## A CAPITAL SPEECH.

We find in the Springfield Republican the following report of the humorous and appropriate speech of Rev. F. D. Huntington at the recent exhibition of horses in Springfield, Mass. It will be read with interest:

*Mr. President:* It occurs to me as just possible that some persons present here may be asking what precise relation my profession sustains to fast horses. (Laughter.) Now, I beg such persons to remember that, with the present ecclesiastical tendencies of the community, some of us will need the very fastest of your Morgans and Black Hawks to take us out of one parish into another. (Laughter.) I think I have seen it somewhere suggested, that, in these days of rapid ministerial changes, it would be well if your preachers should inhabit some of those locomotive daguerreotype establishments which we occasionally see in our country towns, that they might move conveniently all their household chattels, parlor, kitchen and all, from one village to another. (Loud laughter.) As things go, however, these would soon come to be "slow coaches," and I confess that when my turn came, I should rather, as a matter of dignity, find myself on the back of one of your "Bob Logics" or "Lady Digbys;" and, for the ladies and children, we could bring out some of the old pillions that no doubt hang up in most of the old stables of New England, and so migrate to another field of labor.—(Laughter and cheers.)

Sir, a great many fine things have been said about the horse; and although I cannot hope to say as good things, yet I believe I like him as well as any of those who have praised him. It has been said here that America owes a great deal to the horse; but there was one thing that may not have occurred to any of you, and that is, that we are all of us, as members of the Anglo-Saxon family, descendants of horses.—(Laughter.). The two brothers who conducted the first expedition from the forests of Germany to Great Britain, as allies of the Britons against the Romans, and afterwards became, as is their wont, the owners and occupants of the soil, these two brothers were both of them named The Horse—Henghist and Horsa. Now, if the old idea is correct that "kings are the fathers of the people," and we are "the people" descended from those kings, then I suppose the case is made out. (Cheers.)

Mr. President, it is evident, from this display which you have spread before us, and which has so delighted us all, that you cannot crowd the horse out of the path of progressive civilization. You may invent railroads and telegraphs, if you will, but you cannot push him into a corner. He stands a soldier, a philosopher, a reformer, and—if that will not disgrace him in the eyes of our friend from New Hampshire—a politician, too, (laughter;) and perhaps a bit of a preacher besides. (Renewed laughter.) Aye, sir, right here, here in the good city of Springfield, this exhibition—held at the four right angles of two great iron ducts of travel and transportation—what a commentary it is upon the lugubrious croakings of the prophets who foretold that the horse would go out of fashion on the establishment of railroads, and perhaps have to be shot as a superfluity. (Laughter and cheers.) Now, sir, this is one of the illustrations of that great providential law which binds together in one harmonious whole the interests and occupations of the world, making each one, when well pursued and nobly practised, to aid every other. (Loud cheers.)

Personally, sir, I confess to a very tender liking for any *respectable horse.* He is proverbially, you know, a *good listener.* (Laughter.) It has been said by phrenologists that the horse has a very small brain. I do not know how this is, for I claim no skill in that science, but if he has a small brain, he has something that is a remarkably good substitute for it. You have seen his tender and high sensibility. Look at that noble Arabian stallion, taken in the desert and transported to England. When he fell sick in the harsher northern climate they wanted to revive his drooping energies, and they called for instruments of music to play at his side; and the moment the musicians struck their notes his whole frame was tremulous with the "fine phrensy," and fearful that his delicate and highly wrought organism would snap were involuntarily dropped to the earth. (Loud cheers.)

Sir, whatever may be said of the *inside* of the horse's head, what do you think of the *outside?* Have we not all admired that masterly combination of grace and nobleness in the horse's head which might decorate the selectest studio of the artist? And look at the generosity of his disposition, at the magnanimity of his temper—the qualities of his heart overruling the brain! I remember, in a somewhat celebrated address of a distinguished nobleman to King Charles the Second, it is mentioned that "a man is never so much a man as when he is on horseback." (Applause.) There is some very intimate connexion between the exhibition of the highest types of character and the practice of that exhilarating exercise. It seems to me that much of the generous hospitality which characterize the Southern community, may be attributable, as well as other natural causes, partly to the influence of the common indulgence in that noble practice. Sir, I am inclined to think riding as sovereign a cure for *meanness* as for dyspepsia. (Laughter.) And I think it would be of great service to our young men and young women if they indulged more generally in this exercise, obtaining more muscle and less arithmetic. (Applause.) I hold it to be true, that no young man or young woman is properly educated until he or she knows how to sit firmly and gracefully in the saddle. I would have every young woman who values health and beauty accustom herself to this exercise. I do not know that I should commend to woman, with her delicate nature, the first of the three rules given by the French teacher of horsemanship, namely: first, how and when to correct your horse; second, how and when to help him; third, (and this I am sure I could recommend to them, confident that they would be ever ready to practice it,) how and when to caress and make much of him. (Cheers.)

Mr. President, there is one reflection which is painful, in connexion with this splendid show. It is that, scattered through our community, there are such headless instances of wretched, dismal-looking, starved horses. In all our streets, not only in omnibuses and coaches, but chaises and carriages, we see so wretched looking horses that they might answer for an incarnation of the "Anatomy of Melancholy."—(Laughter and applause.) Now, I take it that it is not much more expensive to keep a good horse than a bad one. The best goods are always the cheapest; and this truth must hold good with this best of all animals.

There is another reflection which is painful. I wish that an influence could go from this Convention, rebuking all those inhuman and detestable creatures who abuse the horse.—(Loud cheers.) Yes, those who, by overstraining and over-driving him, by the cruel use of the lash and exposure to the weather, abuse their power over him. I say they are beastlier than the noble brute they torment. (Loud applause.) And whenever I have seen one of these men standing over some animal, with his scourge in his hand, I have always wished that the master and the animal might change positions, and the whip-handle and the lash be inverted. (Applause.) In such cases I would invoke the terrible punishment prescribed by the poet, and

"Put a whip in every honest hand,
To lash the rascal naked through the world."

Sir, let us learn, from scenes like this, to respect each other's callings, remembering that it is only in this way that we can, as Christian men, be builders together of Divine society; and remembering, also, that whoever brings to a higher perfection any branch of noble and productive labor, does something to elevate, refine, and perfect the whole. (Loud cheers.) I give you, sir, as a sentiment, in conclusion:

The City of Springfield: Her heart always young, she has shown the wisdom of antiquity; for, by her grand and successful experiment at "playing horse," she has opened the modern Olympics, and made herself the Elis of America.

From the Louisville Journal.

## THE AUTUMNAL SEASON.

The hills and plains have for a fortnight been clothed in a mantle of beauty. The rich green foliage of summer was breathed on a month ago by the Frost Spirit, and changed into as many colors as are ever presented in the bow and the clouds of heaven. It is a beautiful provision of a bounteous Providence that the most gorgeous coloring of the forests should immediately precede their desolation. The trees are brightest at the close, and their beauty is never so brilliant as when they are about to be stripped.—Thus, also, is it with the soul of the christian about to pass away. Its closing moments are its brightest, for then the light of a better world is reflected on it, and all its thoughts and feelings are full of immortal radiance and glory.

The beauty of this earth is truly wonderful. Each hour of each day and each night is clothed with beauty as is the mane of the lion with strength. There are the constellations glittering in their unsounded depths forever and the moon in her majesty to make the night glorious; and there are the mountains and the plains, old ocean and the running streams, birds and flowers without number, to shed delight on the day. Let the anointed eye turn where it will, and a world full of the forms of beauty awakens its raptures. Beauty is throned in every light cloud that floats within our atmosphere as well as in every object which those clouds look down upon. It is at this period of the year, when autumn reigns supreme, that the visible beauty of earth seems most marvellous. Go and stand where the mighty forest stretches out before you, and whence you can look down on its variegated foliage and gaze on the masses of color before you, until their richness and their brightness impress themselves fully upon you, and then say if nature is not a most skillful artist, and whether there is any school so grand as hers. The picture before you is one which art may not hope to rival.—Art is very striking and admirable in many of her teeming creations, but their beauty depends altogether on the closeness and fidelity with which she has copied nature. But there are many things in nature which art can never portray. The flower by the way side, but not the grand old forest tree clothed in its autumnal glory, may be accurately represented by art. Then how shall art's daring hand portray yon glorious hillside in all its breadth and splendor, where are twenty different varieties of trees, each in its own peculiarly gay garniture differing from all the rest, and each seeming to aspire to be most worthy of admiration, and the whole forming together one mighty massive picture abounding in points of beauty on which the eye would vainly dwell forever? There is a power and a majesty and a depth of harmony in such a picture which fills the soul with the shadows of great thoughts and lights up the eye with visions of a beauty such as may not be realized on this side heaven. We have often stood in the presence of such gorgeous displays of the autumn time and gazed upon the splendor spread before us until we were fully possessed with the glory of the scene and felt that it was a privilege indeed to live in a world of such rare and exquisite beauty.

It is at this season of the year also that the heavens grow brightest, as if in rivalry of the radiance of earth. The western sky, as the sun wheels downward through his pavilion of clouds and his golden rim touches the far off hill, presents a scene of the most inspiring character.—In the forms of the various clouds are seen gigantic representations of battles, statues of heroes and demigods, and pictures of gentle beauty, all glowing with warmth and lustre.—The whole western heaven is grand beyond description. Brilliant hues of all kinds are seen blending together in such harmony that no eye can detect where the presence of the one ceases or that of the other begins. There is at that hour and this season a unity between heaven and earth which may be felt. The clouds call to the forest and the forest returns a genial response. The crimson shadow of the sky falls upon the placid bosom of the river, and river and sky seem to be holding blessed communion with each other. Gradually the glory fades from heaven, and that of earth is sombered beneath the thickening veil of twilight. The stars come out to replace the lost glory of the sky, and soon the heaven, which so lately was so full of fervor and grandeur, and the earth, which so lately was so full of splendor, are locked in the embrace of darkness, and night reigns supreme with her sentinel stars to see that as the hours pass away all goes well on earth.

We think that the different varieties of the gum tree have a decided taste for solitude.—They are all now as red as boiled lobsters, and seem to like to get as far away from other trees as possible, that all other trees may look on them and admire the superiority of their brannew wardrobe. In the centre of yonder field stands a noble sweet gum looking redder than a painted Indian, and seemingly conscious of the figure he cuts as well as of the richness of the crimson coat he wears. In virtue of his beauty he thinks himself every inch a king, and says, with the desolate Fernandez,

"I am monarch of all I survey."

Were we to add that there are none to dispute his rights, we fancy that every hickory, every maple, every red oak, and indeed the whole forest beyond him, would shake their branching heads in derision and their leafy sides with laughter. To what tree should be yielded the palm of beauty we cannot say, but certainly the grand old gum, that noble old fellow of which we speak, as he looks around and seems to swell with a sense of his own importance, has a right to consider himself "the observed of all observers." In the great nursery of nature he is neither last nor least. Indeed, when we look at him with the rays of the setting sun smiling on his branches, we should as soon think of denying the beauty of our sweet heart as his. The woodman does not like him because of the compactness of his fibres, and the axe rings against his sides on a frosty morning as if metal had smitten metal. He is famous for the backlogs he furnishes, and often have we on icy nights watched him mouldering into ashes by slow gradations, while we enjoyed our mug of cider and cracked nuts and "jokes" with the possessors of happy faces around us.

Did you ever watch the maple from the time he first feels the frost on his upper limbs until he sheds his leaves and becomes a mere skeleton of his former self? The beautiful stages that he passes through are worthy of the admiration of painter and poet. When he has reached the height of his glory, he seems to represent the four seasons—the greenness of spring, the sun-touched verdure of summer, the fine fire of autumn, and the duskiness of winter—in his branches. He is a very general pet, for he has wonderful beauty of outline and is unsurpassably fine in his filling up. The birds love its foliage, and there from morn till night the cat bird pours forth a tide of melody, while his mate sits upon her nest dreaming of the brood that will soon chip the shell and come out and delight her maternal heart. The maple, so to speak, is the most rheumatic of trees, the inflammation breaking out first in one place and then unexpectedly showing itself in another quarter. His rheumatism, however, is unattended with pain, and as for inflammatory symptoms, they are the pride of his heart.

There is a peculiar fitness in the atmosphere for the scenery at this season of the year. The brightness of the sun would be too glaring were it not softened by the haziness of the Indian summer. The smokiness of this season affords the finest of back-grounds for the display of autumnal pictures, and then how germain are the quiet and the warmth of these days to the best observation of the forest! The warm beams of the sun invite you out into the open air, and the hush in the atmosphere is most favorable to a satisfactory study of the entrancing scene presented on every hand. These are the qualities that make the Indian summer the most delicious season of the year. It is very proper that Nature should be brightest before she assumes the churlishness of winter. It is exceedingly becoming in her to make her exit in a blaze of glory.

The farmer's boys are very happy at this period, for these are the days in which they go a nutting, and when they strive to ensnare the foolish rabbit and entrap the pretty partridge. Early each morning, while the town boy is dreaming of the party he attended last night, his happier brother in the country buries his hands in the depths of his breeches pockets and starts off on a dog trot to see what luck has befallen him during the night. Onward he goes, crushing the crackling grass beneath foot, until he reaches the strip of woods beyond the corn-field, and there comes within sight of the cruel snare which he contrived for the rabbit. His heart swells with pleasure as he sees the poor creature hanging like a criminal with his limbs rigid and his eye forever fixed. The noose is soon undone, and the snare is again set with the hope that other rabbits may also place their necks in jeopardy, and he picks up his trophy, and, whistling "Lucy Neal" or "The Days of Absence," proceeds with a merry heart and a light step to other snares. Having secured all his game, he reaches the barn-yard in time to drive the lowing herd afield, as Jenny has just concluded her labor on the last cow and is about leaving with her pails for the house. The young Hodge returns in time for breakfast which is smoking on the table before him, and he wages a war of extermination on biscuits, rolls, and dodgers, on cups of hot coffee and glasses of cool milk, until his stomach is satisfied. He performs all the work he has to do cheerfully, and then starts to gather the rich brown chestnuts and white hickory nuts for the winter nights that are approaching.—The nuts fall on the crisp leaves, and in their fall make music to the boy-farmer's ear sweeter even than the songs of spring. Before night closes in he has secured as many nuts as he can carry, and goes cheerily homeward, while the indignant squirrels bark at him from a dozen trees. Happy, indeed, is such a farmer-boy, and happy are the influences of such a boyhood on the strong man into which the boy will in a few years rapidly mature.

## INCIDENTS OF THE ELECTION.

There were some queer scenes visible, in various parts of the city, on election night; but particularly at the polls where the canvassers were counting the votes,—and especially at Tammany Hall or Uncle Tom's Cabin, Headquarters of the Softs. The day had been not exactly rainy, but the atmosphere was in that delightful state of betweenity, which puzzles the weatherwise, whether it is raining or just going to rain. The sidewalks were slippery with a molasses sort of mud, and, altogether, the condition of things was such as would have exercised a dampening influence upon the "sovereigns" of any other city than New York.—When we say sovereigns,—we mean those which pass current among the porter houses about town, after dark, and which include a respectable numerical proportion of the democracy that don't sleep in houses.

But let us go around, and groping our way as best we can, see what is going on at Tammany Hall.—The candles are lit, up stairs,—but the lights are as blue as the folk that are talking so loudly in the bar-room.

Pushing through an alchoholic atmosphere, oozing up from the "b'hoys" that are anxiously awaiting "the returns" on the grand staircase, we gain at length the grand saloon. There are a good many human beings about, but they are standing in noisy knots, in the corners. "Vagroom" boys are talking loudly, and midst the fumes of bad tobacco, are telling with an air of triumph, how many boxes they had "smashed," and how they "went in" when there was a muss in the "bloody sixth."

What ruddy and wrinkled face is that on the platform, though,—the man that's going to make a speech? Shade of innocent greenness! Don't you know the Cap'n —— Cap'n Rynders? See how the unterrified gather around the rostrum, to listen to their favorite! The genteel, greasy looking men, with the blase aspect, and ponderous links of California gold hanging from their respective fobs, hail from the Bowery; those, less courtly in their external appearance, but quite as noisy and ill-favored—barring the straight rimmed hat,—are a different kind of democracy. They hail from 'long shore, and the precincts of Cow Bay.

——But hush! the Captain is speaking. * * *

"Fellow-citizens * * ridiculous to talk about [illegible] been beaten. They had elected Jim Kelly, however, and that was something.

A budding "Soft," whose facial presentment argued a habitual obliviousness of the existence of any such thing as Croton water in town, here "moved" "three cheers for Kelly." The cheers were of course given.——The Captain went on.

"Cooley has been cooled down. I did'nt vote for Brady!—he is not a good horse."

[Much to the dismay of the orator, three hearty cheers were here given for "Brady."]

Rynders—I say he is a good horse, but hitched in the wrong harness!

And so things went on. The old story of the Syracuse Convention was rehearsed. "The Hards intended to give the State to the whigs, and they had done it."

Somebody announced that "Baird" had been elected in the Fourth Ward, and the "news" was greeted with a hiccuppy cheer, from some insensible indomitable on the stage.

Next came a eulogy upon the Sixth Ward,—which the speaker suggested was the stronghold of real, genuine, original democracy. (This is the Five Points district.) He was sorry, however, that the quarrel between the factions had so badly damaged it. This lamentation was responded to by one of the crowd tauntingly, with an "O hush,—there will be plenty of democrats alive when you're dead."

While a motion was pending to fling this fellow neck and heels out of the window, a third party asked the Captain, in a loud voice, whether he didn't think Cooley was cooled off, by this time. This was followed by a strong individual hiss, from some venturesome body in the crowd.

Rynders—Now let that admirer of Cooley come up here and defend him, and not stand there hissing. Let us see him. (Cries of "put him out," "let him show his face.") Why, you don't suppose that such a blackguard as that has got a face. A man that could support Cooley in Tammany Hall, might have an iron pot hung on his head, but he couldn't have a face.

At this stage of the proceedings somebody came running in announcing that Mr. Becker, the door-keeper at Tammany Hall, had just been run over, and killed, by one of the 3d Avenue cars! The announcement did'nt seem to make a very serious impression,—Rynders merely remarking that Mr. Becker was a good man, and a good Democrat. It was consoling to know that the last act of his life was to vote the regular ticket!

And so the farce went on, until about 11 o'clock, when the last scene of all was an unanimous adjournment down stairs into the bar room.—*N. Y. Express.*

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Abbas Pasha lately obtained from England, by great exertions, a gigantic mastiff, of the celebrated Lyme breed, and the monster was the talk of the whole city of Cairo. As the Pascha's private secretary proceeded through the narrow streets, accompanied by his very docile but very formidable-looking acquisition, the Turks did not fly, nor did they seek the shelter, not put themselves in attitude of resistance.—They stood still and trembled. Some muttered only, "Wonderful! wonderful!" Others adopted literally the Haydon phrase, 'Our trust is in God.' One old man was heard to exclaim, "Many of the creations of God are terrible!" and another gravely asked the dignified dog, "Art thou sent to consume us utterly?" The general expression, however, was, "God can protect us even from thee, oh terrible one!"

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A PRESIDENTIAL HIT.—Ex-Governor Colby, of New Hampshire, made a good hit in his speech at the dinner given at the great Horse Exhibition at Springfield, Mass., the other day. In referring to his native State, he said: "It was well known that New Hampshire never selected her noblest sons for the highest honors." He had no sooner uttered it than it was loudly applauded. We suspect there must have been some of the New York Adamantines scattered through that crowd.


# THE RALEIGH REGISTER.

*"Ours' are the plans of fair, delightful peace; Unwarped by party rage, to live like brothers."*

RALEIGH, N. C.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, NOV. 16, 1853.


## RALEIGH AND GASTON RAILROAD.

We stated in our last, that the Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of this Company commenced in this city on Thursday, the 10th instant, but, without transacting any business, adjourned until the next day—because no person appeared as the proxy of the State. It was subsequently ascertained that no proxy for the State was necessary—the bye-laws of the Company requiring, only, that a majority of the stock owned by individuals shall be represented, to constitute the Annual Meeting—the State having no vote in the election of Directors on the part of the Stockholders.

The adjourned meeting was held at the Court House on Friday, the 11th, JOHN D. HAWKINS, Esq., in the Chair, and W. W. VASS and W. E. EATON, Esqs., acting as Secretaries. JERE. NIXON, Esq., appeared as proxy for the State. It was found that the private stock represented amounted to 3,496 shares, entitled to 1,947 votes. A large quorum was therefore present—over three-fourths of all the stockholders being represented in person or by proxy.

The President then read the Annual Report of the President and Directors. The connection road between Gaston and Weldon had been accepted by the Directors, and now forms a part of the Raleigh and Gaston Road, and its working had shown that all expectations of additional profit had been realized. The Report gave a highly satisfactory account of the operations and increased business upon the entire road; stating the profits as of a most encouraging nature. Improvement of all kinds have been made during the past year, tending to the more perfect condition of the road, and its increased means for doing the heavy business which continues to press upon it. Its receipts for the fiscal year, ending 30th September, were—

| | |
|---|---|
| From Freights, | $64,626 32 |
| From Passengers, | 46,235 05 |
| From Mail service, | 8,223 16 |
| Total, | $119,084 53 |

Leaving a balance in the Treasurer's hands, after paying the expenses of the current year, of $51,021 91,—which, with the amount on hand at the time of last report, gives, as the nett profits of the road for the year, $61,034 00, or 6¼ per cent. on the capital stock. The Directors have declared a dividend of 3 per cent.—Large accessions to the business are expected from the Eastern and Western connections now being made; and the Central and Roanoke Valley Railroads—but these will only add to the profits of a now paying work.

There were also presented and read the Treasurer's Report, and the Report of the Commissioners for building the connection Railroad from Gaston to Weldon—all of which were unanimously received.

After the report of a Committee, appointed to audit the Treasurer's accounts, and the passage, by the meeting, of a vote of thanks to the former Directors, the election for a Board of Directors, for the ensuing year, on the part of the Stockholders, took place, and resulted in the choice of the following gentlemen:

THOMAS MILLER, 1896 votes.
GEORGE W. MORDECAI, 1791 votes.
NAT. T. GREEN, 1298 votes.
L. O'B. BRANCH, 1060 votes.

JOHN G. KING, Esq., then presented the Commission of the Board of Internal Improvements, appointing as Directors on the part of the State:

JOHN G. KING,
GASTON H. WILDER,
WILLIAM G. HAWKINS.

The time of the Annual Meeting of the Stockholders was changed from the 2d Thursday in November to Thursday before the first Monday in November. After the transaction of its business, votes of thanks to the officers were passed, and the meeting adjourned.

In the afternoon, the Board of Directors held a meeting at the State Bank, and re-elected L. O'B. BRANCH, Esq., President of the Road. The Board will meet again in this city on Monday, the 21st instant.

## NORTH CAROLINA CONFERENCE.

We announced, in our last, the initial proceedings of this body, and that the Rev. Dr. BAIRD, the Corresponding Secretary of the American and Foreign Christian Union, had addressed the Conference upon the subjects which make up his errand among the Southern people. The Conference subsequently appointed a Committee to confer with Dr. BAIRD, and to report a plan by which this Conference could aid in the purposes of his work. The Report, which was an able one, commended to the Methodist Church the support of the great work of Missions, Home as well as Foreign.

NEKWAY, a christian Chinese, in company with Rev. Dr. JENKINS, attracted a great deal of attention at the Missionary meeting at the M. E. Church, on Saturday evening last. Addresses were delivered by Dr. JENKINS, and Rev. Dr. SEHON, the Missionary Secretary of the M. E. Church, South. The collection amounted to $750.00. Perhaps the largest congregation which ever assembled in Raleigh, was present on this occasion.

Religious Exercises were held by Ministers of the Church in several Churches of the City on Sunday. Rev. Dr. SEHON, Rev. Dr. BAIRD, and Rev. Dr. SMITH, severally occupied the Presbyterian pulpit; the Rev. Bishop PAINE, Rev. Mr. CLOSS, and Rev. Mr. DIBRELL, that of the Methodist Church; and at the Baptist, Christian and Missionary Churches, we learn that the pulpits were well supplied.

Fourteen young men have joined the Conference, as probationers for the Ministry; and we learn the number of Preachers in the Conference is now 105. The location of the Ministers for the coming year will probably not be known until Thursday.

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☞ We are indebted to Mr. POMEROY for HEADLEY's new work, "the Second War with England," two vols. This work is spoken of as decidedly the best that has appeared from the pen of the Author, not only on account of its historical merit, but for the graceful and impassioned style of the narrative. Mr. P. has other copies on hand for sale.

## THE PUBLIC LANDS.

The "Standard" of Wednesday last contained an elaborate defence of the Administration policy relative to the public lands. We are willing to concede to the Editor a liberal share of intelligence, and skill in newspaper controversy, but really we have rarely met with a more flimsy attempt at argument than the article aforesaid. The fault lies, doubtless, in the untenable position in which he is placed as a supporter of the Administration, and not in the Editor himself.

The statement which the "Standard" gives of the circumstances attending the cession of the lands to the Federal Government by the States is of itself a refutation of the shallow sophistry which it bases on it. It says that the subject of the public lands was one of much difficulty under the Confederation,—that Maryland, Delaware and New Jersey insisted upon restricting the boundaries of certain western States—that New Jersey resolvedin 1799, "that this State consider themselves justly entitled to a right, in common with the members of the Union, to that extensive tract of country which lies westward of the frontier of the United States, the property of which was not vested in, or granted to, individuals at the commencement of the present war; that the same hath been or may be gained from the King of Great Britain, or the native Indians, by the blood and treasure of all, and ought therefore to be a *common* estate, to be granted out on terms beneficial to the United States." We copy the foregoing statement from the "Standard," which derives it from the public records. It shows clearly that the States of Delaware, Maryland, and New Jersey thought then, what the people of North Carolina think now, that they were equally entitled with the western States, to a share of the public lands. Their complaint was reasonable. Their blood and treasure were expended in acquiring the western territories from the common enemy, and they felt that it was unjust to be deprived of their share by Virginia, New York, &c., on the score of having indefinite boundaries westward. Congress coincided with the little States in this opinion, and urged upon the States claiming the lands the justice of ceding them to the Federal Government, as a common fund, for the payment of a common debt, which was then looked upon as almost irredeemable with the limited resources of the country. They did so, and the "Standard" informs us that

"Cessions were accordingly made by New York in 1781, by Virginia in 1784, by Massachusetts in 1785, by South Carolina in 1787, by North Carolina in 1789, by Connecticut in 1800, and by Georgia in 1802. The preamble of the deed of cession of North Carolina is as follows:—"Whereas, the United States in Congress assembled have repeatedly and earnestly recommended to the respective States in the Union claiming or owning vacant western territory, to make cessions of part of the same as a further means, as well of hastening the extinguishment of debts as of establishing the harmony of the United States; and the inhabitants of the said western territory being also desirous that such cession should be made, in order to obtain a more ample protection than they have heretofore received: Now this State, being ever desirous of doing ample justice to the public creditors, [honest old North Carolina!] as well as the establishing the harmony of the United States, [patriotic and Union-loving old North Carolina!] and complying with the reasonable desires of her citizens," &c. As to the ceded lands being a common fund, the deed of cession says, "that all the lands intended to be ceded by virtue of this act to the United States of America, and not appropriated as before mentioned, shall be considered as a *common fund* for the use and benefit of the United States, North Carolina included, *according to their respective and usual proportion in the general charge and expenditure,* and shall be faithfully disposed of for that purpose, *and for no other use or purpose whatever.*"

The Editor of the "Standard" emphasizes certain expressions in the foregoing extracts from the North Carolina Act of Cession, but he fails to take the same method of drawing attention to that clause which declares that the lands are ceded "as a common fund for the use and benefit of the United States, *North Carolina included.*" These words were rather *mal-apropos*, and therefore passed over as unceremoniously as possible. Now, what we maintain, and what all Democrats who prefer country to party, maintain, is that North Carolina *is not included* in the approved locofoco method of disposing of the public lands. Though she ceded the whole State of Tennessee to the Federal Treasury, when funds were absolutely necessary to prevent national bankruptcy, she is now denied, practically, any share in the common fund, when it has ceased to be essential to the public credit. The democratic party *profess* to be in favor of selling the public lands and placing the proceeds of sale in the common treasury; but practically, as every one knows, three-fourths of them are from year to year given away to the *new States* for making Rail Roads, and other purposes. It is known too, that a strong party, not confined to any section of the country exclusively, is insisting upon the enactment of a general homestead law—in other words, upon giving away the public lands to actual settlers; this party had sufficient strength in the last Congress to pass the homestead bill through the House of Representatives, and it is constantly growing and spreading. Its foremost champion is the locofoco Governor elect of Tennessee, Andrew Johnson; and its friends are numerous and powerful all over the North, West and South-West. The eastern States must stand by each other on this question without reference to parties, or they will be stripped of every vestige of the lands. Such a bill as Bennett's is absolutely necessary to insure the participation of North Carolina in the common property of the Nation.

The "Standard's" quibbles upon the Constitutionality of such a measure as Bennett's Bill are scarcely worthy of serious consideration, the learning displayed by the editor to the contrary notwithstanding. The Constitution declares that "Congress shall have power to dispose of and make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory or other property belonging to the United States." This would be ample authority, one would suppose, for ceding the lands back to the States to whom they equitably belong. The Editor admits that "dispose" means to *give away,* and *alienate,* as well as to sell; but he quibbles upon the fact that nothing is said about *"distributing"* the lands or their proceeds among the States. He insists that they were to be regarded as a "common fund" to be used for the common benefit. But he himself shows, as we have quoted above, that they were thrown into the common Treasury to satisfy the smaller States, which were cut off by their boundaries from any participation in the western lands, though equitably entitled to a share; and also as the only possible means of paying the Revolutionary debt. Now, that debt is paid, and we have an over-flowing national treasury. The little States of Delaware, Maryland, and New Jersey, are again cut off practically from all participation in the common property, by the policy of the Democratic party; and, in common with the whole Atlantic States, who are similarly situated, they demand a retrocession of the lands or their proceeds.

The States ceding the lands could not have anticipated the adoption of a policy by the Federal Government which practically gives away the public lands to new States in which the lands lie, but which then had no existence; they confidently believed that the whole of the proceeds of the lands would be absorbed in paying the Revolutionary debt, with the current expenses of Government; and in fact they entertained strong doubts as to the ability of the national resources to meet the heavy demands upon them. For these reasons they deemed it useless to annex a clause to the deeds of cession providing for the retrocession of the residue of the lands, after paying the public debt.

The Editor of the "Standard" finds a mare's nest in the word *and* used in the clause of the Constitution above quoted. "Congress shall have power to dispose of *and* make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory, *or other property,* belonging to the United States"—"not (says the "Standard") to distribute their proceeds, or divide the lands themselves among the States, for if the lands were divided among the States—if a final distribution were made of them in this way, then that portion of the clause which authorizes "needful rules and regulations" would be meaningless and of none effect! Is not this so?"

According to our logical neighbor, the "needful rules and regulations" are to *follow* the final disposition of the lands, else the word *and* has none of the importance he attaches to it!—Has Congress been in the habit of making such "needful rules and regulations, for lands already disposed of? When lands are granted to the western States, to corporations or sold to individuals, is "that portion of the clause which authorises needful rules and regulations" rendered "meaningless?" or does the standard insist that Congress still continues to make the needful regulations? The editor must take one or the other form of the dilemma.

The States have an *equitable,* not a legal claim to the lands; and Congress having a right to "dispose of them" can give, grant, cede, or, if you choose, retrocede them, or equivalent lands, to the States. They are common property, and yet they are not enjoyed in common. The western States and *squatters* have the almost exclusive use of them, and when the "homestead" plan of donating them to actual settlers is adopted, the old States, the original owners, may bid farewell to their equitable claim upon the justice of the Federal Government. There can be no doubt that this popular agrarian principle will in a year or two become the law of the land, when there will be a general out-pouring of the great Northern and European hives, who will take up every acre of the public domain that is worth a farthing. It may be that our own people will rush to these free farms; but is that a boon to be desired by patriotic North Carolinians? Have we any people to spare? Is it not better to keep our people here and look out for the means of giving them profitable employment, in manufactures and other industrial pursuits? No patriotic son of the State can want the people to leave it; yet it is certain, that if farms are offered to the people at a nominal price, it will induce thousands to leave our borders forever. There is something captivating in the idea of being presented with a farm of eighty or one hundred and sixty acres of land; but situated as our people are, we are decidedly of opinion that they would do better to cling to their native soil, which insures them health and abundance, rather than "fly to ills they know not of" in the fertile but unhealthy regions of the West. The expense of travelling to the west, and of securing a legal title, would amount to the full value of a quarter section of land; yet these considerations would be lost sight of, and our State would be depopulated by a general rush of our landless fellow citizens to the free homesteads in the valley of the Mississippi, or beyond the Rocky Mountains!

Let the people of North Carolina determine whether they prefer the enjoyment of their rights to a fair share in the public lands, the proceeds of which could be employed in public improvements or public education, or this homestead plan, which, while it puts nothing in the Treasury, State, or National, will seduce away our people.

A bill like Bennett's would place in our State Treasury a large sum of money—perhaps two millions of dollars. This could be employed in building Rail Roads, by paying it out to the very class of people for labor, who will be seduced away by the homestead bill, or who will leave the State, without such an inducement, merely for want of employment at home.

The "Standard" quotes Mr. Calhoun; "Yes Sir," said he "distribution and cession are the very reverse in character and effect; *the tendency of one is to Union, the other to disunion.*" We have great respect for the character of Mr. Calhoun, but the idea of his patriotic solicitude for the preservation of the Union is rather amusing. If we desired a counseller upon the most approved expedients for dissolving the Union, we should certainly consult the great oracle of South Carolina, in preference to any other: but when we would know how to conserve the Union, we prefer the advice of his great antagonist on this very subject of the public lands, Mr. Clay. Mr. Calhoun was in favor of ceding the lands to the States in which they lie—he was advocating that policy in the speech quoted by the "Standard." Do we understand the Editor to take the same position? Is he for giving them all to the Western States, and would he allow not a stiver to his fellow citizens of North Carolina? Does he coincide with Mr. Calhoun, that the only way to preserve the Union is to rob North Carolina of her share in the "common fund," in order to enrich the new States of the West?

Mr. Clay's plan was to distribute the proceeds of the land sales equally among the States.—He thought, and we think, that even-handed justice was better calculated to preserve the Union, than the preposterous scheme of robbing the old States to enrich the new.

But with the "homestead" scheme impending over us, the plan of Mr. Clay for distributing the net proceeds is no longer feasible, for the simple reason, that there will be *no proceeds to distribute.* We must have *the lands,* and our State must superintend their sale, if necessary—but the Federal Government might still sell them out for the benefit of the States, if a law should be adopted, reserving particular tracts to each State. In no other way can the squatters be prevented under the "homestead" law from taking up every acre that is worth cultivating.

We are unable to account for Mr. Calhoun's objections to distributing the proceeds of the sales of the public lands, since he himself offered a bill to cede them to the States in which they lie. His bill was introduced Dec. 22nd, 1840, and he made an elaborate defence of it January 30th, 1841, from which the "Standard" quotes a passage. His bill is a complete answer to his constitutional objections to Mr. Clay's mode of disposing of the lands. Where is the express or implied power for ceding them to the new States? Not in the Constitution certainly. That there is no express grant of power for that purpose, all will admit, and that it cannot be inferred, is equally clear, because there is no equitable claim, as in the case of Bennett's Bill, or a plan of general distribution, as contemplated by Mr. Clay. But it should close the mouths of all who supported it to any objections against Bennett's Bill, on the score of Constitutional power, or other considerations, because it proposed to *give away* two fifths of the net proceeds to the new States, for no reason on earth, except that the lands lie within their borders!

We will advert to this subject again, in a day or two, and present some of Mr. Calhoun's views on the subject, which, it is to be presumed, the "Standard" endorses, since its Editor quotes from the speech with approbation

## A SHORT CATECHISM.

The Administration of General Pierce and the Southern Democracy have been and are now on terms of the most friendly alliance and co-operation with the New York Barnburners; and they have waged unceasing war upon the Hunkers.

Now, we wish to put a few plain questions to our neighbor of the "Standard:"

1. Were the Barnburners honest in their free-soilism in 1848-'9 and '50? You then said not. You then called them fanatics, traitors, and whatever else your vocabulary of epithets would furnish!

Do you take back these epithets? Do you now recognise them as honest gentlemen, who were then misled by their *philanthropic* impulses? And do you own that you then did them injustice in calling them traitors, knaves, and what not? You say not.

Well, if the Barnburners were traitors and fanatics in 1848, can they be safely trusted in 1853?

You then fellowshipped with Dickinson and his Hunker friends who supported Gen. Cass.—You "rang the changes" upon their patriotic devotion to the country and its Constitution, and to the rights of the South. You now denounce them as disorganisers, factionists and traitors to the Democratic party, and consider them as no longer trust worthy.

Now, we will thank the "Standard" for an explicit answer to this question: Do you to-day think the "Softs" as honest and patriotic as the "Hards?" Have you to-day as much confidence in the honest devotion of John Van Buren and Dix, and their friends, to the rights of the South, as you have in that of Dickinson, Bronson, and their political associates? You say you have not. Then, how can you fellowship with the former, and repudiate all political affiliation with the latter? Is it because you are commanded to do so by the Administration at Washington? Or is it because you think the safety and success of the party demand it of you? It comes to this, then: that Southern Democratic editors and politicians prefer the alliance of traitors and fanatics for the sake of the party, to that of honest patriots, for the sake of the South.

In thus interrogating our neighbor, we of course mean nothing personal, except in "a Pickwickian sense." We only use him as our JOHN DOE and RICHARD ROE, for the purpose of ejecting locofocoism. We would put the same questions to every Democrat: Can you approve the alliance of your party leaders with men whose principles you detest, and whose treachery to those principles is their only recommendation to your favor?

Will you join the Administration in hunting down the Union and Compromise Democracy of the North, while you hug the freesoilers to your bosoms?

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EPISCOPAL:—The Rt. Rev. THOMAS ATKINSON, D. D., the new Bishop of North Carolina, preached at Christ Church in this City, on Sabbath morning and afternoon last. At night, he administered the holy rite of Confirmation to twelve young ladies at St. Mary's School, accompanying the sacred act with an appropriate and solemn discourse.

We are requested to give the following notice of Bishop ATKINSON's appointments. He will be with the Church in Wilmington, on Sunday, November 20th; in Fayetteville, on Sunday, November 27th; in Warrenton, on Wednesday, November 30th, and Thursday, December 1st; in Henderson, on Friday, December 2nd; and in Oxford, on Sunday, December 4th.

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☞ AMERICAN LITERATURE is rapidly rising in respectability both at home and abroad. The English Reviews which, a few years ago, rarely noticed an American book at all, except to express contempt, are now lynx-eyed in spying out every new publication. The American reader will now oftener than otherwise be indebted to an English critic for the first intimation of a new American book. The Westminster for October contains a highly flattering notice of Dr. Ramsay's Annals of Tennessee. The Author is a native of Mecklenburg county in this State, and is descended from one of the signers of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence.—He resides near Knoxville, Tennessee.

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☞ The illness of the Editor, last week, prevented him from bestowing any attention upon the "Register" of Saturday. A number of typographical and other errors consequently crept in, which will be found corrected in the Weekly issue of to-day.

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☞ We believe that in less than a year from last March, it is found out, and acknowledged, that the Whig party is neither *dead* nor dying. Some other things will be found out by the Administration before the next Presidential election, and acknowledged after that event.

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☞ Mr. Soule is said to have been received at the Spanish Court, after consenting to modify some expressions in his address, at the request of the Foreign Minister.

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☞ We are indebted to Hon. J. C. Dobbin for a copy of the Patent Office Report for '52–'53.