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Simple, Touching, Beautiful Lines.

The New England Diadem gives its readers the following beautiful stanzas, which were suggested by hearing read an extract of a letter from Captain Chase, giving an account of the sickness and death of his brother-in-law, Mr. Brown Owen, who died on his passage to California.

Lay up nearer, brother, nearer, For my limbs are growing cold, And thy presence seemeth dearer, When thy arms around me fold; I am dying, brother, dying, Soon ye'll miss me in your berth, For my form will soon be lying, Neath the ocean's briny surf.

Hearken to me, brother, hearken, I have something I would say, Ere the veil my vision darken, And I go from hence away; I am going, surely going, But my hopes in God is strong, I am willing, brother, knowing That he doeth nothing wrong.

Tell my father when you greet him, That in death I prayed for him, Prayed that I may one day meet him, In a world that's free from sin! Tell my mother, (God assist her Now that she is growing old,) Tell her child would glad have kissed her, When his lips grew pale and cold.

Listen, brother, catch each whisper, 'Tis my wife I'd speak of now, Tell, oh tell her, how I missed her, When the fever burned my brow; Tell her, brother, closely listen, Don't forget a single word, That in death my eyes did glisten, With the tears her memory stirred.

Tell her she must kiss my children, Like the kiss I last impressed; Hold them as when last I held them, Folded closely to my breast; Give them early to my Maker, Putting all their trust in God, And He never will forsake her, For He's said so in His Word.

O my children! Heaven bless them! They were all my life to me; Would I could once more caress them, Ere I sink beneath the sea; 'Twas for them I crossed the ocean, What my hopes were I'll not tell, But I have gained an orphan's portion, Yet He doeth all things well.

Tell my sisters I remember, Every kindly parting word, And my heart has been kept tender, By the thoughts their memory stirred; Tell them I ne'er reached the haven Where I sought the "precious dust," But I have gained a port called Heaven, Where the gold will never rust.

Urge them to secure an entrance, For they'll find their brother there; Faith in Jesus, and repentance Will secure for each a share—Hark! I hear my Saviour speaking, 'Tis, I know his voice so well, When I am gone, Oh don't be weeping, Brother, here's my last farewell.

The Case of Joe Stansbury.

One of the best stories we have read lately is the following, which appeared among the police news in the Philadelphia Pennsylvaniaian: As Mrs. Estier Stansbury, (residing in a court running from Race below Sixth.) was about to bring a bucket of water from the hydrant, last night, she found an old basket suspended from the knob of her front door. Putting her hand into the basket, she felt something alive and kicking, but so enveloped in rags that no discovery could be made without unwrapping the object.—A piece of paper, folded like a letter lay by the side of the animated bundle. Mrs. Stansbury immediately returned into the house and by the light of the lamp examined the billet. It was addressed to her husband, and she immediately broke the seal and read as follows:

To Joe Stansbury—Sir, I send you the baby, which you will please to take good care of and bring up right, so that it may turn out to be a better man than his daddy. Oh Joseph!—what a sly old rake you are!—who would think that such a steady, sober old spindle shanks could be such a turning-down sinner! The child is yours.—You may swear to that. You deceived me shamefully, Joseph—letting on to be a widower—but do a father's part by the young one, and I'll forgive you. Your broken hearted, NANCY.

P. S.—Don't let that sharp-nosed wife of yours see this letter. Gammon her with some kind of a story about the baby. N.

Mr. Stansbury, in the basement kitchen quietly eating his supper, and little imagining what a storm was brewing over his head. The door of the kitchen was violently thrown open, and Mrs. S.'s voice called out "Stansbury, come up here, you villain—here's a mess for you!" The astonished Stansbury hastily wiped his mouth and obeyed the summons. "Don't you want to see Nancy! the heart-broken Nancy!" cried Mrs. Stansbury, when her guilty husband hobbled up into the room. "Nancy!—what Nancy's that?" said the sly old rogue in well feigned perplexity. "Why Nancy, the mother of this baby that's been hung up at your door, Mr. Stansbury. Oh, you look mighty innocent, but just read that letter, and then look in that basket. Don't be afraid, it won't bite, it's got no teeth, poor thing!—you'll know it—for, as your bossy says, it is just like you all over.—Please goodness, I'll expose you before every body."

And in less than five minutes, Mrs. Stansbury had collected a room full of spectators, half the inhabitants of the court, to witness the process of unwrapping the baby. Anxious expectation sat on every countenance, as the jealous lady tore away rag after rag from the body of the foundling, the vigorous movements of which astonished everybody. "It is full of the devil already," said Mrs. S., "that shows it is his—you'll soon see that it is like him in everything." At last, all the swaddling clothes being removed, out jumped the baby and made its escape through the open door.

It was a big tom cat. The Stansbury's had been victimized by a practical joker, the contrivance of which was traced to a female neighbor, Mrs. S., who had no taste for fun of that kind, made her complaints against the suspected party, but, as the trick appeared to be without malice, no binding over took place.

The Rose in Salisbury.—We are sorry to state, upon authority derived from that place, that a malignant disease, of a contagious character, is raging to an alarming extent in Salisbury, N. C. Seven out of Eleven Negroes in the families of Messrs. Lord and Henderson, have died. They call this disease 'THE ROSE,' though some call it 'EMISYPELAS,' as had a disease, indeed more fatal than the Small Pox. We think this 'rose' would smell as sweet by any other name.—Hornet's Nest.

REPORT OF THE BOARD OF HEALTH.—For the week ending Tuesday, Feb'y 25.—The Board have no new cases to report besides those reported in the Hornet's Nest of the 22d inst.

ROBERT F. DAVIDSON, JNO. A. YOUNG, R. C. CARSON, Charlotte, Feb. 25, 1851.

An American Title.—"When I was travelling in Massachusetts, some twenty years ago," said a traveller, "I had a seat with the driver, who on stopping at the postoffice, saluted an ill-looking fellow on the step, with 'good morning, Judge Saunders, I hope you're well, sir.'"

"On leaving the office, I asked the driver, If the man he spoke of was really a judge."

"Certainly, sir," he replied; "we had a cock-fight last week, and he was judge."—Mark Lane (English) Exchange.

Population of the States.

The following list is said to exhibit correctly the order in which the several States stand in point of population, according to the present census:

- 1 New York, 17 Maryland, 2 Pennsylvania, 18 Louisiana, 3 Ohio, 19 New Jersey, 4 Virginia, 20 Michigan, 5 Indiana, 21 Connecticut, 6 Tennessee, 22 New Hampshire, 7 Kentucky, 23 Vermont, 8 Massachusetts, 24 Wisconsin, 9 Georgia, 25 Arkansas, 10 North Carolina, 26 Texas, 11 Illinois, 27 Iowa, 12 Alabama, 28 California, 13 Missouri, 29 Rhode Island, 14 South Carolina, 30 Delaware, 15 Maine, 31 Florida, 16 Mississippi.

The use of tar and feathers, in the punishment of crime, is one of great antiquity. Richard L., in his voyage to the holy land, ordained thus: "If any one is convicted of theft, let his head be shaved, like Champion's; let melted pitch be poured upon it, and feathers shaken over it, that he may be known; and let him be put ashore at the first land to which the ship approaches."

Fanny Ellsler is at Moscow, Russia.—She has lately sold all her diamonds for 75,000 dollars.

Census of the State of North Carolina—1850.

Table with 10 columns: COUNTIES, No. of Whites, Free Colored, Slaves, Deaths, No. of Farms, Establishments of Industry, Dwellings, Families. Lists counties from Alamance to Yancey with corresponding population and other statistics.

The above Table was furnished to the Raleigh Register, by Col. Geo. LITTLE, the U. S. Marshal for North Carolina; it is, therefore, correct, and we would advise our friends to preserve it for future reference. The Free and Slave Negro population, it may be of some interest to know, but, at the same time, we would admonish the humbugs who wish to "change the basis," that as the Western part of the State progresses in manufactures, so will its slave population increase, and the very change that is now harped on by such humbugs as Yancey county sends, may prove troublesome in the end.

Talk out of freedom to the Franks, In native swords and native ranks Our hope of Freedom dwells.

We detest the "Raleigh clique" as much as "old Remus" detested the Legislature for not making another Judiciary District and him Judge, but we also disdain the low, and unprincipled means which some men will use to obtain notoriety. The Democratic party have lost much by their ascendancy in the last Legislature; had that body been composed of the right stuff, all might have been well—but, and we think, that should end the chapter.

A Vulgarism.—One of the most popular vulgarisms of the day is embodied in the word "patronage." We have always been at a loss to understand this term as incorporated with the language of the times. If a man buys a pair of boots, getting the full value of his money, he calls himself the "patron" of the manufacturer. The purchaser of six cent's worth of tobacco, or a pennyworth of tape, is a "patron," and looks upon those on whom he lavished this "patronage" with a condescending eye, as if he fed, clothed, and sheltered them. One's patron, regarding the term in its true light, is a person who gives one alms. Patronage, in short, is charitable protection. It is no patronage to give money for its full value. The term, as now most generally employed, is one of a most servile sycophantic character, and it should be expunged from the modern vocabulary.

Thought.—To think is the proper use of mind, and it is astonishing to find how little this trite truth is recognised. To think, however, is neither common nor to unhabitated minds easy. The effort is to many painful, and the habit one of slow growth. Neither is it so swift a process as seems to be generally supposed. A glance of the mind may be swift, if it be measured geographically, by the rapidity with which the imagining powers of the mind may go from the remotest point to another equally remote; but the processes of thought are slow. Newton stood for hours with the prism in his hand, when his theory of colors first germinated in his mind; and Kepler was many years in working out his great discovery of the principle which governs the motion of the planets in their orbits.

On the first of March, a public dinner is to be given to Mr. Macready, at the London tavern, on his retirement from the English stage. Sir E. Bulwer Lytton will preside, and Charles Dickens, Esq. is chairman of the "Dinner committee."

Fallacies of the Gentlemen.

By a lady, who unfortunately knows 'em too well. That women are only born to be their slaves.

That dinner is to be ready for them the very minute they come into the house.

That a lady's bonnet can be put on as quickly as a gentleman's hat.

That we can dress in a minute—and that ringing the bell violently has the effect of making us dress one bit quicker.

That they can do everything so much better than we can from nursing the baby down to poking the fire.

That they are the "lords of creation" (pretty lords, indeed!)

That nothing can be too good for them; for I am sure if you were to put a hot joint before them every day, still they would be dissatisfied, and would be grumbling that you never gave them a cold meat.

That they know our age so much better than we do ourselves. (It's so very likely!)

That they may invite whom and as many as they please—but if we only invite our mamma to come and stop with us, or just ask a dear unmarried sister or two to stop with us for a month, that there's to be no peace for us so long as they remain in the house.

That music can be learnt without practising, and that it is necessary for them to rush out and to slam the door violently the very moment we begin to open our voices, or to run over the fast new polka.

That sleeping after dinner promotes conversation.

That it is necessary to make a poor woman cry, because a stupid shirt-button happens to be off. I declare some men must believe that their wives cut off their shirt-buttons purposely, from the savage pleasure they take in abusing them for it.

That we are not allowed to faint, or to have the smallest fit of hysterics, without being told "not to make a fool of ourselves."

That housekeeping does not require any money, and if we venture to ask for any, that it is pleasant to be met with all sorts of black looks and insinuations as to "what we can do with it all;" or very agreeably told that we will be "the ruin of him some day"—(I should like to see the day!)

That the house never requires cleaning, or the tables rubbing, or the carpets beating, or the furniture renewing, or the sofas fresh covers, or in fact that anything has a right to wear out, or to be spoiled or broken; and in short, that everything ought to last forever!

That a poor lone woman is never to have any pleasure, but always to stop at home, and "mind her children." (I'm tired of such nonsense.)

That the wish to go to the opera is to be the sure prelude to a quarrel.

That their daughters can learn music, painting, playing, dancing, and all the accomplishments, without the aid of a single master.

That the expenses of one's household do not increase with one's family, but, rather, that ten children can be supported for the same cost as one.

That no husband is perfect, like Hercules, without his club, and that the less a wife sees of her husband, the fonder she actually grows of him.

That it is a pleasure for us to sit up for them.

[Our fair correspondent says she thinks the above fallacies are enough for the present, and we certainly agree with her; but if the gentlemen show any more airs, she declares that she will give them a lot more.]

Cure for a Bellowsed Horse.

Some few weeks since, being overtaken by a severe thunderstorm on my way home I took refuge under a shelter where were assembled several gentlemen from the same cause. One of the gentlemen thus accosted me: "Why do you not cure your horse of the bellows?"

"For the very reason that I cannot," I replied.

"Well, stranger," said he, "when I am at home, I cure all such cases, and warrant them, at ten dollars a head; but, as I am a long way from home, and your horse is a valuable one, I will tell you how you can cure him effectually in a few days. In the first place," says he, "give your horse salt in his water for three mornings in succession; after that, pound up a piece of blue stone about the size of a chinquapin, and mix it with wet meal; give him the same for ten consecutive mornings, feeding him rather lightly for those ten days; and, if he is not well at the end of the ten days, I will give you my head."

I have tried the remedy, and it has wrought a perfect cure; and I now give it to the readers of the Enquirer, that they may save their ten dollars too.—Columbus Enquirer.

Rumor says that the ride regiment now in Oregon will be shortly ordered to New Mexico, for the better protection of the frontier.