

COMMUNICATIONS.

TO PARENTS AND TEACHERS.

The unity of these Articles will not be preserved, for our object fully comprehended, without occasional reference to our first No. They had their origin in a desire to show that it is possible to pour knowledge into the mind without thereby necessarily raising, purifying and humanizing it, or rather that there is no such indissoluble connexion between the mind and the heart, that the improvement of the former inevitably involves the melioration of the latter.

It has been shown how much the personal character and peculiarities of the Instructor advance or hinder the purifying and moralizing of the intellectual nature of the pupil; but there are circumstances and causes, extraneous to the Teacher, on which the production of this desirable result depends. If Locke's doctrine of the non-existence of innate Ideas be true, (as is now generally believed), and the myriad progeny of the Mind and all the forms of thought be primarily the offspring of as few as five Senses, it is at once seen that the Mind must be embodied or de-housed by the material objects by which it is surrounded!

A few years ago, before experience and reflection and the writings of the wise and good had forced us upon this conviction, we used to be great Utilitarians, and to estimate the value of every thing, not by the innocent happiness which it produced, but by the Golden Rule of Three, or Compound Proportion. Upon this principle the importer of a Devonshire Cow or even a Berkshire pig was more Utilitarian or useful than he who adorned a city with a fountain, a College with magnificent Paintings, or a Capitol with a Statue; and perhaps we have just fallen into a mistake; and are as much and more correctly Utilitarians than ever; we are certainly so, if that which ministers to ingenuity and rational happiness is to be prized more than that which merely conduces to physical comfort: the exclusive application therefore of "Utilitarian" to objects of the latter kind is a misnomer; and that is most Utilitarian which produces the largest amount of happiness, since happiness is the great object of human pursuit.

The truth is, that if penalties are not proportioned according to the turpitude of the offence, society consults a legal and moral wrong which, disturbing the great equilibrium of personal and social rights, sets the whole system to oscillating, and thereby must necessarily ensue. We will stop here, and drop an enquiry that may have a tendency to lead the mind to a proper conclusion on this point. It was the remark of one of the staunchest friends of political and civil liberty in another hemisphere, "that if we wish to understand the nature of the laws and character of the rulers, we must look at the people;" a sentiment as profoundly just as it was patriotic.

Now examine your Court dockets, and compare them with the records of any State where the Penitentiary system has been introduced, and who will suffer by the comparison? Will New York, where the tide of iniquity rolls like a flood, and the moral and legal barriers are broken through without remorse, much less contrition? How does the old "Keystone" stand in this respect; his criminal practices filled with repletion, and its most popular chief magistrate censured by his political associates for his wholesale reprieves, evincing an amount of crime unparalleled in criminal courts? In what a plight is Maryland, and the Old Dominion? The latter, considering the rigid police regulations of her Penitentiary, induces her convicts to brave death rather than endure "the ills they have." And it is to be supposed, that a system whose operations and tendencies around the vicious more firm and preventing, should lead us to abandon a well tried system for one hypothetical and precarious? We had better adopt the philosophic maxim, that it is "better to bear the ills we have, than fly to those we know not of." Unusual and vindictive punishments generally fail in their object, for there is much greater reason to fear that crime will go unpunished, than if the punishment was milder.

"My son," said a gentleman of the West, to his hopeful boy, "my son, I have shipped the bagging and rope we were talking of to New Orleans and I cannot leave here; you go down to the City and make the best bargain you can for its sale, deposit the proceeds to my credit in one of the City Banks, and come home." The "hopeful," according to direction, "sloped" for the City, arrived in advance of the Cotton Bagging, borrowed a hundred dollars on the bill of lading, and commenced a "splurge." In the mean time the "trunk" was sold and the proceeds duly deposited in a City Bank.

"On his return, the old gentleman called up his boy and the following conversation ensued. "William, the bagging you sold!" "Yes, sir." "Deposited in one of the City Banks?" "Yes, sir." "Which Bank, my son, did you deposit it in?" "I wish to draw for the money, to take up the mortgage." "I forgot the name at this moment." The old gentleman went to his desk, took up a "Piecyune," turned to the Bank Note Detector, and asked if the money was deposited in the Louisiana Bank. "No." "In the Citizens?" "No." "Perhaps it was in the Canal?" "No." "Then it must have been in the Merchant's," said the old man, with astonishment. "No." "Then it was certainly the Union?" "No." "What Bank was it, then?" thundered the old man—"what did the name sound like?" "Why," said the young hopeful, "I think it was a Bank with a Scripture name. Oh, yes, I remember, it was the Pharo Bank!" The old man faints!

THE END OF THE SABBATH BREAKER.—Lucian Hall, who was lately executed in Connecticut, at the early age of twenty eight, for a most atrocious and unprovoked murder, the very recital of which makes the blood run cold, attributes his career of vice, to a want of proper religious instruction in early life, and particularly to the crime of Sabbath breaking to which he was greatly addicted. His last words were— "I have given a full and true account of all the crimes I have committed, in my short life. I desire before I close to say to all the readers of this book, that I impute all my wickedness and crime to a bad bringing up.

THE PENITENTIARY SYSTEM.

Agreeably to our determination to present both sides of the question, we submit from the "Hillboro' Recorder," a Communication signed Justice, in opposition to a Penitentiary:—

"AUDI ALTERM PARTEM." Mr. Editor: The supremacy of law is one of those fundamental maxims which every jurist and sagacious observer admits without hesitation necessary for the security and peace of society. Any infraction of legal requirements should have its definite penalty, and be enforced with the most scrupulous exactness. But care should always be taken in their enactment, that they do not so far come in contact with popular opinion as to render them nugatory, as well as that the penalty should be of that kind and degree as would secure the greatest amount of reformation in the culprit, without an infraction of any paramount interest of society. In contemplating, then, the great question of justice, we should not be unnecessarily rigid or lenient; for the one begets a sympathy for the felon, and the other engenders mob—both equally destructive to society and the peace of all good citizens. The sagacious statesman will be as careful to avoid the rocks of Scylla on the one hand, as he is to shun the Gulf of Charybdis on the other; and, indeed, this may be considered the acme of statesmanship. What then shall be done in the attempt to introduce the Penitentiary system among us? An interrogatory repeats with more interest to the good of society than a casual observer would seem to imagine. Perhaps there are few, or in fact none, who would have the tenacity to affirm that crime should be less punished than it now is in the great majority of instances. But that the introduction of the Penitentiary system is desirable, is a question fraught with consequences that may, so far from preventing crime, eventually peril the fair adjudication of your laws, by the introduction of principles which may work their way into society, and corrupt and vitiate the whole fountain of Jurisprudence.

1. It is a question which will admit of grave debate, whether the present "pains and penalties" do not as effectively secure the greater amount of good to the convict and society as the introduction of Draconian enactments could possibly do. The truth is, that if penalties are not proportioned according to the turpitude of the offence, society consults a legal and moral wrong which, disturbing the great equilibrium of personal and social rights, sets the whole system to oscillating, and thereby must necessarily ensue. We will stop here, and drop an enquiry that may have a tendency to lead the mind to a proper conclusion on this point. It was the remark of one of the staunchest friends of political and civil liberty in another hemisphere, "that if we wish to understand the nature of the laws and character of the rulers, we must look at the people;" a sentiment as profoundly just as it was patriotic.

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"Nobdy ever gave me good advice; my father either made me work or allowed me to play on the Sabbath; and I never heard a prayer in my father's house. If I had been taken to church, and religiously taught, I should not now be in my present situation.

PUBLIC MEETING.

Pursuant to previous notice, a large concourse of citizens of Rutherford County assembled in the Court House, on Wednesday last, at the ringing of the bells, to take the initiatory steps for bringing out a Whig candidate for Governor of the State.

On motion of R. G. Twitty, Esq., Colonel Thomas Jefferson, was called to the Chair, and on motion of W. B. Rutherford, Esq., George W. Baxter was appointed Secretary.

The meeting being organized, the Chairman requested some gentleman to explain its object, which was done in a few fit remarks by Walter Rutherford, Jr., who asked permission to present the following Resolutions, which were accordingly read:

Whereas, at a meeting of the Whigs of Buncombe county, it was suggested that a State Convention should be held about the first of January, for the purpose of nominating a candidate for Governor, and as since that time, we understand it has been determined by the Democratic party to hold a similar convention on the eighth of the month, for the purpose of selecting their candidate, and whereas, we regard it as proper, that the Whig candidate should have an opportunity of commencing the canvass at as early a period as his adversary: Therefore.

Resolved, That we fully concur in the propriety of holding such Convention as recommended, and prefer that a time not later than the second week in January be agreed upon for that purpose.

Resolved, That we have the fullest confidence in the honesty, integrity and Patriotism of his Excellency, WILLIAM A. GRAHAM. Whether as Speaker of the House of Commons, or as Senator in the councils of the Union, he has, at all times, exhibited that strength of intellect and pure patriotism, the strongest constituents of a useful Statesman in any department of the State, or Federal Government, and by his cordial co-operation to all the movements of the Democratic party of the Union—his support of all its measures—his efforts to promote the success of its principles, together with the acts of his genuine Republican Administration as chief Executive of the State, he fully merits the continued confidence of the Whig Party, and we will most heartily support him, if nominated, for re-election.

Resolved, That cherishing as we always have the principles of the Whig party, and having the fullest confidence in their ultimate success, we will maintain our organization, and we earnestly entreat the Whigs in this district to stand firmly by their principles, as well as men, and thus maintain their ascendancy in the old North State.

Resolved, That the Chairman of this meeting appoint ten delegates to represent this County in said Convention.

The Resolutions being seconded, were adopted without a dissenting voice.

Michael Francis, Esq., of Haywood county, then arose, and in his usual happy style, entertained the meeting at some length, heartily approving of the Resolutions, and urging upon the Whigs to do their duty, as they have hitherto done, and pressing a successful triumph.

Col. Wm. E. Mills next, in a short, energetic and forcible Speech, cordially approved of the Resolutions, paid a warm tribute of respect to the Whigs of this District and State, for their long continued exertions in favor of the sound, republican principles of the Whig Party, and urged them still to maintain, (as they are well able to do) the Old North State in the position she now occupies: the foremost rank of the great Whig Party.

WESTERN ELOQUENCE.—TOM CORWIN.

The following capital sketch of the oratory of the Hon. Thomas Corwin, late Governor of Ohio, and now a U. S. Senator, is from an article on Western Eloquence, in the Biblical Repository, by the Rev. Joseph Tatlis, formerly of New Jersey. The writer thinks that Gov. Corwin's range of the faults and excellencies of Western speaking than any other man; and therefore selects him as a sample.

The remarkable oratory of Gov. Corwin is strikingly illustrated in the following incident:—"Perhaps nothing contributes more to the effect of his well chosen words than his face, which is altogether a nonesuch." That swarthy face is a noble one, and there is no passion or feeling in his heart but is proclaimed by his countenance before words can utter it. It is a magic mirror, reflecting upon his auditors wrath, contempt, patriotism, pity, ridicule, sympathy, with him, in all the feelings not articulated. Those who were in emotions never forget the indelible features of his tones, gestures, and physiognomy, in 1840, at Columbus, whilst answering the objections of some man-of-straw antagonist.

Mr. C. had, the day previous, addressed a multitude of forty or fifty thousand, and was to address a great multitude the day succeeding. The citizens of Franklin county yielded him, and compelled him, although greatly exhausted to speak. His strain of remark was uncommonly brilliant, seeming to transcend his usual efforts. He supposed an honest inquirer and opponent to be proposing questions in reference to the cry that the "times are killing hard." "Why, my dear Sir," says the opponent, "how can it be possible that so much trouble and hard times exist, and yet the men whom we have elected to office, and in whom we have unshaken confidence, never whispered a word of all this? Sir, you must be mistaken, or our office holders would speak!" Mr. C's countenance was the very image of the "serio-comico" the gravity whilst stating this objection. Then began that droll working of his features, at the very sight of which, before he had said a word, hundreds found it impossible not to laugh outright.

"Fellow-citizens," said he, in deliberate tones, "I ever allude to the Holy Scriptures with the deepest reverence, and on occasions like the present but seldom. But that venerable patriarch, Job, has so completely unravelled the difficulty of my honest opponent, that I must trespass to quote his words: "Dost a wild beast bray while he hath grass, or loatheth the oxover his fodder?" By this time his form was bent towards his hearers, his fun-speaking eye was glancing from one countenance to another, and his whole face radiant with inimitable cheerfulness. Who could resist it? Sedate old men held their sides to roar; the younger portions stamped and screamed with laughter, till the tears started—Peal of laughter succeeded peal so rapidly and boisterously as to preclude the possibility of speaking for some minutes. Had some old Roman pantomime witnessed the swarthy face of "Tom the Wagon-boy"—his constituents affectionately term him—effecting such prodigies, he would have died of sheer envy!"

ANECDOTE OF MR. LEGARE.

The American Review for October contains an interesting biographical sketch of Hugh S. Legare, of South Carolina, in which occurs the following anecdote illustrating his power as an advocate:

It was the case of Pell and wife versus the Executors of Ball. The circumstances of the case were these:—A Miss Channing, daughter of Mr. Walter Channing, (a merchant of Boston), had married a Mr. Ball, of South Carolina, and carried him a large fortune, without a settlement. Mr. Ball, by his last will and testament, bequeathed to his wife all his fortune. Embarking at C. for the North, on board the ill-fated steamboat Pulaski, which blew up at sea on the coast of N. Carolina in 1835, they both perished in that awful catastrophe. The question in the case was, which survived the other? Mrs. Ball, then the legacy vested in her, and was transmissible to her sisters; if her husband, then the legacy had lapsed, fell into the residue of the estate, and went to his family.

Mr. Legare was engaged on behalf of Mrs. B's sisters. On the one side, it was contended that the husband, being the stronger, must have survived and the doctrine of the Civil Law on the subject of the survivorship were relied on. Here, however, Legare was master, and showed that all these presumptions must yield to positive testimony. After the catastrophe, Mrs. Ball was seen flying wildly about the wreck, her voice heard above others, calling for her husband. Availing himself of this single but affecting fact—all that in the wild rapture of such a scene could be known, Legare converted it by the tragic powers of his eloquence, into an irresistible proof that the tender husband, whose name the wife shrieked forth so distractedly, must have already perished. Upon the narrow theatre of that shattered deck, was enacted, he said, a scene to point which all that the imagination of poetry could invent of the most pathetic must fail. "She called upon the husband upon whom she had never called in vain, upon whose arms she had ever leaned in danger—her stay, her recourse! She called but he never answered; no, sir! he was dead!"

Mrs. Ball's sister gained the suit, as also another point in the case which he argued—that the legacy was general and not specific.

A very great Magician, is 'astounding the natives' of New York, by his tricks. He calls himself Herr Alexander. One of his 'experiments' as they are styled, is thus described by the Tribune:—"Three hats were taken from the audience, one being selected by the spectators themselves; the other two were returned—when without going near his apparatus, or even turning his back to the audience, and after convincing all that it was empty, he took out of it at least a hundred little bouquets, which he distributed among the ladies. All were utterly astonished and the applause was almost deafening. But the hat was not empty yet. Without moving from among the audience he took next from it a hundred little flags, which were also thrown among the spectators; and then to conclude this wonderful feat, amidst the loudest cheering, he drew from the hat a U. S. Flag, three yards long, while the band struck up 'Hail Columbia.'

BOTH HORNS EAD.

The poor tailor, in the following from the N. O. Crescent, fared no better on one horn of the dilemma than the other:—"Will you pay me this bill?" said a tailor to Charles street to a waggish fellow who had got into him about a feet. "Do you own anybody anything, sir?" asked the wag. "No, sir," said the tailor. "Then you can afford to wait?" and off he walked.

A day or two afterwards the tailor called again. Our wag was not at his wit's end yet; so turning to his creditor, he says— "Are you in debt to anybody?" "Yes, sir," said the tailor. "Well, why don't you pay?" "I've not the money."

"That's just my case, sir. I am glad to see you can appreciate my condition; give us your hand!"

POLITICAL CURTAIN LECTURE.

The night preceding the Inauguration—John Tyler and James K. Polk a-hunting at the White House—John asks James for an office for his son Robert—James intimates that he has none to spare.

You've got no office to spare, then, have you, you haven't hey! so this is the way you are going to pay me and my family for all we have done for you! So this is what I get for abandoning the Whigs and making over my party to have you elected. No office to spare, and 40,000 officers to turn out—that have no business to be in office—they ain't fit for an office, and you tell me you have no office to spare!

What did I put them in for? I didn't put them in—Robert put them in—no, they put themselves in. I—I put them in because the whigs must be put out and somebody must be put in who you know must, and how could I know who was fit for office. Do you suppose I know every body? I know they wasn't fit for office. I put them in because they wasn't fit, I put them in to put the Whigs out—to carry out the democratic principle. Now, James, you know you have treated me shabbily, and you may as well own it. You wanted to get rid of me and steal my thunder—You wanted to ride my Texas hobby, and I helped you mount him. You know you did Jim. Now that's a good fellow just give Robert a good fat office, and I'll be a friend to you as long as I live. Robert wants to travel—Give him a foreign embassy, make him minister plenipo to England; that's the place for Bobby. How he would make the Court of Victoria stare! I can see him now among the lords and ladies. What a sensation he would make!

Qualifications? Bobby's qualifications? What has he done? Why he's done every thing. Didn't he come out and make speeches for 'O'Connell and Repeal,' and didn't he tell the Irishmen that the democratic party was in favor of the Repeal and practice? And didn't he laud to the skies 'O'Connell as the greatest, the worthiest champion of freedom that ever lived? And didn't the same honest Hibernians all vote for you for President? You will, I know you will.

Can't—Do you pretend to say you can't? I know you can, and I know the Senate will confirm him. They shall confirm him. Tell them you will veto every thing if they dare reject him. Only think, James, what I have done for you and the great democratic party. Was I not chosen by the Whigs and didn't I turn my back on them that voted for me? And didn't I abuse Henry Clay and General Harrison's cabinet. And did they not call me traitor and didn't I dots try to head me? And is this what I am to get for it? It's shameful! it's villainous!

Keep cool, you say again? I tell you I am cool, I never was cooler in my life—I am as cool as Topshet—I am a d—d cool! If he had not been for my wife never would have been the President of the United States. You stole my Texas—you bribed my convention—you got a way my voters—you stole my Bobby's Irishmen—You—Bobby—Texas—Botts—Veto—Bobby—Bob—Bob—Bob—Bob—

Here says the Polk manuscript, John was overcome by sleep, and I soon followed him, and we both slept soundly until we were awakened next morning by the thunder of the inauguration guns.—Planter's Banner.

DREADFUL EFFECTS OF INTEMPERANCE.—Our exchange papers, yesterday, brought us accounts of no less than seven deaths resulting from intoxication—three of which are of a truly dreadful character.

Mr. Henderson, some 50 odd years of age, a man of family and possessed of some property, an old resident of Wayne county Ohio, and sustaining a fair character aside from intemperance, was burned to death on Sunday by falling from his chair into the fire, being so drunk that he was unable to extricate himself. The family temporarily absent, and after lying on the fire for about half an hour, as is supposed, he was discovered by a daughter, who dragged his crisped and roasted corpse from the flames!

Samuel Worcester, of Lancaster, Mass., a person of intemperate habits, who has before been in the house of correction for intemperance, was committed to jail on Monday, charged with the murder of his wife. We understand that a week or ten days since, he procured and carried home a quantity of rum, and had a drunken frolic, during which he beat and bruised his wife, and finally turned her out of doors. She remained out a part of the night before she procured shelter, and finally died in consequence of her bruises and exposure, lingering till last Friday. He was fully committed.

On Monday afternoon, Hollis Hartschorn, carpenter, was found dead in a cellar under Messrs. Trull's store, in Lancaster street, Boston. The body had the appearance of having lain where it was found several days. The jury returned that the deceased came to his death by falling upon his face between two casks, while in a state of intoxication. He was about 40 years old.

THE SYNOD OF NORTH CAROLINA.

This body met in place on Friday evening last, and adjourned on Monday evening. The opening Sermon was preached by the last Moderator, the Rev. Simeon Catton, of Fayetteville. The body was then organized by the election of the Rev. Samuel Williams, of Davidson College, as Moderator. The Rev. Colin McIver, of Fayetteville, is the stated Clerk.

We understand that no business of a very important character came up for the action of this body. Among the most important was a question of establishing a Central University for the Presbyterian Church in North Carolina, among which the whole energies of the Church might be thrown, was presented. A Committee of 18—3 Clergymen and 15 laymen from each Presbytery, was appointed to report on the expediency of the proposition and to locate the institution and report to the next Synod. The Colporteur System of circulating the Scriptures and other religious books was favorably reported on by the executive Committee, appointed by last Synod and it was resolved to prosecute the work. The History of the Presbyterian Church in North Carolina, which has been in preparation by the Rev. Mr. Foot, was also favorably reported on by a Committee of examination appointed by last Synod, and it was resolved to have the work forthwith published and 300 copies was subscribed for by the members of the Synod.—Charlotte Journal.

A TRIBUTE.

One of the most beautiful tributes to an affectionate, true-hearted wife, which we remember having seen, is the following, written some eighty years ago by an English Clergyman, named SAMUEL BAKER. Few can read such lines without believing that the author was an amiable and happy man.

TO MY WIFE. On the Anniversary of her Wedding-day, which was also her Birth-day, with a Ring. "Thou, Mary, with this Ring I wed"—"So, fourteen years ago, I said, Behind another Ring: 'For what?'—"To wed thee for aye!" Why not! With that first Ring I married youth, Grace, beauty, innocence, and truth; Taste long unmixed, sense long repressed, And all my Molly then appeared. I shod, by merit since disclosed, Prove twice the woman I supposed. I plead that double merit, now. To justify a double vow. Here, then, to-day, with faith as sure, As when amidst the rites divine, I took thy troth and pledged mine. To thee, sweet girl, my second Ring A token and a pledge I bring; With this I wed, till death us part, The ripper virtues of thy heart; Those virtues which, before untied, The wife has added to the bride; Those virtues, whose progressive claim, Endearing wedlock's very name, My soul enjoys, my song approves, For conscience saks as well as love's.

Why!—They show me every hour Honor's high thought. Affection's power, Discretion's deed, sound judgment's sentence, And teach me all things—but repentance.

THE PENITENTIARY QUESTION.—We are in favor of it—go the other part of the world as it may. Nearly all the rascality, crime, and villainy committed in the Country, is committed by loafers, and black-legs, who are too lazy to work, and the very worst punishment that can be inflicted upon them is to make them work. Now honest men have to labor hard and constantly for an honest living, and if these rascals are too lazy to do the same, but prefer stealing from, and cheating and robbing those who labor, we say let them be chained to an anvil block or work bench and be compelled to hammer away to pay the costs of prosecutions—the costs of villany—and honest people's taxes. It is just as apt to reform them as to keep them within the Walls of a County prison—particularly when such confinement is sweetened with the frequent visits of kindred, but more fortunate, spirits during that confinement.

But there is a question of practicability to be considered: We do not think the State of North Carolina should hastily adopt the Penitentiary system—that is, without all necessary information on the subject;—and only with a settled and well grounded conviction that it will do good and save money.

We propose to take up this question shortly and give our readers all possible information on it, that when it comes up for their action they may be prepared to act understandingly, and with wisdom.—Carolina Watchman.

A LAWYER'S STORY.

"Tom strikes Dick over the shoulders with a rattan as big as your little finger." A lawyer would tell you the story something in this way: "And that whereas the said Thomas, at the said Providence, in the year and day aforesaid, in and upon the body of the said Richard, against the peace of God and the State, and then being did, did make a most violent assault, and inflicted a great many and divers blows, kicks, cuffs, thumps, bumps, contusions, gashes, hurts, wounds, damages and injuries, in and upon the head, neck, breast, stomach, hips, knees, shins and heels of said Richard, with divers sticks, canes, poles, clubs, logs of wood, stones, daggers, dirks, swords, pistols, cutlasses, bludgeons, blunderbusses and boiling pitch, then and there held in the hands, fists, claws, and clutches of him the said Thomas.

MY NAME IS HANES. There are thousands of people in this country who make use of the common expression, 'my name is Hanes,' when they are about leaving a place or party suddenly, yet few know from whence the expression is derived. A more common saying, or one in more general use, has never been got up. We hear it in Maine and Georgia, in Maryland and Arkansas; it is in the mouth of old and young, and the gay—in short, 'my name is Hanes' enjoys a popularity which no other cant phrase has ever attained. Having said this much of the reputation of the phrase be it our next care to give its origin.

Some forty-five years since, a gentleman by the name of Hanes was travelling on horseback in the vicinity of Mr. Jefferson's residence in Virginia. Party spirit was running extremely high in those days. Mr. Jefferson was President, and Mr. Hanes was a rank federalist, and as a matter of course, a bitter opponent to the then existing administration and its head. He was not acquainted with Mr. Jefferson, and accidentally coming up with that gentleman, also travelling on horseback, his party zeal soon led him into a conversation upon the all-absorbing topic. In the course of conversation, Hanes took particular pains to abuse Mr. Jefferson, calling him all sorts of hard names, run down every measure of his administration, poked the non-intercourse act at him as most outrageous and ruinous, ridiculing his gun boat system as preposterous and nonsensical—opposed his purchase of Louisiana as a wild scheme in short took every leading feature of the day, decanted on them and their originator with the greatest bitterness. The Mr. Jefferson all the while said little. There was no sign of anger getting away from his very particular friend, and he did not exactly feel at liberty to combat his arguments.

They finally arrived in front of Mr. Jefferson's residence. Hanes of course not acquainted with the fact. Notwithstanding he had been vilified and abused "like a pick pocket," to use the old saying, Mr. Jefferson still, with the true Virginian hospitality and politeness, invited his travelling companion to alight and partake of some refreshments. Hanes was about getting from his horse, when it occurred to him that he should ask his companion's name.

"What! Thomas Jefferson?" "Yes, sir, Thomas Jefferson!" continued the astonished federalist.

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