



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, AUGUST 24, 1849.

NO 38.

TERMS.

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

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

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

AMUSEMENT.

Sketches of Life in the West.

A QUILTING IN TUCKER'S HOLLOW.

I spent some years in a mountain country of East Tennessee—by the way a very agreeable part of the world—and having a fine Spring and Summer season, the Fall of 1844 'cribbed up' many a bushel of the 'truck' which made the yeomanry of 'them diggins' 'fat and sassy.' I sometimes attended Camp Meetings—at other times I went to quiltings, weddings, &c., and thus passed my time in quite a pleasant manner. Amongst the rest I well remember the quilting at Jo Toodlin's in Tucker's-Holler, of which I am able to give but an imperfect description.

It seems that Jo Toodlin had been promising the youngsters for a long time to give them a quilting when his 'craps' were in, and after cribbing his corn, putting up his 'fattening hogs,' fencing in the 'new ground,' &c., he proceeded to fulfill his promise. The day was 'sat,' the 'fixins' got ready, the quilting 'axed in,' and all the 'fellars' were in 'high glee,' for they expected a 'great to-do.'—The old man and woman came to town and bought some sugar and coffee—a little spice, tea, ginger, nutmeg, persimmon drops, &c., to flavour the sweetmeats, and the old lady bought Betsy Ann a 'new frock,' a new 'numberella,' and a pair of 'mud slippers,' besides a heap of 'necessaries' of one sort or another, because she wished to marry Betsy off before she arrived at that critical point in life—old maidenhood—which was not very far ahead. Betsy Ann, too, wished to marry before the 'old ones' 'drapped off,' so that she could have somebody to take care of her thro' life. She had tried every plan of charming the beaux—placed chicken bones over the door, jumped the broom handle, wore her apron 'wrong-side-out,' but all these failings, 'fine dressin' was her last resort. I had the pleasure of being acquainted with Betsy Ann, and when old Toodlin came to town she sent me a ticket to the quilting. I opened the note and read thus: (I hope Betsy will not be offended by seeing it in print.)

*Dear Sir: Mammy put the last pease in the quilt to-day and we're a goin' to have a quilting on Friday, if nothin' don't happen, and I want you to cum out, without fail, for all the gals scratchin' will be hir, and what's better to you, little Nancy Ann will be hir, sartain. I saw her at the Big Meetin last Sunday and she told me that she didn't intend to quilt by any body but you, and that she has you better than a pig does corn. You must bring that little 'Tator' with you; bless his soul; I could squeeze him till his bones would crack like a horse among corn stalks. We're a goin' to kill the old white gopher and cook him up with faters and I think he'll eat right down well. Be shore to cum out, and don't disappoint Nancy Ann; for she is neerly dead about you. Whenever she hears your name her heart goes like daddy a maulin rails, and her face turns as red as sugar's. No more till she see you. Yours 'n' a hurry, BETSY ANN MATILDA JANE.

Any man of common sense might know that I couldn't 'fail' after receiving such a 'pressing invitation,' and knowing that little 'Nancy Ann' would 'be shore' to make my arrangement to slide over to the 'quilting.'

The day came—it was clear, calm and beautiful; just at that season of the year when the forest lays aside her lovely dress and prepares to embrace the cold storms of Winter—when cold frosty nights begin to fatten the 'possums,' and nuts of all kinds were ripe and hollin' out. The youngsters were seen coming in from every direction—cracking jokes and Chertnuts—telling lies and love tales.

When I arrived at Toodlin's, a crowd had already assembled and were engaged in various kinds of amusement—singing, dancing, jumping, laughing and talking. 'Every now-and-then' the old Squire would 'cast a sleep' eye across the fields, as if 'on the look-out' for some extraordinary animal. At last he says, 'Hush, boys, listen—don't you hear a fiddle?' they all turned their heads to one side, like chickens looking for a hawk, and were 'still as death.' All at once Bied Lee pulled off his hat, slammed it down on the ground, and said, 'Take that if it ain't Jake Crockett's fiddle!'

'Loud boys, won't we have a fime?' says Jack Biedlee, and he jumped up, cracked his heels together and gave a Indian 'Who-oo,' which rang for hours over the valleys and only died away in the dark caverns of the mountains. The fiddle came in sight about a quarter of a mile off. The feller took off his coat, hat, shoes and stockings and started down the road, like a herd of Bulls, to meet 'Jake.' It banged out all rights I ever saw. Imagine to yourself, reader, that you see about sixty wild mountain fellers, twenty loose in their shirts, long-shorts, buckskins, and turkey, gaitered full spoutin' a dusty road, and you can probably form some idea of the cloud of dust that rose and whitened the woods for many miles.

They met Jake, gathered him up and carried him to the house. By the time they reached the yard his fiddle had 'run down,' and he seated himself on the washing-tub, combed up his whiskers, took a 'chew of bacco,' tuned up and 'rosin'd the bow.' They formed a ring in the yard for a dance; Jake struck up 'Sandy Bottom,' and the dance commenced. It lasted five or six hours, when the old woman got up on a stump and made a speech, requesting them to quit, for they had thrown down the garden fence, tramped down all the vegetable, and turned over the ash-hopper and hen house.—They 'dried it up' at the old lady's request. Then they got to jumping 'half-hammer.' It was very 'tight-up' between Tom Brewer and old 'Straight back.' Tom had on a pair of white lusey breeches, as tight as the skin on a nigger's head, and in his making a terrible effort to leap over Straight's mark, his pants bursted clean across the seat.—The last we saw of Tom was just as he jumped the meadow fence and disappeared among the bushes—his 'flag of truce' sticking right straight out behind.

While this out of door exercise was going on, the girls in the house had been 'busy as bees in a tar barrel'; they had nearly finished the first quilt, when Mrs. Toodlin called on Davis Gibbins and myself to frame and 'lay off' another. She furnished us a yarn string and a tea-cup full of poke-berry juice and we laid it off in style. But before we had finished 'laying off,' they had the other quilt out of the frame and had three or four gals and boys wrapped up in it from head to heels. Just then supper was announced and we went to the barn and partook of as fine a supper as the most Epicurean could desire. But, ample as Toodlin thought his provisions, they 'fell short' one man. Mrs. Toodlin had to send two miles to borrow a sifter of meal for Sam Johnson's supper, but before the despatch returned Sam had taken his gun on his shoulder and 'cut out'—swearing as he jumped the bars, that he had 'plenty of meat and bread at home' and had 'a pretty wife to cook it as any body had.'

Supper over, all hands ganged off to the house and were soon paired off, talking low, &c. A party was raised to walk to the 'Big Spring,' and of course I had little Nancy swinging to my arm like a new tin bucket. We stopped in the garden to have a talk 'bout old times.' Before we joined the party at the spring I stole a couple of 'busses,' which made her 'so shamed' that she hid her face with her 'hankycher' and gouged up a 'tator bill' with her big-toe. After bruising about the spring for a while we returned to the house, when some of the jolly and merry proposed to play something to amuse the gals. It was a hard matter to select a play in which all were willing to join, for some of the gals would not play anything in which there was 'huggin' and kissin'. Some wanted to play 'Oh! Sister Phely,' 'Marchin' down to Quebec Town,' and 'Thimble'; but they finally settled down to the old play, 'Who boddy you.' Toodlin had a pet sheep that lived about the house, and the little Toodlins had learned the sheep to butt any and every thing they struck. Well, they got George Kolins seated in a chair about the middle of the floor, formed a ring of gals and boys around him, blind-folded him and commenced playing 'who boddy you'; the first time they struck George on the head with a book, the sheep took him between the shoulders and sent him 'heels-up' into Mrs. Toodlin's big kettle of boiling soap fat and burned him almost 'to death.' The Doctor was sent for and soon relieved him. All the injury he sustained was the total loss of one of his ears.

But now the fun was at an end, for the gals wouldn't play while the sheep was in the house, and Gen. Taylor's army couldn't have kept it out.

It being persimmon time, one of the fellars proposed a persimmon excursion, which was agreed to by all. Toodlin directed the party to the trees which were about half a mile off, and after a long tramp over the fences, brush and briars, we arrived at the 'big tree.' The gals said as how 'the tallest pole must knock down the 'simmons' and on measuring the fellars it fell to me by some inches. I pulled off my coat and hat, lumbered up the tree and shook off a bushel or two. I was pulling off some to eat and I heard one of the galls squall out, 'Whee-ee, I'm snake bit, and off she flew through the woods like a wild deer.' They chased her clean down to Uncle Stephen Brown's, about 3 miles, before they caught her. Uncle Stephen's dogs heard her and compelled her to climb up the side of the stable—she had out-stripped Andy O-dell's big rabbit dog, and Jim Mellon's brag hound gave it up and returned. The snake that bit her proved to be a large bug called the 'Bull-dogger.' It had grabbed her while she was feeling about on the ground for persimmons. Poor gal, she never got over that race to this good day. She told me the last time I saw her that she'd 'never go a sim-mom'n again after night.' But the best of it was, they left me up in the tree and I couldn't get down till they were far out of hearing, and I didn't know which way to go to overtake them. I put on my coat and 'struck a bye shot' for a star which I saw through the bushes, and thought 'it was a light at the house; I had not gone far before I found myself up to my chin in water, but by hard paddling and pumping I reached the shore. I cut another on a log by the pond to catch my breath, but I had hardly rested myself on the log when John Nelson's fox-hounds jumped me up and it was 'tight up' for about a quarter of a mile, when I

was obliged to 'take a tree.' But John soon came to where the dogs had 'freed' and relieved me. He conducted me safe to Toodlin's where we found that the party had just returned and were making various conjectures as to my whereabouts. All being right, we were about winding up the show by a game of 'blindfold' when a row was heard in the yard between two chaps who had a 'haakerin' after 'the prettiest gal in all' Tucker's Holler.' They were surrounded by forty or fifty of the best men in them woods, and from words they came to blows. Here they went over and over down the hill—first one on top and then the other. They 'fit' over the fence into the hog pen and let out the dogs. Before they rolled out of the hog pen the dogs came up and were very busily engaged in the fight. In pelting off the dogs with sticks and stones several of the men were accidentally struck, which caused about a dozen to yoke and they all rolled down the hill and tumbled over the rocks into the 'Big Spring' in a pile. They spouted the water for fifty yards round, and there were so many in the channel of the creek that the passage of the water was stopped until it covered many acres of ground above them. At sun-rise all the fights were settled except the first one, and they went on as bravely as ever. When the main body of men crawled out of the creek the water went leaping down the valley in a vast flood, sweeping houses and fences before it, and the people for miles around were perfectly astonished. The next week the Knoxville papers were full of notices of 'heavy rains in the up-country.'

The two fellars who were engaged in the first fight were swept away in the water. That evening about 3 o'clock they were found a mile below the spring, in amongst the drift wood, cuffling away like brave fellows. The men had tried in vain to part them at the spring, and now they resolved to make another effort. They got out 4 of Toodlin's horses, and he had some very fine 'pullin' horses' (put the harness on them, hitched two horses by a good log chain to each one of the men and after a long time prizing with fence rails and a long, steady pull with the horses, they separated them—unhappily.)

On returning to Toodlin's the men found the gals scattered about like a flock of frightened turkeys—some up in trees, under bush-tumps, under the kitchen floor, and one or two up the chimney. As soon as they heard the fire was over they flew down, huddled into the 'dinin' room' and placed two stout gals by the door as 'life guards' with the shovel and chorn-dasher in their hands.

They had at Mrs. Toodlin nearly out, and the gals were getting 'longery,' so they began to talk about going home to prepare their Sunday dinks for the 'Big Meetin' that was to come off next day at McCarty's Meeting House, and they were soon coupled off, and on their ways homeward. It fell to my lot to gang home with little Nancy Ann, and I did so without reluctance. Mrs. Toodlin slipped us a piece of 'bread and butter,' Nancy got her bonnet and shawl, and her little arm around mine, we bade adieu to Mrs. Toodlin, and in one hour, scenes of peaceful cultivation lay stretched before us—in the valley below we saw the smoke slowly and gracefully rising from the hearth of her own dear home. We descended the hill toward the house, where we found the old lady 'weedin' out her 'ugerns,' the old man making a fire to prepare supper. The old lady heard us coming and pulled her spectacles from the top of her head, adjusted them over her eyes and surveyed the path till we met her view. With a chuckling laugh that made her fat sides shake, she welcomed me to the home of her little duck. A cat lay bawling in the door, a dog in the grassy yard, the sleek cattle lazily watching their tails in peace in the shades of the sugar-tree, and every thing plainly showed that 'There's sweet contentment over reigned.'

I started home about twenty times, and told them good-bye twice that often, but I never got away till Monday morning. 'Thus ends my tedious description of the Quilting in Tucker's Hollow.'

When I arrived at town every one I met asked me where I'd been. I told them all that I had been to Camp Meeting, which satisfied the most curious. I passed on to my room and was quickly wrapped in the arms of sleep, where I must have remained at least two weeks, because when I woke my nose and ears were full of spiders and crickets and a 'Jury of Inquest' sitting over me. I left C. H. B.

LOOK AT IT.

In 1844, Benjamin Tappan, then a Senator of the United States from the State of Ohio gave the casting vote in favor of the annexation of Texas to this Republic; and by that vote voluntarily assumed on the part of the federal government, the responsibility of extending African slavery within its jurisdiction, over a territory claimed to be nearly equal to the entire extent of the old North western Territory. Without that vote, the annexation could not have been consummated.

In 1849, a Convention is called of the immediate opponents of slavery and slavery extension, to celebrate with new-born zeal, and for the first time, the sixty second anniversary of the adoption of the Ordinance of 1787—181 (change to 1847) of all the men in the free States who, when that Ordinance operated this same Benjamin Tappan was chosen to preside over the grateful rejoicings of these anti-slavery lovers of human freedom.

"O, Consistency! thou art a jewel!"—(Ohio State Journal.)

How Jenks Caught The Cholera.

Mr. Jenks was a small man, rather inclined to obesity. He had a full, round, red face, a short neck, indicative of apoplexy, and wore a white hat. Jenks prided himself on his temperance, but he had a mortal horror of total abstinence societies, and was suspected of sometimes taking a drop too much. Indeed his affection for the glass might be read in his countenance, for therein the carbuncle glowed in all its flaming beauty. One day last December, as he was waddling along St. Charles St., he imagined that he felt a slight twinge in the abdominal regions. Visions of cholera and collapse, camphor, red pepper, mustard and opium, immediately were conjured up in his mind. In the excitement of the moment, he seized his friend Snooks, who happened to be passing, and informed him in a mysterious whisper that he had good reason to believe that he—Jenks—had the cholera.

'Well, my dear fellow,' said Snooks, take brandy and peppermint.'

Jenks acquiesced; he wasn't in the habit of indulging in the use of ardent spirits, but in these times one scarcely knew when he would be called upon to kick the bucket.'

Upon this the two friends entered the Exchange and called for brandy and peppermint. While the interesting ceremony of totting glasses was being performed—

'Snooks,' said Jenks, 'what are the first symptoms of cholera?'

'Well I believe the first symptoms is a violent cascading, just as if you had taken a powerful emetic.'

Having drained his glass, Mr. Jenks turned to depart; but scarcely had he reached the door when he became deadly pale, his lips quivered, his limbs faltered, and he was seized with a sudden nausea which affected him precisely in manner indicated by his respected friend Snooks. The brandy was soon ejected and the unfortunate man sank in a chair, exclaiming—

'I've got the cholera, I've got the cholera, what shall I do?'

'Send him home,' said Snooks.

'Give him some more brandy and peppermint,' interposed the bar keeper.

'Rub him with mustard,' ejaculated a third.

'Send for a doctor,' suggested a fourth.

The latter proposition, after some debate, was adopted. A physician was sent for and appeared. He felt the sick man's pulse, looked at his tongue, asked him how he felt, and then with a wise shake of his head, pronounced it a decided case of cholera. A cab was summoned, Jenks was put in by his kind friends, and with Mr. Snooks beside him, driven home. Arrived there, Jenks, who by this time felt a little better, mounted the steps and pulled the bell. The summons was quickly responded to by Mrs. J. in person.

'Why, gracious me! what is the matter Mr. Jenks?'

The individual thus addressed did not deign to answer, but staggered past his better half and threw himself on a sofa.

'Take off my boots, Mrs. Jenks?'

'For heaven sake what ails you, Mr. Jenks?'

'Mrs. Jenks, take off my boots.'

'Can't you say what's the matter?'

'Madame, your husband has the cholera, and if you don't take off his boots, before five minutes he'll be in a collapse, and then, you'll be a widow, and my life isn't insured, let me tell you.'

Here Mr. J. had a return of the nausea, and rolling up his eyes declared he felt the cramps coming on. No time was lost in divesting him of his clothing, when he was carried to bed, with the assistance of the benevolent Mr. Snooks, who assumed a very unflattering position of the moving scene. Two physicians were called in, and the patient was dosed with the usual remedies. He was rubbed with mustard and pepper, dipped in a warm bath, and in fact all kinds of horrid mixtures, lotions, pills and draughts were successively administered to him, recumbent, artem, as the doctors say—which means that poor Jenks's inside was for the nonce turned into an apothecary's shop, without, however, its order and regularity. Happily, Jenks had the constitution of a horse, or he never could have digested so much physic with impunity.

He finally recovered, although on his first appearance in the street, it was remarked that his countenance had been much diminished, and the carbuncles had entirely lost their fiery hue. He frequently boasts of this narrow escape from falling a victim to the dreadful pestilence. But there are those who know that on the day when he was attacked, Snooks had dexterously mixed a little speciosa with the brandy and peppermint, which his friend so innocently imbibed as a 'preventive.' Jenks's nervous temperament led him first to imagine himself ill, and then his very good natured friend to whom he imparted his fears, played off on him the practical joke which we have narrated.—(Littell's Living Age.)

A SENSIBLE MAN.

—Hon. Jos. Mathis, ex-member of Congress (from Ohio, died at Newark, O.) on the 30th ultimo. He was on his way to a State Convention of the State of Tennessee, of which body he was chief officer. He was on his way to the State Convention of the State of Tennessee, of which body he was chief officer. He was on his way to the State Convention of the State of Tennessee, of which body he was chief officer.

MISCELLANY.

RESPECT FOR THE LAWS.

In a discourse delivered by the Rev. Mr. Parker, of New York, that able and eloquent divine referred in forcible and appropriate terms to the prevalence of a spirit of disorder, and of disregard for the law, as exhibited in some memorable instances in various parts of the country. The reverend gentleman truly said that, in any part of this land of laws, the best enactment on its statute-book—the best, by universal concession and agreement—has force not one moment longer than the people, by their 'sic volo,' shall permit; and its force and effect, as a law, to all intents and purposes suspended, and made no law at all, by the momentary impulse of popular opinion against it, in any given case.

After referring to various riots and mobs, the speaker said 'it was painful to him to call up these cases; but they proved his position, and that position it was which needed to be changed in the character of our country. And how? He believed only, or mainly, by the manner in which the youth of the land are educated. It was an unhappy characteristic of the times we live in, that, with the growing disregard to civil authority which he had been illustrating, there has grown up among our youth a contempt for the authority and the claims of age. Time was, we had such a beautiful relation in life as that of boy and girl; but there were now but two classes, children and men or women. Infancy past, and the boys and girls spring instantly into our gentlemen and ladies, and that once beautiful age, Youth, was known no longer among us. Now this is the point, the preacher suggested, at which the requisite reform should begin. He would have inculcated on the rising generation that amenability to discipline, moral and religious, as well as physical and civil, which would use the mind of the man, on coming upon the stage of action, to regard authority, to reverence law, and to be ready to uphold both. Here the true remedy could alone be found for all these abuses he had been commenting on.'

We have no doubt that there is a vast deal of truth in these views. The 'boys and girls' have passed away from this country, if they ever existed here, no more to return. We have what a friend of ours calls 'insolent men,' the proud port and consequential strut of manhood enmeshed in very diminutive breeches, and accompanied by a can-bigger than his own little legs. We have young Misses arrayed in the full costume of fashionable belles; flirting with their Lilliputian suitors with the sleek air of veteran coquettes; fair as the lilies of the valley, knowing neither how to toil nor spin.—All these children, male and female, ought to be taken in hand, well spanked, put to bed at sunset every night, and fed on bread and milk for five years. This would reform the present precocious race of presumptuous brats, and give people the opportunity to adopt an entirely new system in the management of the next tribe of infants. Teach them from their cradles to obey; to reverence the laws; to respect their parents; to venerate religion. Education is as necessary to make a good citizen, as a good lawyer, a good physician, or a good clergyman. Especially is it necessary in a Republican government, where the laws are made by citizens who form the standing army to sustain and execute the laws. Educate your child for these duties, with the same care you would bestow up his preparation for his future profession or employment. Liberty cannot exist unless bound by an imperialistic ligament to Law. The destinies of liberty in this country are to be placed in the keeping of our children. Let us see that the sacred trust be confided to safe hands, by training our children, not only to love freedom, but to venerate and obey authority, as it is embodied in the laws of the land, or in paternal injunctions.

Richmond Republican.

KNOWLEDGE AMONG MEN.

We are glad to learn that the Smithsonian Institution which was organized in 1849 is going on prosperously in the work marked out by its illustrious founder, of diffusing knowledge among men. Its pecuniary history, on which, of course, all its means of usefulness are based, is briefly told in the fact that an Englishman gave more than half a million of money, \$515,169, for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men in the United States. The interest which had accrued up to July 1, 1846, when the funds were placed under the control of the Regents, was \$542,129. Up to the date of the Report there had been expended \$106,659 19. It is proposed not to withdraw from the above amount of interest more than \$109,090, to be expended on the building, leaving the remaining \$149,000 to be added to the principal, and making the permanent fund of the Institution \$667,000, which will yield an annual income of \$19,420.—The building will be complete by the 1st of March, 1852, and at a cost not exceeding \$370,000.

It is a pleasant reflection to us to remember that the object of this gift and the great good which it is to result from it in the extension of sound learning among mankind. The time has passed in this country when even 'a brick house in the city' can be raised into ridicule. Mr. Adams, who urged the erection of the first national observatory in the United States, and whose recommendation was endorsed at by many of the small wise and smaller politicians of the epaulet, before his death

lived to see three of these edifices towering towards the skies. The Government had erected one upon Meridian Hill, one of the highest points of land in the District of Columbia. Cincinnati, by the aid of contributions from the people, many of whom as we happen to now, made these contributions in day's labor, erected another, and dedicated it upon Mount Adams. The then Ex-President had the pleasure of laying the corner-stone of this edifice himself. Cambridge has a third, both connected with and yet independent of her University,—an observatory which was built, and the instruments of which, though more costly than any other in the country, were purchased by the liberality of Bostonians. The last donation for the diffusion of knowledge here was the handsome sum of one hundred thousand dollars from young Mr. Phillips, whose premature and unfortunate death excited so deep an interest not long since. We wish some of our New York millionaires would learn wisdom from like examples of benevolence so common to the city of Boston and its neighborhood, and so uncommon, we are sorry to say, among our own people.

It was one of the redeeming points of the war, just closed between the Danes and Prussians, that amidst the greatest fierceness of the contest, the governments determined to protect to the utmost the observatory at Altona, and to secure to Professor Schumacker the uninterrupted discharge of his duties and to retain him in all his appointments. The Intelligencer adds:—

'The President has, in a communication to our Minister in England, expressed the particular solicitude which the United States feel for Altona, and Professor Schumacker, for continued immunity from the approach of troops. Upon this, Mr. Bancroft has, we understand, conferred with the Envoy of Germany and a member of the late Provisional Government of Schleswig-Holstein, both of whom manifested the most cordial feelings in the matter.'

It should be subject of common joy everywhere, that there is among all civilized men and nations, however separated by distance, or hostile in sentiment, sufficient unity to ask for the preservation and protection of a great source of Intelligence like this. The interest manifested by the Executive in an observatory in the north of Europe, though a small matter in itself, is deserving of notice and commendation. 'Peace both her Victories no less renowned than those of war.' They are the victories of humanity and of Science,—victories which show the divine origin of mankind, and the common destiny of the race,—which substitute the pen for Sword, Justice for Ambition, and which glory not in human destruction, but in the increase of happiness and the diffusion of knowledge among men.

GEN. TAYLOR'S RECEPTION BY THE PEOPLE.

The Pennsylvania papers contain glowing accounts of the enthusiastic reception of President Taylor by the people of that commonwealth. His journey to the capital has been almost one continued triumphal pageant, in which the people of all classes, ages and sexes have manifested that unbounded admiration of the man and their unshaken confidence in his patriotism and integrity. If Gen. Taylor ever allowed himself to doubt the sincerity of the people of Pennsylvania who aided to elevate him to the high and responsible trust which he now holds for them in common with the people of the rest of the Union, the spontaneous homage which has been tendered him on this occasion will effectually dissipate such doubts. We will not attempt to follow him and to describe the enthusiastic demonstrations of affection and regard which he has encountered at every point.

THE ISLAND OF CUBA.

The Proclamation of the President of the United States was received at the Department of State, in a communication from the President at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. The National Intelligencer, in referring to it, says: 'For some weeks past the country has been disturbed with rumors of the assembling and drilling of bands of men in different parts of the United States. Various places have been designated as the object of their destination. Tampico and the Sierra Madre provinces of Mexico, Yucatan and Cuba, have all been alluded to in connection with the enterprise. But the truth has been stationarily concealed by the leaders engaged in it. The common soldiers who have enlisted were not to be entrusted with the secret as to the object to be effected, until after embarkation. How far the expedition has proceeded we know not. But we do know that bands of men have lately assembled at a point not far from New Orleans; and that the evidence is clear that Cuba is the subject of these engaged in it. Most earnestly do we hope that the President may succeed in arresting the perpetration of such an outrage on a friendly nation, and maintaining unscathed the honor of our country. Plunder can be the only motive of such an enterprise; and all good men must rejoice to witness the honest redemption of General Taylor's pledges to his country, to preserve the faith of our treaties and to suppress all illegal enterprises against friendly foreign nations. The gallant soldier who has spent forty years in the army, and braved the bullets of his country's enemies in so many battles—who has pointed all the stars and depths of military glory—greatly to the world to be, as we predicted before his election, he would be, the "Slaver King."