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THE GRANVILLE WHIG.

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EDITOR.

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MANUFACTURING IN THE SOUTH.

We would invite attention to the following article from the Savannah Republican. Our readers will no doubt be surprised to learn the extent to which manufacturing is carried on in some of the sister States of the South:—North State Whig.

COTTON FACTORIES AT THE SOUTH.—The growth of the manufacturing interests of the South is one of the most gratifying evidences of our increasing prosperity. Few, even among our intelligent citizens, are aware of the extent to which our people are engaging in this branch of industry; and no one acquainted with the importance of manufacturing establishments in developing all the varied interests of the country, can fail to see in the movement a greater degree of prosperity than has heretofore characterized the Southern States, while confining themselves chiefly to the production of the raw material. But the most gratifying fact connected with this growing interest, especially to us as Georgians, is the lead which our State is taking. It has been estimated that there are now in operation in Georgia 40 cotton mills, employing near 60,000 spindles, and consuming 47,000 bales annually. In this estimate, which seems to be below the true mark, no calculation is made of our paper mills, &c. In Tennessee, it has been reported to the Secretary of the Treasury, that there are 30 factories, employing 36,000 spindles. In South Carolina, the Hon. William Gregg says there are sixteen factories, containing 35,000 spindles and about 700 looms, consuming 15,000 bales of cotton per annum. He estimates the capital invested in these establishments at about one million of dollars, and the number of operatives they give employment to, at 1,600. There are in Alabama, 12 factories, with a capital of \$500,000, containing about 12,500 spindles and 300 looms, consuming about 5,500 bales of cotton annually. It is said that machinery for others is contracted for, sufficient to make the number of spindles 20,000, and the looms 550. Thus we have to four States ninety eight manufactories of various descriptions of cotton goods, containing 140,000 spindles. There are doubtless many other cotton mills in the other Southern States, which would swell the number somewhat. In addition to these, there are others going up, not only in this State, but everywhere else at the South. We hazard but little in saying, that at the end of the next five years there will be perhaps two hundred cotton factories in operation in the Southern States, consuming near two hundred and fifty thousand bales of cotton per annum, and giving employment to twenty-five or thirty thousand operatives. The effect of such adhesion to labor upon the productions of the South, the price of cotton, and the habits of those who will likely be employed as operatives, must be immense. All the cost of the transportation of the raw material to England, of its manufacture there, and its transportation back to this country, will be saved to our people. The general price of cotton will be increased by the competition which will ensue between the manufacturing establishments of Europe and the Northern and Southern States, and great good to society must result from the employment of thousands of persons, who are now consumers and not producers.

COLLECTANEA.

The Congress of the United States.—"What a mass of Representatives there are here! What singular samples of our vast country! Here sits a Tennesseean, and there a Missourian, educated among buffaloes and nurtured in the forest—as intimate with the passes of the Rocky Mountains as the cit is with Broadway—who lives where hunters and trappers have vexed every hill, and who cares no more for a Pawnee than a professed beau for a bright-plumed belle. Here is a man from the prairies, and another from the swamps and morasses, whose blood the mosquitoes have utterly stolen away. There is a sallow face from the rice grounds, and here the flushed cheek from the mountains, and by his side a man from the pine grounds—land of tar and turpentine. What

a people we are! What a country is this of ours!—How wide in extent—how rich in production—how various in beauty! I have asked, in my travels, for the West, in the streets of the Queen, of the West—a fairy city which, but as yesterday was a wilderness. They smiled at my inquiry, and said it was among the 'hobblers' of Indiana, or the 'suckers' of Illinois. Then I journeyed long, I crossed great rivers, and broad prairies, and again I asked for the West. They said it was in Missouri. I arrived at the capital. They complained that they were 'too far down East.' 'But go,' they said, 'if you would see the West, days and days, and hundreds and hundreds of miles up the Missouri,—farther than from us to New England, and beyond the Rocky Mountains, and among the Snake Indians of the Oregon, and you may find it.' It was the work of a dozen years to find the West, and I turned about in despair. Indeed, I have found no bounds to my country, I have searched for them for months, in almost every clime—under the torrid sun of Louisiana, and beneath the land of orange and olive, the cold sky of Maine. I have seen the rice-planter gathering rich treasures from a bountiful soil, and the fishermen anchoring his little bark on the rocky island, dropping his hook as carefully as if the ocean were full of pearls, and not of—mackerel. I have seen the mill-man sawing wood in all variety of forms, on the farthest soil of New England; and I have beheld the same wood floating down the Savannah, or the beautiful Alabama, in the strangest metamorphoses: it may be, in a clock, regularly ticking off the time, or in a pair; perchance in a button; and, for aught I know, in a tasteless ham, or an unfragrant nutmeg; I have never been off the soil of my own country; and yet I have seen the sun go down a ball of fire, without a moment's notice, (with light flung over rich, alluvial lands, blooming with magnolias and orange trees—a robe of gold; and, again, I have stood upon the bare rocks of colder climes, and when the trees were punched by the early frost, I have marked the same vanishing rays reflected from the leaves, as if a thousand birds of paradise were resting in the branches; and when the clouds, streaming with red, and purple, and blue, tinged, and tipped with the pencil of beauty, were floating afar, like rainbows in motion, as if broken from their confinement—now mingling and interchanging their dyes, and glittering arches, and anon sprinkled over, and mellowing the whole heaven—then I have fancied that I was indeed in a fairy land, where the very forest danced in golden robes, responding to the setting sun, as the statue of fabled Memnon gave forth its welcoming notes as the ray of the morning played upon its summit. I have been where the dog star rages, scattering pestilence in its train—where the long moss hangs from the trees—where the pale faces and sad countenances give admonition that this is a region of death. I have stood by the wide prairie, and beheld the green billows rise and fall, and the undulations, chequered with sun light and shadow, chasing one after the other, afar over the wide expanse. And I have gone amid the storms of winter, over the high hill, upon the loud cracking crust, amid the music of the merry sleigh bells. And here are the Representatives from all these regions—here in one grand council—all speaking one Language—all impelled by one law! Oh, my country! If our destiny be always linked as one—if the same flag, with its glorious stars and stripes, is always the flag of our UNION—never unfurled or defended but by FREEMEN—then Poetry and Prophecy, stretching to their utmost, cannot pre-announce that destiny." Knickerbocker.

"SHOW YOUR TICKETS"—A RAILROAD SKETCH.

BY SOLITAIRE.

On the rail cars between Albany and Buffalo the conductors are frequently changed during a single trip; and as each new one takes charge, he announces himself in office by the exclamation, "Show your tickets!"

On a night trip, recently, a testy old Yankee was one of the passengers; and having exhibited his ticket to the first conductor, he carefully placed it in a well worn pocket book, buttoned it up in the breast pocket of his coat, pulled his hat tightly on his head, and, folding his arms, resigned himself to the care of Morpheus. His nasal organ had scarcely proclaimed him in dream-land, before another conductor came along, with "Show your tickets!" The old Yankee awoke with a start; and having been made conscious of what was wanted, he exclaimed—

"I reckon you don't want tew be seen' it all the time, dew you?"

"Once will do me, sir," says the conductor.

"Well, you hev seen it that often," replied the old gen', "so you kin pass on."

The conductor insisted upon looking at it; and the disturbed passenger u'buttoned his coat, unstrapped the old pocket book, handed out the ticket, and the conductor passed by.

"Them fellars air mity afraid of guttin' chissel-ed," says he, as, placing his ticket in his vest pocket, he again resigned himself to sleep.

The conductor, thinking he had missed some of the passengers, came back again presently, and asked to see the tickets.

"What, agin!" exclaims the old man; "well, I swear, you are the most peskid bother I've ever seed. Jest take a good look now, and hev done."

The conductor passed on agin, and the old man stuck his ticket in his hat-band, and this time got fairly asleep. The motion of the car in a short time loosened his hat, and it fell off, which a sleepless wag in the cars perceiving, he picked up the conductor's lamp, and approaching the old gen', shouted in his ear—"Show your tickets!"

"Patience massy," says the old man, "ef here ain't another of these ticket fellars," and then he pulled out his pocket-book, searched it, put it back, felt in his vest pocket, but in vain. "You've got it," says he; "I gin it tew you, I know." Here he recollected sticking it in his hat-band, and now commenced a search for his head piece. The hat, amid the shuffling of the passengers' feet, had been kicked along under several different seats. After a busy search of some minutes, he thought he per-

ceived it beneath a fat old lady's seat. In reaching for it, he awoke her.

"What do you want?" she inquired snappishly, as even the most amiable old lady would do, when awakened out of a sound sleep.

"I'm only reachin' for my hat, marm," says he; "it's got under your seat."

"I tell you 'tain't," says she. "That's a nice excuse to be coming feeling round a body with, when they are asleep I'll tell the agent, see if I don't."

"Why, good gracious, marm," says he, "you might sleep an age in the same bildin' with me, and I'd never dream of techin' you."

"You might 'at dream of doing so," says she, "but you aint a bit too good to, I'll be bound—coming waking people up in the middle of the night, when they are all alone, (there were fifty in the car,) talking about a hat—why don't you git your hat, if it's there, and go away; but tell you 'tain't there, now, and that's enough, I think, for any reasonable person—always disturbing people this way—why don't you take it, I say?"

Thus commanded, the distressed old gen' reached under the seat at the dark-locking object, which he fancied was his hat, and the old lady's small pet dog, which he caught hold of by the neck, seized him in turn by the fingers, with a w-u-u-u-u-u-u!

"Ow-ah!" cuss the consarned thing!" exclaimed he; "why it's a live varmint."

"Now," says the old lady, "I reckon you are satisfied that it aint the kind of hat you are looking for, and you can go somewhere else and search for your old hat."

A jolt of the cars here nearly threw threw him into her lap, on which she gave a slight scream, and called for protection.

"Perhaps this is your hat, sir," said the wag who was personating the conductor, at the same time handing him his chapeau, with the ticket safe in the hat-band. With an exclamation of pleasure, he seized it.

"Here, take the consarned ticket, will you?" he exclaimed, handing it out promiscuously; but every body refused.

"Won't nobody hev it?" he enquired.

"I vow tew gracious I won't carry it anuther minit."

"Show your tickets!" exclaimed the conductor, entering, to which he added—"We are at Auburn, gentlemen."

"Here, take it," said the Yankee, in a high state of excitement; "I'd jest ruther be locked up in your god-darned old jail here than travel by night in these waggins. A man's eternally showing his ticket—runnin' agin cross dogs, or, what's an all-fired sight wuss; cross old wimen!"

As he leaped from the car, his waggish tormentor, shouted after him, "Show your tickets!"

Durn your tickets and the hull bilin' on you," he shouted back, as, making tracks for the hotel, he disappeared in the darkness.—St. Louis Reveille

MR. CALHOUN IN ENGLAND.

The London Morning Post speaks in the following terms of the great South Carolina Statesman:

"The four most noted persons of whose departure from this busy scene we have received intelligence during the week, have been Mr. Calhoun, the American Statesman; Bowles, the poet; Madame Dulcken, the celebrated pianist; and Madame Tussaud, the far-famed modeller in wax. It is not to be expected that we should express what we do not feel, namely, one particle of admiration for the politics of the late Mr. Calhoun, but we may be permitted to throw a flower on his grave when we speak of him as a man of talent. As such we deeply deplore his loss. His natural endowments were of a very high order, and his acquirements were magnificent. He was an Irishman by descent, and had the true inspiration of Irish genius. His conversation, in which the pathetic and the mournful continually alternated with the witty and the grotesque, reminded one of those regions of central Italy where the ivy and the lichen are entwined with the rose and the eglantine, and vine yards and corn fields are overshadowed by the cypress and the vine."

THE SCENERY AND ANIMALS ABOUT CHAGRES RIVER.

The scenery of the river was fine and the passage delightful. Birds of the most splendid plumage, started by the noise of the wheels, flitted across the river; among those, the variety of the parrot kind were conspicuous. These would gaze from the boughs above us, as if wondering at the cause of the disturbance. The monkey, too, as they leaped from tree to tree, or hung down the boughs, suspended by their tails, would "nock and chatter at us." These merry rascals seemed to enjoy the uproar, and to laugh at the negroes who were toiling at their paddles, because they were obliged to work, while themselves were gentlemen at large. It is part of the creed of the negro, that the monkey can talk, but he won't, for fear that Buckaras, (white men,) will make him work.

While the trees above us were thus peopled the shores were lined with amphibious strange appearance. Large snakes, (mere shoe strings compared with those described by Marlinspike,) ignanas, (guanos,) a lizard of an enormous size, more than two feet from snout to tail and of frightful ugliness; and the sometimes dangerous alligator swelled the group. The passengers, many of them, tried the range of their pistols and rifles among them; but unless attacked in a very tender spot, (which is not often exposed,) they are not easily killed, and therefore no deaths were occasioned among them. Not so the guanos; many were killed, and I grieve to say that some were barbarous enough to shoot the monkeys. It is indeed barbarous to make war upon animals whose form and actions so much resemble those of the human species.

A gentleman once told me, that being at Jamaica, in the West Indies, he was induced to go a hunting with his host, the owner of a plantation at some distance from Port Royal; and that a young monkey was shot by one of the party. The mother, who was on the same tree near it, caught it in

her arms while falling, and pressing it to her breast, endeavored to staunch the blood, which was flowing from the wound—gazing upon it agonized countenance as it was expiring, with all the anxious fondness of a mother. In vain she placed the nipple to its mouth, in expectation that its usual nutriment would restore it; and when life had entirely left it, the wretch set up a cry of agony and despair. She heeded not the shot which reached her, and which was fired to compel her to surrender her infant but, though desperately wounded herself, she bore it off into the adjoining thicket.

Now, whatever I might be induced to do in an affair with the Indians, I know not; but, it is my impression, that I should rather have shot two Camanches than have murdered that monkey.

Yet, in tropical countries, this "miniature man" is hunted for food; and Coleridge, in his delightful book, "Six months in the West Indies," tells us, that notwithstanding their close resemblance to small children, (being dished up without mutilation,) he conquered his repugnance, and fed upon them. The same author also informs us, that certain snakes are served up as edibles, and that these "hedge eels" are exceedingly delicious. The guano, too, is pronounced a great delicacy, and is eagerly sought for as an article.—Notes on California and the Placers.

SKETCHES OF YOUNG MEN.

MR. PITT, the first Earl of Chatham, was but 27 years of age, when, as a member of parliament, he waged the war of a giant against the corruptions of Sir Robert Walpole.

The younger Pitt was scarcely 20 years of age, when, with masterly power, he grappled with the veterans of Parliament in favor of America. At the age of 22, he was called to the high and responsible trust of Chancellor of the Exchequer. It was at that age that he came forth in his might on the affairs of the East Indies. At 29, during the first insanity of George III, he rallied around the Prince of Wales.

Edmond Burke, at the age of 19, planned a refutation of the metaphysical theories of Berkeley and Hume. At 23, he was in the Temple the admiration of his inmates, for the brilliancy of his genius, and the variety of his acquirements. At 26, he published his celebrated satire, entitled "A Vindication of Natural Society." The same year he published his "Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful"—so much admired for its spirit of philosophical investigation and the elegance of its language. At 25, he was Secretary of the First Lord of the Treasury.

GEORGE WASHINGTON was only 27 years of age when he covered the retreat of the British troops at Braddock's defeat, and the same year was appointed Commander-in-chief of all the Virginia forces.

Gen. Joseph Warren was only 29 years of age, when, in defiance of the British soldiers stationed at the door of the church, he pronounced the celebrated oration which aroused the spirit of liberty and patriotism that terminated in the achievement of Independence. At 34 he fell, gallantly fighting in the cause of freedom, on Bunker Hill.

Alexander Hamilton was Lieutenant-Col. in the army of the American Revolution, and aid-de-camp to Washington at the age of 20. At the age of 25, he was a member of Congress from New York; at 30, he was one of the ablest members of the Convention that formed the Constitution of the United States. At 31, he was a member of the New York Convention, a joint author of the work entitled "The Federalist." At 32, he was Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, and arranged the financial branch of the government upon so perfect a plan, that no great improvement has ever been upon it by his successors.

DON'T CARRY COALS TO NEWCASTLE.

Many people make a grand mistake in endeavoring to adapt themselves in company to persons distinguished for particular talents or attainments. The fault is in the effort to get into their vein—to be witty with witty people, to tell stories to good story tellers, to discuss deep subjects with learned men, and, generally, to be sympathetically sucked into the drift of the nearest current. This is a mistake all round. No man's hobby will carry double. The attempt must fail, for if you are inferior to the man you pitch into, he sets you down for a bore, and is disgusted; if you clearly excel him, he feels that you are a bully, and he hates you. There are these two good reasons for being easy, natural and yourself with every body—nothing else suits you, and nothing else is asked of you. There are two more reasons for the same thing—persons of good taste dislike anything else, and, moreover, you are wanted in your own natural shape to fit your company; ball and socket fashion. Nothing packs society together so well as for some one to be hollow just where somebody else bulges. Be receptive, therefore, to the man of science, enjoy the joker without a struggle for supremacy, and play conductor for the electricity of the wit; then, if there is anything in the fellows, you'll get it out of them, and contribute best to the enjoyment of the company, and; besides, if there is nothing in you, (which is barely possible, but still possible,) you won't expose yourself and annoy other people.

DEVELOPEMENT OF THE LUNGS.

Much has been said and written upon diet, eating and drinking; but I do not recollect ever noticing a remark in any writer upon breathing, or the manner of breathing. Multiplies, and especially ladies in easy circumstances, contract a vicious and destructive mode of breathing.—They suppress their breathing and contract the habit of short, quick breathing, not carrying half way down the chest, and scarcely expanding the lower portions of the chest at all. Lacing the bottom of the chest also greatly increases this evil, and confirms a bad habit of breathing. Children that move about a good deal in the open air, and in no way laced, breathe deep and full to the bottom of the chest, and every part of it. So also with most out door laborers, and persons who take a great deal of exercise in the open air, because the lungs give us the power of action, and the more exercise

we take especially out of doors, the larger the lungs become, and the less liable to disease. In all occupations that require standing, keep the body straight. If at a table, let it be high, raised up nearly to the arm-pits, so as not to require you to stoop; you will find the employment much easier—not one half so fatiguing; whilst the form of the chest, and the symmetry of the figure, will remain perfect. You have noticed that a vast many tall ladies stoop, whilst a great many short ones are straight. This arises, I think, from the table at which they sit or work, or occupy themselves, or study, being of medium height; far too low for a tall person, and about right for a short person. This should be carefully corrected, and regarded, so that each lady may occupy herself at a table suited to her, and thus prevent the possibility or necessity of stooping.—Dr. Fitch.

HON. J. C. FREMONT.

The history of this young man is highly interesting. A few years ago he was a lieutenant in the army, attached to the corps of Topographical engineers. His business called him much to Washington, where he became acquainted with the second daughter of Hon. Thos. H. Benton. Young, vivacious, and ambitious, this strikingly in epaulettes had the temerity to ask the young lady's hand in marriage, notwithstanding he knew those much higher in authority had solicited the same in vain. Miss Benton readily consented, so far as she was concerned, but intimated that she had a father who had manifested some degree of interest in her welfare, and might want to be consulted in them after. She laid the "proposal" before the old gentleman. He objected to the proposition in toto. "His daughter, educated for a Prince, was not going to marry a Corporal." Fremont was forbidden to enter his domicile, and Miss Benton was put under guard. "Old Tom" had over-acted the matter. He did not then know the young lieutenant. His daughter, too, took that occasion to show her Benton, and as "Old Tom" had stuck to the "Expunging Resolutions," she was bound to stick to her young lover against the world. The next anxious father heard of his once devoted daughter, she had escaped her keepers, and in a private parlour Gadsby's Hotel, was interchanging vows before a magistrate with the young lieutenant. At first the old man raved, but soon was made acquainted with the metal of his son-in-law,—a reconciliation took place, and in old Tom, Fremont was not only had a friend, but an admirer ever since.

His travels, researches, scientific explorations, and feats of valor and suffering in the Far West, are events known to the world, and we may say without a parallel.

His collision with Kearny, in California, brought him before the country in a new light. He was accused of disobeying the commands of his superior, and technically so convicted on trial, by a court-martial demanded by himself. But the country acquitted him, and although reprimanded by the President, he was applauded by the people. We were present at the trial in Washington, and saw him confront the witnesses for the Government, in the most frank and gallant style. Old Tom sat by him as counsel, and "solitary and alone" he encountered the craft of Kearny and the contumely of a naval and military court prejudiced against the aspiring young Lieutenant then luxuriating with the rank of Colonel. Dismissed from the army, he scorned to be reinstated, but he recommenced his explorations on his own account. He raised a company of men and started for California by a new route, with Kit Carson the famous old guide at their head. Ten of his men he lost in the mountains, by being imbedded in snow and literally starving and freezing to death. With the remnant he reached San Francisco, and has been spending the summer in the mines. In the meantime a Commission reaches him superseding Col. Weller as Boundary Commissioner under the late treaty with Mexico. This he declines, and the next we hear of him, he is elected a United States Senator from the new State of California, and is now quietly awaiting the admission of his State, to take his seat among the "grave and revered" Senators of the Union.

Mr. Fremont will be the youngest member of the Senate, his age being less than forty. With the exception of Gen. Houston, no one in that body can boast of so eventful a life.

CURRAN'S INGENUITY.

A farmer attending a fair with a hundred pounds in his pocket took the precaution of depositing it in the hands of the landlord of the public house at which he stopped. Having occasion for it shortly afterwards, he resorted to mine host for the bailment, but the landlord, too deep for the countryman, wondered what hundred was meant, and was quite sure such sum had ever been lodged in his hands by the astonished rustic. After ineffectual appeals to the recollection, and finally to the honor of Barolp, the farmer applied to Curran for advice.

"Have patience, my friend," said the counsel; "speak to the landlord privately, and tell him you are convinced that you must have left the money with some one else.—Take a friend with you, and lodge with him another hundred pounds in the presence of your friend and then come to me."

We must imagine and not commit to paper the vociferations of the honest dupe, at such advice; however, moved by the rhetoric or authority of the worthy counsel, he followed it, and returned to his legal friend.

"And now, sir, I don't see as I am to be any better for this; if I get my second hundred again. But now what is to be done!" "Go and ask him for it when he is alone," said Curran.

"Ay, sir, but asking won't do, I'm afraid, without my witness at any rate," said the countryman.

"Never mind, take my advice," said the counsel; "do as I bid you, and then return to me."

The farmer returned with his hundred, glad at any rate to find that safe again in his possession.

"Now, sir, I must be content—but I don't see as I am much better off."

"Well," said the counsel, "now take your friend with you, and ask the landlord for the hundred pounds you, and friend saw you leave with him."