The North Carolina Whig.

"Be true to God, to your Country, and to your Duty."

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TERMS:

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Poetry.

The Railway Car.

BY C. P. CRANCH.

No more we sing as they sang of old,
To the tones of the lute and lyre,
For we live in an Iron Age—
In the age of Steam and Fire!
The world is too busy for dreaming,
And hath grown too wise for War;
So, today, for the glory of Science,
Let us sing of the Railway Car!

The golden chariot of ancient kings
Would dazzle the wondering eye,
And the heroes of a million slaves might bow
As the glittering toy rolled by.
But glory to the Car of the People,
And to those it shall bear all hail!—
For they warred when they bent the shrinking
Of the dragon teeth from scaly!

The blood-stained Car of the Juggernaut,
Over millions of wrecks hath rolled,
As priests have cried, "Hail triumph as ours
The world shall never behold!"
But woe! when this harnessed Dragon
Comes, vaunting smoke and fire,
To the Priests, with the Car and Idols,
Shall perish beneath his ire!

And woe to all who uphold the wrong—
Love darkness rather than light—
For Science hath opened a broad highway
For Knowledge and Truth and Right.
And he minds hath his car to gather
The people of every lands,
Until the uttermost nations
Are reaping each other's hands!

And then when the people as one are joined
And each to his fellow is known,
Invention, and Art, and Skill shall work
At the building of Science alone.
And wars can tell of the greatness
The world may hope for then!
For the faith that moveth mountains
Hath entered the souls of men!

Hearing no more, as they sang of old,
To the tones of the lute and lyre,
But sound the praise of the Iron Age—
Of the age of Steam and Fire.
And sing to the glory of Science—
Exult in the dawn full of War—
As a herald for the fiery Dragon,
As he flies with the Railway Car!

Miscellaneous.

TIT FOR TAT,
ON
THE LIBERALLY EDUCATED DOG.

Some seventy or seventy-five years ago, when the towns of Haverhill and Piermont, N. H., were but thinly settled, there lived in that part of the former place known as "the Corner," and Esq. Sprague, who, so far as concerned law affairs, was the chief cog in the wheel, the cock of the walk, were to dispute his right, the sole reliance of all each, for many miles around, as were victims to outrage, real or imaginary, and meditated legal vengeance in return.

A better neighbor, a kinder, more accommodating man than was the 'Squire in general matters, never need be; but whoever wished to set him to work professionally, might just as well calculate on forking over to begin with, for he didn't pump his brains gratis for any man's benefit, not he—be the quantity small or great. Education cost something, he used to say, and those who would avail themselves of what he possessed must in all cases furnish a retainer.

Well, it happened, once on a time, that a man named Tyler, residing two miles from the Corners, in the adjacent town aforesaid, had a little falling out with one of his neighbor farmers, and determined on knowing which of the two had law on his side. So to the Corners he posts, enters the 'Squire's office, finds him at liberty, and with a few preliminaries proceeds to state the case:

"If two men own land adjoining—"

"Remarkably backward spring," observed the Squire, leaning on his elbow and looking carelessly out of the window."

"Well, yes," reponded the other, who by the way was not experimentally acquainted with the Squire's manner of doing business, having thus far in life had the rare good fortune to keep himself out of law and in order, and then he hemmed and began again:

"Just one word of advice, if you please, 'Squire. You see, my neighbor, whose farm joins mine—"

"Saw the eclipse of the moon last evening, I presume," again interrupted the professional, without seeming aware that business was before the house.

Tyler did not yet understand the game. As is common in settlements comparatively new, small favors were exchanged among the people without reward ever being so much as thought of; it is not strange, therefore, if the man, in propounding a question which he knew the other could, if he chose, answer in five syllables, had omitted to reckon the cost. Had the point occurred to him at all, which it had not, he would most probably have supposed that the offer of pay for so trifling a service as the one required, would be accounted an insult, and nothing less—humph! he'd as soon dream of mortgaging his orchard lot to the person who had directed him which road to take.

But this time he was rather more disconcerted than in the first instance; he had to hem twice, with a pause of a minute between ere he could rally sufficiently to commence thirdly. Then he resumed:—

"I say, 'Squire, our farms join; now I, on my part, have always maintained good and respectable fences, while he—"

"What did you think of that sermon Sunday afternoon?" asked the 'Squire, with the same imperturbable *nonchalance*, and leaning over to the opposite arm of his chair.

The non-paying client was confounded.—What could his friend mean! There was no believing this repeated interruption accidental. No; there must be some design in it all, and what in the name of wonder, was that design? Suddenly his memory served him up dish after dish of the Squire's proceedings on certain other occasions, as furnished by report, and he saw through it all without the aid of spectacles.

"The 'Squire wants his dollar," thought he "there's no friendship in law."

"So with a smile he took from his pocket a million, tossed it upon the desk near him, and again put the question. The 'Squire smiled too and this time did not interrupt, but, on hearing the case, answered promptly, deciding in his client's favor. The latter, highly gratified, rose to go. The 'Squire followed as far as the door, and said, apologetically—

"I do n't know but you think me rather small in the way of dealing, neighbor, but you see how it is, a liberal education can't go for nothing, in these days."

"O, all right, all perfectly right," returned the other, and the two parties parted the best of friends.

Not long after, as Tyler was busy pruning trees in his yard one day, the 'Squire drove up. Before the wheels had fairly stopped rolling, he jumped from his carriage, at the same time asking—

"Has neighbor Webster been here this morning?"

"No; I hav n't seen him," was the reply.

"Good!" cried the 'Squire, clapping his hands and laughing immoderately. "Good! I've outwitted him!"

"What's the case?" inquired the farmer.

"Why you see, Webster came over to the Corners, and he and I got to talking and joking, and finally laid a bet of twenty dollars, as to which of us could shoot the most partridges on a given day. Next Friday is fixed upon; and I, knowing you owned the best partridge dog in the country, ran my horse over to engage him before Webster."

"Yes, Beaver understands the business tolerably well," remarked the farmer, patting his favorite; "you can have him."

"Right! and I shall want you, too, we agreed to have seconds—to prevent fraud, you know. You shall be well paid for your time."

The whole being satisfactorily arranged, 'Squire Sprague took his departure, with the understanding that he should spend the night previous to the hunt with Tyler, as his neighborhood was to be the starting point, and he wished to be on hand as early as his opponent.

Things took place accordingly. Friday morning, the 'Squire paid the farmer for his entertainment, and also for his day's services in advance. Then the two, with Beaver, which made three, sallied out into the woods.

The animal was well trained, he not only knew his own business, but his master's likewise. For some hours he kept close to his master, refusing to hunt, even, or to bark when they happened to start up one of the fowls of which they were in search. He merely cocked his eye coldly now and then, to catch a look from his master; and all the 'Squire's stooping and stebbying went for nothing. The 'Squire looked dark, began to mutter, at length, broke forth with—

"What in thunder ails your dog, Tyler?"

"Remarkable backward spring," says the farmer, breaking a twig, and without appearing to hear the question.

The 'Squire muttered to himself again, and they went on as before till he made two or three more unsuccessful attempts to "set him on." Then he began berating the dog again.

"Smart pup that; I'd rather have a boot jack to hunt partridges with. What in fury ails him to-day?"

"Saw the eclipse of the moon last evening, I presume?" says the other quietly.

"No; did n't know there was one."

"Nor I," said Tyler to himself, and again they went on. It was all the worse for the 'Squire's patience, that he could hear the echoes of Webster's gun almost without cessation. He grew outrageous, and declared that as Beaver would n't work, he might just as well give up and go home.

"Seven o'clock," said he, consulting his watch.

"Did you ever know the brute to act so before?"

"How did you like the sermon last Sunday afternoon?"

"Don't remember about it, in particular, and do n't care now. I only wish to know what under heaven ails that infernal dog;" and gave the creature a look that said plainly—

"Confound me, if I should n't like to try a charge of shot on you."

"Excuse me, Squire, for saying it," says Tyler, "but I do think you Squires are rather duller than we farmers. However, since 't is so, that you can't comprehend what makes the dog so loth to serve you, and since the critter can't speak for himself, I'll be his spokesman, and tell you what I think about the matter."

Here the speaker stopped to take a chew.

"Well," exclaimed the Squire impatiently.

"Well," resumed the other, speaking very deliberately, and pausing at the end of every two or three words, to role over the tobacco in his mouth, "you see the trouble is just here, as I understand it. Beaver has got a good liberal education, and means to make use of it. *He 's waiting for his dollar.*"

The 'Squire looked blank firstly, angry secondly, and—but the farmer could n't be certain how he did look thirdly, for he turned away his face; the way his sides shook, however, was a caution to earthquakes. As soon as he could conveniently, he turned back, pulled out his purse, and the identical million found its way to the pocket of Beaver's master. The dog commenced work at once and in good earnest. During the remainder of the day, he acquitted himself to the entire admiration of the 'Squire, who, after all, won the stake.

PHILOSOPHY AND CURE OF INTEMPERANCE.

III.—MORAL CURE OF INTEMPERANCE.

Having shown in the last number that intemperance, as a physical disorder, consists of a peculiar craving appetite, connected with debility or depression, which may be removed by an efficient tonic regimen, let us now proceed to take a more comprehensive view of intemperance, as a disorder of the entire constitution of man, involving his moral nature, as well as his physical organism. Intemperance should be eradicated from the mental as well as the physical constitution; and a perfect cure requires the use of moral as well as physical medicine. Let us, then, analyze more thoroughly the nature of intemperance.

Why is it that men resort to alcoholic drinks, or to coffee, opium, and tobacco? Is it not for the exhilaration or elevation of feeling which they produce? Why is such exhilaration or elevation demanded? Simply because it is not spontaneous—because the constitution of those individuals naturally sinks below the elevation which is necessary to happiness; and, to rouse the sluggish energy of their oppressed functions, they resort to a transient physiological stimulation, which produces no permanently good effects, instead of resorting to the more natural and wiser processes, which would restore their debilitated faculties.

The brain which is dull from fatigue, from unintellectual habits, from sensual excesses, or from excessive manual labor, is but poorly qualified to contribute to the joy or pleasures of a social evening; and the deficiency which is felt is so promptly relieved by the exhilarating influence of strong coffee or tea that the temptation to their use becomes irresistible. The selfish cares of business, the anxieties and irritations of life, the fatigue and depression of labor, and the morosceness which settles upon us when, for days in succession, we have known scarcely an hour of happy emotions—these, and similar influences combined, depress the moral nature to an extent which becomes gloomy, if not painful. Agreeable society may not be within reach—books may possess but little interest to those who have not been familiar with their use—and there seems to be no refuge but in some narcotic stimulus, which may deaden the sense of mental or physical pain, and stimulate the torpid organs of the brain to vigorous action and joyous emotion. Coffee, perhaps, gives a partial relief, but it does not meet the demand. Wine and brandy are then called in to rouse the sluggish faculties, and restore the lost emotions of pleasure. But perhaps the voice of prudence is heard, warning to escape from the intoxicating bowl, and a safer substitute is sought and found in tobacco; and the smoke of the cigar, or the pungent stimulus of the leaf, spreads an anodyne influence over mind and body, whilst it rouses illiberal and social feelings, and happily removes the depressing effects of a long chain of vicious influences. That tobacco, opium and wine have these delightful influences, in stimulating the intellect, rousing the affections and hopes, the genial impulses and practical energies, may not be known to those who are most zealously engaged in opposing their use—for upon this subject an incorrect view of physiology has become widely prevalent.

But, in truth, the real charms of these articles consist in the fact that, for the time being, they rouse our faculties to a temporary energy, and thus lift us up out of the purgatory of mental depression into which we necessarily sink when we violate the higher laws of our being. Hence, the demand for narcotic stimulus is always most prevalent among those who have departed most widely from the nobler attributes of humanity. Woman, in all the bloom and brilliance of her beauty, with roses upon her cheek and celestial softness in her eye, seeming in our presence as a ministering angel, presents the highest type of lovable humanity; and in her constitution there is no demand for artificial stimulation. Rum and tobacco are horribly discordant with her delicate and refined organization—and the incessant flow of her energy, hope, love, and intuition, need no artificial impetus. But in proportion as she degenerates from her beauty and loveliness—in proportion as she becomes coarse, animalized, and vicious—in proportion as she sinks into that purgatorial sphere of existence in which the brutal, criminal and unfortunate are found—she loses her repugnance to alcohol, and clutches at whiskey and tobacco, to obtain, by their anodyne power, a faint temporary consciousness of the bright hopes and lofty emotions which belonged to her earlier years of innocence and bliss. Her genial emotions are aroused not so much by their direct stimulation as by benumbing or paralyzing her painful sensibilities, and producing a torpid tranquility of the lower animal faculties.

As with woman, so with men and with nations. Men of a lofty intellectual and moral nature—the highest type of masculine humanity, are above the necessity for alcoholic stimulation, and recoil from every form of intemperance; or, if they indulge in spirituous drinks at all, are content with the milder beverages, and lighter wines. On the other hand, wherever we find coarse and brutal humanity, accustomed to quarrelling, fighting, gaming, bloodshed, profanity, and other forms of vice, we may be confident that a fierce appetite for alcoholic drinks prevails, and that nothing will prevent their use but the impossibility of procuring them. Savage races are invariably drunkards when they have free access to ardent spirits; and whiskey has done more than the sword of the white man, in depopulating our continent of its aborigines.—Wherever we find a nation characterized by indifference to ardent spirits, we may be sure that they abound in the refining and humanitarian sentiments. Indeed! most persons can realize these truths in themselves, by a little observation. When our moral and intellectual faculties are most elevated, or when perusing the most brilliant works of genius, or in enjoying the society of those whom we love best, we feel no desire for ardent spirits. But when depressed by a succession of difficulties, and maddened by wrongs and injuries, which energize every fierce animal passion, we are enabled to enjoy the unadulterated brandy, rum, or whiskey, which in our better moments, would be harsh and disgusting.

In short, without dwelling farther on this prolific theme, which is already half illustrated, it is obvious that the consumption of alcoholic drinks, and other narcotic stimulants, is an instinctive effort of the depressed and degraded constitution, for the violent restoration of its higher powers: its energies, hopes, loves, intellect, and moral sentiment—an effort producing a transient success, but a permanent injury.

If then, we would relieve intemperance, we must keep man from sinking into the purgatorial regions of human despair, where he is tempted to grasp at these temporary artificial mitigations of his sufferings. In other words, we must keep up the energy of the moral and intellectual nature of man, and give to his higher powers that permanent and steady vigor, which will keep them sustained through life. The tonic recommended as the medical remedy, will do a great deal to prevent that exhaustion and depression which benumb the higher organs of the brain, and will thus contribute to the moral as well as the physical cure of intemperance. But our higher powers need something more than a mere tonic support. They need to be strengthened by a systematic exertion and gratification.

A considerable amount of this desirable gratification, is already accomplished by the processes of education especially, where that education is accomplished chiefly by oral instruction, from the lips of able and eloquent men. And it is well-known that intellectual education accomplishes much in the way of refining the coarser appetites, and checking the tendencies to vice. But education will never perform even half its duty, in reforming man from vice, until it has become not merely intellectual, but emotional and industrial. The unfortunate scholar, who has merely a dry, lifeless, intellectual education, is turned adrift upon the world, with a feebleness in his emotions, and languor in all the energies which go to make a man, with but little of self-sustaining energy and spontaneous happiness, and with no refuge from the melancholy which settles upon him, but in those pleasures which he has learned to derive from literature, and the activity of his own intellect.—On the other hand, an education that embraces the industrial and emotional elements of our nature, which keeps the pupil under the incessant influence of action, enterprise, social enjoyment, eloquence, music, and contagious enthusiasm, sends him forth fully equipped, with an energy of character, and internal resources for happiness, and scorn the aid of stimulants.

But as it is not my purpose now, to discuss the education of the young, I would refer to the lamentable defect which our society exhibits in reference to the moral means of counteracting intemperance.

As the world is now going on, and has been going on for thousands of years, adult men must and will have stimulants. The laboring mass of mankind are doomed to an amount of toil which withdraws the vital power from the brain, to accumulate in the muscles, thus deteriorating the moral and intellectual nature, and giving the predominance to mere animal life. A purely animal existence, deprived of emotional and intellectual pleasures, is barren and dreary, if not absolutely miserable. A partial relief from monotony and misery is found in the family circle,—but the many unfavorable circumstances and cares which belong to that, render it but an imperfect solace, and the over-taxed laborer has but the alternative of plodding on, through his life of dreary dullness, or snatching the imprisoned powers of alcohol, which lift him up a few brief moments, to a somewhat higher sphere of existence, and bring him back to a still gloomier reality.

Can nothing be done for the industrial millions? Must they forever continue to live far below the level of rational happiness, under the strongest temptation to seek the transient, delusive pleasures of alcohol, opium, and tobacco?

I do not think it necessary to wait for the millenium of social reorganization, to solve this problem. Man must and will have his stimulants, to sustain his higher powers. We must determine whether those stimulants shall be narcotic and destructive, or nourishing, moral and healthful.

Here, then, is the climax of our reasoning:—man has an inherent and indestructible love of stimulation, and he must and that stimulation either in the poison that destroys him, or in the moral power that elevates his life. Temperance societies, then, must be roused to a new and higher view of their duties. It is not sufficient merely to arrest the sale of alcohol, even if we could also suppress the use of opium and tobacco, which we cannot. That which temperance societies have, thus far, attempted, is but one half their work. Before destructive temperance has fulfilled its mission, I demand that constructive temperance shall come in to finish the task. I demand social institutions, which shall give to the entire community, that healthful and delightful moral and intellectual stimulation, which shall supercede the demand for the grog-shop, and which may not only be erected on the ruins of the demolished drinking-house, but may be introduced at once into our communities, where the grog-shop is flourishing, and gradually withdraw people from the den of vice, to more fascinating resorts, where the spiritual nature shall be refreshed, and strengthened, and the appetite for low indulgences destroyed, by substituting that which is high and holy.

Communication.

FOR THE N. C. WHIG.

Messrs. Editors: The public will recollect the call of Rev. J. M. Bradley for a certain letter of Dr Deems's, in my possession, and that I refused to grant it, giving my reasons for so doing, until the correspondence of Rev. T. M. Farrow and R. Daniels and Dr. Deems was published, or until the consent of Dr. Deems was obtained. This correspondence having been published, and Dr. Deems having called on me to publish this letter, and mine to which it was an answer I now offer them to the public. An absence of six weeks and family affliction have prevented their appearing sooner.

D. M. LEE TO C. F. DEEMS.

Mecklenburg, April 5th, 1854.

DEAR BROTHER: I was glad to learn from Mr. Kirkpatrick that you would be at Charlotte the 25th inst., on your way to the General Conference, and that you wished to see as many of our Methodist brethren and friends as possible with regard to a change of the boundary lines of our Conferences.

I was at Charlotte yesterday, and learned that the Church there had concluded to write to you, inviting you to preech, but not to lecture on the subject of Boundary. This greatly surprised me, and on consultation, I concluded to write you this, to inform you that notwithstanding the action of the Church, there are in the Station, Methodist and friends of Methodism, intelligent and influential, decidedly opposed to the proceeding, and in favor of making the State line the boundary; and that in the circuit there are also many of the same opinion—4 stewards out of 6 (the opinion of the other two not being known,) many of the members, the true pillars of our Church, and many of the friends of Methodism; and further, that the friends of the change of boundary wish you to speak on the subject, if you think proper, since an attempt has been made to prevent *free discussion*, and that, if the Methodist Church is closed against you, the Court House or some other place can be obtained. Write me immediately, stating what you desire—whether you will speak or not, and any thing else relative to the matter. If you speak, we will endeavor to have as many from the circuit as possible.

I shall draw up Petitions this evening, and send them to our friends in the circuit, and forthwith proceed to get signers.

It is reported here that every man, woman and *child* in Fayetteville have determined to join the Presbyterian Church, if the General Conference will not let them back into the South Carolina Conference.—I do not believe it. I was thinking of writing to Bro. Frost on the subject but perhaps you can inform me.

I will add that the subject has not been publicly agitated here until just now. The friends of change have quietly interchanged views among themselves and advocated it in social intercourse with others. The Preachers have not roused up until now.—But they, in the station, the one in charge and two Local, are awaken'ed. I will just say I fear nothing from the circuit Preachers.

It is the settled conviction of many of us that we cannot prosper as we might do, whilst the South Carolina Conference has the care of us; and that the cause of Methodism in North Carolina cannot advance as it should whilst we are so divided by Conferences; but the prosperity of the State is greatly retarded by their divisions. May deliverance soon come. There will be no rest until it does. The General Conference may as well do the thing at once—it will be done. Methodism desires and will have an open and a wide field to do good and get good.

Very respectfully and affectionately, yours, in haste, D. M. LEE.

CHARLES F. DEEMS TO D. M. LEE.

Greensboro, N. C., April 10, 1854.

MY DEAR BROTHER: A great mistake seems to have grown out of my conversation with Dr. Wilson and Mr. Kirkpatrick. I told them when I should pass through Charlotte, expressed a desire to become acquainted with you and with as many other Methodist as practicable, and inquired your views and the views of the community generally on making State Lines our Boundaries. I have never had the slightest intention of making a public address on this subject.—That is a matter belonging wholly to the General Conference. At the same time, as a member of the General Conference I should desire to ascertain the views of the leading laymen in the Church on this subject. It appears that my talk with our friends has given great trouble. A meeting of the official members of the Church in Charlotte has been called, and a formal remonstrance addressed to me. Now all this is very singular. I have written to the brethren that if all the people in the County had petitioned me I should not be willing to deliver a public address on the subject. The General Conference is the proper place to discuss this question. The people, however, may petition, and if any of you desire a change express your views to the General Conference. You can do this without the aid of the preachers. I hope you will take pains to place me in a correct light before your community. I am a man of peace. I have never stirred up strife. I have never sought controversy. All I did at the last General Conference was to press upon the attention of that body my views of what the interest of Christ's Church in North Carolina demanded. I was happy in securing a majority of the General Conference to my views. For this I have been abundantly misrepresented and denounced.

Hoping to see you on my way through Charlotte, I am very respectfully,

Your brother,
CHARLES F. DEEMS.

I call attention to the fact which appears in my letter above to Dr. Deems, namely, that it was written in consequence of the action of the Church in Charlotte.

The allegation of Rev. J. M. Bradley in his letter to Prof. Shipp that I got up the Petitions to have the circuit transfered to the North Carolina Conference and to have the State Line made the Boundary "according to the suggestion of Dr. Deems," is disproved, beyond dispute, by the dates of the above letters. My letter to Dr. Deems written five days *before* his, says, "I shall draw up Petitions this evening, and send them to our friends in the circuit, and forthwith proceed to get signers." In addition to this, I am prepared to prove that four Petitions were actually out *before* the Doctor's letter *was written*, to say nothing of the time when it come to hand. Therefore, Dr. Deems' letter did not, and could not suggest this thing, because *his letter was not written*.—Nor could any thing in his letter do this after it was received, because it *was already done*. Nor could the suggestion have been made at this period, because it had *already*, long since, been made. If I am not mistaken, it was suggested to me more than four years ago by the *action of the South Carolina Conference*; about which time I voted in quarterly Conference to be transfered to the North Carolina Conference. That it was no new idea to me my letter above to Dr. Deems is abundant and conclusive proof. Mark the expressions, "interchanged views," "advocated with others," "settled conviction." "May deliverance *soon* come," &c." But I have the declaration of Mr. Bradley himself in his letter to Prof. Shipp on this point. He says, "Brother Lee has been agitating this subject in an exparte manner for the last three or four years," and little farther on in same letter he alludes to "*two restless spirits* on that subject," doubtless, meaning me for one. Did such a *restless Spirit* "*agitating this subject for three or four years*," full time to become a graduate—an adept, need "suggestion" or "encouragement" from Dr. Deems?

I call attention now to Dr. Deems' letter above. It does not speak of doing anything *secretly*, as Mr. Bradley says. The word "secretly," or privately, is not in it. The words "without letting the preachers know it" do not occur. The expression "the people may petition the General Conference on the subject and not let the preachers know it," is not found. That there is any thing in it which was intended to mean secretly, or to be kept secret, is disproved by the fact which appears in the letter itself, namely, the Dr. there calls on me "to take pains to place him in a correct light before the community," or, that I understood it to contain any thing secret or to be kept secret, is also disproved by the fact that I read the whole of it to some, a part to others, among whom was Mr. Bradley himself, and let another have it to read for himself and others. It is evident that Dr. Deems meant by the phrase "without the aid of the preachers" the North Carolina preachers in general and himself in particular, from the fact that the Church in Charlotte had written to him and [illegible] that it was used. By that phrase I understood Dr. Deems in particular, for by it and the preceding words "express your views to the General Conference," I felt myself politely reproved for expressing my views to him as freely as I had.

In my letter to Dr. Deems, published in his first card, Whig, June 6th, I stated that I had read a portion of the Doctor's letter (April 10th) to Mr. Bradley "to contradict what he (Mr. Bradley) said Mr. Farrow had told him, that Dr. Deems had written to the Church in Charlotte in answer to their letter, viz: that Dr. Deems denied the people the right to petition." This, as regards the phrase "the right to petition," has been distinctly denied both by Mr. Bradley and Mr. Farrow. Mr. Bradley says, (Whig July 6th) "Now, as to the words, "*the right of petition*," I have only to say they are not mine," but that he reported to me, "He (Deems) writes to brother Farrow, in reference to the matter of a transfer of territory *the people have no voice*." In Whig, Aug. 30, Mr. Farrow repeats the denial of Mr. Bradley and pronounces my statement an error, and informs the world, that "His mind is satisfied."

As I am responsible for my statement I proceed to establish it by the following evidence.

We the undersigned do state that in a conversation with Rev. J. M. Bradley at Harrison's Church, shortly after the publication of Dr. Deems first card, he (Rev. J. M. Bradley) stated that in his letter to Prof. Shipp he had charged Dr. Deems with duplicity; because he (Deems) in a letter to Rev. T. M. Farrow and R. Daniels denied to the people the right of petition and in a letter to D. M. Lee, said they had a right to petition, and that privately or secretly, and not let the preachers know it. He (B) stated that D. M. Lee had read this to him out of Dr. Deems' letter, and that when caused Lee to read it, was that he (B) told Lee that Dr. Deems denied the people the right of petition; and that Lee disputed it and said he could show from Dr. Deems' letter to him that she Dr. admitted the people the right of petition and then read it. He (B) also said that the word *secretly* or privately was in the letter.—that he was sure of it; for he (B) caught at it and asked a second reading; and that Lee read it a second time. To this I (Wm. A. Ardrey) replied, that I had seen and read this same letter, of Dr. Deems to D. M. Lee, that I had read it in Charlotte to brother White and Stewart, and that I had no recollection of any such language in it. He (B) then affirmed that Lee so read it to him. We also do state that the right of petition was the language used by the Rev. J. M. Bradley in all the above instances, and that we have no recollection of the expression, the people have no voice in it.

Signed WM. A. ARDREY,
JAMES H. DAVIS.

Sept. 3rd 1854.

Mr. Bradley says, in Whig July 6th, "Dr. Ardrey told me *Mr. Lee* read it (Dr. Deems' letter) to a *number of persons*." &c. Dr. Ardrey says in the above certificate, "I (Wm. A. Ardrey) replied (to Mr. B) that I (Ardrey) read it in Charlotte to brothers White and Stewart."

I thank you Messrs. Editors for your kindness and patience, and will not trouble you and your readers again unless necessity compels.

D. M. LEE.

Mecklenburg, N. C., Oct. 9th, 1854.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE LANDING OF THE ALLIES—THE RUMORS OF PEACE DISCREDITED.

The long expected blow has at last been struck, and the allied armies have entered the Crimea. Authentic intelligence was received yesterday by the English and French governments, in confirmation of the intelligence transmitted to us in the preceding night from Vienna, to the effect that 58,000 men of the allied troops landed at Eupatoria on the 14th instant, without encountering resistance, and proceeded to march at once in the direction of Sebastopol. Thus far, then, the first and least certain part of this gigantic undertaking has been favorably accomplished. The preparations for the voyage had been made with consummate ability. In Baltschik Bay the British transports and steamers, to the number of upwards of one hundred large vessels, exclusive of the fleet, lay in five lines, corresponding to the five divisions of the army. Each of the steamers took two transports in tow; the infantry were principally embarked on the steam vessels; the artillery filled 32 transports; and the rest conveyed the stores of the army. In this order the flotilla proceeded from Baltschik, coasting along the Bulgarian shore till it reached the place of rendezvous at Eupatoria, the Isle of Serpents.

From this spot to Cape Tarkan, the extreme western promontory of the Crimea, the distance is about 150 miles due east, so that in twenty four hours from the time of sailing the fleet must have been within sight of the enemy's coast, and, after making Cape Tarkan, it would run down the shore in smooth water till it entered Kalamita Bay, the wind being in the north, as it constantly is in the Black Sea during summer. This judicious mode of directing the course of the expedition, so as to reduce the passage from land to land to the narrowest compass, naturally led the fleet to Eupatoria or Kheralev, the first port which offered a good roadstead, and there the disembarkation of the army took place.

The town of Eupatoria was, in the time of the Genoese, one of the principal mercantile stations of the Crimea, and it still contains about 10,000 inhabitants. Three forts had lately been erected to defend the place, in addition to the old Genoese wall, and the garrison has been loosely stated at 15,000 men. The Russians, however, were not in a condition to resist so formidable an enemy. The port lies to the east of Lake Sasik, one of those vast salt marshes for which the Crimea is remarkable, and this lake is separated from the sea by a narrow tongue of land, along which the road passes to the interior and to the southern part of the peninsula. This position, therefore, must at once have placed the army and such of its stores as were landed in safety, for the lake to the north would prevent the enemy from attacking our troops on the land side.

We are further informed that the forces immediately proceeded to advance to the south, and, indeed, it would be necessary for so large a body of men to deploy, without delay, beyond this narrow isthmus. The question then arises, what is the precise direction they will follow, and the next object of the campaign? Eupatoria, Sebastopol and Simpheropol form the three angles of an equilateral triangle, of which each side or base is about 40 miles in length. The high road indicated on our maps follows two sides of this triangle, and consequently brings the traveler to Sebastopol by way of Simpheropol—a considerable round. The country, however, is open; it consists of grassy steppes, with villages, cultivation and abundance of cattle, and it is not unlikely that a more direct course may be taken.

We are confirmed in this supposition by the narrative of Marshal Munich's campaign in 1736 over the same ground, and some of the particulars of that war will be read with interest at the present time. After forcing the lines of Perecop, the Russian army marched in ten days to Eupatoria across a country singularly deficient in water and all other supplies. At Eupatoria Munich found himself in the same position in which our army is now placed, except that he had not the advantage of an enormous fleet to assist his operations by sea. On the 21st of June, 1736, the Russian General resumed his march upon Bakschi Sarai, following the coast of the Black Sea, and the historian of the war adds that since the troops had entered the Crimea they had nowhere found such an abundance of victuals and provisions as by this route.

In six days march the Russian army reached the gorges of the mountains which crown the flat ground in the environs of Bakschi Sarai, which was then the residence of the Khan of Crim Tartary, and there a decisive battle was fought. Lord Raglan and Marshal St. Arnaud have, therefore, now to choose whether they will follow the main road, which conducts them further into the interior of the country, or whether they will, like Marshal Munich, adhere to the tracks parallel with the coast. The latter course has several obvious advantages: the sea protects the right of the army, and affords an easy means of conveying all the heavy portion of the baggage and stores; and, if the enemy should give us battle in the course of the march, the whole army could be rapidly concentrated to oppose him. The passage of the Alma and the Katcha may be disputed, but the first strong position appears to be at the mouth of the valley in which Bakschi Sarai is situated. By the coast route Sebastopol would be about six days' march from Eupatoria, by the interior twice as long.

It remains to be seen what the Russian plan of campaign is, and whether they are resolved to oppose to the invasion a direct and open resistance, or to fall back upon their ordinary tactics of retreating before the enemy and laying waste the country behind him. Prince Menschikoff is in supreme military and naval command in the Crimea, and it is by a sort of poetical justice that the inveterate enemy who drove down the