

RALEIGH TIMES.



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 20, 1849.

NO. 33.

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.

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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.

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POLITICAL TURN-COATS.

In an article of more pith than is usually found in that paper, the last North Carolinian has a very broad insinuation against the integrity of Mr. Reid's motives in "leaving the Whig party, and turning democrat."—some twelve or fifteen years ago, we believe. This has suggested a few reflections, not intended to bear upon the present canvass, (in which we mean to take no part.)

It has become quite common, of late years, to see young and aspiring gentlemen, whose education, habits, associations connections, and above all, principles, led them naturally into the ranks of the Whig party, suddenly become ranting Locofocos, in the bosom of which party they are cherished as brilliant stars, promoted to the leaderships, and rewarded with the honors and emoluments which the party, individually and collectively, takes especial care to bestow upon renegades. In such cases we cannot but have our own thoughts, though it be uncharitable to entertain, and improper to express them. These gentlemen may be perfectly honest in thus wheeling about. If so, they have the approbation of their own consciences, and may well defy the indignation of Whigs and the (sometimes smothered) contempt of their new associates. The insinuation in the Carolinian, however, is an evidence, that whether the change be honest or not, no lapse of time, no party ties, will bar the imputation of its baseness, should the occasion seem to justify it, even from those who have profited by the insinuated treachery.

The public can understand and appreciate a conviction which forces a man to abandoned a majority party, and connect himself with the minority. There are patriotism, honesty, unselfishness, written upon the face of the act. They can likewise appreciate the motives of him who goes over from the minority to the majority, provided he does not enter the scramble for the leaves and fishes. In such of these cases, the man is to be honored, for breaking through party ties for the sake of his country. Of such changes there are too few. Men abound, who live on, year after year, voting and acting with a party which in their souls they believe to be wrong and corrupt. All this is owing to the want of a proper discrimination between the office-hunting and self-coveting demagogue, who goes for "the spoils," and the honest man who goes for the good of his country. The former is an object of loathing and contempt to the public, and most of all to himself, however he may endeavor to hide it from them and from himself.

The evil evidently grows out of the proudest desire for office and distinction, which seems to possess the young men of the country. They have no sooner left school or college, than they begin to calculate the extent of their family connection, or of their "gift of the gab," or any other circumstance which may enable them to get a seat in the House of Commons, or an office of some kind, by which they may live upon the public. Their education has been defective in its most essential feature. They have not, in the language of the poet, learned "to labor and to wait."

If, being a Whig, they find older and stouter leaders in that party than themselves, who overshadow them, and cast far into the future their prospect of promotion, they chafe, and fret, and despair, and unless they be honest, and firm, they sacrifice principle, self-respect, the public respect, conscience itself, for a miserable mess of pottage, which never satisfies him who purchases it at such a cost.

Fay. Obs.

MR. LANE AND THE RAIL ROADS.

We invite particular attention to the fact brought out by Mr. Stanley during the discussion in Lenoir (see communication from Kingston) that Mr. Lane, while a stockholder in the Wilmington Rail Road, was one of a number of the citizens of Wayne, who got up instructions to the members of the Legislature from Wayne, to vote for pledging the credit of the State to the amount of \$600,000, for the benefit of that Road. We invite attention to this matter, because Mr. Lane, when he was down in Hyde, where Rail Roads are unpopular, was very vehement in his denunciations of Rail Roads, and of the Legislature who had voted to give them the credit of the State.

We learn also that Mr. Lane has carried two faces as to the Central Rail Road—that to the democratic member of the Commons from Craven who voted for the Road, he has expressed himself in approbation of the work, while to the democratic member from an adjoining county, who voted against the Road, he expressed his "gratification" that he had the "business" to vote as he did.

Is such a Janus-face fit to represent an honest man in the councils of the nation?
North State Whig.

From the Newbernian. EIGHTH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.

A campaign of deep and thrilling interest has recently been opened in this the Eighth Congressional District of North Carolina. The candidates have taken the field and the friends of each seem equally sanguine of success. The Whigs are marshaling their forces with no ordinary energy, expecting as a matter of course, to be victorious under the leadership of the "waspish and petulant," STANLEY,—while the Democrats are exhibiting their usual zeal, tact, industry, and intrigue, to secure the election of the *erudite and accomplished* Lane. The struggle will be short, but decidedly in earnest, and no true Whig it is presumed, will dishonor his principles and his party by neglecting to discharge his duty. Our nominee is justly entitled to our cordial and unqualified support, and gratitude urges to yield it without hesitation. His politics are the purest known to his country, and in their defence, he would cheerfully peril his influence, his fame, his fortune, his life. Edward Stanley is no demagogue. He rises as far above the degrading condescensions of the political scoundrel, as towers the throned of Heaven, above the "carves of Pluto." He is a genuine lover of the people, but he never appeals to vulgar prejudices to attain an end, which apart from the mode of its acquisition, might be regarded as honorable, and compatible with his wishes. SELF is a stranger to Stanley—he lives and has lived for others. His career as a legislator clearly illustrates the noble patriotism glowing in his heart, and nothing will extinguish that patriotism but the remorseless hand of death. It may not be Mr. Stanley's privilege to boast of large estates in either lands or slaves, or "rail-road stock," but it is his distinguished and acknowledged privilege, to possess the high qualities of an able and independent statesman. But our nominee has not escaped the slander incident to exalted merit and extraordinary talent. He has for years received the most unequivocal evidence of Democratic regard; that is, the most malignant misrepresentation of which the human tongue, and prostituted pens are capable. To be denounced by the senseless, is an honor to the wise; an honor fully appreciated by the powerful and "unconquerable" Stanley, as he sneers at the impotence of enemies that fly from his presence as vultures from the lordly eagle. North Carolina is proud of her resources of intellect, commerce, mineral and other wealth; but to rebuke her pride is the policy of many of her native citizens, and some of her adopted brood. To eclipse the light of her "eastern star," a Northern cloud nearly as large as an infant's hand, endeavors to weave a mantle of darkness across a sky, on the bosom of which, this star has shone too long and too brilliantly, with too much lustre and glory, to be thus obscured, though attempted a thousand times. Efforts to defeat Mr. Stanley's election, we expected, but we were hardly prepared to suppose that political opposition would degenerate into miserable falsehood and low-born abuse. To be a Democrat, is necessary to cease to be a gentleman? Does Democracy license its disciples to plunder the reputation and soil the character of those, whom it cannot control? Such is the conclusion to be drawn from the conduct of the Press under the direction of the "feculent and reekingly corrupt" Democracy of this Congressional District. The attacks of his pusillanimous and skulking assailants, Stanley will shake off, as the lion shakes from his mane "the dew of the morning." Worthy of Whig support, he will get it. We challenge the united powers of the opposition. Let the "farmer of Wayne," unfold his standard; let his eloquence and his wisdom, inspire with courage, and enlighten the gloom of Loco Foco prospects; let his voice be the voice of every friend he has in this District: call together the bards from Kingston, and astonish the world with the radiant effusions of Democratic song; lead the "unterrified" according to their most excellent system of tactics; tell them to vote as "wheel-horses" have always voted in Edgecomb; misrepresent Stanley and throw the mantle of unpopularity upon their interesting nominee; and then a defeat awaits them in August next.

HYDE.

ALARMING NEWS FOR THE UNION.

"Old Whitey," the veritable war-horse of the Rio Grande, has arrived in Washington, and, in the words of a contemporary, been actually "installed in the Presidential stables." It is time for that faithful guardian of the Constitution, the editor of the Washington Union, to raise his voice against this dangerous advent. Why does he slumber on his post? It is true it was Caligula, not Nero, who made his horse a Consul, and we cannot but lament the oversight of our venerable historiographer, in designating the President by the latter title instead of the former. Yet, how does he know, that the modern Nero may not follow the example of the ancient Caligula? How can he say that he may not make his horse a secretary, or an auditor, or at least a government editor.—The only qualification for the latter seems a fitness for the "cribs," and for that we learn "Old Whitey" is quite as much distinguished, as any official of the late reign. Why, we ask, does the Union slumber? Where are the report and resolutions of '98-9?—Rich. Waig.

IF Pride emanates from a weak mind; you never see a man of strong intellect, proud and haughty.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FRANKLINTON CELEBRATION.

It was my privilege to attend the Celebration of the late Anniversary at the pleasant village of Franklinton. Knowing the reputation of the citizens of Franklinton, and especially of that portion in the vicinity, for intelligence and enterprise, I expected nothing less than a very fine celebration; but notwithstanding the high anticipations I had entertained, they were surpassed in any act of celebrating that joyous day. So happy was every one, and so rejoiced was I, although a stranger, that I cannot resist the inclination to write you a line or two that you may, through the columns of your excellent paper, inform the Franklintonians how gratifying was their hospitality to myself, and how highly appreciated is their brilliant celebration generally.

The ringing of the bell at 11 o'clock announced the beginning of ceremonies, when the village was alive with carriages; and long rows of ladies and gentlemen were seen making their way to the Methodist Church. To see the ladies, ever foremost in all good works, manifest so much interest in celebrating that day which gave birth to our liberties is well calculated to inspire selfish man with a zeal and pride unfeigned before, and it was evidently so in this instance. A procession was then formed at Col. Fowles' Hotel, under the management of Chief Marshal Wilkins, which moved to the sound of martial music to the spacious church, where the Speaker, Readers and Chaplain were received.—The building, though roomy, was crowded before half the congregation were seated. The exercises were opened with a feeling and appropriate prayer by the Rev. Mr. Maynard, and sacred music; the two Declarations of Independence were then read—the National by Dr. J. L. Jeffreys, and the Mecklenburg by J. M. Bellamy, Esq. The large congregation were then delightfully entertained for near an hour; by W. J. Houston, Esq., in a most excellent speech. We had not the pleasure of his acquaintance before hearing his effort, and judging by his very youthful appearance, we had expected a youthful production, but never were we more delightfully surprised than when he rose with that dignity and gracefulness which can only be looked for in the experienced orator, and with burning words and brilliant thought unfolded his subject, "Our Country," which he introduced in such a manner as to win the favor of every one who heard him in advance; and by a neat and happy compliment to the ladies, present, caused in that array of "youth and beauty" a galaxy of smiles and blushes which lent an additional glow to the gladness of all hearts. In the course of his speech he contrasted our own with other powerful nations—touched upon the European convulsions—speculated upon our future destiny—in the mean time did not neglect the opportunity to hint at our present political and geographical differences, and in connection with the thought of disunion, which he discarded as a "harsh sound" and "foreign symbol," he, with a fire and spirit, referred to the "spirit of the Revolution" in such terms as filled every republican heart with pleasure and delight—he closed by alluding to the life and death of James K. Polk—in a word, his address was received with the greatest satisfaction by all. In the course of his delivery he was frequently interrupted with loud cheering. A committee of the citizens waited on him and requested a copy for publication, but I understand he declined. The congregation then repaired to a neighboring grove where a sumptuous feast was prepared, to which every one paid assiduous attention. In the evening there was at the Franklin Hotel a large party of gentlemen and ladies, who passed the evening in dancing and social conversation, in which all went "merry as a marriage bell;" and while some enjoyed a "trip on the light fantastic toe," no doubt many a "soft nothing" was whispered by the amiable couples who promenade to the sound of the violin, &c. But I have trespassed too much already upon your columns, and hope you will excuse

A SPECTATOR.

DIFFERENCE IN TALENT.

The New York Star relates the following in the life of Mr. Willard, the Massachusetts clock-maker: Many years ago, Mr. Willard paid a visit to Thos. Jefferson with whom he was intimately acquainted. Mr. J. talked freely with him about the effect of Jay's treaty. Willard could give no opinion or any of its provisions, and Mr. Jefferson insinuated that he knew but little of public affairs.—In the course of a conversation, he begged Mr. W. to examine a beautiful French clock, and see what was the matter with it. Mr. Willard took out his players, and took it to pieces, laying the main-spring, wheels, and all the other works on the table; and after some further conversation he rose to depart. "Don't go, Willard," said Mr. J., "until you put the works of the clock together." "You can do it." "It is not I!" said Mr. Jefferson. "Why, you expected that I should be familiar with treaties," said Mr. Willard, "when you can't put the wheels of a clock together."

"What is love Kats?" said a young man to his bright particular the other night. "Love, Frank! I declare I do not know, unless it is getting married and kissing the little babies." Frank faints, he did.

FRANCE.

The British Journals, with one voice, it seems, rail at France for her conduct in Rome, and her intended assault on "the Eternal City." The Protestant feeling of Great Britain, no doubt, in a good degree prompts this railing, because the question is, "shall the Pope have his seat in Rome or not,"—and because it is deemed that it is the overthrow of Roman Catholicism, if the temporal power of the Pope can be there subverted. The British Journals have not been nice nor particular in predicting the popular or liberal principle in Europe, and we, therefore, cannot suspect them of any sympathy for the Republicans of Rome as Republicans, but must attribute their present great zeal to the old animosity of England to the papal power at Rome.

A far different feeling, however, reigns in this country, where a true sympathy is felt for the Roman Republic, and for their heroic struggles to maintain principles that we enjoy, and that we cannot but wish to see extended and maintained. We censure France, a Republic, for attempting to overthrow another Republic, founded upon the same principles as France is, created by the like universal suffrage, and the offspring of a kindred revolution. In the religious animosities that the British have, we can have little or no share, no more than they can in our Republican sympathies, but through them, nevertheless, the singular and extraordinary spectacle is presented, of the first monarchical power in Europe, and the just Republican power in America sympathizing with the Romans and the Roman Republic, in their efforts to maintain universal suffrage, and popular independence.

But we feel more in America. We feel indignant that the mighty power of France should be bent to crush a Republic born on a classic soil, and rising amid the costly monuments of Liberty, and throning with all the associations that inspire man to love and to cherish Freedom. Rome, we feel, in all her aspirations to emulate the founder of that renowned name, should be fostered and encouraged, and if attacked at all, is to be attacked by the Goths and Vandals of some Scythian born despotism, and not by the first Republic of Europe, in a bombardment and assault too, that may peril glorious ruins and relics that the civilization of all mankind makes a pilgrimage to Rome to revere.

The policy of the French Government in this attack upon Rome is almost unaccountable, and wholly so, unless some religious policy dictates it. A Republic crushes a Republic, and because it is a Republic!—and is there any reason in that? The motive, however, that dictates the bombardment and assault, is then, we must presume, a religious motive and policy. France is Roman Catholic. Her parsonary revere the Pope. Her Priests are powerful in the agricultural districts. To conciliate the Roman Catholic Clergy, and to win it to his support, was the policy of the Great Napoleon, and is not this the policy which guides the second Bonaparte. We can account for his course upon no political reason—therefore, we must resort to some such a presumption as this, or else presume that he is acting both the part of a madman and a knave.

QUITE HASTY.

"Jones, I say Jones!" exclaimed Aunt Fanny purple with excitement, as she bustled into the parlor, holding in her hand a paper—"ain't you a philanthropic man?"

"To be sure I am Fanny," replied Uncle Dick, as he raised his eyes and peeped over his spectacles at his excited partner, "what's up now?"

"What's up now?" almost shrieked his spouse; "why look there," and she thrust the paper into his face, at the same time pointing with her right forefinger to a paragraph—"read that and weep."

"Well what of it?" asked Uncle Dick, as he ran his eyes over it.

"Oh! you inhuman wretch you, you hard-hearted sinner; I thought you was a man with a little cream of human kindness in you."

"Why Fanny, I believe you're going crazy!" "Going crazy!" she echoed, "and isn't it enough to drive one mad when such rascally things are taking place, and the cowardly men don't stop 'em, I wish I wasn't a woman."

"But what's in the paper makes you act so?" "Can't you read? Don't it say there: Women and children starving to death by Morse's Telegraph—Fatal spread of cholera by Electric Telegraph—Two hundred and fifty dying a day in New Orleans by the Magnetic Telegraph—Horrible riot in New York and twenty seven lives lost by Telegraph—Terrible fire in Boston, an immense amount of property destroyed by Telegraph—W. T. Welch's circus blown down; life lost; by Electric Magnetic Telegraph—and yet you men set here with folded arms, and never raise a finger to stay the progress of this inhuman, all-devouring and devouring monster—I wish I was a man," and Aunt Fanny flew out of the room, leaving Uncle Dick wrapped in astonishment.

THE REPUBLIC, ONE AND INVISIBLE.

From the posthumous writings of Madison, a legacy of inestimable value, and worthy of the reverential guard of the present and future generations, the following passage is extracted: "ADVICE TO MY COUNTRY.—As this advice, if it ever sees the light, will not do it till I am no more, it may be considered as issuing from the tomb, where truth alone can be respected, and the happiness of man alone consulted. It will be entitled, therefore, to whatever weight can be derived from good intentions, and from the experience of one who has served his country through a period of forty years, who espoused in his youth, and adhered through life, to the cause of its liberty, and who has borne a part in most of its transactions which will constitute epochs in its destiny. The advice nearest to my heart and deepest in my convictions is that the UNION OF THE STATES be cherished and perpetuated. Let the avowed enemy to it be regarded as Pandora with her box opened, and the disguised ones the serpent creeping with his deadly wiles into paradise."

DYING FOR LOVE.

It is getting to be very common now-a-days for young gentlemen to die of love! But, boys, this is shocking bad business. Dying for love may be poetical, romantic, sublime and immortalizing; but it is usually uncomfortable, and always unnecessary. Nor does it exhibit so rare and heroic a courage to draw a razor across one's jugular, or to drown one's woes in a mill-pond, as to grin with out finching, all the while that the arrows of Cupid are sticking deep and fast in your hearts.—We acknowledge there is something noble in a man's striking not for a half-way, mealy-mouthed passion, but for the heaving, wheezing, glorious, ecstatic delight of true love, and not a peg less.—We know, too, it strains one dreadfully to want a lump of cold beauty, a moral of stony perfection, for which the spirit yearns. But what, in the name of twisted doughnuts, should induce a man to 'kick the bucket,' for one who cares not a rush for him? There may be a thousand other pretty creatures in the world, quite as bewitching and far more feeling and warm hearted, any one of whom is not only worthy of, but will return with compound interest all the affections and tenderness he can bestow upon them. A word, a look, a tone of the voice, a pressure of the hand, a simple 'good-night,' a parting 'God bless you,' from him, may in a predestined moment, be to some one of them like the spark that falls on the nitrous heap, followed by instant combustion. But suppose that a man has fixed his affections on a girl who is far above him in rank or fortune, or both. What then? Must he therefore put on a black cap, gird himself in sackcloth, and take a seat upon the melancholy stool, with a full determination to be wretched? A child may long to catch a star as he does a butterfly, to turn the moon as he is accustomed to turn his hoop, or to bring down an eagle by tossing salt on his tail; but his failure would hardly be the death of him. But let us imagine a more heart rending case: that poor 'Fleegalic' sighs like a furnace for an equal, and that she has a stronger yearning for another. Neither has this anything absolutely killing in it.—Why, hang it, man, there may be other girls who have more discernment—everlastingly devoted and nice creatures, too, who would sit by the hour together with their heads resting on their hand, musing on your perfections, and dream of you at night, and fall into an interesting swoon whenever you said 'farewell.'

We have no notion of dying for love, anyhow. We have been at too much expense for food and clothes in supporting existence, to think of laying it down upon such grounds. There was a time when our heart was visited by continual gusts of excitement, and was awayed and shaken by the little god like storm stricken reed. We saw so many bewitching but adamantine women, that we were perpetually blubbering and rubbing our eyes, till finally our imagination became so diseased that we hardly could get along without a daily dish of melancholy. But time has cleansed our bosom of the perilous stuff that weighed upon it, and in the course of years, our heart has become so knotty and tough that we cannot help thinking the blows of a trip-hammer would not break it another time. We don't intend to go off life's hook for love, at any rate. We have been pretty near it thirteen or fourteen times, but, thanks to our tremendous bump of resolution, we always managed to keep Death's skinny fingers from clutching us, and despair from the sanctuary of our thoughts. It would be hard enough, gracious knows, to perish for the sake of a girl who really loved us; but for one who did not, we should have to suffer the least cooking sensation about the throat or lose a single good dinner. We once heard of a man, who, feeling one day some distressing sensations, fancied he was the victim of the tender sentiment! but who afterwards discovered that his complaint arose from having eaten too much roast turkey at dinner: This was a sad fall from the parlor window of romance into the back yard of common sense and every day life; but he died, get better, and was soon after smitten by the magical eyes of a dear creature of sixteen, whom he married. Despite all, therefore, (that seeming rick of the blind god—thy case may have the same result. But, if it really up till work with you to gain the ear of beauty, let

not the cloud rest upon your brow, let not the canker eat into your heart. Look up, laugh loud, talk big, call the grapes sour, banish the blues, keep the color in your cheek, and the fire in your eye, study grace of manner, and adorn your person more becomingly than ever, and you will yet have an eye to cheer you, a hand to assist you, and a heart to depend upon.—Yankee Blade.

A LOT OF BREAKS.

Break up the haunts of vice and crime,
Break rocks with Dupont's powder;
Break up housekeeping, if you don't
Know how to make a chowder,
Break off bad habits, and break out
Into a fit of laughter;
But if you break the temperance pledge,
You'll rue it ever after.

Break not your promise or your pat,
Affection's ties ne'er sever;
Break not the Sabbath or your neck,
In any case whatever.
Break no glass lamps or wholesome laws,
No crockery or china;
But break all vices in which contain
The stuff that makes men shabby.

Break open bottles, eggs and clams,
And oysters fat and grossy;
Break off ripe squashes and your sins,
And make your conscience easy.
Break lobster's claws and nuts, to find
The meat that's in them hidden;
But never break the temperance pledge,
For that's a thing forbidden.

Break not a link in friendship's chain,
Break not your nose by falling;
Break not the broomstick o'er the heads
Of brats to stop their bawling.
Break not a window-pane or sash,
No shoe-striker or suspenders;
But break away from rattling shops,
And shun all toddy-tenders.

Break up a piece of ground to plant,
When all the ice and snow's off;
Thou put an old rum-bottle in
Your field to keep the crows off.
Break flax, break yearlings, steers and colts,
To make them kind and handy;
But never break the temperance pledge,
By drinking gin or brandy.

From the Providence Transcript.

The world can, by no possibility do without him. He may be despised and considered mean by lechers and aristocrats, but he is king over them both.—They are dependent upon his 'aor,' that which distinguishes him from them for their food and raiment and pleasant homes. Labor made the world. Labor keeps them in motion. Labor is the great producer, and it alone supplies an endless train of wants. The being who does nothing is fit for no society. Idleness is the prolific mother of a thousand vices.

The facilities for labor is unlimited. All may find some useful employment by which to supply their wants, invigorate their physical frame, and contribute to the general good. But the laborer is oppressed, scantily paid, and often defrauded.—This discourages him; afflicts his family, causes him to forget the true dignity of his nature. He loses sight of his sovereignty, and feels that he is a dependant. His mind is enslaved. This is the case with many who suffer such misfortunes with the multitude.

The laborer should rank himself and be ranked highest among the lords of his creation. He should feel that it his business to look after the interest of his country and govern it.

The rights of the laborer will not be secured to him so long as a spirit prevails among the people which subjects any portion of this worthy class to the degradation of chattelism. Honor labor every where and you abolish chattelism at a blow.—Let labor be distributed according to justice and the best interest of all, and each may have his burden lightened to such a degree, that instead of dragging out a wretched life of poverty, hard toil and misery, he may have ample time to devote to the cultivation of his mind, the education of his children, and to benevolent deeds which make the bonds of human brotherhood strong, and scatter light and peace into the hearts of the needy and afflicted. Time then might be devoted to the enjoyment of such pleasures as would drive away sadness, and strew life's path with pleasant flowers.

We can easily imagine how such a reform in labor would diminish disease, prevent crime, remove insanity, and delay death.

But while man peers, tiger-like upon the rights and liberties of his fellowman, society must be sadly confused. A part must be sacrificed to the gratification of the rest; while those who seem to be most highly favored are made more vicious and miserable by the advantages they have of others.—But men are blind to their highest well being, and will not see. The education of mankind must be reformed, society harmonized, liberty and justice, happiness and long life promoted. Cheer the laborer then, with a kind word in the midst of his toil, and with a box of the 'good time coming,' when the brotherhood of mankind shall be perfected.

IF We have received from Mr. Conley, principal of the North Carolina Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, a communication commending his friend, blame in the manner of advertising, which we noticed in our paper of June 5. Our correspondent at Elizabeth City, Edenton, and Wintboro, will please copy the advertisement from another column—and they will oblige us by noticing this correction of our former article.—N. S. Whig.