

# THE RALEIGH TIMES.



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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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## TERMS.

THE RALEIGH TIMES will be sent to subscribers at Two Dollars and a half per annum, if paid in advance. Three Dollars will be charged, if payment is delayed six months. These Terms will be invariably adhered to.

## 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. All Communications intended for publication, must be addressed to the Editor, and post paid.

## LOCO FOCO CONSISTENCY.

The groans of the Loco Focos over the removals made at Washington are characteristic of the party which gives them utterance. When Gen. Taylor was a candidate for the Presidency, he was denounced as unfit for any civil service, and unworthy of any civil office. No sooner had the people made choice of him as the Chief Magistrate of the nation, than the tone is changed, and he is appealed to by these old enemies and revilers not only as the source of all power, but as the dispenser of great public favors. He was an out-and-out Whig, and like General Harrison, an "old Granny," while a candidate for the Presidency; but no sooner has the candidate become the officer, than he is transformed into a very magnanimous, kind, and considerate gentleman. Some of these gentlemen even went so far as to refuse a vote of thanks to General Taylor, unless accompanied by an insulting proviso rebuking the mercy and moderation shown by him in the capitulation of Monterey. All the service of the old hero was despised, and General Taylor's friends could not but be Whigs, and pretty ultra Whigs, too, and the old General also, from the very necessity of the case as incident to the storm of opposition he everywhere received from the Loco Foco party.

"Tray, Blanche, Sweetheart, little dog and all, they all did bark at him." And after these insults, those who were foremost in opposition to him change the mode of assault to one of appeal and address. They not only expect to be kept in office by the man they have condemned, but call him an imbecile, and a falsifier of his word, while giving utterance to their expectations. They first have the audacity to assail a man unjustly, and then the assurance to ask favors from the one they have abused.

We are accustomed to expect moral courage in our opponents, and at least the appearance of a brave heart in defeat; but we see nothing of the sort among the leaders of the Loco Foco party.—Whining, scolding, coaxing and fretting, complaining and foaming, are all we hear; and these persons are even mean-spirited enough first to smite, and then to beg of those they smite. They would have General Taylor entirely in the hands of his enemies, and are marvellously amazed that they are not to have all the offices at the disposal of the President.

We can tell these complainers that, slow as the public are to sanction anything like ruthless proscription, and regretting, as a high toned public opinion always must, the origin and progress of a system so wrong in principle, it is nevertheless impatient to see justice done to the Whig party, and to thousands of meritorious and distinguished individuals in the ranks of that party. The administration may safely appeal to the people in turning out every bawling, noisy, incapable, negligent and dishonest partisan in office. It could even go further, if it were necessary to do so, and insist that the Whig party, so long proscribed, should be put in possession of a majority of the offices, whereas now it has got a fifth part of the whole. By what rule of right have the Whigs always been kept out of place, and they who have sanctioned and practised all this wrong now complain? By what rule of good breeding do men sue for favor from one whom they denounce as an "imbecile" and "destitute of capacity?" The office-holders were at first faithless of the election of Gen. Taylor; and in all their recantations of original errors, they have but sinned the more in heaping repeated injuries upon repeated insults.—N. Y. Express.

## STATE RIGHTS.

The Enquirer, speaking of the decision of the Supreme Court, in the cases of the emigrant laws in New York and Massachusetts, says:

"We candidly believe that there has been no act of the Federal Government, since the adoption of the Constitution, fraught with consequences as all so dangerous to the rights of the States. The decision in question strikes at the foundation of State power and almost of State existence."

The august tribunal, which delivered this repudiated decision, is composed of the following gentlemen: Taney, Daniel, Woodbury, Nelson, McLean, Catron, Grier, McKinley and Wayne. Every one appointed by Jackson and Van Buren, and all except one, northern Democrats. These are the authors of this outrageous assault upon the rights and existence of the States!

No man who has paid regularly for his newspaper was ever known to be bit by a mad dog.

If the above be true and its reverse, that dread disease, the hydrophobia, will be the final "equal" of some of our subscribers.

Highland Messenger.

## DINNER TO GOV. MANLY.

It will be seen from the subjoined correspondence that a public dinner was tendered to Gov. Manly by the citizens of Washington, on the occasion of his visit there, to attend to the sale of Swamp Lands belonging to the State:

WASHINGTON, May 21st, 1849.

SIR: The undersigned, on behalf of the citizens of Washington, beg leave to request that your Excellency will, during your present visit, confer upon us the favor of attending a public dinner, at such time as will be agreeable to you. We desire not only to testify our respect for the office, but to afford the community an opportunity of being acquainted with one so justly entitled to the regard of all who know him personally.

Hoping your Excellency will accept this invitation, we have the honor to be, &c.

JOHN MYERS,  
WILL. B. RODMAN,  
EDW. STANLEY,  
T. J. SPARROW, JR.,  
S. T. BROWN,  
S. P. ALLEN.

His Excellency,  
CHAS. MANLY.

WASHINGTON, May 22d, 1849.

GENTLEMEN: I have received your obliging note, inviting me on behalf of the citizens of Washington to attend a public dinner during my visit at this place.

The official business which has called me here, deprives me of this pleasure.

For the compliment intended to the public station which I fill, and for the kind regard for me personally, manifested in your polite invitation, you will please accept for yourselves individually and for those whom you represent, my respectful acknowledgments and sincere thanks.

I have the honor to be,  
Your obt. servt.

CHAS. MANLY.

To Messrs. JOHN MYERS, W. B. RODMAN, EDW. STANLEY, and others.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### SABBATH SCHOOLS.

The following eloquent letter from Hon. John McLean, of Ohio, showing the influence which Sabbath Schools may be made to exert on the character and prosperity of the whole country, was read at the Anniversary of the National Institution, to which it refers, at Philadelphia, a week or two ago:

CINCINNATI, April 10, 1849.

DEAR SIR: Whilst I consider myself honored by the Board of Officers and Managers of the American Sunday School Union, in being placed nominally at their head, I cannot repress a fear that, in accepting the position, I may stand in the way of some one of higher merit and of greater usefulness.

The more I reflect upon Sabbath Schools, the more deeply am I impressed with their importance. Education without moral training may increase national knowledge, but it will add nothing to national virtue. By a most intelligent and able report, made some years ago by Guizot, it appeared that in those departments of France where education had been most advanced crime was most common. And by later reports it is shown that in Prussia, Scotland, and England, where the means of education has been greatly increased, especially in Prussia and Scotland, criminal offences have increased. Making due allowance for the growth of population, and the aggregation of individuals in carrying on various useful enterprises, the principal cause of this is want of moral culture.

Knowledge without moral restraint only increases the capacity of an individual for mischief. As a citizen, he is more dangerous to society, and does more to corrupt the public morals, than one without education. So selfish is our nature, and so prone to evil, that we require chains, moral or physical, to curb our propensities and passions.

Early impressions are always the most lasting. All experience conduces to establish this. Who has forgotten the scenes of his boyhood, or the pious instructions of his parents? However they may be disregarded and condemned by an abandoned course, yet they cannot be consigned to oblivion. In the darkest hours of revelry they will light up in the memory and cause remorse. And this feeling will generally, sooner or later, lead to reformation.

Whatever defect there may be of moral culture in our common schools, it is more than supplied in our Sabbath schools. Here the whole training is of moral and religious character, entirely free from sectarian influences.

Impressions thus made can never be eradicated. \* \* \* \* \* And it may not be an extravagant calculation to suppose that every ten years five millions of persons who had been Sabbath school scholars enter into active society. More or less, they may be supposed to be influenced by the principles inculcated at those schools. Restrained themselves by moral considerations, their example may have some influence on an equal number of their associates. Here, then, is an element of power which must be salutary on our social and political relations. The good thus done cannot be fully known and appreciated, as the amount of evil which it prevents cannot be fully measured.

It may be assumed as an axiom that free Government can rest on no other basis than moral power. France has a republic which is maintained by bayonets. And there is reason to apprehend that in that country there is not a sufficient moral basis for the maintenance of a free Government.

## But are our own beloved institutions free from danger?

Who has not seen the "yawning chasms" in our own beautiful edifice? Its pillars seem to be moved, its wall and its dome, and the contour of the fabric have suffered; and nothing can restore it to its pristine beauty and strength but a united and a continued effort of the intelligent and virtuous citizens of our country. And we must increase the number of these by every possible means. Sabbath Schools must be relied on as a principal agent in this great work. Without their aid I should look to the future with little hope.— Mere partyism should be discarded for principle, and moral power, founded as it must be on the justice and fitness of things, must be made the ground of action.

When I consider the mighty trust, moral and political, which has been committed to us; when I reflect upon the extent and fertility of our country, its diversified and healthful climates, and its capacity for human enjoyment, I am overwhelmed with the vastness of the subject. Rapidly as we have advanced for the last thirty years in the development of our physical resources, and in the arts and sciences, the bow of promise still abides in the future.

But a nation may be great in its physical power and in its mental attainments, without possessing the basis of moral power, which is the only foundation for practical liberty. I have no fears of the concentrated powers of the world. We could drive them from our shores without endangering our institutions. But, whilst I have no fears as to the permanency of our Government from influences and powers from without, I am not without apprehension from causes which arise among ourselves. This is indeed a strange paradox. Can we not trust ourselves? "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?"

There is no security against the enormities of our race, which have so often disgraced the history of the world, but a restraining influence which sets bounds to human passions. The superior civilization, moderation, and justice of modern times is attributable to the benign influences of Christianity. The ancient republics were destitute of this power. Physical force was the arbiter of right and the dispenser of justice. But now there is an element of moral power which more or less pervades all civilized nations, and which has its foundation in the Bible. No nation can disregard this law with impunity. If it be not embodied in any published code, yet it is not the less powerful. It is written in the hearts and understandings of mankind. It shakes the thrones of despots who, through a line of ancestry of many centuries, have governed with an absolute power.

To us as a nation are committed the great principles of free government, and we are responsible to those who shall come after us for a faithful discharge of the trust. Now we must continue to build upon the foundation of our fathers. They were equal to the crisis. Washington, and Hancock, and Adams, and their compatriots were good men as well as great men. They looked to a superintending Providence, and to the precepts of the Bible.

There is enough of intelligence and virtue, and honest purpose in the nation, if embodied and made active, to free us from the prevailing corruptions of the day. There is no agency more efficient to strengthen this state of the public mind than our Sabbath Schools. They are the nurseries of virtue, of an elevated patriotism, and of religion. \* \* \*

And what nobler motive could impel to human action? Compare it with the motives which led to other lines of action, and with their results.—The aspiration of the mere politician begins and ends in himself. The benefits (if benefits they may be called) conferred on his supporters have no higher motive than this. The same remark will apply to many who are engaged in the pursuits of commerce, or in the prosecution of enterprises which ordinarily lead to the accumulation of individual and national wealth. They may become great in this respect, and advance the wealth of their country, without being exemplary themselves, or increasing the public virtue. And so of professional renown.

How empty is that bauble which entwines the brow of the orator in the senate, at the bar, or in the pulpit, whose heart is not full of the kindly feelings of humanity, and who does not endeavor to mitigate the suffering and increase the happiness of his race.

If we desire to make our nation truly great, and to transmit to posterity our institutions in their primitive simplicity and force, we must imbue the minds of our youth with a pure and elevated morality, which shall influence their whole lives. And I know of no means so well calculated to produce this result as Sabbath Schools.

I regret that my public duties will prevent my being present at your annual meeting.

With the greatest respect, I am, dear sir, faithfully yours,

JOHN McLEAN.

A living minister, the Rev. Mr. Pitner, of the Illinois Conference, in a prayer introductory to one of his mission efforts at a camp meeting, in a strain of rapid eloquence, gave utterance to the following sublime invocation:

"O Lord, come down here like a thunderbolt of woodpeckers, and tear all the bark off these sinners."

## THE WIZARD OF ST. GABELLE.

"You wish to hear a ghost story," said My Uncle Bayle one evening, as we gathered about his chair, "you wish to hear a ghost story; very well, you shall have your wish. I will relate an incident of which I myself was witness, and which is, therefore, strictly true."

We drew still closer to the old gentleman, and listened with the greatest interest as he related the following adventure:

One evening in autumn, full forty years ago, I was returning from Toulouse; I had travelled for that day, having already passed Auterrev, where some friends of mine would have had me spend the night, but I was resolved to push on to Saverdun, which, you know, is three leagues distant on the road. I had arrived in front of the monastery of Boulbonne, when suddenly there burst forth a terrible storm. In a moment the night became dark, and the road impassable. I should have asked shelter in the convent, but my horse, frightened at a sudden clap of thunder, dashed into a narrow pathway to the left, and bore me away in spite of all I could do. Notwithstanding the speed at which he went, I soon perceived that we were on the direct road to St. Gabelle. And when, at last, my horse slackened his pace, which he did of his own good will, I found myself before the village inn.

I entered. The guests were numerous, among whom I observed several Spanish merchants, and some hunters, who like myself had been overtaken by the storm. We dried our clothes by the fire; after which supper was announced, and we sat down to the table.

The conversation first turned upon the stormy weather and the badness of the roads. One said he had been thrown from his horse; another had been a full hour in extricating his horse and wagon from a mud hole.

"It is horrible weather," said a third. "Just the time for ghosts and witches."

Although this was but a natural remark, it gave rise to a lively conversation.

"Sorcerers and spirits choose a clear moonlight night to hold their orgies, in preference to such a one as this."

We turned to look at the author of this observation and saw it was one of the Spanish merchants.

"It would seem that the gentleman was familiar with the custom of ghosts," exclaimed a young man by my side, "and that they have told him that they like neither to get muddy nor wet."

"Young man," said the Spaniard, casting a terrible glance at the last speaker, "speak not so lightly on a subject with which you are little acquainted."

"Would you like to make me believe in ghosts?" returned the young man disdainfully.

"Perhaps," replied the Spaniard, "if you have sufficient courage to look on them."

Flushed with anger the young man sprang to his feet. In a moment, however, he calmed himself and sat down again, saying—

"You should say dear that that remark, were it not uttered by a madman."

"A madman?" echoed the other, arising in his turn. "Listen!" he added striking the table with his fist, and throwing down a heavy leather purse.

"Here are thirty quadruples which I am willing to lose, if, within an hour, I do not call up before your face the figure of any deceased person you shall name even though he has been dead ten years; and if, after recognizing him, you dare to allow him to imprint a kiss upon your lips."

"You will do that?" said the young man with a scornful smile.

"Yes," replied the Spaniard, "on condition that you lose the same amount if I succeed."

"Thirty quadruples, my worthy conjurer," said the young man, gaily, after a moment's silence, "is more than a student of Toulouse ever possessed but if you will reduce the stake to five, I am your man."

"The Spaniard, took up his purse and 'Ah, you refuse monsieur?'"

"I refuse," echoed the other, "if I only had the thirty quadruples, you would see."

"Here are four," said I which I add to your stakes.

Several others followed my example and soon the sum was made up. We chose for the trial, a small pavilion in the garden so entirely isolated that the locality offered no chance for fraud. We made ourselves sure that there were but two outlets, viz: a window, which was carefully closed and a door on the outside of which we were stationed. Upon the table had been placed materials for writing, and the lights had been carried away. The young man was shut up alone in the pavilion, the Spaniard remaining with us outside the door.

A breathless silence prevailed for a moment, when the Spaniard began to chant, in a soft, melancholy voice, a stanza which may be translated thus:

"And the coffin is broken with a crash:  
And the grave is opening.  
And the pale phantom's dark foot is placed  
Upon the verdant moss."

Stupified, we kept our eyes fixed upon the conjurer in silent awe as he proceeded to chat the third solemn stanza.

"Then says the phantom rising from the grave,  
That he may recognize me,  
I will go toward my friend, smiling, erect and fair,  
As in the days of my youth."

The Spaniard finished, and asked immediately the same terrible question:

"What do you see?"

"The figure advances," replied the student. "It lifts its veil. It is Francois Vialat! He approaches the table. He is writing his signature."

"Are you afraid?"

"No," replied the young man, "I am not afraid." Immediately the Spaniard commenced singing, or rather howling, this last and horrible stanza:

"Then says the phantom to the jeering youth,  
Come, let me touch thee now;  
Place thy hand on my hand, thy heart against my heart,  
Thy lips upon my own."

"What do you see?" cried the Spaniard, in a voice of thunder.

"He comes—he pursues me—he stretches out his arms—but he will seize me. Oh, help, help!"

"Are you afraid?" cried the conjurer, with savage joy.

A piercing cry, and then a stifled sob, were the only answer to this terrible question.

"I think I have won," said the Spaniard, bitterly; "but I am satisfied with having taught him a lesson. Let him keep the money and be more wise in future."

So saying, he walked rapidly away. Fixed with horror, we re-opened the door, and found the young student seized with fearful convulsions. The paper signed by Francois Vialat was upon the table. Recovering, the young man demanded the conjurer, and with an oath of vengeance, rushed from the room. We saw neither him nor the Spaniard afterward.

My uncle finished. Trembling with terror, we dared not look about us. At last I summoned sufficient courage to say:

"And why, after all this, do you not believe in ghosts?"

Because the neither the conjurer nor student ever returned, but ran off with the money we had advanced; whence we concluded that they were two consummate villains of whom we were the dupes. Believe me, my dear children, however probable a ghost story may appear, it will, in the end prove to be the result of an excited imagination, or a wilful fraud.

## ORIGIN OF THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

We came in possession last week of an anecdote respecting the origin of Samuel F. Woodworth's famous ballad of that name, which appears to us to possess so much interest, that we cannot withhold it from our readers—especially as it has been written in print.

Some years ago, when Woodworth, the printer, and other "old New-Yorkers," were brother types in a printing-office situated at the corner of Chatham-street and Chambers, there were very few places in this city where one could enjoy the luxury of a really "good drink."

Among the few places most worthy of patronage, was an establishment kept by Mallory, in Frankfort-street, or about the same spot where St. John's Hall recently stood.—Woodworth in company with several particular friends, had "dropped in" at this place one afternoon, for the partaking of some brandy and water, which Mallory was famous for keeping. The liquor was super-excellent, and Woodworth seemed inspired by it; for, after taking a draught, he set his glass upon the table, (remember reader, if you please, that in those "rare old times," a man rarely met with a friend without inviting to imbibe.)

and, smacking his lips, declared that Mallory's *eau de vie* was superior to anything he had ever tasted.

"No," said Mallory, "you are mistaken; there was one thing which, in both our estimations, far surpassed this in the way of drinking." What was that?" asked Woodworth; dubiously. "The draught of pure, fresh, spring water, that we used to drink from the old oaken bucket that hung in the well, after our return from labors of the field on a sultry day in the summer." The tear dropped glistened for a moment in Woodworth's eye. "True—true!" he replied, and shortly after quitted the place. He immediately returned to the office, threw down his stick, grasped a pen, and, in half an hour, "The Old Oaken Bucket,"—one of the most delightful compositions in our language—was ready in manuscript, to be embalmed in the memories of succeeding generations.

## SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

The Grand Scribe of the order in this State, has laid upon our table a copy of the Proceedings of the Grand Division, at its April session. We are glad to see that the Order is rapidly increasing and extending its borders in North Carolina, and promises fair to have a Division in every County and Town in the State. At the beginning of the present year, there were only 15 Divisions, with a membership of 618; the Grand Scribe reported to the April Session, 30 Divisions, numbering 904 members. During the first three months of this year, the receipts of the Order were 1203 30; paid for benefits and contingencies \$741 55; cash on hand \$1573 07. Since the report of the Grand Scribe to the April session was made, we learn that sixteen Charters have been issued, making 46 Divisions now in North Carolina, with a membership, it is believed, of between 1500 and 1800.

Register.

A paper is about to be started in Montreal, Canada, to advocate annexation to the United States.

## A LEGAL ANECDOTE.

Recently, while attending a court held in J—country, where Judge S. presided, a very plain question was presented for the decision of the court. It was argued elaborately on the wrong side, and when the opposite attorney (a real Paddy, who had just waded through Blackstone and Chitty, so as to enable him to obtain a license) rose to reply, he was stopped by his honor, who informed him that his opinion was made up against him, and that he would have no further argument. Paddy laid his hand slowly upon a volume of Blackstone, and opened where the leaf was carefully turned down, and commenced reading the law directly in conflict with the opinion of the court.

"Stop, sir," cried the Judge, "I have decided the case, and my mind is no longer open to conviction, nor will I have any further argument in the case."

"Oh," said the lawyer, "I did not intend to argue the point, nor did I expect to convince your honor—I only wanted to show the court what a blasted fool Blackstone was."

Such a shout of laughter as went up from every part of the court house, was beyond the means of the Sheriff or the court to control for some minutes, when Paddy was fined a dollar for his slander of Blackstone, and the court then adjourned liquor.

## CHARITY.

Charity is no intermittent thing, that now and then breaks out into brilliant munificence, and then retires to slumber in the lap of sensuality and selfish repose; that, like a burning mountain darts out occasionally shoots and flashes of splendor, and then rolls up nothing but smoke and darkness; it is a lamp that always is burning, sometimes with brighter, sometimes with a fainter light, but that is never out. It is a vital principle, a generous life, the pulses of which are continually proceeding, now with stronger, now with more languid beats, but never stopping. The life of a charitable man consists not merely of few detached acts of beneficent bounty separated from each other by long intervals; his heart is a benign fountain that pours from it a flow of benefits, either large or little; that supplies a current of kind attentions; that sends forth a stream of services to his fellow creatures, few of which can be signal, but all of which, though separately considered, may seem but small, yet collectively received, are of large amount.

Faust.

## DREAMS.

Those who believe in dreams, as foreshadowing coming events, will give us their eternal thanks we trust, for copying the annexed list of "signs." Every one of them has been tried, and proved infallible:

To dream of a millstone round your neck, is a sign of what you may expect, if you marry an extravagant wife.

To see apples in a dream, betoken a wedding; because where you find apples, you may reasonably expect pairs.

To dream that you are lame, is a token that you will get into a hobble.

When a young lady dreams of a coffin, it betokens that she should instantly discontinue the use of tight stays, and always go warmly and thickly shod in wet weather.

If you dream of a clock, it is a token that you will gain great credit—that is, tick.

To dream of fire is a sign that—if you are wise—you will see that all the lightning your house are out before you go to bed.

To dream of walking barefoot, denotes a journey that will be bootless.

To dream of eggs, is a sign that you will discover a mare's nest.

## AN EAR FOR MUSIC.

A young lady in a boarding house very vain of her musical talent, was one day entertaining the company with a song, when a crusty old bachelor came out of his room on the next floor and bowed from the top of the stairs:

"What are you doing with that pig? Do turn that pig into the street!"

"What pig?" cried several.

The old bachelor descended the stairs, looked into the room, and said—"I thought I heard a pig squealing in this room!"

The girl never swag afterwards without first ascertaining that the old bachelor was absent.

## O'FLAHERTY AND THE BEES.

There happened to grow up between Patrick and a bragging downmaster, a fierce contest as to the comparative size of different animals and insects, in this and the "old country," when Mr. O'Flaherty declared that in Ireland the "bees were as big as a sheep."

"Very well," interrupted Kibbold, "how big are the bees?"

"As big as yams, be jabber!"

"Then how do the bees get into their hives?"

Paddy scratched his head, and, after a few moments' reflection, replied, "Oh, that's their lock out."

A jolly husband got a thousand miles from Bangor who had been out on a "bit of a spree," was saluted by his better half on his return with "Oh, you hard-hearted wretch!" The husband meekly replied that he didn't think his heart could be very hard, for he'd been "soaking it" for the last forty-eight hours.