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TERMS.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

For every Sixteen lines, or less, One Dollar for the first, and Twenty-five Cents for each subsequent insertion. Court Orders, &c. will be charged 25 per cent. higher, but a reasonable deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year.

Letters on business, and all Communications intended for publication, must be addressed to the Editor, and post paid.

WHAT IS DEMOCRACY?

The following is one of the resolutions of the Wisconsin Democracy:

"Resolved, That Congress has the Constitutional power and ought to make appropriations from the National Treasury for River and Harbor Improvements, to facilitate and protect commerce between the several States and foreign nations, such appropriations to be governed by a sound discretion and a due regard for the national welfare."

Such is democracy in the Northwest, and generally throughout the West and North. But here it has ever been regarded as one of the antagonistic principles to Democracy, and an essential feature of federalism. The Democratic member of Congress elect from this district would sooner cut off his right hand than subscribe such a resolution as the above.

"Resolved, That we approve the principles of free and unrestricted trade, and believe that the most fair and equal mode of raising the revenue necessary to defray the necessary expenses of the Government, is a direct tax upon property, and will demand its adoption by our Government as soon as practicable."

Here is another cardinal matter in which the Democracy are at daggers point. Let those among them who advocate a direct tax speak out and let their sentiments be heard.

Wisconsin Democracy has allied itself, like Democracy in other Northern States, to Barnburnism, and it passes hostile declarations against slavery. What has become of those "natural allies?"

Democracy in one quarter of the country sings out for Free Trade, and in another for the Tariff of '42. Which is Democracy?

And yet Democracy virtuously about Whiggery having no principles. Even if that be true, it is not worse off than its opponents, whose principles are one thing in one latitude and the opposite in another. The Baltimore American justly remarks:

"It will be found perhaps, sooner or later, that the democracy of our day is a thing of latitude and locality. So long as the South gave principles to the party, the doctrines of strict construction, with some semblance of consistency, constituted the rule of faith; and democracy covered up the principles of State Sovereignty, under its more convenient name, with a tolerable air of assurance that passed off the imposition well enough when not viewed closely. Beyond the immediate pale of orthodoxy there was, indeed, a wide range, where Dorrism and other indefinite elements held sway. In that range the 'natural allies' were encamped."

"The control of the South now being now pretty well over, Hunkerism being converted to the Barnburning faith, the aspect of democracy is changed. The Wilnot Proviso stands first in the Wisconsinian firmity. The declarations of hostility to Slavery occupy four separate resolutions. The long string of resolutions which used to come forth to announce how strictly Democracy was watching to prevent the General Government from doing anything—those transmitted abbreviations of the resolutions of '38—those transcripts of stationary wisdom which were supposed to indicate the culmination of all political knowledge and genius—they are now no longer seen imparting the aspect of their peculiar profundity to the resolutions of Democratic Conventions."

PROSCRIPTION.

The following Resolution was passed at the Locofoco Convention held at Harrisburg, March 4, 1847:

"Resolved, That the REMOVALS from the various offices at Washington of EVERY OPPONENT OF THE NATIONAL ADMINISTRATION, or of the Democratic principles and measures, has been long called for, and is alike demanded by the voice of the Democratic party and the best interests of the country, and ought not to be longer postponed or delayed."

And this is the party that is now whining because a Whig Administration has thought proper to appoint a few of its own friends to offices.

Governor Trumbull, Whig, has been elected by the Legislature, Governor of Connecticut. In his inaugural message, he touches upon the question of the extension of Slavery into the new Territories. He says it becomes New Englanders to approach this delicate subject in the spirit of forbearance and regret, rather than that of animosity or complaint, ever keeping in mind, that though their ancestors were among the first to discover and apply the remedy for slavery, they were also among the most active in its introduction into our country.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANNECOTE OF HOOK.

We give the following from the recently published biography of that prince of practical jokes and houses, Theodore Hook:

Lounging by Soho Square in the afternoon, with Terry, the actor, the nostrils of the promenaders were suddenly saluted with a concord of sweet odors, arising from a spacious area. They stopped, sniffed the grateful incense, and peeping down, perceived through the kitchen window preparations for a handsome dinner, evidently on the point of being served.

"What a feast!" said Terry. "Jolly dogs! I should like to make one of them."

"I'll take any bet," returned Hook, "that I do—call for me here at ten o'clock, and you will find that I shall be able to give a tolerable account of the worthy gentleman's champagne and venison."

So saying, he marched up the steps, gave an authoritative rap with the knocker, and was quickly lost to the sight of his astonished companion. As a matter of course, he was immediately ushered by the servant, as an expected guest, into the drawing room, where a large party had already assembled. The apartment being well nigh full, no notice was at first taken of his intrusion, and half a dozen people laughed at his *bon mots*, before the host discovered the mistake. Affecting not to observe the visible embarrassment of the latter, and ingeniously avoiding any opportunity for explanation, Hook rattled on until he had attracted the greater part of the company in a circle round him, and some considerable time had elapsed ere the old gentleman was able to catch the attention of the agreeable stranger.

"Don't apologize, I beg," graciously replied Theodore; "Smith—my name is Smith—and as you justly observe, servants are always making some stupid blunder or another—I remember a remarkable instance, &c."

"But really, my dear sir," continued the host, at the termination of a story illustrative of the stupidity of servants, "I think the mistake on the present occasion does not originate in the source you allude to; I certainly did not anticipate the pleasure of Mr. Smith's company at dinner to-day."

"No, I dare say not—you said four in your note, I know, and it is now, I see, a quarter past five—you are a little fast by the way; but the fact of the matter is I have been detained in the city—as I was about to explain when—"

"Pray," exclaimed the other, as soon as he could stay the volubility of his guest, "whom, may I ask you, do you suppose you are addressing?"

"Whom? Why, Mr. Thompson, of course; an old friend of my father. I have not the pleasure indeed of being personally known to you, but having received your kind invitation yesterday on my arrival from Liverpool, Frith street—four o'clock—family party—come in boots—you see I have taken you at your word. I am only afraid I have kept you waiting."

"Oh, not at all. But permit me to observe, my dear sir, my name is not exactly Thompson, it is Jones, and—"

"Jones?" repeated the *soi-disant* Smith, in admirably assumed consternation; "Jones—why surely I cannot have—yes, I must—good heaven! I see it all! My dear sir, what an unfortunate blunder—wrong house—what must you think of such an intrusion? I am really at a loss for words in which to apologize—you will permit me to retire at present, and to-morrow—"

"Pray don't think of retiring," exclaimed the hospitable old gentleman, "your friend's table must have been cleared long ago, if, as you say, it was the hour named, and I am only too happy to be able to offer you a seat at mine."

Hook, of course, could not bear of such a thing, could not think of trespassing upon the kindness of a perfect stranger; it too late for Thompson, there were plenty of chop-houses at hand; the unfortunate part of the business was, he had made an appointment with a gentleman to call at 10 o'clock. The good-natured Jones, however, positively refused to allow so entertaining a visitor to withdraw dinnerless. Mrs. Jones joined in solicitations, the Misses Jones smiled bewitchingly, and at last Mr. Smith, who soon recovered from his confusion, was prevailed upon to offer his arm to one of the ladies, and take his place at the well-furnished board.

In all probability, the family of Jones never passed such an evening before. Hook naturally exerted himself to the utmost to keep the party in an unceasing roar of laughter, and made good the first impression. The mirth grew fast and furious, when, by way of a *coup de grace*, he seated himself at the piano-forte, and struck off into one of those extemporaneous effusions which had filled more critical judges than the Jones' with delight and astonishment. Ten o'clock struck, and Mr. Terry being announced, his triumphant friend wound up the performance with the explanatory stanza:

"I am very much pleased with your fare,
Your cellar's as prime as your cook;
My friend's Mr. Terry, the player,
And I'm Mr. Theodoros Hook!"

A FUNNY FAMILY.

"Oh, mother," said the beautiful Rose Mayburn on Tuesday evening last, "Mr. Rubyscheek did squeeze my hand so funny, when he left me at the door to-night—and he says you must give me liberty to go to the ball to-morrow night."

"Well, Rose, love," answered the old lady, as she pulled her spectacles on the bridge of her nose, and drew her chair closer to the fire—I have no objection to your going; but you must have a new dress, you know, and where on earth, my child, are you to get it?"

"No, mother, I don't want a new dress; I can wear my white muslin frock, over my satin petticoat, and get Frizzler to do my hair up."

"You had better stay at home, and read that interesting account of the burning of John Rodgers' in Fox's Book of Martyrs," remarked Rose's uncle, with a groan, as he sat toasting his gouty shins at the fire.

"Or ask Mr. Rubyscheek to give his money to buy bibles for the poor, disconsolate heathens, in the Sandwich Highlands," suggested Rose's aunt, who spent forty dollars last week on a white poodle dog.

"Then I suppose I am to be cooped up in this dull house all the winter! It's a shame—I declare it is!" replied Mrs. Rubyscheek in the prospective, while her little pouting lip swelled until the blood almost burst through its rose leaf case-ment.

"A dull house indeed," said her sharp featured aunt—I am sure you have a plenty to amuse you. There's Watt's Hymns, Esop's Fables, the Piano and the Chessmen—"

"Yes," interposed the uncle; "and talking about chessmen, the ivory elephant got his leg broken the other night, and the cook's nigger baby chewed the bishop's nose off in cutting its d-d little grinder. Things are never taken care of in this cursed Tower of Babel!"

"Brother Josh, you are in a most amiable mood to-night," remarked the aunt with a sneer, while she wriggled about in her chair, as though the seat had been stuffed with fish hooks and Spanish flirs.

"Amiable—yes—remarkably amiable! So amiable that I wish some one would set you to knitting soup with four steel rasps, or that that tongue of yours was struck like a spigot or a screw bolt, into some d-d tight place where you could not wag it!"

A knock is heard at the door, and Rose's father enters. The appearance of this important personage of course puts an end to the affectionate conversation of the aunt and uncle, and Rose, drawing a chair to the fire for her father, throws her arms about his neck.

"Come, come," muttered Mr. Mayburn, "none of your wheedling—bless your soul, you shall have any thing you want—if it don't cost money!"

"Father, mayn't I go to the ball to-morrow night?"

"Who's going to take you there?"

"Mr. Rubyscheek—the young clerk that gets \$2000 a year for keeping books."

"Bad young man—wears a goatee on his chin; said her father.

"And a hat turned up at the sides like the iron of a high Dutch scab," remarked her uncle.

"And a cameo breast-pin, with three figures dancing that Elsieer catchok (cachuca)—as naked as the day they were born; interposed the aunt in her usual delicate manner.

"Has young Rubyscheek a hook nose? interrogates her father with a most profound pucker of the lips.

"No father," answered Rose, "his nose is a beautiful aquiline."

"Aquiline! rose and worse. A confirmed hook distinctly. Rose, my love, I am sorry to disoblige you; but when you've lived as long as your daddy, you'll find that men with hook noses are not to be trusted. There's your aunt there, she hung her affections on a man with a hook nose, and after he hooked all her property, he ran away. There's—"

"But my dear father," interrupted Rose, "your nose is hooked, and I am sure it's a handsome one."

"Is my nose hook'd? Well, I suppose my mother must have been scared by a seythe, before I was born. Strange world, strange world! Here I have been married twenty-two years, and never know I had a hook'd nose; but as you say they are handsome—beautiful—manly—noble—Roman, and all that kind of thing, you may go to the ball, my daughter—and here's \$50 to buy a new dress!"

ARREST OF A STEAM DOCTOR.

A Dr. Cross has been arrested at Stroudsburg, Monroe County, Pa., for man-slaughter, charged with causing the death of a patient named Daniel Quin, by improper treatment. Cross steamed him for rheumatic pain; but a pot of boiling water smothered him up in bed, head and shoulders, for three hours, with an intensity of cover; and then gave him a few drops of a medicine which he called "Indian Red Drop." He had no sooner taken it than he clasped his hands to his head and exclaimed "who struck me!" and in a short time he expired of apoplexy. Cross has attempted the cure of rheumatism upon other subjects frequently, and sometimes with success.

This is positively the last line in this column.

CAPT. STICK AND TONEY.

A JUDGMENT FOR COSTS—BY J. J. HOOPER, ESQ.

Old Captain Stick was a remarkably precise old gentleman, and a conscientiously just man. He was too, very methodical in his habits, one of which was to keep an account in writing of the conduct of his servants, from day to day. It was a sort of account current, and he settled it every Saturday afternoon. No one dreaded these hebdomadal balancings, more than Tony, the boy of all work, for the Captain was generally obliged to write a receipt for a considerable amount across his shoulders.

One settling afternoon, the Captain accompanied by Tony, was seen "toddling" down to the old stable, with his little account book in one hand, and a small rope in the other. After they had reached the "bar of Justice," and Tony had been properly "strung up," the Captain proceeded to state his account as follows:

Tony Dr.
Sabbath, to not half blacking my boots &c. five stripes.

Tuesday to staying four hours at mill longer than necessary, ten stripes.

Wednesday, to not locking the hall door at night, five stripes.

Friday to letting the horse go without water, five stripes.

Total, twenty-five stripes.

Tony Cr.
Monday, by first-rate day's work in the garden, ten stripes.

Balance due, fifteen stripes.

The balance being thus struck, the Captain drew his cow-hide and remarked—"Now Tony, you black scamp, what say you, you lazy villain, why I shouldn't give you fifteen lashes across your back, as hard as I can draw?"

"Stop old massa," said Tony; "dar's de work in de garden, sir—dat ought to take off some."

"You black dog," said the Captain, "hav'n't I given you the proper credit of ten stripes, for that—Come, come!"

"Please old massa," said Tony, rolling his eyes about in agony or fright—"dar's you forgot dar's de scourin' ob de floor—old missus say you e nabber been scour as good before?"

"Soho, you saucy rascal," quoth Captain Stick; "you're bringing in more offsets, are you? Well now, there!—here the Captain made an entry up on his book—ob de floor—old missus say you e nabber been scour as good before?"

"Gor a mity, massa don't hit yet—dar's sumpen else—oh Lord! please don't yes sir—got um now—ketchin' de white boy and fetechin' um to ole missus, what trow rock at de young duck."

"That's a fact," said the Captain—"the outrageous young rascal—That's a fact, and I'll give you a credit of ten stripes for it—I wish you had brought him to me—now we'll settle the balance."

"Bress de Lord, ole massa," said Tony, "that's all. Tony grinned extra's gantly."

The Captain adjusted a tortoise-shell spectacles, with great exactness, held the book close to his eyes, and ascertained that the fact was as stated by Tony. He was not a little irritated:

"You swear off the account, you infernal rascal—you swear off the account do you!"

"All de credit is fair, ole massa," answered Tony.

"Yes but—said the disappointed Captain—but—still the Captain was sorely puzzled how to give Tony a few ticks any how—but—an idea popped into his head—"where's my costs—you incorrigible, abominable scoundrel? You want to swindle me do you, out of my costs, you black, deceitful rascal?"

"And," added Capt. Stick, chucking as well at his own ingenuity as the perfect justice of the sentence; "I enter judgement against you for costs—ten stripes—and forthwith administered the stripes and satisfied the judgment."

"Ki nigger!" said Tony; "ki nigger! what dis judgement for cos, ole massa talk 'bout. Done git off 'bout not blackin' de boot—git off 'bout stayin' long time at de mill—and ehy ting else—but dis judgement for cos gim me de debbil—Bress God, nigger mus keep out ob de ole stable, or I'll tell you what, dat judgement for cos make a black feel mighty warm, for true!"

I have heard of a young lady "down east," who tharg "alto" in one of the churches. She had been at a boarding school for half-a-quarter somewhere and came home perfectly smothered that her unfashionable papa did not dine at "chew" o'clock. She always spoke of her "shawty," and made frequent allusion to an obsolete old lady, whom the ancients knew—dame "Gracichude." There was a favorite anthem commencing, "Tara, O Lord, O tara away!"—much performed by the choir. She always chanted it "Teelurn, teelurn, O Lord! O teelurn away!" most of the edification of the congregation, much of whom were extensively engaged in the dairy business.

YANKEE NOTIONS.—The Green Mountain Freeman says that "the amount of maple sugar made annually in Vermont, according to the best estimate we can obtain is about five millions of pounds."

The Showbagas Press states that one establishment in which turned out between ten and twelve thousand dollars worth of shawl handles the past year.

ARKANSAS HUMOR.

Judge McKee, of the Garrard (Ark) Banner, is responsible for the following:

Sitting roasting 'taters the other night, when all nature reposed in death-like sleepy stillness, thinking over "things that were" and perhaps things that never will be, our ears were suddenly assailed by a neighboring violinist—O, fiddler, that's what to call him—with some of the sweetest and most melodious old airs that ever enraptured the heart of a Mozart, or entranced the soul of a Paganini or a Rousseau. Always ready to catch at any thing good, up we picked our ears, and quickly stirred from the deeply interesting and highly intellectual feast in which we were engaged, and what should be sent quivering to our heart, making melody indissoluble in our soul, but that good old time-reverenced family-used, boy-whistled piece of melody, "Chicken Pie," laid thick—all the shakes and quivers in.

Suddenly entranced with delight, we stood still as if chained to a rock—then moved—walked the room—twisted—screwed—turned round—sit down—got up again, as one who knew not what or what to do; till all at once, the sound, but not the music, ceased, (for it went merrily on in our heart.) But scarce had a second, or even a thought intervened, ere twang! twang! and here come that good old reel, "Leather Breches," which anon was followed, better and better, in rapid succession by its cotemporaries in age, and rivals for universal favor, "Rackensack Traveler," "Billy in the low grounds," &c. till all at once, with one overpowering and irresistible rush, went "O, she would 'nt, nor she could 'nt, come at all!" &c. This was too much for our mortal scruples on such an occasion, and smash went the 'taters into the fire down went three or four chairs—they seemed to walk and reel at once—and saying a hasty "Lord lead us not into temptation," we in an ecstasy—preachers and sweethearts forgive us—responded "yanks-tanka-too-don-diddle-todium-a-da-a-a" when out we sprang on the floor, not upon "the light fantastic toe," but according to the most approved style or a real old Kentucky Barbecue break-down. Away, and around we went, thrashing it down, *a la mode a Poosya*, when rumbering and tumbling down from the garret, then out of the back room and through the middle door around the walls, over the woodpile and under the table, pranced a shower—an ocean of a merry-hearted and congenial rats—judging from appearances of course—as ever graced a parlor or cut "fantastic tricks" in a ball-room. Round and round, through and across, and altogether we went, no one slacking his pace, till overcome and exhausted, down we sunk into a snooze, and left our tailed companions to finish the dance themselves. How it would have ended, we are not able to inform our readers, as just at this point, we were aroused by—, who had built our morning fire, and had the room so "plagy" full of smoke that our comrades had to leave, and our eyes have been most "tarnation" sore ever since.

THE PURE IN HEART.

The springs of everlasting life are within. These are clear streams gushing up from the depths of the soul, and flowing out to enliven the sphere of outward existence. But, like the waters of Siloah, they "go swiftly." You must listen to catch the silvery tones of the little rill as it glides from its mountain home; you may not witness its silent march through the green vale, but its course will be seen in the fresh verdure and the opening flowers; its presence will be known by the forms of life and beauty which gather around it. It is ever thus with the pure. You may hear the "still small voice," or heed the silent aspiration; but there is a moral influence and a holy power which you will feel. The wilderness is made to smile, flowers of new life and beauty spring up and flourish, while an invisible presence breathes immortal fragrance through the spiritual atmosphere.

April 18th annually presents on the banks of the Jordan a scene of most thrilling interest.—It is the anniversary of the Saviour's baptism by John, and tens of thousands of pilgrims, many of them from distant countries, on that morning are seen hastening from their tents on the plains of Jericho to the spot on the sacred stream, where eighteen centuries ago the baptism took place; and where, also, thirty-three centuries ago the nation of Israel passed over on dry ground, whilst the waters stood in mountains at their side.

In accordance with immemorial usage, great multitudes of oriental Christians continue to resort there at that season and plunge into the consecrated waters, under the impression that to wash in them on that memorable day will cleanse from sin and enhance immortal blessedness.

The Company of the U. S. Exploring Expedition in that quarter, were present at this anniversary last year; and one of the party, in his recently published journal, under date of April 18, 1848, says:

As early as two o'clock in the morning we were roused from our short slumbers by the thousands of pilgrims gathering around us. There are probably twenty or twenty-five thousand men, women and children. Here are all ages and conditions of men, from different countries, brought together by one prevailing motive. The scene on the broad spreading plains increases in interest; the flaming torches, which served as a lamp to their path before sunrise, are extinguished; the banks of the Jordan are lined with the living mass; and now, old, middle-aged, and young with eagerness jump into the river: the children of several years are thrown in, and the infants carefully handled by their mothers; the poverty stricken and the sunnily dressed, alike unconsciously, wash in the stream; while their countenances bespeak the happiness of their souls. Who would not wish to join in such a pleasure as this? It is worth the whole voyage from New York.

A CALIFORNIA EMGRANT.

A sailor, calling upon a Liverpool goldsmith, asked him what might be the value of an ingot of gold as big as his arm. The goldsmith looked at him into a back room and primed him with grog. He then asked to see the ingot.

"Oh," said Jack, "I ha' 'ot got it yet, but I'm going to California, and would like to know the value of such a lump before I start."

The jeweller started him out of the shop.

"TO BE IN HUMAN."—A clergyman having indulged too freely in filling up his glass, went one Sabbath into the pulpit, and having given out a hymn to his congregation, he during the melody of the sacred song now talking him to sleep, he continued for some time to play a waltz in sympathy with his own. At length, one of his auditors accosted to the sacred death, and said, "What the hymn you are out." "Well," says he, "I'll hit up again, and charge it to Jim Hines."

A GREAT DISCOVERY.—The editor of the "Great West" announces the astonishing fact that he has succeeded in discovering a "living, actual, and self-subsistent remnant of the second families in Virginia." Good gracious! is it possible?