North Carolina Star.

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North-Carolina Star.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
WILLIAM C. DOUB,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

If paid strictly in advance, two dollars per annum; two dollars and fifty cents, if paid within six months; and three dollars at the end of the year.

ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding sixteen lines will be inserted one time for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. Those of greater length will be charged proportionally. Court Orders and Judicial advertisements will be charged 25 per cent. higher than the above rates. A reasonable deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year.

Book and Job Printing done with neatness as despatch, and on accommodating terms.

☞ Letters to the Editor must be post paid

GENERAL DIRECTORY.

CITY GOVERNMENT.

Wm. Dallas Haywood, Intendant of Police.

COMMISSIONERS.

Eastern Ward.—Eldridge Smith,
" Dr. W. H. McKee.
Middle Ward.—Seaton Gales,
" C. B. Root,
" Isaac Proctor.
Western Ward.—A. M. Gorman,
" S. W. Whiting.

J. J. Christophers, City Clerk,
C. B. Root, City Treasurer.
City Guard.—James M. Crawley,
" Jackson Gretter.
City Constables.—James H. Murray,
" Bryant Miller.
P. M. Galley, Weighmaster.
Jas. H. Murray Clerk of the Market.

COURTS.

The *Supreme Court* of North Carolina is held in this city semi-annually, on the second Monday in June, and the 30th day of December.

Judges.—Hon. Frederick Nash, Chief Justice,
R. M. Pearson, Associate Judge,
W. H. Battle, " "

Edmund B. Freeman, Clerk; Ham. C. Jones, Reporter; J. T. C. Wiatt, Marshall.

The *United States Circuit Court* for the District of North Carolina is held semi-annually in this city, on the 1st Monday in June and the last Monday in November.

Judges.—Hon. J. M. Wayne, of Georgia; Hon. Henry Potter, of Fayetteville; District Attorney, Robert P. Dick; Clerk, Wm. H. Haywood, Sr., Marshall, Wesley Jones.

The *Superior Court* for this County, is held on the first Monday after the fourth Monday in March and September.

John C. Moore, Clerk.

Matt. W. Ransom, Attorney General and Solicitor of the fourth Judicial District.

The *Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions* is held on the third Monday in February, May, August and November. Jeff. Utley, Clerk.

Chairman of the County Court.—William Boylan.

County Solicitor—Quentin Busbee.
Sheriff of Wake County—William H. High.
Coroner—Willis Scott.
Register.—H. Hutson.

BANKS.

Bank of the State of North Carolina, incorporated 1809. Charter expires in 1860. Capital $1,500,000, divided into 15,000 shares of which the Literary Board holds 5,027 and the University 1000.

Principal Bank at Raleigh.
George W. Mordecai, President.
Charles Dewey, Cashier.
J. H. Bryan, Jr., Teller and Notary Public.
W. E. Anderson, Discount Clerk and Notary Public.
Jordan Womble, Jr., Clerk.

This Bank has branches at Newbern, Tarboro, Fayetteville, Wilmington, Elizabeth City, Charlotte, Milton, Morganton and Windsor.

DIRECTORS.

On the part of the State: D. W. Courts, Public Treasurer, ex-officio, L. O'B. Branch and W. R. Poole.

On the part of the Stockholders: Wm. Boylan, Wm. Peace, J. H. Bryan, J. B. G. Roulhac, Alfred Jones and B. F. Moore.

Offering and Renewal day—Tuesday.
Discount day—Wednesday.
Domestic Bills and Bills of Exchange discounted every day.
Business hours from 10 till 2 o'clock.

Raleigh Branch of the Bank of the Cape Fear.
William H. Jones, Cashier.
F. C. Hill, Clerk.

DIRECTORS.—Geo. W. Haywood, T. H. Selby, Seth Jones, George Little, Dr. Thos. D. Hogg, and C. W. D. Hutchings.

Offering day Monday, Discount day Tuesday.

RAIL ROADS.

Raleigh and Gaston Railroad Company.
L. O'B. Branch, President,
W. W. Vass, Treasurer,
—— Pool, Assistant Treasurer.
C. B. Allen, Depot Agent,

POST OFFICE.

William White, Sr., Post Master.
Office hours, on week days, from Sun-rise to 9 P. M.

LIFE AND DEATH. A SHORT AND TRUE STORY.

One day last week, early in the morning, that miserable conveyance which takes the poor and friendless dead to the City Cemetry at the city's expense halted in front of a house in a street of the southern part of the city. The driver alighted from the wagon, entered the house, but appeared again soon after, carrying, in company with another alike disinterested looking man, a coffin made of rough boards. The coffin was placed on the wagon, and it made speed over the deserted streets toward the Cemetry.

Not one followed the wagon with a sorry look; not one stood at her grave with a beating heart, when the earth fell upon the coffin; and yet, this coffin contained the corpse of a lady who once was a lovely adorned by hundreds who once was honored, extolled, envied in society; who could command riches, and who, but a few years ago, before she trod the shores of this continent, could expect a happy and contented old age.

This lady was Rosa Neschemi, the daughter of an immensely wealthy Polish nobleman. In early youth she was taken to the Imperial Court of Austria, where, in her eighteenth year, she was married to a French nobleman, who was also very rich. Rosa Neschemi lived many long and happy years, partly upon the possessions of her husband, partly travelling through Germany, Spain, Italy and England, and gave birth to three sons, who received the best education, and upon whom the eyes of the parents rested with great pride.

But then the July Revolution at Paris came; Rosa's husband took a considerable and active part in it, and on the 28th he fell from the effect of three shots which he received. His name is still honored with a place on the column on the *Place de la Bastile*.

Of the sons, the eldest one, an exceedingly gifted young man, was surpassingly successful in Spain, and was at that time, private secretary to King Ferdinand. After the King's death he removed to a villa in the neighborhood of Valencia, where, as it believed, he fell a prey to the dagger of an assassin.

His second son, who had joined himself to the ministers of the Church, was an especial favorite of Pope Gregory. He died also soon after that event.

The third son, yet very young, remained with his mother, who found an asylum in Switzerland, whither she carried the remnants of her ruined fortune. In his sixteenth year, he left his mother and came to America. In New Orleans he soon found employment, and earned much money. Bad associations, and his own inclination to dissipation, caused him to deviate from the proper path, and some five years ago he grasped at the last and most contemptible means to save his credit—he persuaded his old mother to cross the ocean. She could not refuse the prayer of her only son, and arrived. She succeeded in bringing with her six thousand dollars, which sum was spent by her son in a short time. About a year ago he ended his career in New Orleans; being employed as deputy-sheriff, he killed a Creole by stabbing him. He escaped to California, and his old mother, to whom New Orleans naturally became a place of extreme hatred, turned her steps toward St. Louis.

One day last week, early in the morning, the miserable city hearse conveyed the remains of Rosa Neschemi to the last unwept for resting-place. Such is life!

North-Carolina Star.

RALEIGH, N. C.

SATURDAY MORNING SEPT. 23, 1854.

THE SENATORSHIP.—The Petersburg *Democrat*, although expressly disclaiming either a "wish or intention to write one word which may even by implication, savor of interference with a choice belonging solely to the State of North Carolina," yet goes in strongly and earnestly for the election of Mr. Dobbin to the United States Senate. The *Democrat* gives a brief sketch of Mr. Dobbin's political services and fully and unequivocally endorses him as a sound and reliable Democrat. This coming from a Virginia paper, the land where political heres is are cherished and where abstractions take the place of practicalities in politics, is certainly not very well calculated to recommend to the people of the State, the selection of Mr. Dobbin through their representative in the next Legislature. However, much they may be pleased with Mr. Dobbin personally and politically, and whatever may be their inclination to bestow honors upon him, it certainly will be no additional inducement for the bestowal of the honor, that he is regarded perfectly *an fait* by Virginia politicians. The metaphysical abstractions that take the place of practical and useful views on the political questions of the day, whilst they find some advocates in our good old sober State, such as the editor of the Standard and "others of that ilk," are by no means a part of the creed of the honest hard fisted Democracy of North Carolina. They like something substantial and real, and not visionary and fleeting. If, however, we are obliged to submit to the infliction of being represented by Democratic Senators, as it seems we shall be, we should as soon have Mr. Dobbin as any member of the party in the State, though we do not expect to have our wishes consulted in the remotest degree. Mr. Dobbin is a man of fair, average talents, and whilst he could not *fill* the place of Mr. Badger, he would do no discredit to the State.

By the way, the chances for the "distinguished Statesman," Thomas L. Clingman, are becoming less and less every day. Whilst he has no paper in the State that now advocates his election, save his especial organ in the mountains, there are papers of that party that have presumed to doubt his Democratic orthodoxy. Whilst the "clique" here might support his claims for the post, it is by no means certain that they can rule in the "unterrified" in all sections of the State. Well, we shall see how they manage things when they get together here in November. Verily, the "distinguished" will get his reward.

MANTEO MILLS.—We availed ourselves yesterday of a polite invitation from the proprietors of these mills to pay a visit to the magnificent works they are creating at the falls of Neuse river in this county. We were much gratified at the evidences of energy and enterprise there exhibited, and delighted that there were those in our midst who did not hesitate to take the lead in such works. They have two large stone buildings nearly completed that they intend for their paper mills, which will be much more extensive than they now are. These buildings, we venture to say, are much better adapted for the purpose intended than any in the State. Besides these, there is a large corn and wheat mill, and a saw mill, with everything in the latest and most improved style.

We feel certain that the enterprise of the proprietors, Messrs. J. F. Jordan & Co., will be richly rewarded.

After looking at the works, we partook, with a number of others of a most excellent and palatable barbacue, that was served up for the large crowd present.

CRUSTY.

Father Loring, of the Wilmington Commercial is down upon the "boys" of the Whig press in this State for advocating the claims of the young men of the party, in an article half serious and half jesting, which will be found in another column. Now, as Burr of the Herald, started that piece of impudence going, and as he lives near our venerable friend and is presumed, from his proximity, to know all his twistings and turnings, we, for our part, leave him to give father Loring such a reply as his temerity deserves, promising however, that we are ready to "stand to his tack" and see—full justice done him.

By the way, is it not curious to see how soon these "old Fogies," take us young ones to task for say thing that has even the slightest squinting towards a youthful indiscretion. It is really refreshing to witness the perfect gusto with which they give it to us. Boys, mind your ways or you'll get it.

PRESENTATION.—We see by a communication in the Democratic Pioneer, that the Locos of Perquimans county intend to present a silver pitcher and waiter to J. P. Jordan, the Commoner elect from that county, for his services to the Democracy both in and out of the State. Would it not be well for the committee to inform the public what these services have been? Some may be ignorant of his eminent services, and it would be well to enlighten them.

COTTON FACTORY AND MILLS FOR SALE.—We invite attention to the advertisement, in another column, of the extensive sale of a Cotton Factory, Mills, &c., of the Messrs. Battle in Edgecomb county.

POLITICAL INCONSISTENCY.—We have had occasion more than once to advert to the fact that the Locofoco press is continually taunting the Whigs with the unsoundness of the Whig party at the North on the question of slavery, whilst all locofocodom there is deeply tainted with the foul infection. If they could show a clean record themselves, they might have some show of reason for all their long tirades about the Whigs. But before they can come into court and declare against the Whigs, they must first clear up their own record. We are far from apologizing for any of the Whigs who have gone off after free-soilism, abolitionism or anything of the kind, but we cannot consent that the political sins of Northern Whigs shall be made to bear against the party here, by those especially who have sins of a deeper dye to atone for before they ought to presume to lecture others.

We find some of their shortcomings thus tersely summed up by the Staunton *Spectator*:

Southern Democrats never fire in the effort to induce the Southern Whigs to cut the acquaintance of the Northern branch of their party. In their zeal to convict the Whigs of the North of Abolitionism, they entirely overlook the fact that their own party in that quarter is as much tainted as the Whigs. They have thrown the anti-slavery resolutions adopted by the late Whig Convention of Massachusetts in the teeth of the Whigs at the South, and tried to flatter the people into the belief that the Democracy throughout the country are sound as a dollar on all sectional questions. It may be well enough, therefore, to keep it before the people that in the same State of Massachusetts, the Democrats united with the Abolitionists to send Charles Sumner to the United States Senate. In 1848, moreover, the Democratic State Convention of Massachusetts passed a series of as thoroughgoing free-soil resolutions as have ever been adopted by a similar body. Our Southern rights men, par excellence, did not thereupon refuse to affiliate with their Massachusetts brethren, but Gen. Pierce appointed the mover of the resolutions, B. F. Hallett, to an important federal office!

In the State of New York the condition of affairs is about the same as in Massachusetts. The recent "Soft Shell" Convention endorsed the Nebraska bill in a manner entirely unique. They adopted a resolution which declares the repeal of the Missouri compromise inexpedient and unnecessary, and at the same time asserts, with ludicrous inconsistency, that the results to grow out of that measure are likely to prove beneficial.—The *Evening Post*, Free-soil organ, expresses great pleasure that "the only organization which has any claim to represent the Democratic party in the State of New York, and the only organization which pretends to be on any sort of terms with the Administration," has made a solemn declaration that the law opening the Territories of Nebraska and Kansas to slavery was inexpedient and unnecessary. Besides this, Mr. John Cochrane, who holds a lucrative office by appointment of the President, declared in the Convention that he still stood upon "the platform of free soil, free speech, and free men."

We allude to Northern sentiment on the Nebraska bill, not because we consider it a test of soundness on the slavery question, but because our Southern Democrats profess to regard it so. Northern Whigs opposed the measure and therefore, forsooth, they are hostile to the South—by the same argument it is proved that Northern Democrats are equally inimical to our interests.

CONVICTS.—The Tarboro' Southerner says that the business of hiring out convicts at auction, as it is done in Edgecombe county, is unusually large. At the Fall term of the Superior Court just closed, Oliver P. Hupp was convicted of horse stealing and sentenced to receive thirty-nine lashes immediately, to be imprisoned until Monday of November Court, and receive thirty-nine again. Gabriel H. Whitman was convicted of forgery, and sentenced to one hour in the stocks, thirty-nine lashes and four months imprisonment. There were several other cases, the Southerner says, in which fire-arms were used, and his Honor, by severe punishment in every case, evinced a laudable determination to discourage their frequent and dangerous use.

REMOVED.—The case of the State vs. Willis Hester, charged with stealing a slave, has been removed, on the affidavit of the prisoner that he could not have justice done him in Orange, from that county to Chatham for trial. We learn that Hester was found guilty, this week, at Chatham Court.

A Consul of the United States being long absent from his consulate, is said to have had a stamp cut, bearing the *fac simile* of his signature, and with this his clerk, who is vice consul, attaches his signature to documents brought there for signature, verification, of legalization. A question has been raised, whether the office of consul may not be altogether abolished, and its expense saved, if the duties can be discharged by a clerk with a *fac simile* of a consul's signature. But another difficulty presents itself. A writer on this subject says, "that in several of the United States, a deed, acknowledged in a foreign country before a United States vice consul, is invalid. The signature of the consul himself is indispensable. The stamped signature of the consul would not be accepted, and all documents so stamped would be void. Now, if stamped signatures are sent there, what is the hope entertained in so sending them! That they will escape detection, and that the irregularity will pass unnoticed. What must be thought of United States documents which are only sound when the truth is not known, and which are vitiated by a knowledge of facts?"

A novelty in sporting has been presented in New York, which will contest the palm with the most celebrated trotting nags. A trotting bull, of full Spanish breed, is offered to take the field against all trotting nags in the United States for a wager of $1,000. The bull is described to possess all the running points of a fast beast, is of beautiful symmetry, with jet black tufted hair, and has accomplished 2,40 in harness. He is called Don Giovanni, and claims as his sire the famous fighting bull who acquired such great renown a year ago by killing a tiger in the Plaza de los Toros, Madrid.

Prize for Newspapers.—A premium of twenty dollars for the best specimen number of an American newspaper, printed in the year 1854, having due regard to its typographical and artistical appearance, is to be awarded at the county fair in Sumner county, Tennessee, which is to be held at the town of Gallatin.

Cholera at Sea.—The packet ship Yorktown arrived at New York Tuesday. She had 21 deaths of cholera on the passage.

The ship St. Petersburg arrived at New York from Havre Tuesday evening. She had 45 deaths from cholera on board during the passage.

Constables Punished for Sustaining the Laws.—The Boston *Times* states that a number of constables who assisted in maintaining the supremacy of the laws at the time of the arrest of Sims, the fugitive slave, in 1852, have just been turned out of office by the Board of Aldermen of that city.

The Fever at Charleston.—The number of deaths Tuesday was seventeen—for the week 100, of which there was of fever 120.

SAUCINESS.

The Wilmington Herald, the Weldon Herald, and the Raleigh Star, we believe, and some other papers of the Whiggery, are getting as saucy as they can live, in discoursing about the promotion of Young America in the political ranks of the Whiggery, and excluding the counsels of "Old Fogies," as they style elderly persons. We believe they intimate that the old ones don't know much—at any rate, not so much as "Young America." These gentlemen learned all they know from the old folks, and they cannot deny it, unless they do it in a Pickwickian sense, and now pretend that they knew it all before!

We know that "wisdom is the gray hair;" and that quite young men, boys as it were, with the graceful demeanor; with the countenance and the youthful bloom, of the son of Cinyras—Adonis, we mean—who grew up so remarkably beautiful that he became the favorite of Venus, as the veritable historian recordeth—whose merits and appurtenances eminently appertain to our young friends above enumerated—may be, in fact much wiser than their fathers, and that wisdom may be found in the head adorned with the blossoms of Spring, as well as in the silver mantled crania of the aged. No man will dispute these facts upon the score of being "Old Fogies," the party.

The Sequitur of this matter is, that the young men of the Democracy are promoted, and the young men of the Whiggery are not. This point of complaint we leave to the parties litigant—the Whiggery and the Democracy.

But there is evidently a blow struck at those advanced in life, whatever may be their merits or services; and as we have some personal and political friends in that affliction—of course we have no sensitiveness on our own part—though in the course of nature we must become old like the rest of them—on their account we advise the youngsters to be more cautious and civil. There is such a thing as conceited fearlessness, and effectual resistance in old age—you had better think of that boys; and also while young men have active limbs and can fight well, they can also run well with the same appliances. Whereas, as the legal document begineth, an old man though he have not "Young valor," may have old firmness and a little stiffness of the joints, and could not run for want of physical ability, and would not on any account, because of mental corporocity—or as the Yankees of Nantucket say, on account of "vim."

We speak for our old friends, and for them say: Please, brave and sapient and prudent and experienced youths of the Whiggery, do not kill off all the "old ones" at one "fell blow," but spare a remnant, if not of the indomitable Whiggery, one "old sprig" of the unterrified Democracy, because we do not believe that the country, and the Administration especially can do without *all* of the latter.

Well—it is an admirable plan after all, to turn out the old political work-horses to grass, and give them no more fodder or food in the shape of office or the spoils. After you get them out, boys, don't go too near their heels—an old horse can kick hard, if he cannot "kicker" so well as the colt.

After having taken possession of the political field, the young ones will rule and govern in all the courtesies and civilities and affections of social life. They will command the adoration of the masses, and alone all the affectionate sensibilities of the fair sex, to whom they will speak—condescendingly, of course, considering they are warriors, statesmen, &c.—and from the most amiable and best of our race, be looked up to with reverence and affection. We conceive that we see you promenade the street, humming, in sotto voi indistinct accents, a part of the ditty which goes—(sing)

"Hear ma ancient I tell the thing."

And so on to the end. Young America, it was we, or, and we shall not complain.

But we take leave to remark, that if you do not deport yourselves as youngsters should do, we have a "rod in pizzle" for you, which we will use when we proginate the period when we shall be classed among the "Old Fogies."

Wilmington Commercial.

☞ "The shippers at Antwerp have chartered at London the three large American ships Omer Pasha, Northampton, and Arcadia, to convey passengers and freight from Antwerp to the U. States, not having sufficient vessels there to supply the increased demands of emigration."

The passengers here referred to are mostly convicts and paupers. A circular was issued by authority, inviting the municipal authorities throughout Belgium to forward to Antwerp all their convicts and paupers to be transported to the United States, at so much per head; and it was stated that a transport vessel would sail from that port once a fortnight. From the fact, that additional vessels have had to be chartered to meet the demand, it is plain, that the number of convicts and paupers to be transferred to this country must be large indeed.

The authorities of Belgium are right in sending their criminals and paupers here so long as we are so regardless of self-respect and national character, as to continue to receive them. Belgium will be purged of all her criminals and we shall have the honor of incorporating them amongst us as fellow-citizens. We should be glad to get rid of all the scoundrels and paupers of this country at the expense of a few dollars each, if we could find a nation so obliging as to receive them at our hands; but other nations carefully protect themselves against such emigrants. We are the only people who have not the spirit to resist the practice which corrupts our country, and entails disgrace upon it.

Baltimore Clipper.

The Cholera at Pittsburg.—A despatch from Pittsburg, dated Monday the 18th, says:

The cholera continues to rage with unabated vigor and fatality that is truly frightful. The number of deaths yesterday was forty and the list for to-day is not yet made up, but will be equally heavy.

A second despatch of same date, adds:

The cholera is increasing to an alarming extent, and our citizens are fleeing by thousands in every direction. There have been 53 deaths from cholera to-day, and new cases and deaths are being momentarily reported. The alarm is very great, and tar is being burned in the streets, enveloping the city in smoke, in the hope of checking the disease.

The number of deaths for the past five days has been 253. The interments in the cemetry up to Saturday evening for the week, were 252, of which 151 were of cholera during the last three days.

Nebraska Indians Starving.—The Iowa Gazette says the condition of the Otoes and Missouri Indians is deplorable. Government having neglected to comply with treaty stipulations, those tribes are suffering from hunger, and have commenced ravaging the gardens, and plundering the whites sojourning in Nebraska, of everything they can get hands upon. The whites have each paid over $10 which was to secure them from molestation. The Indians when upbraided for their breach of faith, state that the Great Father has broken his pledge to them and they are compelled by hunger to break the faith with the emigrants.

The editor of the Washington Globe, says:

"By looking at an index to the Congressional Globe which we now have in press, it appears that one hundred and twelve one hour speeches were made at the last session of Congress, in the house of Representatives, on the Nebraska-Kansas bill."

Washington National Monument.—The government of Greece has forwarded to Washington a block of marble, taken from the Parthenon in order "that it may serve to adorn, however humble, the monument destined to perpetuate the remembrance of the great founder of American independence."

DIGNITY OF AGRICULTURE.

We have already mentioned the fact that the Farmers and Planters of the border counties of Virginia and North Carolina have associated themselves for the promotion of their common interests, and have established what is called "The Union Agricultural Society of Virginia and North Carolina." On the 4th of August last an Address was delivered at Petersburg by the President of the Society, James C. Bruce, Esq., of Halifax county, Virginia, which is a production of great merit. We may serve the cause of agriculture and gratify some of our readers by a few extracts from this excellent production. We begin with some passages on the dignity of agriculture and the duty of all to endeavor to elevate it:

"I suppose, gentlemen, that it is a leading object, a settled purpose in the formation of our society to elevate and dignify agriculture. It is in vain for you to attempt to excite professional enthusiasm without first arousing professional pride. Agriculture, before the last century, could hardly be called a profession, much less a science. It was a necessity, a menial employment, whose operatives were the lowest and most ignorant class of laborers; and there is incorporated even in the very framework of our mother tongue humiliating sneers and sarcasms at their character and their calling. The English language has borrowed some of its lowest words and epithets of most degrading significancy from the life and habits of the cultivator of the soil. Hind, villian, clown, churl, boor, and perhaps Heathen and Pagan are words which with our profession has enriched the English vocabulary. Now, what is the cause of this? How is it that the occupation which ministers most largely and most beneficially to the wants of the whole human race should so long have been considered as degrading to its votaries? While I would not in this age of light and knowledge claim for agriculture any absolute independence of other callings, and while I acknowledge that all pursuits are but links in the long chain of mutual dependencies which bind together in harmonious brotherhood the clashing interests of mankind, yet I do assert that our profession is the base and supporter of all others. The philosopher, the poet, the artist, and the mechanic must eat, while the cultivator of the soil might get along, badly, to be sure, yet he could live, without poetry, philosophy, or the arts. The proud palace, the stately column, and the heaven-pointing shaft do not more surely rest on the solid foundations of earth than do all the professions, and trades, and avocations of man rest on the labors of him who holds with his hands the sickle and the plow.

"The cause of our past degradation is the same which has so long lowered the many and elevated the few. Agriculture was once carried on by an inferior race of human beings, things of russet and sackcloth and hob-shoes; and the laborer, with no intellect to dignify or ennoble his toil, passed his life without hope, without thought, and without care. I congratulate you to-night on a brighter prospect. Agriculture begins to lift up its head from the dust in which it has so long been buried. It is clinging to the skirts of liberty, and will rise and sink and fall with it. The masses of the world are the cultivators of the soil, and whatever elevates them and gives to them force, and influence, and expansion, comes so far to the benefit of agriculture. Show me a nation whose people are in possession of well-tilled fields and smiling harvests, and I will show you a nation of freemen, the character of whose government is written in golden letters on the face of its landscape.

"The respectability of every profession is graduated by the amount of intellect which is made to bear on it. Agriculture is the calling of the masses, and to elevate it we must elevate the masses. General education and a more extended prosperous agriculture as it is of a rational liberty; and, to improve the cultivation of our States the light of our knowledge must first fall on the minds of their citizens. The principles of a scientific agriculture, or even of a wise practical tillage, cannot be instilled into the minds of the ignorant. It may be safely said, then, that the reason why the agriculturist is a laggard in the race of improvement is, that his competitors have always had the advantage of more intellectual culture. There is abundant cause for this. The cultivators of the soil are scattered over a large surface; their employments are independent and solitary; they want the attrition of social intercourse, by which the mind is polished and sharpened and the intellect lighted up. The votaries of other trades and professions live in cities, are brought into daily contact, and have their colleges, their guilds, their trades-unions and associations. Union not only gives light and knowledge, but energy, confidence and boldness."

There are some appropriate views as to the duties of the State Governments in regard to the agricultural interests, a portion of which we append:

"While, gentlemen, it may not comport with our interests or our tastes to mingle in the strifes of political parties, yet it is proper that we should avail ourselves of our organization for the purpose of making such an impression on State legislation as may serve to place our interests more under the protection of law than they are at present. Our fields, if not defended by strong barricades are not protected at all. Our lands in the eyes of the law are common, and the only privilege which it allows to the owners is the privilege of enclosing them. It throws them back in a state of nature, and, refusing all protection, graciously allows them to protect themselves. There is no excuse for this. The landholder is injured without a compensating advantage to any class. I hope that it will be the pleasure of our society to remonstrate strongly and energetically against such barbarious legislation.

"The farmer has a right, too, to claim, for his flocks the protection of the law. The Legislature have passed repeated acts for the protection of sheep against the ravages of wolves, but worthless dogs destroy in one year more sheep than can be fairly laid to the account of wolves since the days of Æsop. Without some more efficient legislation on this subject sheep husbandry on any respectable scale must be abandoned, and thus an important agricultural interest will be sacrificed and millions lost to the country. This evil calls loudly for some remedy. These are modest demands, and should be promptly and unhesitatingly conceded. The truth is, the agriculturist wants but little positive legislative aid. We ask for no corn laws, no protective tariffs, but simply to be let alone, and then, with the smiles of a kind Providence on our labors, we will be content. I think, gentlemen, that when our society is fairly under way, with all the appliances which I hope soon to see it in possession of, it may well declare its independence of all State aid. I for one have no disposition to call on Hercules. A fair field and that amount of protection which every citizen has a right to claim at the hands of his Government are all that we require.

A singular Trial is now in progress in one of the Providence, Rhode Island, courts. Some time since a young lawyer of Providence was detected at the Marlboro' Hotel, in Boston, dressed in women's clothes. His female wardrobe—a very valuable one, valued at some hundreds of dollars—was taken from him and given into the hands of a Providence policeman, who was to give it to the lawyer's wife. She being away from the place, it was not done, and the owner has had the officer arrested for theft, in keeping the clothes from him. An amusing list of his clothing was published in one of the Providence papers a few days ago, which showed a very extensive female outfit. The case is exciting much interest, as the gentleman, besides being a married man, is a church member, Sunday school teacher, &c.

We learn that a man named Thompson, was run over by a train on the W. & R. R. Road, at or near Black Creek, on the 16th inst., and was instantly killed.—*Goldsboro' Republican.*

DOG FIGHT IN FROGTOWN.

There is an excellent moral in the following story, which is told with great skill. It shows us how a whole village or a whole church is some times torn to pieces by a fight between two dogs:

The most remarkable dog fight on record came off at Frogtown, on the frontier of Maine, some years ago. It engrossed the entire community in one general melee, interminable law suits, or suits of law suits, distraction of the town, its downfall and ruin.

A fanciful genius named Joe Tucker—a man about town, a lounger without visible means of support, a do-nothing, a loving, cigar-smoking, good natured fellow—owned a dog, a sleek, intelligent, and rather pretty beast, always at Joe's heels, and known as well as his master, and liked far more by the Frogtowners. One day Joe and his dog were passing Bunion's grocery store, when a great pie-bald, ugly looking dog, standing along side of a wood wagon, bounced on Joe Tucker's dog, knocked him heels over head, and so frightened Bob Carter's wife, who was then passing towards her husband's blacksmith shop with his dinner, that she stumbled backwards and her old sunbonnet flopping full scared the horse attached to the wagon. He started, hit Lutherson's barber-pole, upset the load of wood, half of which falling down Gumbo's refreshment cellar, struck one of Gumbo's children on the head, killing it for a time stone dead and so alarmed Mrs. Gumbo that she dropped a stew-pan of boiling hot oysters into the lap of a customer, who sat waiting for the savory concoction by a table in the corner. Mrs. Gumbo rushed for the child—the customer for the door; Mrs. Gumbo screamed—the child screamed—and the customer yelled!

"Oh, oh, oh, my poor child!" cried Mrs. Gumbo.

"Fh, ch, e-e-e-e!" screamed the child.

"Oh, murder-r-r-r! O, my everlasting sin I'm called to all eternity! Murder-r-r-r!" roared the customer.

The horse, and part of a wagon, and some of the wood, were on their mad career. The owner of the strange dog came out of the store just in time to see Joe Tucker seize a rock to demolish the savage dog, and not waiting to see Joe let drive, gave him such a jap on the back that poor Joe fell forty rods up the street and, striking the foot of a long ladder, upon which Jim Elderberry was perched, paint-pot in hand, some thirty feet from terra firma, brought ladder, Jim and paint-pot sprawling on the earth, crippling poor Jim for life, and sprinkling blue paint copiously over the broadcloths, satinets and calicoes of Abraham Miller, a formal and even-tempered Quaker, who ran out to the door just as the two dogs had gone fairly at it, hip and thigh, nip and catch. A glance at matters seemed to convince Abraham of the true state of the case; and in an unusually elevated voice he called out to Joe Tucker, who had righted up—

"Joseph Tucker, thy dog's fighting."

"Let 'em fight it out," yelled the pugnacious owner of the strange dog. "Let 'em fight it out—I'll bet a load of wood my dog can eat up any dog in town, and I can eat the owner."

We have said Abraham Miller was a mild man; Quakers are proverbially so. But the gauntlet thrown down by the stranger from the country, stirred the gall of Abraham, and he rushed into the store, from the back yard having slipped his collar. Abraham brought forth a brindle cur, strong, long and powerful.

"I lend," said the excited Quaker, "thy dog shall be well beaten, I promise thee. Hike! seize upon him! Tuck, sure boy!" and the dog went at it.

Bob Carter, the smith, coming up in time to hear the stranger call somebody, for the insult and damage to his wife, clamped the collar of the stranger, and by a series of ten pounds ten upon the face, back and sides of his burly antagonist, with his natural sledge hammers, Bob stirred up the strength and ire of the bully stranger to the top of his compass, and they made the sparks fly dreadfully.

Joe Tucker's dog, reinforced by that of Abraham Miller, took a fresh start, and between the two the strange dog was being cruelly put to his trumps. Deacon Pugh, one of the most pious and substantial men in Frogtown, came up, and indeed the whole town was assembling; and Deacon Pugh, armed with his heavy walking stick, and shocked at the spectacle before him, marched up to the dogs, exclaiming as he did so—

"Fie, fie, fie, for shame! disgraceful! you men, citizens of Frogtown, will you stand by, and—

"Don't thee don't thee strike my dog, Deacon Pugh!" cried Abraham Miller, advancing to the Deacon, who was about to cut right and left among the dogs with his cane.

"Your dogs!" shouted the Deacon, with evident fervor.

"Not My dog, Deacon Pugh!" echoed the Quaker.

"What did you say so for then!" shouted the Deacon.

"I never said dogs, Deacon Pugh!"

"You did!" responded the Deacon, with excitement.

"Deacon Pugh, thee speaks groundless."

"You tell a falsehood, Abraham Miller!"

"Thee utters a mendacious assertion!" reiterated Abraham.

"You—you lie!" bawled the Deacon.

"Thee hast provoked my evil passion, Deacon Pugh!" shouted the stalwart Quaker, "I will chastise thee!"

And into the Deacon's wool went the Quaker. The deacon, nothing loth, entered into the spirit of the thing, and we leave them thus "nip and tuck," to look after the stranger and Bob Carter, who fis and fought, fought and fit, until Squire Catchem and the town constable came up, and in their attempt to preserve the peace and arrest the disorder, the Squire was thrown through the window of a neighboring watchmaker, doing a heap of damage, while lawyer Hooker, in attempting to aid the constable, was hit in mistake by the furious blacksmith in the short ribs, and went reeling down Gumbo's cellar with a frightful velocity! The friends and fellow churchmen of Deacon Pugh took sides against the Quaker antagonist, and the shop boys of Abraham, seeing their employer thus beset, came to the rescue, while two Irishmen, full of fun and frolic, believing it to be a "free fight," tried their hands and sticks upon the combatants indiscriminately, so that in "less than an hour, the quiet and happy town of Frogtown was frighted from its propriety by one grand, sublimely ridiculous and terrific battle. Heads and wind-pipes were smashed, children and women screamed, dogs barked, dust flew, labor ceased, and so furious and sustained became the whole community, that a quiet looker on, if there had been any, would have sworn the evil ones were all in Frogtown.

A heavy thunder storm finally put an end to the row; the dogs were all more or less killed, a child severely wounded, a man crushed, a wagon broken, the horse fatally injured by death; his owner was beaten awfully by Bob Carter, whose wife and the wives of many others were dangerously scared; the painter was crippled, dry goods ruined; a Quaker, two Irishmen, Joe Tucker, town constable, lawyer Hooker, Squire Catchem, and some fifty others shamefully whipped. Law suits ensued, feuds followed, and the entire peace and good repute of Frogtown annihilated—all by a remarkable dog fight.

The Purchase of Cuba.—The New York Express says it has it from authentic sources that Mr. Soule has been removing the office to Spain for the purchase of Cuba, and that he agreed to give more than $100,000,000, the sum said to have been tendered during President Polk's administration. The Spanish Ministers, who are greatly in want of funds, although sorely tempted by the pledge of so many millions, gave the proposition some little attention, but only to reject it.

ATLANTIC ARRIVED!!!

FOUR DAYS LATER!!!

NEW YORK, Sept. 19.

The Atlantic reached here to-day, with four days later intelligence from Europe, having sailed on the 6th.

Her news is important both in political and commercial point of view.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The unconditional refusal of Russia to accede to the proposals of the Four Powers, is confirmed.

A Cabinet Council was held at Vienna immediately on the reception of the reply of the Czar.

The Austrian and Swedish Ministers were expected to leave St. Petersburgh immediately.

Bomarsund is not yet dismantled; and the affairs on the Danube and Black sea remain unchanged.

Prince Albert and the Kings of Portugal and Belgium, are with the Emperor Napoleon at Boulogne.

Queen Christiana is reported insane from excitement.

The Baltic steamers continue to reconnoitre the coast of Finland.

It is still doubtful whether the Black Sea expedition is destined for Sebastopol or Anapa.

Christiana's children had arrived at England. The French siege of artillery had arrived at Constantinople.

The Russians had captured and taken at Sebastopol another redoubt.

Gen. Outram has been appointed to the command of the Turkish army in Asia.

Mustapha Pasha has recently died.

MARKETS.

Cotton was in moderate demand, and prices rather in favor of buyers. Sales of the three days amounted to twenty thousand bales.

Breadstuffs were very heavy, but improved somewhat in the close.

White wheat was quoted at 8 a 8 and 8 1/4; Western Canal 7 and 27; Ohio 30; Yellow Corn 55c. 60; mixed 54c. 60; white 58c.

Baltimore and Philadelphia Flour 8 shillings; Ohio 28 to 30c.

Brown & Shipley quote wheat as declined 6d.; Flour declined a shilling; new English wheat of good quality is freely selling at 6s. to 8s. 3d.; for white, and seven to 7s. 6d. for red.

Consols closed at 95 a 95 1/4.

ESPARTERO.

His strongly marked eyebrows, the steady regard of his eye, his slightly closed lips, and the width of his chin, announce that no oscillations are to be looked for in him when once his will has been declared. Espartero commands respect by other physical and moral qualities.—Of middle height, 60 years of age at least, but not looking like more than 50, he bears on his lofty forehead, in his black eye, and on his lips, turning readily to a smile, a great appearance of kindness and courage, carried to rashness. By the services which he has rendered, he is the first of all the living Spanish commanders. He is a good comrade for his soldiers, and when he saw the troops suffering from want of supplies, Espartero often engaged his private fortune towards the contractors. It is in this way that, being a rich man when he assumed the chief command, he was in fact by peace when he laid it down.

His fortune comes from his wife, the daughter of a rich banker; and she never hesitated to give her signature when it was called for to serve the army. Espartero, indebted for fortune—nothing but his sword. Of an honest but obscure family, he has had always the good sense not to deny his origin. One day during his regency there was a grand reception. Bu