigners, untaught either in common learning or in politics; ignorant of the simplest idea of civil liberty, and bound by an iron obedience to the pontifical throne. These men—Catholics in faith, and educated under despotism—are admitted, almost at once, to citizenship and all its political privileges, before they can read the ballot they cast, and before they have learned the first syllable of the political system which prevails here.

Louisville Journal.

Chinese Potato.

This vegetable, so much discussed, and which was announced to the world by the French Institute at Paris under the name of *Dioscorea Batatas*, is on exhibition from various contributors, at the Crystal Palace. The roots are long and of a pale russet color; the flesh being of the purest white. They are very large, and weigh from 17 to 28 ounces—the growth of a single season.

As a number of persons have been cultivating this plant during the past summer, we shall soon be able to decide whether it is as valuable as has been represented. A large cultivator writes to us that "this root is destined to revolutionize the alimentary basis of our country."

Wm. R. Prince, of Flushing, New York, has 35,000 plants of this esculent under cultivation, and entertains very sanguine views respecting its prospective importance in the United States. He asserts.

It that the *Dioscorea Batatas* is perfectly hardy during our severest winters. 2d. That is more nutritious than

any other esculent we cultivate. 3d. That its culture is so easy and simple, and its product so great, that it can be afforded incomparably cheaper than any other nutritious vegetable, it having produced in France at the rate of above 800 bushels per acre. 4th. That the combination of every useful property renders it the greatest vegetable boon ever granted by God to man, and that its introduction to our country is even more important than that of cotton, and that in twenty years our national statistics will report the value of the annual crop as greater than the cotton crop.

Such reliance is placed upon this root in the Chinese empire, that, according to Mr. Prince, one half the population would perish from famine if suddenly deprived of it.

According to the same authority, it will supersede every other potatoe, and in a measure be substituted for Indian corn and wheat. It is said to make good bread, and the roots propagate easily and rapidly. The "Revue Horticol," published under the direction of the French Institute, devotes twenty pages to this subject, concluding as follows:

"This esculent has now been tested in every Department of France, even to its more northern limits, the shores of the Rhine, and it is to be deemed henceforth incorporated into the agriculture of France."—*N. Y. Jour. Com.*

Hooper, of the Montgomery Mail, says:

"It is our misfortune never to have seen Savannah, but we propose to visit that 'comely maiden' of a city, on or about the 8th proximo."

The "comely maiden," we doubt not, will please our Mail friend, and mayhap "fascinate him even to idolatry"—particularly as he is a good Hooper.—*Savannah Republican.*

Our old friend and townsman of the Mail, like a bad penny, is always turning up with good ones. We wonder if he would not like us as a waiter on this occasion to Tally his casks as he "Hoops" them. We are not sharp enough to wound him with the feelings of jealousy; but would most gladly witness this union with "comely maiden" could we leave our post on the 8th. But the *Republican* has spoken for the "maiden," and bespoken for him a warm reception. When that "good Hooper" shall have girdled the comely maiden with his coat of Mail, then will she be well hooped, and there will be many Hoopers. Being absent, may he think of us as the *Herald* of good things.—*Wil. Herald.*

Mr. Fillmore and Southern Cities. We commend the subjoined truthful remarks of the Baltimore Patriot to the perusal of our readers:

"It is a significant fact, made manifest by the recent national contest, that every Southern city, and many of the smaller towns, gave Millard Fillmore a majority. First among these is Baltimore, then comes Norfolk, Alexandria, Richmond, Wilmington, Savannah, Augusta, Mobile, Montgomery, New Orleans, Louisville, and even St. Louis. These facts show, very conclusively, that business men in the South were willing to risk their commercial and business prosperity with the patriotic, conservative statesman, whom, in honesty of purpose, they saw fit to vote for.

"For the want of better, more truthful and judicious subjects to discuss, some Democratic journals and orators have been proclaiming that the recent decision of Baltimore, in signifying her decided, unqualified preference for Mr. Fillmore, would act injuriously to our trade. If so, then all Southern cities, and prominent amongst them, New Orleans, are destined to suffer in like manner."

Death of the "Wandering Jew."

The Charleston S. C. Standard says: We learned yesterday, the death at the Roper Hospital, of the "Wandering Jew," a character whose singular appearance and habits has been the subject of much curiosity and command. He has been known about Charleston for the last six or seven years, but the period of his advent is not recorded. He seemed to be very poor, he never worked, and never begged, but yet in some way or the other,

he managed to subsist. The most singular fact connected with him was that he never took the shelter of a roof—his sleeping place was a hole in the ground, on what is known as Payne's farm, and he was not only contented with it, but would accept of no more comfortable accommodations when they were tendered to him.

Mr. Buchanan is the only bachelor ever elected to the Presidency. This fact is full of comfort to that generally derided and unappreciated, but really cosy and comfortable class of population. The ice has been broken! The dangerous precedent of electing only Benedictines to fill the Presidential chair, has received a death blow from the House of Lancaster. We single fellows are eligible now, and some of us may be President's yet. Some party or other may take us up and put us in possession of the twenty five thousand a year. There's no limit to luck now-a-days, and many a man to his great astonishment becomes distinguished, while his superiors go down to the grave "unhonored and unsung." Old Zach Taylor when he started in life never dreamed that he would be President, and the like thought never floated through the brain of Frank Pierce. It is related of Polk that when a student at Chapel Hill he frequently declared that he would one day be President, but we must not infer from this that he will and to accomplish go hand in hand together.

We trust that the bachelor President will behave handsomely in the White House, and not bring discredit upon the honorable and lovers of a quiet life class to which he belongs. If he does not manage affairs properly, we shall repudiate him. He must remember that he is essentially E. Pluribus Unum—"one of em"—and that upon his conduct may hinge the Presidential fortunes of very many well tempered, independent and unscolded person. But, should he fail the people will go back to the Benedictines again, and bachelors would be one more at a dreadful discount.—*Wil. Herald.*

We observe that for some time past, the *Locofoco* journals have been firing away at the Hon. Kenneth Rayner, with a fury known only to the most vindictive warfare basely and falsely alleging that he, the owner of a large number of slaves, is unsound upon the question of slavery. There is not one word of truth in the assertion of any one of these papers. No man as thoroughly interested in this species of property as Mr. Rayner is, could be unsound. It carries a flat and palpable contradiction on its very face. But notwithstanding this palpable fact, they persist in their course with a tenacity, worthy of a better cause. The object of this unjust assault is obvious, it is to get up prejudice against Mr. Rayner because of the many righteous blows he has for some time past been dealing out to them for their temerity in basely assailing the American party. This is the head and front of his offending. Nothing more. Mr. Rayner is to day as sound, if not a thousand times more so, than those who have been so ruthlessly assailing him. In continually harping upon this question, the object of these men and papers, is to keep up this excitement, heart burnings and bickering between the North and the South—the policy and object of Mr. Rayner is to allay all these bitter jealousies, and establish fraternal feelings between the two sections. Not so with modern democracy, it cannot live without some such exciting and distracting question being lugged into every contest.

Dark Developments. See here, Gumbo, why am you like a blackguard?

Nebor guess dat in the worl, coz I ain't, you black fool. You is, honey, coz you watches massa Jim's store, and you's not a berry white guard, dat's sartin! Yah, ha, ha?

Now, Pete, dat am berry surprisn, and comblustifating to calculate—but, nigger why is you like a gentleman?—Dah! dat stump him.

Bress my soul, Gumbo, I neber tink ob dat—gibs her up.

Yah, hah?—so does I, sensible as I is—been tinkin of it tree days, and am furdur off dan I was at de start.

A Second Jack Sheppard.

George W. Townsend, who was sentenced to two years in the Delaware State Prison, at New Castle, for robbing the post-office at Wilmington, Delaware, has succeeded in breaking jail again. This is the fourth time he has escaped from this prison. The first time, while in prison waiting his trial, he broke jail and let out three other prisoners; on the same night there were six or seven stores broken into in Wilmington. Shortly after this escape, Townsend was recognized and arrested in Philadelphia, and a portion of the goods taken from the stores found on his person; he also had on his person five pistols, heavily loaded, and a large dirk knife. In a few days after he was lodged in the old quarters, he again escaped from his cell, and had reached the top of the wall and was in the act of jumping down on the outside when he was discovered by the Sheriff; the Sheriff fired at him and he was captured. Shortly after this second attempt to escape, his trial came off—Before the was sentenced he made a strong appeal to the court for clemency, that he was sorry for what he had done; would reform, &c. About a month after he was sentenced he made his third escape from the prison, this time he let out two other prisoners with him; and on this same night the post-office at Wilmington was robbed.

This time he was recognized by the conductor, while in the cars between Wilmington and Chester. The conductor locked both ends of the car, and when they reached Chester an officer was procured, and Townsend was again arrested. One of the persons he had let out of prison, named "Oyster Charley," was with him in the car, and he was put in double irons, which means hand cuffs and hobbles or leg irons. He was locked in his cell, and closely watched. Notwithstanding all this precaution he again effected another, and a fourth escape on Friday night last. This time he filed or sawed off his hand cuffs and leg irons, and cutting a hole through the oak floor of his cell, he descended into a room below, from there he got into the prison yard, and then scaled the wall, which is about twenty feet high. His feat rival those of Jack Sheppard or Sixteen String Jack. He is certainly the most successful jail breaker this country has produced, and while he is now at large, will no doubt improve on his past experience. Townsend is a young man about 16 years of age, about 5 feet 6 inches high, well and compactly built, light hair and complexion, and blue eyes.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Death to the Hoops.

Hoops are to be done away with. A new invention has sprung into existence, in the shape of an air tube petticoat. They are just the *chance* for ladies when they go to church or theatre or any crowded place. A friend says that nothing is more convenient than the tubular or air petticoat. It consists of numberless lintags of India rubber tubes sewed around a petticoat, all communicating with one another. Corresponding with these is a moveable tube which is left in the pocket, and which may be easily carried to the mouth. By blowing into this tube the petticoat swells at will, and assumes any proportion required. Does an elegant lady wish to ride in a carriage where there is little room? Do ten persons wish to sit at a table where six would be uncomfortable? The only thing to be done is to let some air out by means of a small faucet and the belle becomes as slender as a slypside of the opera, and her dress is not crumpled. When dinner is over, or when about to leave her carriage, with a puff or two the volume of air is easily replaced.

The clown in Welch's Circus, the other evening, speaking in relation to this invention, thought it would go a great way in mitigating the punishment of the lords of creation, as the wife would take to blowing herself up instead of the husband. What think ye, ladies!—is this a true bill?

Dr. Sanford has sent a cargo of his Invigorator to town for the benefit of every body troubled with liver complaints or indigestion. He has used it for many years in a large and extended practice till its results are thoroughly known, and is now offered for sale as a tried remedy for those diseases. Hundreds have given him their certificates of the greatest cures being performed where life was despaired of. It will surely relieve a sour stomach, biliousness, headache, costiveness, female obstructions, cholera morbus, dysentery, or summer complaint by the use of a few doses. I will say to all who wish something that can be relied on to cure those diseases, try Dr. Sanford's Invigorator.

Why is a pig in a parlor like a house on fire? Because the sooner it's put out, the better.

Although the friends of Fillmore and Donelson have been unsuccessful in the recent campaign they have no reason to be discouraged. Their candidates have received the votes of 900,000 of their fellow citizens, and their defeat is not a condemnation of their principles, but a triumph of chicanery and fraud aided by the needless re-agitation of the slavery question. The principles of the American party are as true and patriotic now as ever, and their establishment is as essential to the maintenance of the Union and the preservation of American institutions at the present moment as they were last year or the year before last. The result of the recent Presidential election, the means by which it was accomplished, the alarming condition of our public affairs, the fierce assaults upon the Union and the federal Constitution from the South and from the North, and the great doubt that exists as to the policy which may be adopted by the incoming administration, whether for good or evil to the country, should impress the people with still stronger convictions than before of the establishment of the principles advocated by the American party.

The recent defeat should arouse the advocates of American principles to renewed and still greater and more zealous exertions. If ever there was a time for serious alarm for the preservation of the Union it is now at hand. The whole country is in a state of the direst confusion. Treason stalks boldly abroad. Its fearful shadow has already cast a gloom over the hearts of conservative men everywhere. Our very existence as a nation hangs suspended upon the action of the new administration, and the whole country is waiting with anxious interest to know the policy which shall be adopted by it, painfully impressed with the consciousness that the slightest blunder may precipitate us into all the terrible consequences of a dissolution of the Union, and perhaps the still more deplorable horrors of a civil war. If an attempt should be made to carry out the policy foreshadowed in the Ostend Manifesto and the Cincinnati platform, the least evil that may be expected, will be a war with foreign nations.

The condition of our public affairs at present demands the most earnest and serious consideration of the conservative men of the nation. There is very little probability that this alarming state of affairs will be improved by the administration of James Buchanan, and it may be rendered infinitely worse by the recklessness of the extremists to whom he owes his elevation to the Presidency, and who will of course exercise considerable influence in shaping and directing his administration party.

There is no time to be lost. The exigencies of the moment require the united and active and energetic efforts of the friends of the Union in the formation of a strong conservative party which will be able to withstand the shock which too plainly threatens soon to fall upon the country, and to resist the treasonable designs of the mad and reckless advocates of disunion, and to save our institutions, our prosperity as a people, and our integrity as a nation from the perils by which they were surrounded.

The contest is but just begun, and following the counsels of the wisest and best of the statesmen, whose eminent ability has shed a glorious light upon the path in which they trod; remembering the energetic devotion to the Union and the earnest admotions for its maintenance, which has enabled the greatest of our political leaders from Washington to Henry Clay; until this issue shall come, and when it does come, we shall be for the Union, and we confidently believe that there is not, among the thousands and tens of thousands of patrons of the *Louisville Journal*, a single one who will not be with us heart and hand in such a struggle.

We say then to our friends, to our patrons and readers, most earnestly and seriously, that there is now a pressing necessity for the exercise of all their energy and all their zeal. If the Union is saved it must be done by the exertions of the American party of the country, and nothing should be left undone which can promote its success and strengthen it for the time when its sustaining conservatism will be sorely needed. If they believe that we have heretofore counseled them aright, if they believe that our efforts in behalf of the principles, which they love, and the party, whose success they sought to promote, have been of any worth, we ask them to sustain us now to maintain the present widespread circulation of our paper, and to aid us to extend its influence that we may be enabled to speak, at every fireside and over all the rugged hillsides and fertile plains of Kentucky and the adjacent States, our warning against approaching danger, and urge the people with all the energy and zeal and talent that we can command to prepare for the glorious task before them.

Whatever may have been our exertions

in the past, whatever industry and talent and heart felt earnestness we have hitherto exerted, we feel that the importance of the approaching crisis demands still greater efforts, and we will strive to be equal to the occasion. If our past services have satisfied our friends, our future efforts challenge their increased commendation. We call upon them now, we ask every subscriber to the Journal to continue to sustain us, and not only to cheer our labors by his own support, but to aid us in making new friends, to whom we may continually appeal in behalf of our principles, our party, and the maintenance of our glorious Union.

Louisville Journal.

Important to Wheat Growers in North Carolina.

At the meeting of the Scientific Association in Albany, this summer, some private conversation ensued upon the comparative merits of the grains grown in the West, North and South. It was observed that Southern flour had largely the preference in the West Indies and South America, on account of its being drier and keeping better in hot climates.

A gentleman who attended the World's Fair in London, at once remarked that the finest flour he ever saw was made of North Carolina wheat, and ground at mills in New York. Being solicited to submit the observation to writing, Dr. Elwyn, of Philadelphia, well known for the interest he takes in agriculture and every thing connected with the useful arts, at once drew up a certificate, of which the ensuing is a copy:

"I have been desired, by Dr. Gibbon of North Carolina, to record the following fact as interesting to the wheat growers of that State. While acting as chairman of the committee, on articles used as food, during the exhibition at the Crystal Palace, I was struck with the quality of the bread offered for examination by Hecker & Brother of New York. It was the whitest and best I ever saw. I asked—being a farmer—the very question, as to where they procured their grain; and was told that the bread was made of flour from North Carolina wheat; and to my further astonishment, was also informed that, in their opinion, the best wheat in the United States was that of North Carolina.

(Signed) A. L. ELWYN.

Albany, N. Y., August 25, 1856.

Fly in the Wheat—How to destroy it.

We have heard complaints of "fly in the wheat" from farmers in nearly all of the adjacent counties. The early seeded wheat and the warm weather that has since continued for weeks, has in the "first place furnished the fly with good picking, and a good season for propagation. It is very desirable that this pest, be cleared out at once, and destroyed so as to prevent their re-appearance in the spring. The Southern Planter recommends all who have this calamitous visitation, to try the remedy proposed by James A. Cochran, of Augusta, sanctioned as it is by his experience for several years.

It is simply to apply from one to two bushels of water-slacked—not air slacked—lime per acre, to the wheat when the dew or other moisture is on the wheat, so that the lime will readily make a ley which will turn down the groove of the blade, the indus of the fly, or as it then is, maggot. The same application, made in the spring, if not found fully effective in the fall, Mr. Cochran found to rid him almost entirely of this pest.

The hands that apply the lime, handle it with impunity, if they will only keep their hands well greased. Mr. Cochran used small tins, like the dippers used for sugar and coffee by the grocers, to scatter it. But on land that will bear the tread of horses a broadcasting machine will answer much the best purpose.—*Fredericksburg Herald.*

Sympathy for the Fallen.

For my part I confess I have not the heart to take an offending man or woman from the general crowd of sinful, erring beings, and judge them harshly. The little I have seen of the world, and known of the history of mankind, teaches me to look upon the errors of others in sorrow, not anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it has passed, the brief pulsation of joy the feverish inquietude of hope and fear, the tears of regret, the feebleness of purpose, the pressure of want, the desertion of friends, the scorn of the world that has but little charity, the desolation of the soul's sanctuary, and the threatening voice within; health gone, even hope, that stays longest with us, gone, I have little heart for aught else but thankfulness that it is not so with me, and would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow being with Him from whose hands it came.