Raleigh Register.

[From Sartain's Magazine.]

CHARMING SKETCHES.

NORTHERN LOVE AND LEGENDS.

By Frederika Bremer.

Certainly, you have observed how strangely sometimes, the clouds, at morning or evening, group themselves round the sun and are lighted up by it; and you have thought sometimes: "If this should be represented in painting people would say, 'It is unnatural, it is not true!' So even in human life. We often find events, looking, when related or described in books even so unnatural, and yet are perfectly true in reality, to nature, though not to every day nature. For example, if any one should tell that, once, a first kiss was given by a young lady, modest lady, publicly, and in a public square, to a young man that she saw for the first time, certainly all young ladies and old ladies, and young gentlemen and old gentlemen, would, with one voice, call out, "It is not true; it is impossible." Well, I entreat your attention to the following little story, for whose truth and reality I will be responsible.

STORY OF A FIRST KISS.

In the University of Upsala, in Sweden, lived a young student,—a lonely youth, with a great love for studies, but without means for pursuing them. He was poor and without connections. Still he studied, living in great poverty, but keeping a cheerful heart, and trying not to look at the future, which looked so grimly at him. His good humor and good qualities made him beloved by his young comrades. Once he was standing with some of them in the great square of Upsala, prating away an hour of leisure, when the attention of the young men became arrested by a very young and elegant lady, who, at the side of an elderly one, walked slowly over the place. It was the daughter of the Governor of Upland, living in the city, and the lady with her was her governess. She was generally known for her beauty and for her goodness and gentleness of character, and was looked upon with great admiration by the students. As the young men now stood silently gazing at her, as she passed on like a graceful vision, one of them exclaimed: "Well, it would be worth something to have a kiss from such a mouth!" The poor young student, the hero of our story, who was looking intently on that pure and angelic face, exclaimed, as if by inspiration, "Well, I think I could have it." "What!" cried his friends in a chorus, "are you crazy? Do you know her?" etc. "Not at all," he answered; "but I think she would kiss me, just now, if I asked her." "What in this place, before all our eyes?" "In this place, before your eyes." "Freely?" "Freely." "Well, if she will give you a kiss in that manner, I will give you a thousand dollars?" exclaimed one of the party, "And I!" "And I!" cried three or four others, for it so happened that several rich young men were in the group, and bets ran high on so improbable an event, and the challenge was made, and received in less time than we take to relate it.

Our hero—my authority tells not whether he was handsome or plain;—I have my peculiar reasons for believing that he was rather plain, but singularly good-looking at the same time—our hero immediately walked off to meet the young lady. He bowed to her, and said. "My lady (min froleen), my fortune is in your hand." She looked at him in astonishment, but arrested her steps. He proceeded to state his name and condition, his aspirations, and related simply and truly what had just passed between him and his companions. The young lady listened attentively, and when he had ceased to speak, she said, blushing, but with great sweetness: "If by so little a thing so much good can be effected, it would be foolish in me to refuse your request"—and she kissed the young man publicly in the open square.

Next day, the young student was sent for by the Governor. He wanted to see the man who had dared to ask a kiss of his daughter in that way, and whom she had consented to kiss. He received him with a severe and scrutinizing brow, but, after an hour's conversation, was so pleased with him that he offered him to dine at his table during his studies in Upsala.

Our young friend now pursued his studies in a manner which soon made him regarded as the most promising scholar at the University. Three years were not passed after the day of the first kiss, when the young man was allowed to give a second one to the lovely daughter of the Governor, as to his intended bride.

He became later, one of the greatest scholars in Sweden, as much respected for his learning as for his character His works will endure for ever among the works of science, and from his happy union sprung a family well known in Sweden in the present day, and whose wealth of fortune and high position in society are regarded as small things, compared with its wealth of goodness and love.

THE BLIND MAN AND THE BLIND GOD.

All ages, all people, have believed in Special Providence. The heathen believed in favoritism exercised by the gods, in their protecting and favoring certain individuals, to the exclusion of others. It is the privilege of the Christian to believe in the special providence of a paternal God manifested to every child of man; and which, sooner or later, during his wandering through the many mansions of existence, will clearly be disclosed to him. "God enters by a private door to every individual!" says one of America's genial writers. So in his heart, so in his house, or outward world. And though that divine visitation does, for many persons, not take place during their stay on earth, there are several instances in which it is so clearly seen, even here, that we cannot help exclaiming, "It is the Lord!"—Such an instance we would give, in the following story of two yet living individuals.—And that the blind god is here made the messenger of the seeing one will not impair his reputation.

The young Charles A. followed as physician, with the Swedish army, when that in the year 1814, with threatening movement entered the valleys of Norway, then resisting the annexation to Sweden resolved upon by the European monarchs at the Congress at Vienna. A dangerous disease of the eyes broke out in the camp. The young and talented physician exerted himself in its cure with as much assiduity as good luck. All the patients recovered, but he himself finally caught the disease, and to him alone it proved fatal. No help would help him.—His eyeballs burst, and his sight was lost without remedy. He was about twenty-five years of age when he thus was bereft of the light of the day. He was a young man of the highest promise, handsome in person, ardent, aspiring, and gifted with rare faculties for his profession. He was ambitious: and visions of future fame and greatness had, as brilliant stars, beckoned him onward. To be, from these sunny heights, cast down and shut up in the abyss of utter darkness, was a dreadful shock to such a mind. It was to be buried alive. So he felt it. Life was to him a blank, and worse than a blank. His active soul preyed upon itself. And though he grappled sternly with his destiny, bearing without complaint what he must bear, black melancholy seized upon his mind, and made him savage and solitary. He shut himself up from the company of his fellow-creatures, and seemed to waste away.

"It must not be so!" said to him, one day, a kind and earnest friend; "it must become otherwise with you! Come, let us go together into the country, among forests, and birds, and people there, and see if they will not give us a better feeling of life than this close and smoky city. Come, I am going to see my relation in Wirmland, and that is about a hundred miles from here; come with me, be my companion; we will make friends with nature and men, and forget all our sorrows."

The good friend carried his point, and went off with Charles on his journey. On the second day after their departure, they stopped at a little country town to change their horses. "Wait for me here, a moment," said Charles's friend to him, after having led him up into a room at the tavern. "I must call on an acquaintance of mine here, but I will be back within half an hour, and we will proceed on our journey." He went away, and Charles waited half an hour, and then another, and yet another half hour, and still the friend did not come back. Impatient and anxious, the blind young man began to walk about the house, feeling his way with his stick. He found his way out in the vestry, and, hearing light footsteps on the staircase, he called out, asking who was there.

"Who is that calls?" answered a young female voice.

The blind man named himself, his condition, his friend, and his anxiety about him.

"Charles A.!" repeated the voice: "oh, then, you are my cousin, and I have heard of you, and I dare say, you of me and my family, though we have never seen one another. My name is Maria W. My father and myself are on our way home to our country place, in the vicinity of this town, after a journey of some weeks. Permit me to lead you to my father's room, while we will make inquiries for your friend."

Charles's hand was clasped by that of Maria, and he was led by her to her father. Inquiries were made for the friend, which brought back the melancholy tidings that he had in the street, been seized by an attack of apoplexy, taken into an apothecary's shop, and expired an hour afterwards, without recovering his senses.

A PICTURE.

Strolling through the Shockoe Hill Burying Ground, a few evenings since, we unexpectedly became an eye witness to a scene which even angels might look down upon with an approving eye. Within the railing of a neatly though plainly enclosed section, near the Southern boundary of the Burying Ground, we discovered three sweet little girls—the eldest had probably seen ten, and the youngest not over six summers. The trio of little innocents had noiselessly gathered around a little green mound which appeared to be the newly-made grave of an infant. The eldest sister—for sisters we judged them to be—occupied an attitude of deep devotion—kneeling softly and gently by the side of the little green mound, which hid from view the loved form of a little sister or brother, who, "in the morn and liquid dew of youth," had been translated to a happier sphere. On either side, speechless and motionless, stood her little sisters, whose eyes like her own, were raining down with the meltings of their pure and innocent hearts.

Not an audible whisper escaped the lips of the little mourners. The orison of the kneeling child was in secret, but her whole manner bespoke the eloquent nature of the prayer she offered up to the throne of Heaven, for the little lost one. That prayer, we doubt not, has been registered in Heaven; and if in after life, its author should waver in the path of rectitude, it will plead trumpet-tongued in her behalf. Fearing our presence might disturb the sacred devotions of the sweet little trio, we paused, and quietly took a position which would enable us to watch, unobserved, the actions of the devout little mourners. The eldest sister held in her right hand a bunch of flowers—the earliest which a genial Spring had called forth—consisting of violets and hyacinths These she would press to her lips, and then scatter over the grave of the little child.—Anon she would gather them up, press them to her lips, and again strew them over the grave. The sun was rapidly descending the Western horizon—his last rays were gilding the tops of the obelisks which mark the repose of the opulent or the gifted, and the shades of evening were fast gathering around the holy scene. Softly and reverentially the little sister arose from her kneeling posture, and as she arose, we caught a glimpse of her sad, sweet face; it was illumined by an angelic radiance, which for a moment induced us to believe her more than mortal. Gently taking her sisters by the hand, the little trio of innocents softly left the enclosure, the elder sister closing the gate with a degree of caution which seemed to indicate her great anxiety not to disturb the slumbers of the little child reposing in the enclosure. After casting one long, lingering look at the little green mound, the sisters departed, and with hurried, eager steps of childhood, soon reached the street. After they had left we drew near the spot rendered sacred by the outpourings of their pure hearts. One little mound only broke the even surface of the section—the violets and the hyacinths were there, and we imagined they distilled a more delicious perfume on the "desert air" than rarest exotics cultivated by the horticulturist. No stone told the name, age or sex of the sleeping child, but its resting place has been indelibly stamped upon our memory.

Richmond Times.

A DEFINITION.—"I say, you Pete, will you hab de graciousness as to jes open your understandin' box, and gib me de definition ob de big word *belleletters!*" "Sartin, Cato—I wont nuffin else. De fac am, you unlettered colored man, dere be one. two, free 'terpritashums to dat double and twistificated word. De fust signumfies de 'scriptions on de eight bells at de Norf-eend church. Den dare am de letters dat we fashionable gentl'm send to our ladies. Finally, de libry stable folks, wen dey lets out de sleigh bells, am called bell-letters! Am dare any ting else dat I can do to enlighten your dark, thick, an' obtuse cocoanut, dis mornin', Cato?"

Boston Post.

THE NEW FUGITIVE SLAVE CASE AT BOSTON

The Boston papers furnish the particulars of the arrest in that city, on Thursday night last, of the fugitive slave *Thomas Sims*, which was briefly mentioned in a Telegraphic despatch published in our paper of Saturday.

It appears that the arrest was effected with little difficulty. The slave himself made some resistance, during which one of the officers received a slight wound in the thigh, from some sharp instrument, but the wound, so far from being a severe one, is such that the officer was not aware until an hour afterwards that he had received any injury whatever. The prisoner was forthwith conveyed in a carriage to the courthouse where he was retained throughout the night under the immediate charge of U. S. Marshal DEVENS and his assistants.

Every thing connected with the arrest was conducted with much promptness, and without creating any undue excitement.—In order to be prepared for any emergency that might arise, a strong posse of officers were close at hand, ready for action at a moment's warning, but their services were not directly required excepting in a single instance.

Samuel E. Sewall, Esq., the well known abolitionist, hearing that a fugitive had been arrested, and was then (about 11 o'clock) in the court-house, repaired thither, and meeting Deputy Marshal Riley on the steps, demanded admission to the building, saying that he was counsel for the fugitive. Mr. Riley refused him admission, whereupon he became greatly excited, and, using violent language, was conducted to the watch-house. Here he appeared quite frantic, averring that the fugitive was to be tried, and that he (Sewall) was his counsel. The officer of the night cooly replied that he rather thought the fugitive would not be tried at that hour of the night, and that he (Sewall) would have plenty of time in the morning to defend his client, whom he did not then know, and probably had never seen The gentleman eventually became more calm, and after a short detention was released, with a caution to leave Court Square and repair immediately to his house.

Early on Friday morning chains were placed at the outer edge of the sidewalk around the court-house, and a strong posse of police and watchmen were in attendance to keep the walk clear, and prevent persons having no business in the building from entering, as well as to preserve the public peace. Some unusual excitement prevailed about the building, but only a few colored people were seen among those whose curiosity induced them to stop in the Square and gaze upon the officers on duty, and listen to the general gossip.

Between 9 and 10 o'clock, George T. Curtis, Esq., United States Commissioner, appeared in the United States Court Room, when Seth J Thomas, Esq, who appeared as counsel for the claimant, stated that John B. Bacon was present as the agent of James Potter, of Chatham county, (Ga.) and sought the restoration of *Thomas Sims*, as a fugitive from the service of Mr. Potter. He then read the warrant upon which the prisoner was arrested.

C. J. Loring, Rantoul, Jr., and Samuel E. Sewall, Esqs, appeared as counsel for the prisoner.

Mr. Sewall asked for delay, and alleged as a reason therefor that he expected to prove that the psisoner was free by the laws of Georgia, as well as under the laws of Massachusetts.

Mr. Rantoul then announced that he designed to argue the constitutionality of this law, as to the right of a Commissioner to sit upon the case, trial by jury, &c., and asked a postponement until Thursday. The Court would only grant till Monday, (this day.) at 11 o'clock, when the argument will be heard.

The city remained quiet; a large crowd was gathered about the court-house, but no violence was manifested.

[From the Republic.]

Conflicting statements having appeared in various journals at the North. in relation to an act of Fletcher Webster, Esq, (son of Hon. Daniel Webster.) during the night of the arrest of the fugitive Sims at Boston, we take pleasure in laying before our readers the following explicit account of that matter. derived from a highly respectable gentleman residing in the City where the disturbance has taken place:

BOSTON April 4, 1851.

To the Editor of the Republic:

SIR: The last evening an arrest of a fugitive slave was made by the U S. marshal in this city. The laws will be sustained.

At about the time the arrest was made, Fletcher Webster, Esq., surveyor of this port, was in company with George Ashmun. M. C., the marshal. postmaster, and one or two other gentlemen. at the Tremont house. Apprehensions of rescue being entertained, the marshal started for the court house. At the same moment the bells rung an alarm for fire, when the marshal remarked that the alarm was given for a rescue, when all the gentlemen above named left for the same place.

Passing by the church in Tremont street. Mr. Webster, supposing the impression might be true that the bells were ringing to collect a mob for the purpose of a rescue, went in and requested the bellman not to ring the bell. when he was attacked by two persons. who raised the police by whom Mr. Webster was hurried off to the jail, there kept in close confinement until this morning; his friends in the mean time offering in vain any security for his appearance to answer the charge, whatever it might be, which should be made this morning at the opening of the court.

A more gross and brutal outrage than that inflicted upon Mr Webster was never made in a civilized community, and merits, as it universally receives, the condemnation almost of our entire city.

All who know Mr. W. will bear willing testimony to his high, manly, and excellent qualities, and that he is one of the last persons to engage in a brawl, or to insult any person.

That he has been most grossly abused for no fault of his is *strictly true*, and that it will call down on the heads of his assailants the extreme penalties of the law, is the wish of every good citizen.

UNFORTUNATE OCCURRENCE.

We understand that a difficulty took place between Lewis P. Breedlove and Jacob Segrest on Saturday evening last, which resulted in Mrs. Breedlove's being severely shot. The parties, we understand, had been quarreling at Chehaw, but finally quit and went home. Segrest, however, got his rifle, and went over to the house of Breedlove for the purpose of shooting him. Mrs. Breedlove saw him coming, and got between him and her husband, and received the load of the rifle in the fleshy part of the fore-arm. which it dreadfully lacerated The ball then struck the arm above the elbow, and running up. buried itself somewhere between the shoulder and the neck.

Mrs. Breedlove is the sister of Segrest, and the parties have for sometime been at law about the property of Segrest's father, who died sometime last year.—*Macon (Ala.) Republican.*

The Louisville *Journal* twits us about hemp; we do not profess to understand the subject.

Penna. Democrat.

—Never mind—you'll get the *hang* of it one of these days.—*Louisville Journal.*

RALEIGH AND GASTON RAIL ROAD.

The Editor of the Raleigh Register, in commenting on an article in relation to the probable downfall of the Raleigh and Gaston Road, which recently appeared in this paper, says:

"It seems quite strange, by the way, that, while Petersburg is thus deterred from contributing her quota to this important work, through jealousy of Norfolk, the latter place does not seem to be at all anxious to avail herself of the *superior* advantages which, it is alleged, will enure to her behalf. That Norfolk will be a great gainer by the rebuilding of the Road, and its connection with the Seaboard Road, there can be no question. The wonder, then, is, that with such a field of competition for a vast and varied trade open before them, both of our Virginia sister towns do not enter upon it with alacrity and energy.

"And what shall we say of the Counties along the route?—what of Raleigh? Are we all asleep?"

Well may the Register ask if we are *all* asleep! It would seem that we *are* all asleep—that we had been narcotized by some fatal drug into an utter insensibility to our most vital interests. The Register is perfectly right in asserting that the Raleigh and Gaston Road, placed in good order and put in connection with the Central Road of North Carolina, would furnish trade enough for both Petersburg and Norfolk. What is the operation now going on here. Two merchants from Chatham county, N. C., were in this city last week. They went into one of our large houses and told the merchant that they would be compelled to go to the North for their goods and send them around by way of Wilmington and Fayetteville, as it was imposible to get them by the Raleigh and Gaston Road. Now, what is the difference of freight which the merchant here had to pay? He paid from here to Wilmington $1 15 cents per 100 lbs. From Wilmington to Fayetteville we do not know precisely what the freight would be, but we know that we are within the mark when we put it down at 50 cents the 100 lbs. The Petersburg wholesale merchants had to pay $1 65 cents per 100 lbs. to place the goods in Fayetteville. But from this must be deducted the freight which would have been charged, had the goods been taken from this place to Raleigh by Rail Road, to wit; 60 cents per 100 lbs. Thus we see that the merchant here has to pay $1 05 cents per 100 lbs. on goods sold to North Carolina, or lose the trade. But if our merchants can stand this, how long will such an unnatural and tortuous course of trade exist? Just until that period—and it will be no distant one—when Wilmington, taking advantage of our fatuity, makes herself a market for the sale of goods by wholesale to the interior of North Carolina. If the Raleigh and Gaston Road is not resuscitated, capital will go to Wilmington, and that town will stand to the interior of North Carolina in the position so long occupied by Petersburg. It will become the great market town for North Carolina and Petersbug must look elsewhere for grist for her mill.

When we think of what Petersburg might be, and witness the infatuation which threatens to cut her off from the bright career which is before her, we lack words to express our feelings. With the Central Road of North Carolina constructed, the Raleigh and Gaston rebuilt, and the South Side Road made to Lynchburg and placed in connection with the great Western line of Road, what would be the position of Petersburg? Why, she would stand at the *fork* of two immense avenues of trade and travel, and would soon grow to an importance which her most sanguine friend does not now dream of. Will she forfeit this position—a position which none can dispute with her? We cannot believe it; we will not believe that intelligence, enterprize and common sense have taken leave of us.

Petersburg Intel.

THE RALEIGH AND GASTON RAIL ROAD.

We regret to see that the plan of renewing this Road, under the act of the late Legislature, makes but little headway The subscription in Raleigh, when we last heard of it reached only about $45,000, and in Virginia, so far as we see, the subscription has not yet been commenced. The Petersburg Intelligencer is, however, urging the work upon its readers with zeal and ability, and we can scarcely believe that the people of that town will be so blind to their own interests as to fail of doing their full proportion. It is stated, that unless a movement promising success is made within a month, the present irregular operations on the road will be totally discontinued. This would be too disastrous a result to be tolerated.

It may be that the failure of this road would in some slight measure advantage this town, and this section of the State, by diverting some of the carrying trade in this direction. Whether this would be materially the case, we cannot say.—But even if a larger benefit were likely to accrue than we anticipate, we cannot be so selfish as to desire the utter loss of a public work like that, which, costing a million and a half, has only returned any profit to its projectors in the convenience of travel and transportation, and the reduction of cost of both. Not only would individuals suffer the total loss of a million, but the State too would sink half that amount. And still more would the reputation of the State suffer. It would afford the only instance, we imagine, in all the land, of a rail road built and then abandoned. And North Carolina would add that to other subjects of reproach as "progressing backwards." With these views, we sincerely hope that the $400,000 will be made up, and the Road be put in travelling and paying condition.—*Fay. Obs.*

A NEW CHARLESTON VESSEL.—The barque Edisto, has been launched at Medford, to run in the Commercial Line of packets between this port and Boston. She is the third packet that has been built for this line within eight months, all hailing from Charleston. The Edisto is about 360 tons burthen.—*Charleston Courier.*

These are certainly strange facts, when taken into consideration with the pretext alleged by South Carolina in justification of her disunion projects. If the interference of the abolitionists with the rights of the slaveholders of the South were the real cause of the desire of South Carolina to get out of the Union, how are we to account for this increase of trade between Boston and South Carolina? Boston, the only place where the Fugitive Slave law has been openly resisted and nullified? And Lynn, of whose shoes Charleston takes 1508 cases in one single packet, in reward, we suppose, for the solemn resolution of the Mayor and people of that town to assist by all means in their power in stealing the property of Southern men? If South Carolina desired to punish these robberies, and to vindicate her own rights and honor, what better mode could she possibly adopt than to cease to buy from Boston and Lynn? to touch their pockets? Instead of that, there seems to be a fraternity of feeling between them, as if they were knowingly engaged in the same cause—that of a dissolution of the Union—and desired to "give aid and comfort" to each other in its prosecution. For our own part, we wish that South Carolina and Massachusetts were located side by side, that they might either fight it out between themselves, or arm in arm, go out of the Union together!

Fayetteville Observer.

☞ A dinner is to be given to the Hon. Hamilton Fish, at the Astor House, New York. "Ion," the Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*, says that he will take an opportunity at a very early day, at a public dinner, to declare himself in favor of the compromise measures, one and all.

CONGRESS.

The two Candidates are now in the field, unless Dr. Shaw should decline the nomination of the Gatesville Convention. In the Hon. David Outlaw the Whigs have a Candidate of whom they may justly be proud. His private character is unblemished, his political honesty unquestioned, and his talents unquestionable. He has for four sessions served his constitutents faithfully in Congress, gaining *there* a high reputation for *ability, judgment*, and *strict* attention to the duties of his position.

In Dr. Henry M. Shaw, the Democrats have a Candidate, of very moderate pretensions to ability, untried in political warfare, and whose only merit, as far as we are aprised, is the fact of his having been the *first* Democrat whom the Whigs *could* defeat in the Senatorial District composed of the Counties of Camden and Currituck.

In the coming contest, *then*, the Whig party, having every confidence in their Candidate, will go into the campaign with every prestige of success—this *confidence* may be, if not guarded against, the means of defeat. The Democratic party is wily and cunning, and not to be despised with any Candidate. It therefore behooves every good Whig, as in days of yore, to use all honorable means for the success of his cause—all personal feeling against Col. Outlaw, if there is a Whig in the District who entertains such, should be laid aside. Every one who claims to belong to that party should strive, and strive manfully, for the success of the Candidate before him. And further, there is a principle to be affirmed in the election of Col. Outlaw, which should cause those Democrats who were, and are friendly to the late adjustment, to rise above their old party associations and vote for the Candidate of the Whig party. By his triunphant election they will announce their determination to abide by the Compromise. On this point, we are free to confess, that we are not informed of the opinions of Dr. Shaw and lest we should do him injustice, we shall not associate him with those of his party, who not only opposed the adjustment while before Congress, but who have used all means *since* in their speeches, and by their presses to denounce it as a base surrender of the rights of the South, and to hold up those members from the South, who supported it, as deserters of the rights and interests of their immediate constitutency. These may have forgotten their old party associates; (for the time being only, for we have not the slightest doubt, if Gen. Cass should become the Candidate of their party, they would be the very first to applaud him for his votes on these very measures, and hold him up to the admiration of the people as another "Northern man with Southern principles;") they have forsaken the lead of Cass, Ritchie, and others, whom in times past it delighted them to honor.—This they have done to make, if possible, capital, and in the event of Col. Outlaw's defeat, they would declare that defeat caused by his support of the late compromise measures. But we know there are many men in the ranks of the Democracy who have been, and still are, in favor of the Union *as it is*—who do not consider the South sold to the North; who are not only willing to abide by the adjustment, but who rejoice that it has been made, restoring gradually as it has, and will continue to restore, peace and fraternal feelings to the country. To such men we would appeal to cast aside those party ties which have heretofore bound them to the Democracy, and to boldly cast their votes for Col. Outlaw, recollecting that the present issue is one far above all party.

Old North State.

FALL OF COTTON.

The New York Dry Goods Reporter, just received, furnishes a comparative view of the prices of cotton during the last two years, by which it appears that, from the first of November last to the first of this month, the change adverse to the planter has been as follows:

	Nov. 1.	*March 1.*	*Difference.*
Middling Uplands	14 1-2	10 3 4	2 1-2
Fair "	13 7-8	12 1 2	2 3-8
Middling to fair, N. O.	15 1 2	12 1-5	3 1-4
Average,	14 1-2	11 13 16	3 1-15

The average difference per bale is equal to about $14, which, upon a crop of 2,400,000 bales, would give a loss to the planting interest of *thirty-three million six hundred thousand dollars.*

The cause of this enormous loss to our southern friends may, as it appears to us, be readily explained. The quantity already arrived in market this year is greater, as we see by the same journal, than last year, by 136 bales, while the domestic consumption of the year is estimated at 150,000 bales less, although last year had fallen considerably below the previous one. Adding these two quantities together, we have 289,000 additional bales for which a market must be sought in Europe; and if to this we add the diminution of the previous year, we shall have a total of little short of 350,000 bales additional, and hence the fall in price.

Now, had the tariff of 1842 been permitted to remain in existence, and had the coal, the iron, and the woolen interests, been allowed to grow, as they were growing in 1846, there would by this time have been a market at home for the whole of these 340,000 bales that now weigh down the price abroad; and instead of a fall of three cents, the planters would probably have seen a rise of three, making a difference to them of seventy millions of dollars upon the present year's crop alone. We beg our planting friends to examine the facts for themselves. and determine if this is not the price they pay this year for the free-trade tariff of 1846. How much they will pay next year, if they have a good crop, and if the domestic consumption continues to diminish, as is likely to be the case, we leave them to guess; and make what estimate they may, we think it will be short of the truth to the extent of the value of all the foreign cotton we import.

Wash. Republic.

HENRY CLAY AT THE BOOKSELLERS TRADE SALE.—The New York Tribune relates the following incident at the great book trade sale in that city, which has been progressing for more than a week:

Late on Monday evening some copies of Mr. Clay's speeches found their way to the auctioneer's desk—an edition which, having been published some time in the first quarter of the present century, lacked a great many of Mr. Clay's greatest speeches, the book having been made before the speeches were. For a few moments nobody spoke. They were copies of which no one present seemed to have any intention to possess himself—booksellers not liking old editions—the auctioneer's bland countenance began to assume for the first time a shade of vexation. 'Bid, gentlemen,' said he, 'time presses'—'give me a bid'—'anything you please'—'*anything*;' but nobody said anything, nor bid anything. 'We need,' said Murphy, of Baltimore, 'better editions of Mr. Clay than that for the libraries of Maryland,' and then there was another silence in the trade sale for the space of half a minute. 'But, gentlemen,' urged the auctioneer, growing slightly frantic, and plying his hammer with desperate energy, 'the sale must go on'—'give me something'—'anything whatever'—'*What* will you give me for Mr. Clay?' 'Give for him,' said. Taylor, of Washington, 'I will give three cheers for him at any time.' 'And I,' said half a dozen others. 'Agreed,' said a dozen and a half. 'Try it,' said a hundred and a half, and so three hearty cheers for Clay of Kentucky resounded through the room, and the trade sale went on swimmingly.

REPRIEVED BY TELEGRAPH.

On the 14th inst., a large concourse of people had congregated at Jefferson City, Mo., from far distant places—men, women and children—to witness the novel spectacle of the execution of an Indian. The counsel of the prisoner telegraphed on the 13th to Mr. Shaffner, to procure a respite, which was immediately petitioned for, and the result was as follows:

WASHINGTON CITY, March 14,
9½ A. M.—ST. LOUIS.

The Marshall of the District of Missouri is hereby directed to postpone the execution of the Indian See See Sah Ma, until Friday, the 18th of April.

MILLARD FILLMORE,
President of the U. S.

The message was received in St. Louis at 10 minutes before 10, and the Marshal was speedily presented with the dispatch, and issued the following order—

MR. W. D. KERR, Dep. Marshal, Jefferson City:

You are hereby directed to postpone the execution of the Indian prisoner, See-See-Sah-Ma, 'till Friday, the 18th day of April.

JOHN W. TWITCHELL,
U. S. Marshal, Mo. District.

The order from the President and the one to the Deputy Marshal were sent from St. Louis to Jefferson City, ten minutes after ten, and delivered to the Deputy Marshal forthwith. The Indian was not executed, notwithstanding all the preparations were made, and thousands of persons congregated to witness the scene. Many of the citizens of Jefferson City do not think the Indian guilty, while a large portion of the community opposed the execution, on the ground that he ought not to be dealt with like a white man who is taught from infancy to fear the consequences of the commission of crime.

THE BABY'S GRAVE.

One Sunday at the font, sweet babe, the next we laid thee here;
We wore no mournful black for thee, we shed no bitter tear;
The white waves dancing gladly, and the birds with songs so gay,
They wished to make us understand it was a festive day.

The gentle shepherd bent his gaze upon his wandering sheep;
Within his arms he took that lamb; "Nay, mother, do not weep;
Around the earthly fold are wolves, but he is safe with me.
Shall he not come?" She smiled and said, "With thee, good Lord, with thee." H. E.

I'LL LO'E THEE ANNIE.

I'll lo'e thee Annie, while the dew,
In siller bells hings on the tree:
Or while the burnie's waves o' blue,
Rin wimplin' to the rowin' sea.
I'll lo'e thee while the gowan mild,
Its crimson fridge spreads on the lea;
While blooms the heather in the wild—
Oh! Annie, I'll be true to thee.

I'll lo'e thee while the lintie sings,
His sang o' love on whinny brae;
I'll lo'e thee while the crystal springs,
Gunt in the gowdan gleams o' day;
I'll lo'e thee while there's licht aboon,
And stars to stud the breast o' sky;
I'll lo'e thee till life's day is done,
And bless thee wi' my latest sigh.

•TO DAY, BY EXPRESS

15 DOZEN Ladies' Colored Kid Gloves.
Canton Crape Shawls, White, Cherry and Buff.
Scolloped, Embroidered Linen Cambric Handkerchiefs
Rich Bonnet Ribbons.
Chemisettes,
Mode Colored Challys
Embroidered Leaf Swiss Muslins.
Embroidering Silk Braids, &c.
R. TUCKER & SON

Umbrellas and Parasols

WE would invite the Ladies to call and examine our extensive stock of Green, Blue and Black, Bordered and Lined Chameleon Silk and Satin Turse Parasols.
Also, French Frame self adjusting Parasols
A great variety of Umbrellas, consisting in part of Green, Blue and Black Silk, Super Scotch Ginghams, &c, just open by
R. TUCKER & SON.
April 4th. 1851. 28

'Kendall's Great Work.'

THE war between the United States and Mexico. illustrated; embracing Pictorial drawings of all the principal conflicts. with a description of each battle; by George Wilkins Kendall, author of the "Texan Sante Fe Expedition," &c. Price $50.
For sale at the N. C. Bookstore by
H. D. TURNER.
Raleigh, April 4. 28

FOR THE BENEFIT OF ALL CONCERNED.

BE it understood, that E. L. HARDING & CO, will receive as usual, every week, New Goods from their houses in Petersburg and Richmond. until the 1st of July.
This we consider great advantage, for the reason that they will be constantly making additions to their stock, which will always make it attractive.
April 7th 1851. 29

Fine Black Doe Skin Cass. Pants.

107 PAIRS, just opened of Superior Cassimere. entirely new Style and Cut. The best fitting Pants out; so every body says.
E. L. HARDING & CO.
April 7th, 1851. 29

BUSINESS COATS.

125 CHEAP TWEED COATS, at a very low price.
E. L. HARDING & CO
Raleigh, October 12th, 1850. 82

LADIES KID AND MOROCCO Walking Shoes, and Goat Skin Bootees, just received from the Manufactory, by
JESSE BROWN.
No. 9, Fayetteville Street,
Raleigh March 25th, 1851. 27

WORKS BY THE REV. C B TAYLOR

RECORDS of a good Man's Life,
Margaret, or the Pearl.
Scenes in a Clergyman's life,
Earnestness.
H. D. TURNER.
Nov. 12th, 1850. 9

LINSEED OIL.

9 Bbls. this day received and for sale at the Drug Store of
WILLIAMS, HAYWOOD &CO.
April 1st, 1851. 27

PEEBLES, WHITE & DAVIS,
Grocers and Commission Merchants
Old Street, Petersburg, Va.,

KEEP always on hand a large and well assorted supply of Groceries, and pay particular attention to the sale of Cotton, Tobacco, Wheat, Flour, and all other kinds of produce.
LEMUEL PEEBLES,
THOMAS WHITE,
PETER R. DAVIS, Jr
Petersburg July 20 58 1v.

The Medical Society
Of the State of North Catolina.

THE Second Annual Meeting will be held in the City of Raleigh, on the third Wednesday of May next, it being the 21st of the month, at which time the Annual Address will be delivered by Dr. Charles E. Johnson, of Raleigh. It is desirable that as many Counties as can make it convenient to be represented may do so, as business of importance to the Profession will be brought forward for consideration. Delegates from the County Societies, Associates, and Physicians generally are notified to attend.
WILLIAM H. McKEE M. D.
Secretary.
Raleigh, March 26, 1850. 27

RED CLOVER SEED.

A SUPPLY of Fresh Clover Seed, just received and for sale by P. F. PESCUD.
March 27th, 1851.

Proposals for Mail Bags.

Post Office Department,
DECEMBER 24, 18[illegible]

SEALED PROPOSALS will be received at this Department until 9 o'clock a. m. of the 21st of April next, for furnishing for four years, from the first day of July next, in such quantities and at such times as may be required and ordered for the service, Mail Bags of the following description, to-wit:

CANVASS MAIL BAGS.

Size No 1 (43 inches in length and 62 inches in circumference) to be made of cotton canvass, weighing 15 ounces to the yard of 22 inches width, and yarn of the fabric to be doubled and twisted and 4 fold.

Size No. 2 (41 inches in length and 48 in. in circumference) to be made of cotton canvass, weighing 15 ounces to the yard of 27 inches in width, and cloth to be woven in every respect like that of the first size of bags.

Size No. 3 (32 inches in length and 36 inches in circumference) to be made of cotton canvass, weighing 10 ounces to the yard, and the cloth to be woven as above described.

The canvass bags of sizes Nos. 1 and 2 are to be made with a sufficient number of eyelet holes, and provided with strong cord to secure their mouths. All are to be marked inside and outside thus: "U. S. MAIL."

LEATHER AND CANVASS POUCHES

Or mail bags with circular bottoms, opened and closed at one end:

Size No. 1, 48 inches in length and 60 in. in circumference			
Size No. 2, 41, do	do	48 do	do
Size No. 3, 36, do	do	42 do	do
Size No. 4, 30, do	do	36 do	do
Size No. 5, 26, do	do	28 do	do

The body of the leather pouches is to be made of good and substantial bag leather, well tanned, weighing for Nos. 1 and 2, not less than 8 ounces, and the smaller sizes not less than 7 ounces to the square foot; the bottom and flap to be of good sole leather, well tanned, and the seams to be well and strongly secured with the best iron rivets well tinned. The canvass pouches are to be made of double woven canvass, so as to resist water, like the canvass pouches now in use for the mail service.

HORSE MAIL BAGS, (IN SADDLE-BAGS FORM.)

Size No. 1. Body 46 inches long and 44 inches in circumference at widest parts.

Size No. 2. Body 44 inches long and 36 inches in circumference at widest parts.

Size No. 3. Body 42 inches long and 32 inches in circumference at widest parts.

Ends or bottoms of size No. 1, 12 by 24 inches
Do do do No. 2, 11 by 22 do
Do do do No. 3, 10 by 20 do

The leather horse mail bags are to be made of good and substantial bag leather, well tanned, weighing not less than seven ounces to the square foot, and the seams to be well and strongly sewed, and riveted, to be so done as neither to chafe the horse nor rider

The canvass horse mail bags are to be made of the same quality of fabric as the pouches above described.

DROP LETTER POUCHES (WITH SHOULDER STRAP.)

Size 26 inches in length and 28 inches in circumference.

Proposals for improvements in the construction of any of the above described mail bags, or in the materials thereof, will be received; and the relative value and adaptation to the service as well as price of such improvement, will be considered in determining the lowest and best bidder.

☞ All the articles contracted are to be delivered at the contractors expense, at Boston, Massachusetts, New York and Buffalo, New York; Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; Baltimore, Washington, D. C.; Charleston S. C.; Macon, Ga.; Huntsville, Ala; New Orleans, La.; Nashville, Tenn.; Louisville, Ky; Cincinnati, Ohio; St. Louis, Mo. in such proportions and at such times as the department may require; where they are to be rigidly inspected and none are to be received which shall be inferior in any respect to the specimens or standard bags.

No proposal will be considered if not accompanied with samples of each article bid for, showing the construction, quality of materials, and workmanship proposed, and also with evidence of the competency and ability of the bidder to execute the work according to contract.

The specimens must be delivered at the Department on or before the 21st day of April next, and will, in connexion with the proposals, form the basis of the contracts.

The bidder or bidders chosen will be required to give bond, with sufficient sureties, (to be so certified to by the Postmaster of the place where he or they may reside,) in a sum of money double the amount of contract, for a faithful performance of the obligations entered into.

It having been suggested by Postmasters of experience and others that the common canvass bags, as above described, (of sizes Nos. 1 and 2,) should be made so as to be locked, proposals and specimens are invited for canvass bags constructed accordingly, with an addition also of a handle at the mouth and a strap at bottom of each bag.

For the information of bidders in reference to the number of mail bags which will probably be required