



PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY CH. C. RABOTEAU,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS: \$2 50 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE, OR
\$3 00 IF PAYMENT IS DELAYED SIX MONTHS.

VOL. II.

RALEIGH, FRIDAY, JULY 13, 1849.

NO 32.

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

MISCELLANEOUS.

Why John Thrifty Did not Get Rich.

It would have been a difficult matter to have found a single individual from the "oldest inhabitant" to the most recent settler, in the town of B—— who did not know, and who did not esteem and speak well of John Thrifty.

And well did John merit the good report of his neighbors. He was born amongst them—he had been educated amongst them—he had spent his youth amongst them—he had married amongst them—he had grown old amongst them; and such had been the amiability of his manners, the benevolence of his disposition and rectitude of his conduct, that he had never, during a period of more than sixty years, had a quarrel with, or made an enemy of, a single person in all the town.

Now it was generally supposed that John was thriving in the world, and that he would not only have a snug competency for his declining years, but would be enabled to leave a nice jointure to his widow, and a handsome dowry for his daughter Mary, the only surviving child of a numerous progeny.

It was well known that, for several years previous to his marriage, having no one but himself to support, and being in the receipt of a good salary, as book-keeper in an extensive cotton mill, he had been enabled, by a laudable economy, to make frequent investments in the savings' banks; and it was even calculated by the more extra gossips, that John could not have less than £300 to commence his married life.

Heedless of the good-natured babblers, John kept plying on. Every morning, precisely as usual, five clock struck nine, he might be seen taking his accustomed seat at the office desk; and every evening, as the last sound of the bell proclaiming six, died upon the ear, he might be perceived brushing up his five-shilling gossamer with his coat sleeve, preparatory to leaving his duties for the night.

His regularity and integrity gained him the confidence of his employers; and several times during his long and exemplary servitude had they thought fit, without solicitation on his part, to advance his previously handsome salary.
And most people said and everybody thought, that John Thrifty was a rich man. But he was not! And how the folks in B—— stared, wondered, gossiped again, when, at the advanced age of sixty-three, John left this world, his wife and daughter, and barely enough money to pay his funeral expenses.

But why was not John rich? was asked on every side, and none appeared able to solve this important problem.

We are happy, however to have it in our power to clear up the mystery; and to show why, with all his opportunities and privileges for amassing wealth, John Thrifty died a poor man.

Then for once, report fell short of truth, and instead of £300, John had upwards of £2000 placed to his credit, in one or other of the banking houses in B——, besides being in the receipt of an annual salary of £206, at the time of his marriage.

The repeated advances made by his employers during his wedded life had augmented his salary to £240 per annum; yet after all John died a poor man.

"Strange!" methinks we hear some one of our readers exclaim, "the must have been a gambler; others, 'he could not make all that away in innocent and rational pursuits—he must surely have been a drunkard;" "come now, you have told us that he was punctual and attentive to business, regular in his habits, and amiable in his disposition, don't leave us any longer to conjecture, but tell us at once the cause of John's poverty." "Well, then, John had a wife!" "Of course he had," put in our short-tempered reader, "that is, if he married a woman and she had not gone off the hocks, run away, or been transported? but what odd carbuncles that do with his poverty? surely it does not follow that because a man has a wife he must have poverty also." To this we answer, "If we are to finish the task we have undertaken, we are determined to do it in our own manner; therefore, we repeat, in contempt of our fast man's frowns, John Thrifty had a wife—beautiful in her person—graceful in her carriage—benevolent in her disposition—industrious in her habits, and to all appearances, just the woman to make the friends of an intellectual man happy; but she had, in a multitude of excellencies, one failing; she would 'keep up appearances.'" So this failing was her own and her husband's ruin, in a worldly point view."

No one could, or did, appreciate a woman more than John did his wife, and though he saw and pitied her besetting sin, he had not the courage to denounce it. Sometimes, it is true, he would re-

deavor to reason with her on the impropriety of incurring certain expenses, but then, though he brought forward the most convincing and incontrovertible arguments in favor of his propositions, she had such a sweet and persuasive voice, and such a captivating manner, he was sure to be defeated, and the debate always ended with, "well, John, love, I dare say you're perfectly right, but then, my dear, only fancy! what would the world say?" and poor John, silenced by the unaccountable interest manifested by the world in his domestic arrangements, could only wonder how he could ever have been so oblivious of the world's approbation.

For instance; when discussing the necessary preparations for their marriage, John suggested a cab to church—a few friends to dinner—a quadrille in the evening, and business next day; but the bride elect, anxious to "keep up appearances," remarked that, "though for herself, she did not care a rush how matters were arranged, yet what would the world say? Hadn't Mr. Skinkle, (who did not get near John's salary) a couple of coaches, a pair of greys to each, outriders in liveries, and white favours; and why should they do the thing less respectably?" This reasoning was conclusive; the world required them, and coaches, greys, outriders, liveries, and white favours were agreed upon.

"Then, you know, John dear, it is always customary for new married people who would stand well in the world, to make a wedding jaunt, for a fortnight or so, to the lakes, Blackpool, Cheltenham, or some such place." This was a matter of course; so, to please the world, they went to Bath.

Then it was arranged that, as Mrs. Grizzle sent out cakes, cards, and gloves, (and Mr. G. did not hold half so good a situation as John) they should send out cards, cakes, and gloves too.

Then Mrs. Grizzle had such a lovely dinner service (and her husband's income was very limited); Mrs. Dorton had such a love of a piano; Mrs. Donsall had such an exquisite China; Mrs. Crane had such a handsome Brussels carpet; Mrs. Chink had such chaste bed-hangings; Mrs. Lipman had such rich window-blinds; Mrs. Screw had such a dear of a sofa; Mrs. Price had such a duck of a time piece; Mrs. Griffin had such charming fire-screens; Mrs. Bousper had such costly fittings in her church pew; (and none of their husbands had the means that John had); therefore, that the world might not accuse him of parsimony, John had to buy a new piano, a new sofa, a new Brussels carpet, a new chaise, a new bed, a new window-blind, a new time-piece, a new fire-screen, and the fittings for the pew at church were all provided, *secundum artem*.

Then again, the babies—precious innocents—when they came, must, of necessity, be treated like other genteel babies; and elegancies and luxuries were supplied *ad libitum*; and when all their attentions could not keep the little dears alive, hot-baths, gloves, and biscuits must be distributed at their funerals—it would be such a shame, as this was the last token of affection that could be paid them, not to do as other respectable parents did.

And thus they went on. This deference to the opinions of the world, and this desire to compete with and outshine their neighbors, commenced with their union, and ended only with the death of John and the poverty of his widow and orphan daughter. And this was the reason "why John Thrifty didn't get rich."

AN IRISHMAN'S ADVERTISEMENT.

Bartholomew O'Flaherty, Wig Maker, Music Master, and dealer in dried apples, from Dublin, gives the public information that he has opened a shop in Pig Alley, No. 12, where he carries on the business of making ladies caps, repacking pork, and setting hen's eggs under decks, except what falls down and breaks. Horse jockies and farmers may be supplied with gauze aprons and saddles, smelling-bottles, and all other vegetables on the shortest notice.

Wanted immediately a parcel of bull-frog skins, crooked-necked squashes, old gimblets, and such like garden seeds of this year's growth. Quail traps fabricated and renovated, also good pasturing for breeding mares, or exchange for the like sum in the funds.

A large quantity of second hand breeches by the quart or single gill or less. Potash kettles, lamb's wool, silver thimbles, besides a great variety of other medicines—100 lbs grease, and griddles to be bartered for tasselled canes and soft soap. Horse keeping at two shillings per lb, together with Nova Scotia grindstones, and men, women and children shaved, combed and dressed at three shillings per yard, with every other species of public securities and warlike instruments at their nominal value. All kinds of needle work done with accuracy and cross patch, among which are 3 volumes of the great works of the little tweedle, with 100 lbs. of brimstone, and a monstrous heap of smoked owl's gizzards. Three pamphlets on the infinite evil of infinite folly, with an infinite number finite little infinities, among which are junk bottles and leather aprons, supported by arguments pro and con, with abundance of sweetmeats of the like kind.

Wanted immediately, a young man or two at the above business. None need apply but those who are well versed in the art of sneezing, churning corns, and other equestrian feats of horsemanship.

A newspaper is the best history of the times.

Correspondent of the New Jersey State Gazette's Reporter.

"Six Weeks on the Wing."

Passing many thriving towns, we reached Wheeling, 100 miles below Pittsburgh. This place has its name from the circumstance of some Indians cutting off a white man's head and putting it on a pole, to prevent other white men from coming there, Wheeling signifying "the place of a head."

It is the great terminus of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad; and is a thriving place with 10,000 inhabitants. A wire suspension bridge over the Ohio is building here which will be the greatest suspension bridge in the world. It is to be 97 feet above low water; mark, and supported by 12 wire cables, each one thousand three hundred and eighty feet long. It will cost 220,000 dollars.

At Wheeling, was the site of old Fort Henry, the heroic defence of which in 1777, against 500 Indians, is almost unparalleled in warfare. This garrison consisted of 42 men and boys, which was reduced by two sorties to 12. They maintained the battle until ammunition was nearly exhausted and it became necessary to go to a house some distance from the fort for a keg of powder known to be there. It was an expedition of extreme hazard, and the Colonel unwilling to order any one to do it, inquired who would volunteer. A number stepped forward, and among them a young woman of great intrepidity, named Elizabeth Zane, who insisted that her life was less valuable than a warrior's, and she should be allowed to go. With great reluctance they yielded to her entreaties, and she returned with the powder amid a storm of balls, unharmed.

The battle continued all day and night; when the Indians withdrew, Major McCullough, while endeavoring to throw succor into the fort, was separated from his men, and surrounded by Indians. They could have killed him on the spot, but they wished to take him alive. He was the greatest hunter of his time, known personally from his wonderful exploits to almost every Indian, and so great was their terror and hatred of him, that any Wyandot chief would have given the lives of twenty warriors to take him alive.

Finding himself surrounded, he turned his horse's head and flew to "Wheeling hill." Reaching the top, he found himself hemmed in on three sides by advancing Indians, while on the fourth was a precipice. Not a moment was to spare, and filling his rifle in one hand and gathering the reins in the other, he urged his horse to the leap—the noble steed and daring rider reached the water unharmed, and dashed away to the fort safely.

What incalculable benefits would result to the race if such intrepidity as Major McCullough's and Elizabeth Zane's would now ascend to the higher heroisms of this age, and expend itself on the fields of moral warfare.

Between Wheeling and Cincinnati (400 miles nearly) 70 flourishing towns adorn the banks of the River of Beauty; while every one is connected with some stirring history of the "olden time" or has some peculiar present interest. Passing the "Great Indian mound" at Big Grove Creek, which mound is about 40 rods in circumference at its base, and 72 feet high, and covered with old trees, and which has been profaned by an observatory, we floated along to Marietta at the mouth of the Muskingum, the capital of Washington county, Ohio, having 3000 inhabitants. It was the first permanent settlement in Ohio, and was named in honor of Maria Antoinette, Queen of Louis XIV. It was the site of Fort Harmar and is celebrated as being the first place where a court was established, and also for the famous "race for life" between Gov. Meigs and the Indians, in which the Governor escaped.

Farther down is Blennerhassett's Island rendered almost classic ground by the eloquence of Wirt, on the trial of Burr. Seventy miles below, is the celebrated rock region. From the Ohio hills three millions of bushes are dug annually. Point Pleasant 20 miles further, at the mouth of the Great Kanawha River, was the scene of another of the desperate conflicts of the olden time. Passing Gallipolis and other places, we near the mouth of the Big Sandy River, when the Ohio makes its most southern sweep, and approaches the climate of the cane. The difference in vegetation is very perceptible. Thirty or forty miles from the mouth of Big Sandy River, cane once grew, but has disappeared. About the sources of this river, was the greatest hunting ground in America, especially for bears. In 1805, 6, and 7, eight thousand bear skins were taken in this region. Think of that, ye sportsmen who wade deep in marsh on the Delaware for a few red birds, or lie whole days shivering with cold, in mud and water for the poor privilege of missing wild fowl, and buying them of gunners. The war in Europe caused a great demand for bear skins to decorate the soldiers of the hostile armies, and they often brought four dollars each.

Thirteen miles below on the Ohio side is the Hanging Rock; so called from a cliff about 400 feet high, in the rear of the town. This is the great depot of the business in this region, which is carried on extensively.

Pork-meat, at the mouth of Scioto River, is the terminus of the Ohio Canal, extending to Lake Erie, 307 miles through the Scioto valley, the paradise of the west.

At this point I sought the "shell" destined to be my lodging place, and passed the night in the most determined efforts to sleep.

It rained heavily all the night and part of the next day, confining us to the saloon in which was Amos Kendall and other distinguished people.

I was so happy as to make the acquaintance of some very agreeable persons from Cincinnati, whose society increased the pleasure of the trip, and in whose homo circle I have spent some delightful hours.

Passing Maysville, and the mouth of the little Miami, we reached Cincinnati at 10 1/2 A. M., glad to escape from the boat on which three cases of cholera occurred during our passage.

From here I shall write to you of the "Queen City" of the west, of whose growth and importance so few eastern people have a just conception.

B. R. P.

HISTORY OF THE SABBATH.

The Creator has given us a natural restorative—sleep; and a moral restorative—Sabbath keeping; and it is in vain to dispute with either. Under the pressure of high excitement, individuals have passed weeks together with but little sleep or none; but when the process is long continued, the over driven powers rebel, and fever, delirium and death comes on; nor can the natural amount be systematically curtailed without corresponding mischief. The Sabbath does not arrive like sleep. The day of rest does not steal over us like the hour of slumber. It does not entrance us almost whether we will or not; but addressing us as intelligent beings, our Creator assures us that we need it, and bids us notice its return, and court its renovation.—And if, going in the face of the Creator's kindness, we force, ourselves to the work all days alike, it is not long till we pay the forfeit. The mental worker, the man of business, or the man of letters, finds his ideas becoming turbid and slow; the equipage of his faculties is upset; grows moody, fitful and capricious; and with his mental elasticity broken, should any disaster occur, he subsides into habitual melancholy, or in self destruction speeds his guilty exit from a gloomy world. And the manual workers—the artisan, the engineer—tiring on from day to day, and week to week, the bright intuition of his eyes gets blunted, and forgetful of their earthly duties, no longer perform their feats of strength, mould life, die by a plastic and tuneful ear, but mingling his life's blood in his drudgery, his locks are prematurely grey, his genial humor sours, and slaving it still he has become a morose or reckless man, for an extra effort, or any blink of balmly feeling, he must stand indebted to opinion or alcohol.—[North American Review.

A RACE WITH A PORKER.

An amusing incident occurred in this city one day last week, which we think will bear telling. A Dutchman who was at work, had taken off his coat, and for want of a better peg, he hung it on the ground. Now the Dutchman being a family man, and withal rather generous, had taken care to store the pockets of his outer garment with ginger cakes for the benefit of his "vrow," and his little ones at home. A long, slab-sided, gaunt looking porker came up shortly after, and snelling the savory ginger cakes, thought, doubtless, he had as good a right to steal a dinner as some of his race that walk on two legs have to scabbege things of more value. At all events he began snuffing the air for a time with a very wasteful look, and finding the small wholesome, determined to have a taste. Accordingly he made a dive upon the Dutchman's coat, and seizing it by the pocket of cakes, made off with it as fast as his legs could carry him in a very haggish manner.

"O, mine God! mine coat! mine cakes!" cried the Dutchman in consternation; and forthwith his two legs were moving like drumsticks, in competition with the four of his hungry friend. Away bounded hog and coat, and onward leaped the countless native of "fader land" in eager chase. Talk about the race between the celebrated rumpage Flashie and Boston! it wasn't a circumlocution, even for a cold dinner. Mile—beg pardon—curb stones were passed with a velocity that almost drew fire from their flinty heads, while the puffing of the racers drew persons to the doors and windows to ascertain what was going on.—Some laughed at the fun, and so did the Dutchman, but on the "wrong side of the mouth." By this time the cakes had found exit through a tremendous rent in the pocket and were leaving a trail behind that required none of the Indian's sagacity to follow. At length the porker, finding the contest dubious while he carried weight, dropped the coat and seizing a plumb cake, which drew a groan from the pursuer, deliberately turned aside to make "assurance doubly sure," by devouring the precious morsel. The Dutchman stopped, picked up his coat, and examined it with a we begun look. Then he took the backward trail to collect the scattered cakes, muttering—

"O, mine God! what a country! Even de pigs steals, likes ter tegel; and nobody knows when no body is safes. Mine Got! I vill co. peck agains to Yarmany, and stay mid my mulder vat ish deals. Mine Got! cakes look! O, vat a Merky for liberties. You all ish liberties here—too much liberties, by jam, a good deal! and away he went to console himself as best he could.

A VILLAGE BEAU.

The following portrait of Mr. H. Adolphus Hawkins, is from Longfellow's new novel Kavanagh.

"In addition to these transient lovers, who were but birds of passage, winging their way in an incredible short space of time from the torrid to the frigid zone, there was in the village a domestic and resident adorer, whose love for himself, for Miss Vaughan, and for the beautiful, had transformed his name from Hiram A. Hawkins to H. Adolphus Hawkins. He was a dealer in English linens and carpets—a profession which of itself fills the mind with ideas of domestic comfort. His waist coats were made like Lord Melbourne's in the illustrated English papers, and his shiny hair went off to the left in a superb sweep, like the hand-rail of a banister. He wore many rings on his fingers, and several breastpins and gold chains disposed about his person. On all his hand physiognomy was stamped as on some of his linens, 'soft finish for family use.' Every thing about him spoke the lady's man. He was in fact a perfect ring-dove; and like the rest of his species, always walked up to the female, and bowing his head, swelled out his crop, and uttered a very plaintive murmur.

"Moreover, Mr. Hiram Adolphus Hawkins was a poet—so much a poet that, as his sister frequently remarked, he spoke blank verse in the bosom of his family." The general tone of his productions was sad, desponding, perhaps slightly morbid. How could it be otherwise with the writings of one who had never been the world's friend, nor the world his? who looked upon himself as a pyramid of mind on the dark desert of despair; and who, at the age of twenty five, had drunk the bitter draught of life to the dregs, and dashed the goblet down. His productions were published in the Fairmeadow Advertiser, and it was a relief to know, that, in private life as his sister remarked, he was by no means the censorious and moody person some of his writings might imply.

Such was the personage who assumed to himself the perilous position of Miss Vaughan's permanent admirer. He imagined that it was impossible for any woman to look upon him and not love him. Accordingly, he paraded himself at his shop door as he passed, he paraded himself at the corners of the streets, he paraded himself at the church steps on Sunday. He spied her from the window, eyes, he thought, not to do her wrong, but to do her good. He passed her, and repassed her, and turned back to gaze, he lay in wait with dejected countenance and desponding air, he persecuted her with his looks, he pretended that their souls could comprehend each other without words, and whenever her lovers were alluded to in his presence, he gravely declared, as one who had reason to know, that, if Miss Vaughan ever married, it would be some one of gigantic intellect."

THE LION'S LEAP.

Once when I was traveling in Namaqua Land, I observed a spot which was imprinted with at least twenty spoor of the lion's paw; and as I pointed them out, a Namaqua chief told me that a lion had been passing his leap. On demanding an explanation, he said, that if a lion sprang at an animal, and missed it by leaping short, he would always go back to where he sprang from and practice the leap, so as to be successful on another occasion; and he then related to me the following anecdote, stating that he was an eye-witness to the incident. I was passing near the end of a craggy hill, from which jutted out a rock, of from 10 to 12 feet high, when I perceived a number of zebras galloping round it, which they were obliged to do, as the rock was steep and a lion was creeping towards the rock to catch the male zebra which brought up the rear of the herd. The lion sprang and missed his mark; he fell short, with only his head, over the edge of the rock, and the zebra galloped away, switching his tail in the air. At length the object of his pursuit was gone, the lion tried the leap on the rock a second and third time, till he succeeded. During this, two more lions came up and joined the first lion. They seemed to be talking, for they roared a great deal to each other; and then the first lion led them round the rock again. He then made another grand leap, to show what he and they must do another time. The chief added, they were evidently talking to each other, although they talked loud enough, but I thought it was as well to be off, or they might have some talk about me.

FIVE DAUGHTERS.

A gentleman had five daughters, all of whom he brought up to useful and respectable occupations in life. These daughters married, one after the other, with the consent of their father.

The first married a gentleman by the name of Poor; the second, a Mr. Little; the third, a Mr. Short; the fourth, a Mr. Brown; the fifth, a Mr. Hogg. At the wedding of the latter, her sisters, with their husbands were present. After the ceremonies of the wedding were over, the old gentleman said to the guests:

"I have taken great pains to educate my daughters, that they might act well their part in life; and from their advantages and improvements, I fully hoped that they would do honor to my family; and now I find that all my pains, cares and expostulations have turned out nothing but a few Little, Short, Brown, Hogs."

YOONG MAN, STOP.

You, young man, on the way to the ball-play, or billiard-room, with a cigar in your mouth, and with an appetite for a mint-julep—stop a moment. Are you not in a dangerous way? Will those places, or your habits, lead you to respectability or usefulness in society? Will you, by them, become more moral, more virtuous, or intelligent? If not, stop where you are, we beseech of you. You have nobleness of heart perhaps, and a generous disposition. You may do good to those about you, if you will. Your example, if it be such as will lead to virtue, will draw others after you; or if it leads to vice or error, will also, and the more readily, lure others in the way of evil.

Then, young man, stop and think upon your course? Where is it tending? If to bad habits or low associations, stop instantly. Stand firm. Take not another step in the dangerous way, but turn back while you have the power, and seek the way of virtue, the ways of intelligence, and you may do good in your day and generation, and may be esteemed by those who enjoy your acquaintance.

MRS. SCRUGGINS ON CALIFORNIA.

"I's nothin' but Californy from mornin' to night," said Mrs. Scruggins the other day, to a young friend who had expressed his determination of going to California. "Mr. Brown is goin' to Californy, Mr. Jones is goin' to Californy—every body is goin' to Californy 'cept sensible people, and they stay at home. Mr. Skinkle had the fever last winter, and the way he took on! I told him to go if he wanted to; to leave his friends and all the comforts of life and launch himself out in the pampas, amongst the savage aboriginals of the woods, and get himself killed and eat up for his trouble. I didn't care! I told him if he liked to eat mules better than beef cattle; if he'd rather wear dirty shirts than clean 'uns; if he'd rather sleep on the ground than in a nice feather bed, and if he'd rather get murdered arter he got there, than stay at home with them that thought something of him, and keep on livin'—why then he might go—nobody could have enny objections. Mr. Skinkle is a sensible man, and he made up his mind to stay at home, and I think a heap more of him. It is the most funny thing that the people that are goin' ain't arter gold—they're all goin' for their health, more particularly them that has families; and its distressin' to see the number of married men that have just found out." "But what nobody can tell what this world is comin' to, there is no more revolutions recurring."

I do believe that Mr. Smith has gone clean crazy about Californy. The other mornin' I exed him at breakfast if he'd have sugar in his coffee, and he said he'd take a thirteen pound lump!

I natus most of them that are goin' to Californy, talk about the excitin' time they'll have on the plains, the buffaloes they'll kill, the Indians they'll scare with their six shootin' pistols, and the nice amusin' time they'll have cookin' their own vittals, and doin' their own washin'. N——, who has been to Santa Fe, says, its all very nice to talk about, but when you come to doin' it, that's quite another thing. When you have sometimes to carry wood two miles, and water just as far, arter makin' a fire, and upsettin' the coffee pot once or twice, and puttin' all the fire out, arter forgettin' the bread in the skillet, till its burnt up, and arter fryin' the salt pork till there's nothin' but cracklins and grease left—"bout the time you've done all this, you wish you was home, where you could git some civilized vittals, and a feminine cook 'em."

If Mr. Skinkle had went to Californy, how I'd like to see him sittin' on a log by the river washin' his own clothes, with his green specs on the tip of his nose, a piece of yaller soap in his hand, rubbin' away for life—what a picture he'd make!

Arter all, gold don't make people happy; men will work, and scuffle, and toil day and night, for years and years, sacrificin' comforts and friends and every sociable tie—and for what? That, in their old age, the children they have neglected, the relations they have slighted, may count the hours that may remain before they come into possession of the money thus obtained. You tell me, my dear boy, that you're goin' to Californy.—Take my advice and stay at home. If you can get rich without sacrificin' the comfort of them that depend on you, without losin' your respectability, and without makin' a miser of yourself, then your money will be a blessin' to you, and not a curse, then you will be really happy—for I take it, happiness is derived from a consciousness of havin' done what was right towards men, and what is your duty to your Maker."

OUR PRESIDENTS.

First stands the lofty Washington,
That noble, great, immortal one;
The elder Adams next we see;
And Jefferson comes number three;
Then Madison is fourth, you know;
The fifth on the list Monroe;
The sixth an Adams comes again,
And Jackson seventh in the train;
Van Buren eighth upon the line,
And Harrison counts number nine;
The tenth is Tyler in the row,
And Polk eleventh as you know;
The twelfth is Taylor, people say,
The next will have some future day.