

Willsborough Recorder.

UNION, THE CONSTITUTION, AND THE LAWS—THE GUARDIANS OF OUR LIBERTY.

Vol. XIX.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1839.

No. 959.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

The Mob-Cap;

MY GRANDMOTHER'S TRUNK.

BY MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENZE.

It was past midnight, and the moon had gone down when the stage stopped at Edward Stanley's lodgings, who was about to visit his village home. The moon shone a strong glare on the pavement, but the interior of the vehicle was so dark, that he could but imperfectly distinguish his fellow-travellers. He observed, however, that several young gentlemen occupied the front and middle seats, while an old woman, muffled in a cloak, sat alone on the back one. She turned her head sharply round as he entered, and the light glimmering under her long hair was brightly reflected from a pair of spectacles of such sparkling dimensions, they seemed to cover her whole face, and to be a part of her countenance.

As the morning air came chill and dewy over the hills, she drew her cloak more closely round her, pulled down her hood, and seemed drowsy and silent. Edward was not sorry to be left a while to his own reflections. He thought of the wild eyes of his mother, at that very moment, perhaps, turned towards the window anxiously watching his coming, of the more eager anticipations of his only sister, and more than all, he thought upon the winking smile that caught his youthful fancy.

He was roused from his reveries by the sudden stopping of the stage, and he found he was to be separated from his ancient friend. Jumping out with as much alacrity as if he were in attendance on youth and beauty, he assisted her as she descended with slow and difficult steps, and opening the gate for her to pass, gave her a cordial and respectful farewell. "I shall not soon forget you, young gentleman," and if the time ever comes when I can serve you, you will find the aged can remember the kindness of youth."

Resuming his seat, his thoughts winged their way towards the home he was now rapidly approaching. In two or three hours he began to distinguish the trees familiar to his boyhood. A little further, a majestic elm stretched its lordly branches over the street, that passed it on either side, the land-mark of his school-day pastimes. Then a white house glimmered through the green foliage that overtopped it, and a moment more, Edward was in the arms of his mother, with his sister clinging around his neck. An only son and brother, returned after twelve months' absence, to be greeted with such affectionate greetings, might reasonably call forth very warm and joyous emotions. A shade however passed over their brows, as the sudden glance of Edward rested on the easy chair, where he had last beheld that venerable form, with placid brow, crowned with living silver, now laid low in the dust—and they all remembered the dead.

A year's residence in the heart of a city, would naturally produce some change in a young man, as yet only in the morning of manhood, and as Clara's admiring eyes ran over the face and figure of her brother, she blushed at her own rapturous exclamation. There was an indescribable something in his air and manner, that told her had been in a region of grandeur from her own, and a shadow of awe began to steal over the deep love she felt for him. Mrs. Stanley, whose ebullient and pious impulses were dwelling on the most manly, rejected that his heart remained unaltered, during his intercourse with the world, for the fountain of filial tenderness was still full and gushing over.

Edward Stanley was poor—that is, he had only his own robust energies to carry him through the world. He had just completed his studies as a lawyer, having finished his last year with one of the most distinguished members of the bar, a friend of his late father, who, though he died poor in one sense of the word, was rich in the good opinion of his fellow-men. Edward was resolved it should prove a year of probation, and adhered to his determination not to suffer even the highest interests of nature to turn him aside from his earliest course. The trial was past—he was admitted to the bar—and now felt privileged to rest and refresh himself for a while at the well-springs of the heart.

That evening, as he looked abroad and saw the moon, sending down such rills of light through the deep shades of the landscape, he thought how beautiful Fanny Morton had looked, when she stood, a year ago, in the midst of such silver waves, and he longed to know how she would look then, standing in the soft, same moonbeams. The wish was easily accomplished, for her father's house was but a short distance from his own, and he soon found himself near the threshold. The house was situated a little retreating from the street, and the path which led to it was soft and grassy, lying too in thick shadow, so his approach was not perceived. There she stood, almost in the same attitude, leaning against the door, looking up with eyes so deeply, beautifully blue, they seemed to have borrowed their colour from the night heaven to which their gaze was directed. Her fair, flaxen hair glittered in the moon light with a golden lustre, highly contrasting with the pure whiteness of a brow, where the serenity of youth and innocence was now softly reposing.

"Fanny!" said Edward, emerging from the shadow, and she sprang forward at the well-known voice, with a bounding step, and a joyous smile. "Edward, I am so glad you are come."

Her manner was so frank and affectionate, it roused him from the agitation he felt in addressing her. Perhaps he felt a

disappointment in meeting her childish expression of pleasure, instead of the deep silence of joy, for it is certain the romance of his feelings considerably subsided, and he uttered some common place sayings, instead of the high-wrought sentiments in which he had been indulging. He had never told Fanny in so many words that he loved her, but they had lived in the almost daily interchange of offices prompted by affection. In absence he had blended her image with every memory of the past and every hope of the future, and now in her presence, he acknowledged that she was fairer and lovelier than even the visions his fancy had drawn. The people of the village seeing Fanny again the constant companion of Edward and Clara Stanley, as in former times, prophesied a speedy union, though they dwelt on the excessive imprudence of the match, as they were both too poor to think of marrying, and many declared Fanny to be nothing better than a piece of painted wax-work, fit only to be looked at and admired.

They were returning one evening, about sunset, from a walk in the wood-land. Fanny was literally covered with garlands, which Edward and Clara had woven, and with her straw hat swinging in her hand, and her fair locks unbound, she formed the most picturesque feature of a landscape, then rich in all the glories of summer. They turned aside from the path, for the tramping of horses' feet were behind them.

"Look, brother, look!" exclaimed Clara, as a lady, in company with two gentlemen, rode gaily by. She was dressed in green. Her long riding dress swept far below her feet, and waving feathers of the same colour mingled with the folds of a veil that floated lightly on the breeze. She turned and looked earnestly at Fanny, who, blushing at her fantastic appearance, drew behind Clara, when the veil of the stranger suddenly loosened, and fluttering fell at Edward's feet. Never was a fairer opening for gallantry. The lady checked her spirited horse, and bending gracefully forward, received the veil from the hands of Edward, with a smile and a bow that would have repaid any man for a greater exertion. Her complexion was dark, but richly coloured with the warm hues of exercise and health; and when she smiled, her eyes were so brilliantly black, and her teeth so glittering white, that Clara could talk of nothing else for an hour after she reached home—and Edward caught himself wondering several times, who the lady of the green plumes could be.

"Yes," said he, suddenly, when he saw at night lights gleaming from the windows of the great white house on the hill—"It must be Mrs. Clifton, the dashing widow."

And Mrs. Clifton it proved to be, whose arrival caused no slight sensation in this quiet village. Edward and Fanny were quite forgotten in the superior claims of one, who, though among them, was not of them. One represented her as proud as Lucifer, sweeping through the streets with her officious cap and feathers—another, as a Lioness, leaping her horse over hedges and walls. Some represented her as dark as an Ethiopian, terrible and grand—and others, as beautiful as an angel, and by the as a wood-nymph. Meanwhile the unconscious object of these contradictory and mostly ridiculous remarks, continued her ride over hill and dale with unwearied activity, and sometimes she appeared in a splendid carriage, with a footman, who was said to be dressed in livery, though he wore a suit of sober grey.

What was the astonishment of Clara Stanley, when she saw one morning this splendid carriage stop before her own door, and Mrs. Clifton herself descend from it? Clara's next feeling was deep mortification; for both her mother and herself were dressed in plain calico morning frocks, and the room was in a state of particular disorder, for she was occupied in cutting and arranging work, and her brother had covered the table with papers he was about to examine.

"Oh, Edward!" cried Clara, "if there's not Mrs. Clifton; what shall we do?"

"Do," said he, laughing and starting up eagerly—"Why ask her to come in; and with an ease and self-possession that almost provoked the mortified Clara, he met this startling visitor at the threshold.

She introduced herself with so much grace and politeness, and fell into conversation so readily and simply, apologizing for what she feared might be deemed an intrusion, but expressing an earnest wish to become acquainted with neighbours in whose society she anticipated so much pleasure, so naturally and sincerely, that Clara's burning cheeks began to cool, and her confused senses to be sufficiently collected to appreciate so signal an honor. Mrs. Stanley was too truly refined and well-bred to share in her daughter's embarrassment. She was not ashamed of the simplicity of their dress, and she did not look upon the proofs of Clara's industry and Edward's literature scattered about the room, as at all disgraceful. Moreover, she was very proud of her son, and thought she had never seen him appear to such advantage

as at this moment, when engaged in animated conversation with this graceful and charming lady. Mrs. Clifton admired the garden, the vines that made such fairy lattice-work around the windows, the pictures that hung upon the walls, till every thing around her became exalted in Clara's eyes, with choros unknown before. When she rose to depart, she urged Mrs. Stanley so warmly to visit her, and to suffer her to see much of Clara, it was impossible not to believe she was soliciting a favour. She was so lonely she said—the friends who had accompanied her were returned, and she had nothing but her books and harp for companions. Her harp! Clara was crazy to hear a harp. The very idea carried her at once into the fairy land of romance, of Ossian's heroines and Milton's angels.

"Is she not the most charming woman you ever saw in your life?" exclaimed Clara, the moment she had left them. "I quite forgot my calico frock and these linen shreds, long before she was gone. Did you ever see any one so polite and condescending? I wonder how she came to select us, from all the village, to call upon," and she smiled at the importance it would give them in the eyes of their neighbors.

"I am not so much surprised," said Mrs. Stanley, "as her father and yours were on intimate terms, and it is probable she has taken pains to ascertain his friends. She had just married when Mr. Lee came into the country, and as she went immediately abroad, she never visited the place during her father's life. She married very young, and I think I have heard she was not happy in her union. She certainly does not seem inconsolable at her husband's death."

"Is she not delightful, brother!" continued Clara, in a perfect fever of admiration. "Did you ever see such eyes and teeth! and though she is dark, her complexion is so glowing and clear, I don't think she would look as handsome if she were fairer. I wonder if she will marry again?"

"You wonder at so many things," replied Edward, laughing; "you must live in a perpetual state of astonishment. But I do think, Clara, that Mrs. Clifton is very delightful and very charming and graceful, and I hope my dear little rustic sister, will try to imitate her graces."

Edward would never have breathed this unfortunate wish, had he anticipated how faithfully poor Clara would have obeyed his injunction.

(To be continued.)

DEBATE IN THE SENATE.
Speech of Mr. Calhoun,
On the engrossment of the bill for grading the price of Public Lands.
JANUARY 15, 1833.

Mr. CALHOUN said: I have no desire, Mr. President, to retard, in the smallest degree, the final action of the Senate on this bill; and in order to avoid unnecessary consumption of time, I intend to state, as concisely as possible, my views of the proper policy to be pursued in reference to the public lands lying within the limits of the new States; and my reasons for voting against the engrossment of this bill.

I shall begin with premises that I am under strong conviction, both from observation and reflection, that we have arrived at the period when an entire revolution of our land system, as far as it is applicable to those States, is unavoidable. They have, in fact, outgrown the system. Since its first adoption, they have come into existence, have passed through a state of infancy, and have now arrived at manhood. The system which was wise and just at first, is neither wise nor just applied to them in the changed condition.

We have heard much, Mr. President, in the present discussion, about the growth of the new States; but, if I may judge from the various measures proposed on the present occasion, we have neither realized its rapidity, nor the unavoidable changes in our land system which must follow in its train. Their wonderful growth is, indeed, one of those realities almost beyond the grasp of imagination. When I go back twenty-seven years, to the period when I first became a member of the other House, and compare what the new States then were, to what they now are, I am lost in wonder and amazement. Their growth is without example. There is nothing like it in history. At that time there was but a single new State, (Ohio.) I exclude Kentucky, Tennessee, and Maine, all of which have been admitted since the adoption of the Constitution, and limit my remarks to those which have since sprung up on the public domain.

Ohio had then but one Representative in the other House, Jeremiah Morrow, an honest and sensible man, who was at that time at the head of the Committee on Public Lands, and had the confidence of the House so completely that his voice was the law on all subjects connected with them. So little interest did they, at that time, excite. There were then thirty-two Senators in all, of which Ohio had, of course, two; that is one-sixteenth of the whole. In the electoral college she

had three votes, which made her weight about the one-fiftieth in that body—a weight scarcely felt or estimated in the political movements of the day.

Such, at that time, was the infant and feeble condition of the new States. Since then, in a period but little exceeding that allotted to a single generation, to pass over the stage of life, how wonderful the change! Instead of one, as then, there are now nine new States, and in the place of two Senators in thirty-two; we now have eighteen in fifty-two; making, instead of one-sixteenth, more than a third of the whole; and already three Territories, Florida, Wisconsin, and Iowa, are struggling for admission. When admitted, which must be shortly, there will then be twelve new States, with twenty-four Senators in fifty-six, which will increase their relative weight in this body to three-sevenths of the whole.

But as wonderful as has been the increase in this body, it will be still more so, after the next census, in the other. It will be taken next year, and a new appointment of the members will be made under the constitution; when, instead of a single member, being less than one in a hundred as was the case twenty-seven years ago, the representation of the new States will then stand to the old, at least, as forty to sixty, or two-fifths of the whole, as calculated by a friend familiar with the subject, and in whose accuracy I have entire confidence. The new States having, as they will then, three-sevenths in this, and two-fifths in the other House, will, of course, have a relative weight in the electoral college, or the same thing in a choice of a President, compounded of the two, that is, five-sixths of the whole. So much for the past.

Now if we turn to the future, we shall find the cause of this amazing growth so far from being exhausted or weakened, is acting with increased force, and urging forward the growth of those States with accelerated velocity; so much so, that the past changes in the last twenty-seven years will appear as nothing compared with what will take place in the next twenty-seven, unless some unforeseen occurrence should intervene to retard their progress. If my memory serves me, our population, twenty-seven years ago, was about seven millions; and our annual increase then, that is, the excess of births over deaths, including emigration, about two hundred thousand, estimating our growth at three per cent. compound. Since then, our population has increased not less than nine millions, making the present probably about sixteen; which, on the same data, will make our annual increase at this time but little short of half a million; the greater part of which will find their homes in the new States.

I will not enter into a minute calculation as to the effects of this great increase on the relative weight of the new and old States at the next succeeding census, in 1850. It is sufficient to say, that it will give a decided majority to the former, both in the House of Representatives and in the electoral college, and, of course, in the government; and thus, in the short space of one generation and a half, the centre of political power, as between the old and new States, will have passed from the former to the latter.

Now, with these unquestionable results before us, I ask, not whether it would be wise to continue the old system; no sir! a far bolder question, will it be practicable? And if not practicable, would it be wise to struggle to continue it, till overthrown by the force of unavoidable and irresistible causes? I ask, what would be the effects of such a struggle? Would it not be to excite, in the first instance, animosity and discord between the old and new States, and in the end, to overthrow the entire land system, with the certain loss, ultimately, of the public domain? I shall not, on this occasion, attempt a formal discussion of these points. I propose in order to illustrate, simply to show how vain and dangerous would be the attempt to hold on to the present system, under these great and growing changes, by tracing its operation under a single aspect, its bearing on the Presidential question.

To have a clear conception of this, we must bear in mind, that after the next census the new States will have five-twelfths of the electoral college; and, of course, compared to either of the other sections, a controlling voice in the election of a President. He who keeps this to mind, and understands the workings of the human heart and of our system, must see, that in the Presidential contest, (for such it must ever be,) the great point, heretofore, will be to secure their favor; and that this can best be done by favoring their peculiar views and policy in reference to the public lands. Now one of two things must follow: either all the candidates will enter into this competition, in which case the struggle will be who shall go farthest, and its consequence to give the vote to him who may bid highest. It is easy to see how this would end. The public domain, the noble inheritance of the people of this Union, would be squandered; or rather gambled away, in the contest; and would thus be made at the same time, the means of plunder and corruption, and of elevating

to power the most profligate and ambitious.

But if, instead of all the candidates seeking the favor of the new States, a part should court their interest, and the others that of the old States, the train of events would, indeed, be varied, but the ultimate result would be the same. On this supposition each of the candidates would resort to means best calculated to secure the section on whose support he might rely.—Those looking to the new States would push to the extreme the favorite policy of those States in reference to the public lands; while the others would take the opposite extreme in favor of the old States. Now, when we reflect that the new and the old States must necessarily, from their different position and relation to the public lands, entertain very different views of the policy that ought to be pursued in relation to them, to almost every point—so much so, that the one shall consider that but as the demands of justice which the other shall regard as nothing short of open plunder, as we have witnessed in this discussion—we may form some conception of the violence of the conflict which must ensue in the case supposed. We have had, even in this early stage, and on this very question, some indications of what we may expect. The most violent animosity and hatred would follow, and every man, be his motives ever so pure and patriotic, would be regarded the friend or enemy of the new or the old States, as his opinions favored the policy of the one or the other. The final termination of the conflict would not be doubtful. Whatever turns of fortune might occur, in its progress, the new States must, in the end, prevail. Their relative increase is far more rapid than the old; so much so, that after 1850—that is, after the third Presidential election from the next—they would be left, as I have shown, in undisputed possession of the field. In the mean time, while the struggle is going on, the animosity would daily increase on both sides. The longer it continued the more bitter it would become, and the more certainly and completely would the present system be overthrown, if, indeed, the Union itself should be strong enough to withstand the shock. Such must inevitably be the fate of the present system, should we have the folly, I might say the madness, to attempt to continue it as it is, so far as the new States are concerned, regardless of the great changes which have already taken place, and the still more mighty in prospect.

Having now pointed out the danger, I turn next to the deeply important question of remedy, which demands the most prompt and solemn consideration, both of the government and the community. The question is, what means shall we adopt to avert the mischief which I have shown to be so rapidly approaching, and which must inevitably soon arise, if not prevented by some speedy and efficient measure? Already one has been proposed, originally brought forward to relieve a straitened treasury of its burden, but which its author (the Senator from Kentucky, Mr. Clay) has renewed on the present occasion, doubtless with the view, in part, at least, to meet the growing disorders of the system. His proposition is to divide the proceeds of the public lands among the States, with the double view, I suppose, to a more equal participation in the advantages of the public domain by the members of the Union, and to preserve the present system by a more vigilant guardianship of the States. I do not now intend to discuss the merits of this measure. My object is simply to state, in general terms, my opinion in relation to it, without entering into the reasons on which it is grounded.

There appears, then, to me, to be great and decisive objections to the measure. The right to adopt it may, in the first place, be fairly questioned. We hold the public domain as a common property of land, belonging to the States of the Union, in their confederated, and not in their individual character. They were acquired either by purchase, out of common funds belonging to the Union, or by cession from the States to the Union, to be held as a fund in common; and I am at a loss to conceive what right we have to make that which belongs to the whole Union as a common fund, the separate fund of each State. It seems to me that it cannot be done without a manifest breach of trust and a violation of the Constitution. This is no new opinion, formed for the occasion. It was, on the contrary, formed when its author first introduced the measure, and when he and myself thought alike as to the necessity of relieving the treasury of its surplus, in order to avoid the difficulties and the dangers which have since followed. Believing, then, that it would be effectual for that purpose, and more easily adopted than any other, I examined it with an inclination to embrace it as a temporary measure of relief against a pressing evil; but it was impossible for me to bring my mind to assent to the right of adopting it.

But suppose this difficulty surmounted, there are others, which I regard as insurmountable. Among them the fiscal objection is very formidable. The revenue from the lands cannot be spared at present, and if distributed, as proposed