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TERMS.

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GIRARD COLLEGE.

Extract from the Editorial Correspondence of the New Orleans "Bulletin."

PHILADELPHIA, April 20.

I went today to visit the Girard College, which is at length completed. It is decidedly the finest and most splendid building in the United States, and far superior to the capital at Washington.

The building itself covers one acre of ground, and the walls, doors, stairs, and roof are all of white marble, agreeably to the will of the founder. It is surrounded on all the four sides by most magnificent white marble columns, of the Corinthian order; diameter of them is seven feet, and they are fifty-six feet high, exclusive of the base, (the latter nine feet in diameter.) The capitals, which are most splendidly and elaborately carved, are thirteen feet high. The columns, as you walk on the platform of it, has a most imposing and splendid appearance—more so than any thing of the kind I have ever seen. The roof is a real curiosity, and, with the exception of the cathedral of Milan, is the only building I have ever seen or read of that is exclusively of marble.

The old gentleman having inquired into the cause of his complaint, asked him "why he should be so much disquieted at it than any other married man, since it was the common case with all, and consequently no more than he ought to have expected when he entered into the marriage state?"

The young gentleman desired to be excused, if he said he was so far from giving his assent to this assertion, that he thought himself more unhappy than any other man, as his wife had a spirit no way to be quelled; and as most certainly no man, who had a sense of right and wrong, could ever submit to be governed by his wife.

The proposal was too advantageous to be rejected; our young married man, therefore, set out with great eagerness to get rid, as he thought, of his horses and his wife.

"The Grey Mare is the Better Horse."

Mr. Macaulay in his history (page 246, Boston Edition) suggests that the above vulgar proverb had its origin in the preference given to the grey mares of Flanders over the horses in England, the best of which at the close of the reign of Charles II, were not much better than our marsh tacks.

A friend has handed us an old Boston paper of June 24, 1819, in which is found the following account of the origin of the proverb. Our readers may adopt that one which pleases them most:

ORIGINS OF THE GREY MARE BEING THE BETTER HORSE.—I had lately the pleasure of passing a very agreeable evening in a mixed company of both sexes, where the conversation happening to turn upon the propriety of that power which men usually arrogate to themselves of ruling over their wives with despotic sway, a young lady of wit and humor, then present, replied, "it might possibly be so sometimes, but much oftener the grey mare is the better horse;" and very obligingly entertained the company with the following account of the rise of that proverbial saying, which is made use of when a woman governs her husband.

A gentleman, of a certain county in England, having married a lady of considerable fortune and with many other charms, yet falling, in a very short time, that she was of a high domineering spirit, and always contending to be mistress of him and his family, he was resolved to part with her. Accordingly, he went to her father, and told him, he found his daughter of such a temper, and was so heartily tired of her that, if he would take her home again, he would return every penny of her fortune.

At the first house he came to, he heard a woman, with a shrill and angry voice, call to her husband to go to the door; here he left an egg, you may be sure, without making any further inquiry. At the next, he met with something of the same kind; and at every house, in short, until his eggs were almost gone, when he arrived at the seat of a gentleman of family and figure in the country.

The gentleman at that moment entering the room, and, after some apologies, being made acquainted with the business, confirmed every word his obedient wife had reported in her own favor; upon which he was invited to choose which horse in the team he liked best, and to accept of it as a present.

A black golden struck the fancy of the gentleman most; but the lady desired he would choose the grey mare, which she thought would be very profitable to her husband; but he had given her

substantial reasons why the black horse would be most useful to them; but madam still persisted in her claim to the grey mare. "What," said she, "and will you not take her then? I but I say you shall; for I am sure the grey mare is much the better horse."

"Well, my dear," replied the husband, "if it must be so"—"You must take an egg," replied the gentleman carter, "and I must take all my horses back again, and endeavor to live happy with my wife."

JESS BRAN'S BEAR FIGHT.

Every man, woman and child in Picketts county knows Jess Bran. And to those whose circumstances unfortunately compel them to live elsewhere, we would say, that Jesse is the present sheriff of the county aforesaid. And furthermore, we have authority of the secretary of State for saying, that he was the finest looking sheriff who carried the returns of the last Presidential election to Montgomery.

On reaching Montgomery, Jess went to the capitol, and was introduced to the Secretary; "I am happy to know you, Mr. Bran," said the affable Colonel Garrett.

"I am happy to find you," replied the sheriff; "for since I put on these boots I hardly know myself."

Jesse is our crack tale-teller, and many a tale has he told, from laughing at his Nabby Ridge and Sourwood stories. One of his will now give, promising that the gist of the tall tale in his rich mode telling it, and that it must be made much by being read:

Some years ago, before I got to be sheriff of this county, I was in Mobile, and one day I saw a crowd moving out towards the Orange Grove; I joined it, and learned that a match fight was about to come off between Jim Burgess's bull dog and a tame bear, for five hundred dollars aside, one hundred forfeit.

As soon as the ring was formed, the dog was turned loose at the bear, and after one round he stayed home—no sort of talk could make him elude again, and Burgess paid the forfeit and drew off the dog.

Just as the crowd was about to disperse, a tall, raw boned native from Chickasaw, who was residing in the ownership of a big, stout, stump-tailed cur dog, sang out, "I'll be darned if Cash can't take that bear."

"What will you bet of that?" said the owner of the bear.

"I'll give you five dollars, and drawing out the fact of an old stocking, he shined out twenty dollars. The bear man covered the twenty and the ring was again formed.

"Now gentlemen," said Chickasaw, "I wish it to be understood as bold, nobody goes into this ring but me an' Cash an' the bar, an' nobody stint got to speak or touch but me."

This was agreed to, and the bear being unanzled, the word was given.

"Look out Cash, mind your eyes!—Watch him, Cash!" cried raw-bones, as Cash, with a prudent regard for his own interests, kept at a respectful distance; his bristles standing up like the teeth of a harrow.

Temperance Tale for the Young.

BY T. R. ARTHUR.

DRUNKARD'S GOOD ANGELS.

"Come Ady and Jane, it's time you were in bed," said Mrs. Freeman, after a few moments, looking around a clock one evening. Ady was nine years old, and Jane was a year and half younger. These two children had been sitting at the work table with their mother, one of them studying her lesson, and the other engaged on a piece of fancy needle work.

"Papa hasn't come yet," answered Ady. "No dear. But it's getting late, and it's time you were in bed. He may not be home for an hour."

Ady laid by her work and left the table, and Jane closed her books and put them away in her school satchel.

"You can light the lamp on the mantle-piece," said Mrs. Freeman, after a few moments, looking around as she saw that the children had both put on their bonnets, and were tying their warm caps close about their necks.

"God bless and reward the dear children," it was a bleak winter night, and as the little adventures stepped into the street, the wind swept furiously along, and almost drove back against the door.

They did not speak a word to each other as they hastened along. After going for a distance of several blocks, they stopped before a house, over the door of which was a handsome, ornamented gas lamp, bearing the words, "Oysters and Refreshments."

"Here are those ladies again!" Ady and Jane stood still, near the door, and looked all around the room. But not seeing the object of their search, they went up to the bar, said timidly to a man who stood behind it pouring liquor into glasses.

"Has papa been here to night?" The man leaned over the bar, until his face was close to the children, when he said, in an angry way.

"I don't know anything about your father. And see here! Don't you come here any more. If you do, I will call my big dog out of the yard and make him bite you."

Ady and Jane felt frightened, as well by the harsh manner, as the angry words of the man, and they started back from him, and were turning towards the door with sad faces, when the person who had first remarked their entrance, called out loud enough for them to hear him.

"Come hear my little girls!" The children stopped and looked at him, when he beckoned to them to approach, and they did so.

"Are you looking for your father?" he asked. "Yes, sir," replied Ady. "What did that man at the bar say to you?"

"He said papa was not here; and if we come any more, he would set his dog on us." "He did!" "Yes, sir."

"The man knit his brows, for an instant. Then he said, 'Who sent you here?' 'Nobody,' answered Ady. 'Don't your mother know you have come?'

"Yes, sir. She told us to go to bed, but we couldn't go until papa was home. And so we came for him first."

with so much ability, the case against the Marine Insurance Company? "The same."

"Is it possible?" A little group now formed around the man, and a good deal was said about Freeman and his fall from sobriety. One who had several times seen Ady and Jane come in and lead him home as they had just done, spoke of them with much feeling, and all agreed that it was a most touching case.

"To see," said one, "how passively he yields himself to the little things when they come after him. I feel, sometimes, when I see them, almost weak enough to shed tears."

"They are his good angels," remarked another. "But I am afraid they are not strong enough to lead him back to the path he has forsaken."

"You can think what you please about it, gentlemen," spoke up the landlord, "but I can tell you my opinion on the subject: I wouldn't give much for the mother who would let two little things like them go wandering about the streets, alone, at this time of night."

One of those who had expressed interest in the children felt sorry at this remark, and he retorted with some bitterness.

"And I would give less for the man who would make their father drunk!" "Ditto to that," responded one of the company.

"And here's my hand to that," said another. The landlord finding that a majority of his company were likely to be against him, he colored his angry feelings, and kept silence. A few minutes afterwards, two or three of the inmates of the bar room went away.

About ten o'clock on the next morning, while Mr. Freeman, who was generally sober in the fore-part of the day, was in his office, a stranger entered and after sitting down said—

"I must crave your pardon, beforehand, for what I am going to say. Will you promise not to be offended?"

"If you offer me an insult, I will insult it," said the lawyer. "So far from that, I come with the desire to do you a great service."

"Very well. Say on." "I was at Lawson's refractory last night."

"Well!" "And I saw something there that touched my heart. If I slept at all last night, it was only to dream of it. I am a father, sir! I have two little girls, and I love them tenderly. Oh, sir! the thought of their coming out, in the cold winter night, in search of me, in such a polluted place, makes the blood feel cold in my veins."

Words so unexpected, coming upon Mr. Freeman when he was comparatively sober, disturbed him deeply. In spite of all his endeavors to remain calm, he trembled all over. He made an effort to say something in reply but could not utter a word.

"My dear sir," pursued the stranger, "you have fallen at the hand of the monster, intemperance, and I feel that I am in great peril. You have not however fallen hopelessly. You may rise if you will. Let me, then, in the name of the sweet babes, who have shewn, in so wonderful a manner, their love for you, conjure you to rise superior to the deadly foe. Reward those dear children with the blessings their hearts can desire. Come with me, and sign the pledge of freedom. Let us, though strangers to each other, unite in this act. Come!"

Half bewildered yet with a new hope in his heart, Freeman arose and suffered the man, who drew his arm within his, to lead him away. Before they separated, both had signed the pledge.

WEIGHIN' THE GALES.

Sumbdy says it aint a fair reckon to ax a gal her age. The old maids, I reckon, ax that. Now I think it's fully as unfair to ax a gal her weight, as it is to ax her age, 'case it's nuff question, it is; and when you hears about weighin' Sal Greeny, you will say so too.

You know cussen Jeff, he's a rick staver among t the gals, he is, and he don't care a straw wh't he sez to any on 'em, he don't.

Cussen Jeff, he cum over to our house one Sunday and sez to me, "Pete, les go to see 'Squire Greeny's gals." "Agreed," sez I. And so out we struck. I felt orful bold when we first started, but sum how the nearer we got 'Squire Greeny's, the worse skared I was—and I wished we had never started; but it was too late now, so in we went.

'Squire Greeny's got two gals, Sal and Betsy, as nice gals as you ever seed, they is.—They all seem'd mighty polite; and me and cussen Jeff, thought we was gettin' on fast rates, we did. Sal look'd dreadful nice, I tell you. I'd a gin the world if I could only find sumthin' to say to her; but I staid'd over everything I ever heard or thought about iz my whole life, but not the first darn'd word could I think of wuth sayin'.

Cussen Jeff was all the time talkin' like all natur' to Betsy. After a while Sal sez she proposed we should go and weigh. So out we all went, 'Squire Greeny goin' along to weigh us. When Sal's turn cum, 'Squire Greeny, he look'd sorter 'stomach'd. "Why Sal," sez he, "you weigh a hundred and fifty." "Law! Par," sez Sal. "Ain't it Jeff?" sez the 'Squire. "Yes sir-ee," sez Jeff. And sure enuff, Sal weighed a hundred and fifty; the heaviest critter in the whole gang on us.

Well we all went back to the house, and arter a while, sez 'Squire Greeny, "Old 'oman, Sal weighs a hundred and fifty."

"No she don't," sez the old lady. "Yes, but I tell you she dux," sez the 'Squire. "Don't she Jeff?" "Yes sir-ee, she dux," sez Jeff.

"I don't believe it," sez the old lady. "Well we'll weigh Sal agin, and show you," sez the 'Squire. "Oh! no, don't," sez Sal. "Why not Sal?" "Oh! 'case it's Sunday," sez Sal.

"But I will, though," sez the 'Squire. So sal was strung up agin, and the 'Squire he balance'd the still yards to the last kick-up place; and then he commenced lookin' over his specks and countin' his fingers. "Jeff," sez he, "how much is that?" Jeff, he looked over the 'Squire's shoulder. "One hundred and thirty-seven," sez Jeff.

"Yes," sez the 'Squire, "a hundred and thirty-seven." "That now," sez the old lady. "I told you Sal didn't weigh a hundred and fifty."

"Well how on yath did we make such a mistake?" sez the 'Squire. "I know," sez K-to, Sal's little sister. "Hush!" sez Sal, shakin' her fist at Kate, and turnin' as red as a beet, in the face.

"How?" sez the 'Squire. "Ef you do," sez Sal, stamin' her foot. "But I will, though," sez Kate. "Yes, tell," sez the 'Squire. "Sal her tuck her Bustle off." "Bring the camp fire here, quick!"

The Pittsburg Mercury, recording the marriage of a Miss Holmes, President of the Martha Washington Total Abstinence Society, to a Mr. Andrew Horne, appends the following:

Fair Julia lived a Temperance maid, And preached its lessons night and morn, But still her wicked neighbors said She broke her pledge and took a Horn.

On reading in the Morning Chronicle that Jenny Lind's marriage with Mr. Harris was broken off, and that she had gone to Paris, Punch remarks:

Dear Jenny Lind has changed her mind, And run away to Paris; So Betsy Pigg was right, we find— There is no Mr. Harris!

CAUSE FOR BEING DEFUNCT.—"I aint going tew live long, mammy."

"Why not, you sarpent!"

"Coss my troways is all tond-out behud."

ONE OR THE OTHER.

A stout bustling little woman came into the vestry of a church to see the clergyman one morning after the reading of the prayers. She held in her arms a sturdy specimen of manhood in embryo, who was crying lustily.

"Please sir," said she with a courtesy, "will you be so kind as to tell me whether my child is a scapship or a christin?"

"Young woman," said the learned divine, "why do you jake with the authorized prayers of your church?"

"Please sir, I aint jokin'—only I want to know whether my son Argents is a scapship or a christin?"

"Neither scapship, neither. How can you ax that?"

"Oh, but I know it's in the prayer-book," said she, "because you ax'd this morning, 'the children that set them continually to pray, why should they say any thing?' and I aint axed no more."

There is a man out somewhere who has got a good temper that he hires himself out in summer to keep people out of his house.