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TERMS.

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POETRY.

SONG.

That row of thine was full and deep, As man has ever spoken— A vow within the heart to keep, Unchangeable, unbroken. 'Twas by the glow of the Sun, And by the light of Even, And by the Stars, that, one by one, Are lighted up in Heaven!

The Even might forget its gold— The sun-light fade forever— The constant Stars grow dim and cold— But thy affection, never! And Earth might wear a changeful sign, And fickleless the Sky— Yet, even then, that love of thine Might neither change nor die.

The golden Sun is shining yet— And at the fall of Even There's beauty in the warm sun-set— And Stars are bright in Heaven. No change is on the blessed Sky— The quiet Earth has none— Nature has still her constancy, And thou art changed alone.

FOREIGN.

ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMER CANADA. SEVEN DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

St. John, N. B., October 2. The steamer Canada arrived at Halifax at a quarter past nine o'clock yesterday morning, making the passage in less than ten days.

The produce market is fairly supplied, but the demand for most articles is inactive.

The cotton trade languished at fair prices.—Cash abundant at 2 1/2.

The political news presents no new feature. In breadstuffs great firmness exhibited.

Advices from manufacturing districts unsatisfactory.

Comoro, though besieged, still holds out, and can defy the besiegers for an entire year.

The influence of Russia and Austria is being excited to compel the Porte to surrender the Hungarian chiefs who have taken refuge in Turkey; but letters from Constantinople state that this has been positively refused. The Pope has quitted Gaeta and proceeded to Naples, at which place his reception was of the most striking and popular character. He will not go to Rome for the present.

The cholera is committing serious ravages in Triplicate. News is daily expected from Morocco, where the Spanish and French generals seem likely to produce something more than mere demonstration. The Moors were expected to make an attack on Massilla, having already cut off supplies. Newly appointed ministers were assembling at Madrid, but no notice seems to be taken of events relative to Cuba.

The weather has been very wet in England, but has not materially affected the crops. The late downward tendency of the corn market has been checked, and a slight advance taken place; the favorable reports of the potato disease caused the market. The cases of mortality from cholera throughout England have declined one half. Since the commencement of the disease 13,000 persons have been swept from London.

IRELAND.—The potato disease, though extending into several districts, has not by any means become general.

FRANCE.—A great deal of attention has been directed to the metropolitan council of clergy, which has commenced its sittings at Paris; almost all the bishops and distinguished clergy in France are assisting at this council. The conspirators of June, 1849, are to be tried at Versailles on the 10th of October.

RESIGNATION OF THE DUTCH MINISTRY.—The papers received this morning announce the unexpected resignation of the Dutch ministry en masse. After deliberation, the king accepted their resignation, and gave instructions for the formation of another cabinet. The circumstances which led to this result have not transpired.

Honor to Abdel Mechi! Honor to Turkish ministers! They have nobly done their duty, and refuse to become panders to the vindictive and blood-thirsty Emperor Nicholas. The Russian ambassadors at the Porte demanded the surrender of the Hungarian officers Kosuth, Dembinski, Perczel, Bemmersey, and their companions.

The Russian general arrived at Constantinople, his mission being to bully the Sultan into compliance with the demands of Austria; but the Turkish government refused to surrender the Hungarian refugees either to the Russian or Austria governments. On the 12th being communicated to the

Sultan, he declared in the most impressive and determined manner that the refugees should not be given up, let the consequences be what they might.

We trust Lord Palmerston will do his duty as nobly as the Sultan has done his; and that Russia and Austria will be given to understand that a war with Turkey for such a cause means war with England.

We are rejoiced to find that Coma and his companions are furnished with passports from English ambassadors, and trust that every assistance will be rendered to them by England.

The London Sun says that Peterwardein surrendered to the Imperial troops on the 5th ultimo. The Magyars decided to still hold out, but a majority overruled them. The garrison of Comoro is well provisioned, with 30,000 men in a state of complete discipline. The officers had held a meeting and resolved, by a large majority, not to surrender.—According to the Vienna journals, 80,000 men were to besiege Comoro. The bombardment was to commence on the 13th. The Austrians occupied a great part of the island of Schutt without resistance; but a part of the Hungarians were strongly entrenched before the fortress, and it was expected would give the Austrians battle. It was rumored at Vienna that Ben had fallen into the hands of the Russians. A number of Hungarian officers had been put to death—some by Russians at Irad and Temesvar.

A melancholy interest still invests what scraps of news we get from Hungary. With a heroic resolution, that will render the names of its defenders for all time immortal, the fortress of Comoro refuses to capitulate, even on the most favorable terms it could be expected of Austria and Russia to offer. There is something wild and desperate in a determination like this, that irresistibly reminds one of Thermopylae. Would that the Fortino Hope of the Hungarians, in this case, were rewarded with the same glorious restoration that followed the high resolve of the sons of Sparta! It is an idle dream, however,—hoping against hope itself. Hayran, with his eighty thousand Russians, will soon be there, and either compel a capitulation, on terms less enticing perhaps, else show her down upon the defenders of Comoro a bombardment that will bury them in a common grave. Turkey, in refusing to give up Kosuth and Dembinski, does herself an honor that may well make Christian Austria and Russia blush.

The course of the Porte, however, may pave the way for trouble with the Czar, who, for various obvious reasons, it is not unreasonable to suspect of no very ardent anxiety to escape a quarrel with the Infidel power, that stands between and shuts him out the Mediterranean. The rumor that the Russians had got hold of the gallant Ben turns out to be false, it will be seen. At last date, he was safe in Paris.

The Pope does not appear to have the remotest intention of going to Rome. His headquarters are now at Naples. The obstinacy of His Holiness may irritate his French friends by and by to a pitch that will induce them to compel his return. They have done things within the two years past, even more absurd and inconsistent than that would be.

Meanwhile, all manner of intrigue is going on in Italy, and it appears to be participated in, to some extent by the agents of Russia and Austria, as well as by the more prominent emissaries of France.—What is to be the finale of the Roman intervention is yet to be seen; it can hardly be guessed at with any approach to accuracy, or probability, even.—But there are indications enough to warrant the belief that the difficulties there are now to be of an exclusively diplomatic nature; that is, there will be no more fighting for the present. Not that there are no more malcontents—not that all those who are dissatisfied with the Pope and his government, temporal and spiritual, have bidden a farewell to the Eternal City—but the fact that Rome, within the few months past, has seen and suffered sadly many of the severest qualities of war within and without, appears to have induced a temporary refrain from all further demonstrations of disorder.

On the whole, then, the continent, as we see, is gradually settling down into a temporary tranquillity; temporary, for the calm that succeeds the storm in this case has been of such a compulsory character as to prepare us ere long for new outbreaks and new revolutions. It is a question of time only.

Over mind, thought, reflection, monarchs have no power. These they cannot guillotine, banish, shoot, or subdue; and so long as these are at work among the masses, so long shall the spirit of a rational and progressive liberalism defy the decrees and declamations of despotism. There is as much liberty in Europe, just now, if the people are true to themselves as there was before. France grew reactionary before Rome was crushed or Hungary subdued—a lesson learned from the bloody scenes of the two years past which it will be hard for kings to forget. Carefully avoiding all criminal excesses, which but retard the growth of Republicanism, let us trust that the masses of mankind have grown wiser with the times. If the sword has failed to accomplish the purpose for which it was unsheathed, let the pen now do its duty. Have nothing to do with pod-dogonion, Socialism, Fourierism, or any other of the line that have prejudiced the spirit of liberalism in France; but, firmly relying upon right, and the efficacy of accomplishing a great good without doing a great evil, there is a Power and a Providence above that will bring about the moral and political regeneration of the nations in its own good time.

MISCELLANY.

AN IRISH SAILOR.

A few days since the mate of an outward-bound ship standing upon a wharf, at the north end, was accosted by a big, two-fisted Irishman, who was dressed in the sea-toggery of a regular out and out 'black tall liner.'

Pat evidently had been told by some wag that he would experience no trouble in shipping for an able seaman, on board of some ship, if he would but dress like a sailor. In accordance with such advice he had donned the castaway 'tarpaulin and jumper' of some sailor, and so far as dress was concerned he was as salt as the Bay of Biscay boiled down to a quart. His dress was to him what the lion's skin was to the jackass.

'An' sure have yez the articles (ship's papers) open?' asked Pat.

'Yes; do you want to ship?' said the mate.

'I do that same, bedad.'

'Can you box the compass?' asked the mate.

'Box the compass? wah!' shouted Pat, leaping several feet in the air, and flourishing his fists; 'begorra I can box anything less than fourteen stun heft—box! wah!'

'Can you hand, reef and steer?' asked the mate, evidently much amused by this specimen of seamanship.

'Hands is it? wah! murder, as good pair of hands as iver touched holy water, an' as for the ruffing and steering, begorra, sorra a day I wasn't good for that same.'

'Can you belay a lee clewline or work Tom Cox's traverse?'

'Did yez know iver an O'Brady that couldn't wattle iverly son of a Cox that trued the sod? hooley nuther, but—'

'Can you parbuckle the bread box, take a round turn out of the beef kid, or clap a Spanish bulion to the cook's coppers?' asked the immovable mate.

'Oh I do what?—oontooolee the bread box? can't thunner an' thair! to ax me! do yez think I'm a fool not to know that?'

'Can you take a Turk's head in the spritsail boom—an eye splice in the dolphin striker or unship the catharpins?'

'Turk's head, or any other outlandish, heathenish, ferrin French cannibal in the world's head, I can take; bad cess to the mink I couldn't play slasher with a dozen Turk's heads—wah!—I can—'

'Never mind,' interrupted the mate; 'you are just the man for me; I perceive that you are every inch an Irish sailor.'

'Begorra, mither mate, I am that same.'

'I am satisfied that you are, and now I have a very pretty piece of seamanship that I will trust you to perform, and if you execute it to my satisfaction, you will experience but little trouble in persuading me to allow you to sign the ship's papers.'

Saying this, the mate led Pat to the ship's side and pointed down to the long boat, which was alongside, nearly submerged and filled to the gunwale with water.

'There,' said he, 'I want you to throw out the water from that boat; it is a job that a good sailor or can do in an hour.'

'Musha bad luck to the half hour that will see could wather enuf there to wet a widdy's eye,' said Pat, as he seized a bucket and commenced bailing. For a long, long hour, Pat kept a continuous sheet of water flying from the boat. His much vaunted seamanship and honor were at stake. The sun's rays beat down hot, and the perspiration flowed from him in streams. He worked like a stout man, but he made no apparent progress in his work, for the body of water was undiminished. The fact was, dear reader, the plug hole of the boat was open, and the seams would let in more water than four men could have bailed out with buckets.

'How do you get along?' asked the mate, as he looked down upon Pat miserably.

'Oh!' replied Pat, looking confused and ready to sink with shame and over-exertion; 'it's a power or wather that's in here; niver a boat I ever saw of its size would hold such a sea of wather in this!'

'A sailor of your experience should not be easily defeated; try it again, Pat,' said the mate, trying hard to repress his mirth.

'Be sure I will; it'll go bravely whin it starts,' said Pat, as he recommenced with the air of one determined to conquer or die. For a while he flourished his bucket manfully, and spouted the water like a fin-back whale, but it was of no avail; not even an inch could he lower the water in the boat.

'Houly St. Patrick, what an ocean is wather in here,' ejaculated he; 'musha bad luck to the mink I was aduanced in being a salt sea sailor; oh, Mither Mate, Mither Mate, help, take me out of this! I'm dead, kilt, drowned, murdered intirely, by this wather! I are an ages, but the devil has a spite for me, and witted the wather; oh! holy virgin, (and here he crossed himself rapidly) protect me, take me out!'

'Oh! I'm afraid you will never do for this ship's articles,' said the mate, as he came to the side in answer to Pat's call.

'Oh! never a ship'll ship,' said Pat, as he clambered up the ship's side and jumped upon the wharf; bad cess to the heggarty old sailor's par-

triments, muttered he as he threw the jumper and tarpaulin into the dock, 'an' causes on the wather that saduced me out of the sweat of me brow,' continued he, looking back towards the ship, and shaking both fists for a moment with impotent rage, then retreating up the wharf amid the shouts of all who had witnessed the trial of bottom between Boston Harbor and an Irish Sailor.

THESE YANKEE GIRLS.

A tourist in the North, who is writing very amusing letters in the New Orleans Picayune, is puzzled, as well he may be, to guess what the Yankees will come to at last, particularly the girls:

'It is but ten years since I made somewhat of a tour through New Hampshire and other of the Eastern States—took observations—and noted manners and conversations. Now, I seem to visit a new country, whether as respects man or the work of his hand. Go-ahead-a-tiveness was never more vehemently demonstrated. Education particularly—almost universally—has generalized the Yankees.

'What the coming generation will be, puzzles all human thought. The Yankee mind is now but in a transition state. Its next development may reveal marvellous strata of intellectual organization. For what can be predicted of a nation of thinkers? What unexplored regions of science, what new philosophies, theories, absurdities, may not be revealed? Here each individual thinks, and thinks on "his own hook"—each soul has a biography that resembles no other person's—intellectual training commences early, and continues a lifetime.

'On my way to these hills, I had occasion to stop at a tavern in a remote village, somewhat off the beaten track. While the landlord attended to my horse, I made myself acquainted with a girl of his I found in the bar room. She was quite pretty, and not a little talkative. Seven years old she told me she was, and she attended the town school—which, in New England, is kept in the summer by a "school marm," and in winter by some young aspirant for collegiate honors. "And what do you study, Ann Maria?" I asked. "Reading and writing, and Watts on the mind," she replied.—Watts on the Mind, at seven years old—and by a girl at that! What must a fullgrown educated Yankee, man or woman, be upon such a commencement? More than we can divine.'

Most travellers in Yankee land, resemble the above writer in one point, they are greatly surprised at what's on the mind.—Boston Courier.

Horn, the punster, being in the Revere House a night or two since, was repeatedly asked to "im-bibe." "Mix me," he said to the attendant, "a quiet delicate punch, so as to have two modest Horns together."

"Ah!" said Gage, with one of those genuine intellectual flashes so peculiar to him passing rapidly over his countenance, "do you know, sir, why you should drink particularly light?"

"No!" responded the Invertebrate.

"Why, because if you did not, you would soon become the Mellow Horn!"

The assembled crowd of admirers precipitately retired to private life, while Gage coolly added the sugar and water to the pending concoction, and swept up the change in a highly artistic manner.

BATHING IN WINE.

It is not generally known that wine baths are quite common in France—nevertheless such is the case. The duke of Clarence is not the only gentleman that has enjoyed an immersion in Malmsbury. Punch has tried it with the very best Sherry. Only imagine! the veritable English Punch—swimming in French wine, and kicking and plunging, and laughing, until the tears ran down his cheeks, and never thinking of expense—a five franc piece!

'What a five franc piece for a tub full of wine? Hurrah! Vive la France.'

'Gently—gently. At least fifty others bathed in the same wine after Punch. The keeper of the bagnie had a preference for Punch, and gave him the first dip. After him came fifty others—making in all fifty five franc pieces. A good price for the tub!'

'The wine was then thrown out!'

'Not at all. Not so, by any means.'

'What then?'

'Bottled, of course!'

'Bottled! And for what purpose?'

'Why for drink, to be sure.'

'Drink! Who would drink such stuff?'

'Why, the English do—the Yankees do! The latter import it in large quantities. It is a great favorite in the Yankee-land.'

Now, dear wine-drinking friends, anti-temperance friends, when you next smack your lips over a glass of champagne or burgundy, reflect that the Lyonesse alderman may possibly have bathed in it, and see if the reflection will assist you in appreciating its flavor.

COMMON SCHOOL CONVENTION.—The National Common School Convention, which was postponed from the 22d of August last, will be held in this city on the 17th of October. It will, we understand, be attended by delegates from all parts of the Union, and the deliberations of the body will in all probability exercise an important influence over common school systems.

FRESH MESS—TRICKS OF SAILORS.

There is no class of people who know how to appreciate fresh provisions more than the sailor.—Frequently on long voyages of six or eight months, living on salt junk or horse flesh, as salt beef is called by the sailors, a fresh mess of any kind, even of a dolphin or a porpoise, is a god-send.

We were on a voyage to the southward of the equator, many years ago, when the crew, who had not a fresh mess for some time, fixed on a plan to gratify their palates. There was a number of chickens left in the coop, and a solitary pig on board. The boys on the ship had been put up by the crew, in the morning watch, when cleaning out the coop, to stick a pin through the head of one of the chickens. The death of the poor bird would be immediately reported aft, when an order would be given, in no gentle language, to throw it overboard. But instead of meeting with a watery grave and being devoured by the monsters of the deep, it somehow was smuggled down the forecabin, stripped of its feathers, and the cook bribed to dish it with silence. Thus it seemed that an epidemic had broken out among the chickens, which was reported to be a "disease of the head," which generally carried off one or two a week.

The savory odors of the mess would sometimes be blown aft, and the suspicious olfactory of the captain were more than once excited, but "he never said a word." On one occasion he ordered the "fattest of them all" to be killed for a stew; and the pride of the ship, a royal chancier, was guillotined accordingly. It so happened on the same day another death had been reported by the morning watch. On the stew being served up for dinner, the mate, who as well as the captain being very fond of gizzard, observed, "Well, I've got the gizzard this time." "No, you have not, observed the captain, for I have laid it aside for myself." "Then," said the mate, there are two; but how can that be, as there was only one chicken killed." The captain ordered the steward to call the cook down. "Cook," said he, "how many chickens did you kill?" "Only one, massa cap'n," said the ace of spades, grinning through a fine set of polished ivory. "Well, how is that," said the captain, "that there are two gizzards?" The cook scratched his head and thought a second, and then replied, "Wha, massa cap'n, chicken hab two gizzard sometime." As neither the captain nor mate had any experience in the anatomy of the fowl, the answer of the cook now pleased them.

It was towards the latter part of June, some time after all the chickens had disappeared, that the crew commenced speculating on the rich treat that would be afforded them by the death of the pig, which it was contemplated would be executed on the approaching fourth of July. The day finally came round, the decks were washed down and swabbed dry. The ship was decorated with bunting, or signal flags, and the stripes and stars; but to the surprise of every body no pig was killed. The crew became dissatisfied with their fourth of July job-scene and dough-pudding dinner, and swore vengeance against the captain and pig. A conspiracy was formed accordingly, and the death of the pig was contemplated and imagined, which of course constituted high treason.

The pig was washed out every morning as regularly as the decks were washed down, and his grumblings on these occasions always received a good scrubbing, and was the cleanest pig we ever saw. It was agreed that one of the men in the starboard watch, some cloudy morning, in scrubbing the pig with a hickory broom, should by means of a side lick, suddenly give him a fit, when another in the larboard watch was to dispatch him with a knife. A morning came at last to favor the bloody intention of the conspirators, and their plan was accordingly put into execution. The pig was suddenly seen to keel over and commence kicking, when the cry "the pig has got a fit" was shouted fore and aft the ship. A sailor, who had placed himself a way aft for the purpose, ran forward with great haste and alarm, and cried out "bleed him and save his life!" and suiting the action to the word, he seized his sheath knife and cut the pig's throat.

The pig was dressed and prepared for the cook's galley, but the captain was too old a tar to be deceived. Having received a hint from the fumes of the departed chickens, he suspected foul play, and gave orders to give the pig a decent burial by having him thrown overboard, telling the crew that as the animal was diseased, it might injure their health to eat him. The pig was accordingly committed to the deep. It was a death blow to the sailors, but it could not be helped—overboard he went. We have since seen many a spirit depart, but we can truly say that few have been mourned over with so much true sincerity as the departed pig.—N. O. Picayune.

The St. Lawrence Republican copies one of Louis Napoleon's speeches, and says "it is a better speech than a certain other President who has recently been travelling could make." It might have added that Louis Napoleon is not only a better speaker but a better Locofoco than Old Zack. He has already, or soon will, sell the republic to secure perpetuity in power.

A DIPLOMATIST, A PHILOSOPHER, AND A LOVER OF THE PEACE OF NATIONS.

The Union announces the arrival of Mr. Clifford, late United States Minister to Mexico, much in the style of fulsome eulogy with which it commemorates the martyrdom of the saints who have undergone the manipulation of Ewing the butcher, and Fitz Warren the meat-axe. Mr. Clifford will probably come in for any surplus elegiac rhodomontade which the defection of "old Simon Drum" left upon the hands of the "sole organ." The Union broke off its morning reveille and evening tattoo upon "Simon" somewhat abruptly. "Old Simon" was a "saint" of unblindest sacrifice till he took it into his head that if his "blood was in the church" he should reap some of the fruit, if it bore any. Since then we do not find his name upon the calendar.

Mr. Clifford's great diplomatic feat in Mexico was the preparation of the protocol to the Mexican treaty—a performance which the last administration did not think would bear exhibition to the savans of the United States Senate. This document may, perhaps, be better appreciated as a posthumous (officially speaking) work, and we marvel that the Union did not introduce it into its obituary article. As an episode in the "life and remains" of Mr. Clifford, late Attorney General, Commissioner, Minister to Mexico, &c. &c. &c. it would make a chapter of itself, and prove to the world how a minister, whose chief work the administration which made him thought unfit for the public eye, may be converted, by a stroke of the axe, into a "diplomatist, philosopher, and lover of the peace of nations."

We are not prepared to admit that Mr. Clifford's connexion with the protocol establishes the best possible title to diplomatic fame, though his removal may make him a sufficient residuary legatee to whatever of lugubrious composition in the pigeon-hole of the Union may have eschewed the general use, by reason of "old Simon Drum's" recalcancy.

The Union gives us to understand that Mr. Clifford won the hearts of the Mexicans, and asserts, most positively, that "no minister has discharged his whole duty with more energy, fidelity, and ability." We shall not dispute Mr. Clifford's fidelity, or gain say his energy; nor have we the least disposition to take from him any fame for ability which his "protocol" ensures him. But able, faithful and energetic as he may be, he possesses no higher qualifications in these respects than the Union attributed to "old Simon Drum" in his particular sphere. The "hearts of the Mexicans" may bleed, too, at parting with the author of the protocol, for a long time, as it is not probable the present Administration will send Santa Anna thither to "comfort" them. That is bad, very bad. It is encouraging, however, to know that the Union can sorrow with them in their afflictions with a less divided sympathy, inasmuch as "Simon," that "good old Drum," has been muffed. Republic.

BEAUTIFUL ALLEGORY.—A brass-relievo on one of the sarcophagi at Pompeii, represents a very happy allegory of the flight of the immortal soul from the frail bark of mortality.

A ship has returned from her voyage—she has reached her port—the helmsman has relinquished the helm—the attendant genii, whom we may suppose to represent the ordinary faculties of human sense, feeling, perception, &c., are going aloft to furl the sails, and the picturesque conception happily concludes, as a bird soars away, with expanded wings, from the mast-head—the beautiful emblem of the soul, steering direct to heaven.

THE FIRST MARRIAGE.

Marriage is of a date prior to sin itself, the only relic of a paradise that is left for us—one relic that God left fall on 'the world's innocency, lingering and playing still upon its sacred visage. The first marriage was celebrated before God himself, who filled, in His own person, the offices of guest, witness, and priest. There stood the two god-like forms of innocence; fresh in the beauty of their unstained nature. The hallowed shades of the garden and the green carpeted earth smiled to look on so divine a pair. The crystal waters flowed by, pure and transparent as they. The unblemished flowers breathed incense on the sacred air, answering to their upright love. An arched world of joy from all the vocal nature was the hymn, a spontaneous nuptial harmony, such as a world in tune might yield ere discord was invented. Religion blessed her two children thus, and led them forth into life to begin her wondrous history. The first religious scene they knew, was their own marriage before the Lord God. They learned to love Him as the interpreter and seal of their love to each other; and if they had continued in their uprightness, life would have been a form of wedded worship—a sacred mystery of spiritual oneness and communion. They did not continue. Curiosity dimpled over innocence. They tasted sin, and knew it in their fall. Men is changed; man's heart and woman's heart are no longer what the first hearts were. Beauty is blighted, Love is defamed. Sorrow and tears are in the world's cup. Sin has swept away all paradise matter, and the world is bowed under its curse.—Still one thing remained—'t was God mercifully spared one token of the innocent world—and that the desire, to be a symbol for the loss of the first love. And this is marriage. This one flower of Paradise is blooming yet in the desert of sin. Rev. Dr. Bushnell.

The Albany Evening Journal.