

TERMS.

Subscription, three dollars per annum—in advance.
Persons residing without the State will be required to pay the full amount of the year's subscription in advance.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

For every square (not exceeding 10 lines) six times type first insertion, one dollar; each subsequent insertion, twenty-five cents.
The advertisement of Clerks and Sheriffs will be charged 25 per cent. higher, and a deduction of 50 per cent. will be made from the regular prices for advertisers by the year.

Letters to the Editors must be post-paid.

NEW JEWELLERY STORE



JOHN C. PALMER has commenced the above business in the new building, lately erected by Mr. Richard Smith on Fayetteville Street, a few doors above his Store, where he intends to carry it on, in all its branches. He keeps constantly on hand (of the very best quality) a new and fashionable assortment of Jewellery and Watches and Clocks, consisting of Gold and Silver Lovers' and Friends' Watches, Chains, Keys and Seals, Ear Rings, Breast Pins, a fine assortment of Knives and Razors and all other articles not necessary to mention, all of which he engages to sell as cheap for cash as they can be sold in this part of the country.

PROSPECTUS OF THE OXFORD MERCURY.

The undersigned intends to publish in the town of Oxford, Granville Co., N. C., a weekly newspaper of the above title. In soliciting the patronage of the public, he deems it his duty to state, as well his motives for commencing such a publication, as also the manner in which it will be conducted. He regards the public to rely on what he says, and to be assured that they may certainly expect all that is promised. In the counties of Granville, Person, Caswell, Rockingham, Franklin and Nash, all of which are in the same vicinity, there is not a single press in operation; and the citizens of these counties, most of them reading men, are compelled to subscribe to foreign papers, which contain none of the home news, most interesting to the subscribers, and to have their advertising and job work executed at such a distance, to be inconvenient in the extreme. The undersigned has therefore thought that a paper published in Oxford, which is nearly the centre of this vicinity, would afford great facilities and advantages to this community, aside from its merit of a political, miscellaneous, and literary character. In addition to this, the northern mail arrives here as soon, or sooner, than it does in Raleigh, and the paper could thus spread through the country the latest news from Washington, and from the north quicker than it could possibly be obtained from any other periodical, or publication in the State—so that if it were to be nothing but a mere transcript of the latest intelligence, it would be almost as valuable to this community as the Washington Intelligence or Globe, and would be besides much cheaper.

But the undersigned intends that it shall be inferior to none in the State, either in point of mechanical execution or editorial ability. He has made arrangements for equipping with all the most valuable publications in the United States, he has type of superior quality, and printers of great skill and ability. The editorial department will be under the exclusive control of C. H. WILEY Esq., a young gentleman whose name, to all who know him, will be a sufficient recommendation. His pen is already favorably known, and it is an opportunity, which he will not neglect, to be in the columns of the Mercury. If the editor knows of those who believe in party is always right, and who is not disposed to work on any, who differ with him in his opinion, as blinded, corrupt, &c. If all parties were as degraded as they represent each other to be, they would be fallen indeed, and all our boasted free institutions, may all the restraints of law, national, civil, and divine, would soon be prostrated in the whirlwind of contending passions, like rootless stubbles before the sweeping blast. While, therefore, the editor will always be found true to what he considers the orthodox whig doctrine, he will look with an eye of respect on those who deem the wanderers from the true path—and though he may conceive them to be in error, he will always regard the great majority of them, as honest in their belief. He will also, offer them the columns of the Mercury for the exposition and defence of their views, convinced, that truth is only to be arrived at after a fair and impartial hearing of the merits of both sides of every controverted question.

With this exposition of his views and designs, the undersigned now submits his Prospectus to a generous public, and respectfully solicits their patronage. The community whom he particularly desires to be benefited by this paper, and for whose support he confidently hopes, are evidently as intelligent, liberal and patriotic, as any in this or any other State. He firmly believes that they only want an opportunity to afford a triumphant refutation of the illiberal aspersions which some would cast upon them, by coming forward, and manfully sustaining all laudable enterprise, cherishing and rewarding merit among themselves. He is convinced that the fact of there being no paper published among them, does not prove either their inability, or unwillingness to support one; and is only an evidence that no one has yet given them a fair trial. This the undersigned hopes to do, and he ardently trusts that his estimate of the patriotic zeal and public spirit of this community, will be found rather below than above the mark. He only wishes them to try him, and if he does not fulfil to the letter, every promise made in this prospectus, he will not object to their abandoning him at once.

W. E. WRIGHT, proprietor.
Oxford, June 23d, 1841.
Taken up and committed to Jail on the 8th of July last, a negro woman who calls her name Charity, supposed to be between thirty and forty years of age, about three of her feet from the north end of the town, belongs to Franklin Thurston, of Warren county, N. C. The owner is requested to come forward and prove his property and take her away, or she will be dealt with as the law directs.
THOMAS J. LEMAY, Jailer.
Person County, N. C. Aug. 9, 1841.

RALEIGH STAR, And North Carolina Gazette.

"NORTH CAROLINA—Powerful in moral, in intellectual, and in physical resources—the land of our sires, and the home of our affections."
VOL. XXXII } RALEIGH N. C. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1841 } No. 40.

WILLIAM & MARY COLLEGE.

THE LECTURES in this institution will commence on the second Monday in October. The departments of instruction and the expenses of the session are as follows:
COURSE FOR THE DEGREE OF A. B. JUNIOR YEAR.
Belles Letters, Logic, Ethics and History—Thomas R. Dew, President and Professor. Text Books—Blair's Lectures, Hedge's Logic, Paley's Moral Philosophy, Manual of History by the Professor.
Political Law and Government. Beverly Tucker, Professor. Text Book—Vattel's Law of Nations.
Mathematics—Robert Saunders, Professor. Text Books—Legendre's Geometry, Young's Algebra, Davie's Surveying.
Chemistry—John Millington, Professor. Text Book—Manual of Chemistry, by John Webster, M. D. 3d edition.
SENIOR YEAR.
Political Economy, Government and Metaphysics—Thomas R. Dew, Professor. Text Books—Say's Political Economy, Dew's Lectures on the Restrictive System and Usury, Brown's Lectures, Dew's Essays on Slavery.
Natural Philosophy—John Millington, Professor. Text Book—Olmsted's Natural Philosophy, Essay on Galvanism and Electro Magnetism by the Professor.
Mathematics—Robert Saunders, Professor. Text Books—Young's Algebra, Davie's Analytical Geometry, Davie's Calculus, and Olmsted's Astronomy.

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THOMAS J. LEMAY, Jailer.
Person County, N. C. Aug. 9, 1841.

NOTICE.

Will be sold at the Court House in Whiteville, Columbus county, on the second Monday in December next, the following Tracts of Land, or so much thereof as will satisfy the Taxes and charges due thereon for the year of 1840:
160 Acres, the property of Simon Robbins, on Mark's Branch,
300 Acres, more or less, the property of John Wilson, deceased, on the Beaverdam Swamp,
200 Acres, more or less, the property of Shadrack Wooten, deceased, lying on the White Marsh.
Also the remnant of the Big Survey, lying between Lumber River and Uncle's Branch, from the south line to D. Lennon's line.
JOSHUA WILLIAMSON, Sheriff.
Sept 15, 1841. 38 6v.
Price adv. \$2 57 1/2.

SEARS' PICTORIAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE BIBLE AND VIEWS IN THE HOLY LAND WITH FULL AND INTERESTING LETTER-PRESS DESCRIPTIONS CHIEFLY EXPLANATORY OF THE ENGRAVINGS and of numerous passages connected with THE Geography, Natural History & Antiquities OF THE Sacred Scriptures.

THE FOLLOWING WORK HAS BEEN COMPILED FROM THE LONDON PICTORIAL BIBLE WHICH SELLS IN THIS COUNTRY FOR \$18 to \$25 per copy!
Every man, Woman and child in the United States, who possesses a Bible, will surely furnish themselves with the following beautiful series of Scripture Illustrations.
200 Pictorial Illustrations OF THE BIBLE, AND VIEWS IN THE HOLY LAND.
NEW: CREAF, AND VALUABLE PUBLICATION.—Four hundred pages, 8 Vols., Fine Paper, Handsomely Bound, Price only two dollars. The subscriber respectfully invites the attention of Clergymen, Teachers of Sabbath Schools, Heads of Families, and Bookkeepers, throughout the United States, to the above New, Cheap, and Splendidly Illustrated Work. Published and for sale, at No. 122, Nassau Street New York City. Its features are better defined by the title:—
TWO HUNDRED PICTORIAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE SCRIPTURES, CONSISTING OF Views in the Holy Land,
Together with many of the most remarkable objects mentioned in the Old and New Testaments, representing sacred historical events, copied from celebrated pictures, principally by the old masters; the Landscape Scenes, taken from original sketches made on the spot, with full and interesting Letter-Press descriptions, devoted to an explanation of the objects mentioned in the sacred text.
On examination this will be found a very pleasant and profitable book, especially for the perusal of YOUNG PEOPLE, abounding in the most valuable information, collected with great care, from the best and latest sources. It may, very properly, be designated a common place book for every thing valuable, relating to ORIENTAL MANNERS, CUSTOMS, &c. &c. and comprises within itself a complete library of religious and useful knowledge. A volume like the present, is far superior to the common Annuals—it will never be out of date.
It is beautifully printed in new long primer type—handsomely bound in muslin, gilt, and lettered; and is, decidedly, the best and cheapest publication (for the price,) ever issued from the American Press.
A liberal discount made to wholesale purchasers.
Persons in the country, wishing to act as agents, may obtain all the necessary information, by addressing their letters to the subscriber, No. 122, Nassau Street, New York City.
ROBERT SEARS, Publisher.

TO PUBLISHERS OF PAPERS THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES.

My Papers and Magazines, containing the most valuable information, and giving it 12 times per annum, shall receive a copy of the work (subject to their order,) by sending direct to the Publisher.
The subscriber having constantly on hand, in Petersburg and Richmond, a large and well selected stock (nearly thirty in number) of the very best PIANO-FORTES made in this country, and being disposed to sell them upon the most liberal terms that could possibly be asked by any one, even the most suspicious, he begs leave to suggest to those in want of Pianos the importance of giving him at least a trial, before purchasing elsewhere; since there is no possibility of their losing and a strong probability that they would be greatly the gainers; in fact, it would be but a postponement of a positive purchase, for a short time, of any instrument whatever, until they could have an opportunity of testing the quality of those of mine, which are unsurpassed, if equalled in England or America. I have sold nearly three hundred of these Pianos in a few years, without selling a bad one, and I hold myself bound to take back or exchange any instrument which, purchased of me, might prove defective. Holding, as I have ever done, the opinion, that the sale of a single bad Piano would occasion such a loss of confidence as could not be afterwards repaired by the sale of a hundred good ones, it may well be expected that I shall be particular as to what sort of instruments I send off.
E. P. NASH, Petersburg, Va.
My Pianos are to be found in great variety at J. W. RANDOLPH & CO'S, in Richmond, Aug. 18.

Editors are queer animals, set up for all the people to shoot their shafts at. Nothing but a Rhinoceros's hide will save them.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Domestic Economy, says the Patriarch, is the true "Savings Bank" of the poor, the grand Financial Conservative in the social system. The want of it is like a small leaking in the bottom of a cistern, at the very central point of pressure from all quarters. There is a constant waste, but the cause is beyond observation. By day and by night, asleep or awake, there is a gradual draught upon the reservoir, which neither the common blessings of heaven, nor all artificial means, can supply. The deficit is hardly realized until you see the bottom; until death and desolation stare you in the face. O, what bitterness, what inexpressible pangs, lie between the plentiful tables often spread before a thoughtless family and the payment of the charges! These, however, belong to the husband, the father, and are too little considered by all others. Many a man is driven almost to desperation by the position in which he is placed by a thoughtless family. Some drown themselves. Others go mad. Thousands are rendered silently miserable by the state of their finances. Yet a little domestic economy, would bring great relief. A strict system of retrenchment, carried into all the arrangements of the household, might save from bankruptcy, disgrace and ruin. A man needs to be taught by his wife in this kind of reform, and he will love her a thousand fold for the thoughtful and self-denial that will alleviate his burdens by a diminution in the family expenditures—while it will be difficult for him to propose, and impossible to prosecute an efficient system of retrenchment without her cordial co-operation.
I learnt, lately, with sincere concern, of large losses sustained by a mercantile friend. He had maintained an expensive style of living, and his amiable family had been delicately bred. It was reported that he had sold his stately mansion, and moved into a small tenement formerly rented to one of his dependents. I visited his family there. I was received with the same hospitality which had always distinguished the occupants of the more splendid dwelling. While conversing with the lady, their elegant family carriage and horses passed by. I had not yet alluded to the change in their circumstances, and thought this appendage had been retained. The lady, with her accustomed affability, remarked that her husband had just effected a very advantageous sale of her favorite horses and carriage. But how could you part with them? O, said she, much more easily than I could keep them. The times are hard, and I am unwilling to add to my husband's embarrassments by encouraging an unnecessary expense of a single dollar for my convenience. "I can do without it." All was said with an air of simple honesty, which left no room to doubt her entire resignation. Yes—added the husband—and my wife says we can live on what we have left to us after the full payment of my debts—and that is next to nothing. She says she can wash and cook, and the girls must become their own milliners; and as for eating, we need but little, and that little, we have. Blessed poverty, exclaimed I to my friend, which discloses such treasures. In truth, I declare to you that I would rather have your broken fortunes, with your priceless wife to share it, than the millions still retained by your rich neighbor with an extravagant and complaining woman, in the midst of his wealth and domestic wretchedness.
Yes—replied my grateful friend, with a look of love towards his wife, whose worth he well appreciated—I am reconciled to my losses, while my family is happy, and I am happy in them. Although formerly successful, I never have regarded success as business as necessary to happiness. Indeed, said he, and he was a shrewd financier—it is most true.
"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

A peck of corn a week, with a sprinkling of salt, is sufficient to sustain human life, and enable a working man to prosecute a laborious business. This is demonstrated in some parts of our country, where, through the illiberality of luxurious masters, the slaves are limited to this allowance. Yet it is sufficient to give them health and strength for laborious service. The cost of this will be from 7 to 14 a year for each person.—Two suits of clothes will be adequate to meet the necessities of the same person.—These will cost from 30 to 60, for a material that is stout, warm, and durable. When we speak of our necessities, they are thus summed up. Add twice the sum for contingencies and luxuries, and you have the average of \$100 a year to supply each person with food, clothing, and the ordinary comforts of life. In reply to all objections to this estimate, let it be, once for all, stated, that thousands of millions of the human family above the suffering poor, verify it in actual experience. But if this be considered a too close calculation, you may extend it somewhat to your liking, and then—what a vast chasm is presented between it and the ordinary expenditures of many families at the present day, who are living on borrowed capital, and maintain a factitious style on credit.
These statements are worthy of regard, as well for their intrinsic truth, as for respect to the source whence they have been derived. I intend to gather more from the

same place. If carefully treasured up, and successfully practiced by the prudent housewives of our country, they will be better to the financial operations of every family than good times, or a National Bank, or a carriage and horses. They will constitute a productive and unchanging capital, which no ordinary contingency can invade. To circumscribe our wants, is the same as to increase our wealth. It is better—inasmuch as a small capital is more easily applied to its appropriate uses, than larger operations are directed and controlled. The storm, that uproots the sturdy oaks of the mountains, passes lightly over the tender willow, which grows green and fresh by the stream in the valley below. He, who is content with a humble sphere, and performs diligently its appropriate duties in a domestic circle of cordial friends, need not aspire to a higher happiness on earth than awaits him there, nor envy the man who rides in his chariot, or sits enthroned. If his views are more limited, his dangers are less. If he lacks the excitement of nature in her sublimity, he dwells by a stream which gives fertility to his little farm, and rarely overflows its banks; the landscape that gratifies his eye is beautiful, and it is his own. If he has less of sunshine, he also has less of sorrow. If he is far removed from the world's gay pleasures, so is he from the lightning's stroke. If his pleasure be few, they are lasting.

A YANKEE INCIDENT.
Not long since, but before Judge Cowan decided that people must be tried in this country for crimes committed, there happened to be in one of the principal hotels in Montreal, a pompous discussion among a quorum of British officers, upon the subject of the imprisonment of McLeod. And after turning the subject over, and bringing to bear upon it all light, evidence, and sound reasoning that the subject demanded, the gallant officers and other good and loyal subjects, concluded it expedient and right to call out the regiment of her Britannic Majesty's soldiers, march down to New York, liberate the insulted prisoner, McLeod, and bear him in triumph to his home, as becomes the dignity of so great and powerful a nation as England.
"Gentlemen," and in a moment all eyes were turned to a remote corner of the room, where, sat before unobserved, a comfortable looking stranger, in whom, however, at one glance could be discovered the true Yankee; for indeed he stood as we say, or rather leaned, six feet and a half—a perfect giant and there he sat, seeming only to admire the beauty of ascending volumes of smoke drawn from the end of his huge cigar, the like of which, together with whips and lo-coco matches, he had for years peddled from Quebec to New Orleans. "Gentlemen," said he, "I hope before you undertake to carry your deliberations into effect, that you will use a little consideration.—What talk about taking McLeod out of prison with a regiment of soldiers! Why, gentlemen, you talk like children.
Why, all the forces that you could drum up between here and so far north that the thermometer won't rise at all, can't march down to the city of Albany and back again, no way you can contrive it. Now I'm a little, small, delicate specimen of Vermont, and would like to tell you what the Vermonters have done for your case. They have made a proposition, through their Legislature, to the General Government, that they will whip out, clean and smooth, the Canadas, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, for the sum of sixty-five dollars.
The General Government approved the plan, but thought the price too high. The Legislature re-considered the vote and made a second proposition, and agreed to do the work for thirty-six dollars and fifty cents.—This the General Government accepted—and now the only remaining question to be settled is, who finds the ammunition. As soon as that is settled we shall be over here.
The boys are all headed this way, and it is all the Government can do to hold on by their coat skirts to keep the devils off your neck, and mark my word, in three days from the time the Government lets go, there won't be a British Government enough left for a by-word. But, gentlemen, if you persist in going for McLeod, arrange your affairs for a long absence; and for Heaven's sake, and more particularly for your own, don't go by the way of Plattsburg!"
The conclusion of the matter was, that if Vermont had actually got started, and if the Yankee then with them was, as he said, but a small delicate specimen of what was to come, they had better abandon at once the idea of sending for McLeod, and arrange their affairs at home for such unwelcome visitors.—Essex Co. Repub.

Retort of Napoleon.—When Napoleon was only an officer of artillery, a Prussian officer said in his presence with much pride: "My countrymen fight only for glory, but Frenchmen fight for money." "You are right," replied Napoleon, "each of them fight for what they are in want of."
The following is a tea-spoonful of lav which we took from a police report in the Boston Post. It is part of an indictment against two young men, and alleges that they did then and there, about eight o'clock in the evening, "assault, beat, push, take hold of, seize, follow, pursue, persecute, attack, insult, and annoy," two young ladies in the street.
"A man of genius may know the whole map of the world of human nature; but like the great geographer, he may be apt to be lost in the wood, which any one in the neighborhood knows better than him."—D'Israeli.

A SCENE.—The N. O. Crescent City gives the following steamboat scene, which, we think, we have improved by an omission of what preceded it.
"A plunge was heard, and twenty people shrieked 'child overboard!' 'Oh it's my child! save it for the love of heaven!' 'Stop, I'll jump in,' said a young man, unbuttoning his shirt collar very slowly. 'No you shan't Robert, you'll catch your death a cold,' said his maiden aunt. These and a thousand others were the exclamations of the moment; but where was the gallant Fred! Overboard, buffeting the small billows with one arm, and grasping the long silken hair of the drowning baby with the other. Shouts of 'noble fellow!' 'bravely done!' 'huzzah!' 'give him a rope!' met the ear of joyous Fred, as he was drawn up on board, dripping and exhausted—with a large wax doll in his arms!
"Why, it aint Mrs. Smith's baby after all," said one.
"No, nor Mrs. Jones's," said another.
"Ye may say that," said the Irish nurse, "it's no more than the big basewax baby of its own dartin, that the swate gentleman dripping wid wather has saved."

INTEMPERANCE.

The following is the most graphic delineation of the miseries and effects of intemperance that we have ever seen. It is from the arguments advanced by certain citizens of Portage County, Ohio, in a memorial to the Legislature on the subject:
"And yet its march of ruin onward still. It reaches to others; invades the family and social circle, and spreads woe and sorrow all around. It cuts down youth in its vigor, manhood in its strength, and age in its weakness. It breaks the father's heart, bereaves the doating mother, extinguishes natural affection, erases conjugal love, blots out filial attachments, blights parental hope, and brings down mourning age in sorrow to the grave. It produces weakness, not strength; sickness, not health; death, not life. It makes wives widows, children orphans, fathers fiends, and all of them paupers and beggars. It hails fever, it feeds rheumatism, nurses gout, welcomes epidemics, and embraces consumptions. It fills your jails, supplies your almshouse, and demands your asylums. It contemns law, spurns order, and loves mobs. It crowds your penitentiaries, and furnishes the victims for your saw-folds. It is the life-blood of a gambler, the aliment of the counterfeiter, the prop of the highwayman, and the support of the midnight incendiary. It countenances the liar, respects the thief, and esteems the blasphemer. It violates obligations, reverences fraud, and honors infamy. It defames benevolence, hates love, scorns virtue, and slanders innocence. It incites the father to butcher the offspring, helps the husband to massacre his wife, and aids the child to grind the parental axe. It burns man, consumes women, deities life, curses God, and despoils Heaven. It suborns witnesses, perjury, corrupts elections, pollutes our institutions, and endangers our government. It degrades the citizens, debases the legislatures, dishonors the statesman, and disgraces the patriot. It brings shame, not honor; terror, not safety; despair, not hope; misery, not happiness—and now, as with the malvolence of a fiend, it calmly surveys its frightful desolations; and insatiate with havoc, it poisons felicity, kills peace, ruins morals, blights confidence, spurs reputation, and wipes out national honor, curses the world and laughs at its ruin.

A SCENE.

A correspondent of the Boston Post describes the following amusing scene, which he witnessed on the Ohio, on board a steamboat. After giving a laughable description of a most inordinately fat old lady, who was also very easily alarmed by any unusual noise on board he says:
"After we left the landing, the principal topic of conversation among the passengers was the numerous accidents which had lately happened. Nearly every person was equipped with a life preserver, and some were so cautious as to hang them up in their berths filled with air and ready for use at a moment's warning. Night came, and all were snugly ensconced in their berths, when there rose the cry of fire! The wood on the bow of the boat had caught fire, and was blazing fiercely up, shining through the glass doors of the social hall and the cabin windows until the whole boat seemed enveloped in a sheet of flame. In an instant all was confusion and alarm. Passengers tumbled out their berths, and over one another, some grasped their preservers—some ran for their baggage—some for their wives—the wise ones kept quiet. In the midst of the hubbub, the doors of the ladies' cabin flew wide open, and out burst one fat lady dressed all in white, her face a map whereon terror was drawn in all its shapes," and around her waist a huge life preserver, not inflated. Seizing this by the nipple with both hands, she rushed from one to another, exclaiming, in a voice of agony, "blow me up! blow me up! for God's sake blow me up! will nobody blow me up! Had the old lady actually exploded, I must have done as I did, roll on the floor in a fit of inextinguishable laughter, with half the witnesses of the scene for my companion. The boat was stopped, the fire got under, and not the least difficult operation, the fat lady's alarm-subdued. The next day we landed her at her place of destination, since which time she has never seen her, but the recollection of the scene has cost me many a fit of the side ache.

Good.—An exchange says, a woman in Wisconsin, who was lately attacked by a bear in the woods, turned in with her tongue and talked the animal to death!—Them wolverine gals are half horse, half alligator, and touched a little with the snapping turtle. We expect Mons. Bruin felt very much ashamed for his intrusion. The babies out there are perfect Hercules in their way.