

THE RALEIGH TIMES.

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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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 be delayed six months. These Terms will be invariably adhered to.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

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

POETRY.

From Godley's Lady's Book.
The White Violet.

I FOUND, within a sheltered dell,
A lowly little flower;
Yet loved it more than proudest rose
That blooms in garden bowers.

As if to guard it from all harm,
Its tiny cup was set
Within a bed of softest moss—
'Twas the sweet white violet.

And freely forth on every breeze
Its rich perfume was sent,
As, nestled in its little cell,
It blessed me as I passed.

I would my lot might be like thine,
O sweet and gentle flower!
In such a home of peace and love
To wait my life's last hour.

A mind too lowly for storms to move,
I'd have, bright flower! from thee;
And pure as thine own stainless cup
I would my heart might be.

Ah, that my soul might then be filled,
Should be my last rich boon,
With holy love, as thy pure bell
Is filled with sweet perfume.

A love that freely upon me
Should pour its gladdening ray,
And leave a memory fond and dear
When life had passed away.

Said I "my last rich boon" 'O no!
Another one I'd crave,
With a violet's love, and a violet's life,
I'd ask a violet's grave.

In thy mossy bank, where rests the last
Fond rays of the setting sun,
To sleep my last and dreamless sleep,
When life's long day is done.

MISCELLANY.

AMERICAN SOLDIERS.

It is a fact that, while Hungarians and other refugees are invited to settle on American land, and while Senators of the United States contend which shall go farthest in voting farms to the soldiers of other countries, the widows of officers and soldiers of the United States Army are not entitled to a piece of land, or an acre of land from that government in whose service their husbands and fathers toiled, fought and died, unless perchance they died on the field of battle.

Why living foreigners should be entitled to greater sympathy from the American Government than living American women who are survivors and representatives of brave American soldiers, is a question which we confess ourselves unable to answer. The Good Book has emphatically declared, and every wise and generous heart will endorse the declaration, "He who provideth not for his own is worse than an infidel."—We are willing and desirous to provide a refuge for the oppressed souls of liberty from every clime, but justice, nature, gratitude and wisdom all dictate that we should first do justice to those of our own family.

The mere circumstances that an officer or soldier dies on the field of battle, constitutes no evidence of peculiar merit nor exclusive claim upon the gratitude of the government. Washington, Green, Hamilton, and other illustrious heroes, survived the Revolution; General Scott, Jackson, Harrison, and others—Commodore Hull, Perry, Decatur, Porter, McDonough, and nearly every other illustrious naval commander, survived the last war with England; Taylor, Scott, Worth, Wool, and a host of other military heroes, pass unscathed through the wars of Florida and Mexico. What sense or justice is there in a rule which would deprive the widows of such men of a pension upon their death, simply because they were not cut down by a sword or slain by a bullet?—Rich Rep.

TRUE SUBLIMITY.

The eloquent and thrilling response of Kossuth to the Sultan's demand, that he should renounce his religion and embrace Mahomedanism, is worthy of a Luther, and of being regarded among these memorable sayings that in times of trial have been uttered by those who have been encouraged and sustained by the unflinching trust inspired by the Christian faith. My answer does not admit of hesitation. Between death and shame the choice can neither be dubious nor difficult. Governor of Hungary, and elected to that high place by the confidence of fifteen millions of my countrymen, I know well what I owe to my country in exile. Even as a private individual I have an honorable path to pursue. Once Governor of a generous country—I leave no other heritage to my children—they shall, at least, bear an unblemished name. God's will be done. I am prepared to die!

EPISCOPAL CONVENTION.

The 34th Annual Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Diocese of North Carolina, will be held in Christ Church, Elizabeth city, on the last Wednesday in May, being the 29th proximo.

"STOP THAT KNOCKING."

The "mysterious spirits" at Rochester, whose antics have created so much wonder, were caught napping, a few days ago. The Buffalo Courier says:

A young man called a day or two since, upon the ladies in whose keeping are the Rochester spirits. His bearing was sad, and his voice was tremulous with emotion. Sorrow was in his countenance, and a weed was on his hat. He signified as he took a seat, and the bystanders pitied him as they saw him draw forth a spotless handkerchief and wipe away a tear that had gathered in his eye. After a few moments he took one of the ladies aside, and requested, if convenient to be put in communication with the spiritual essence of his mother, and he wiped his eyes rapidly and sobbed.

A period of quiet elapsed and a knock was heard signifying that the deceased correspondence could be heard, and with a hesitating voice, the young man commenced questioning the invisible one.

"How long had I gone before you died?"
"A length of time was stated."

"Where are you now, mother?—are you happy?"

"The knocking indicated that the spirit was at rest."

"Are those of your friends who have gone before with you?"

"They were," said the knocking.

"Then you can recognize them perfectly?"

The noise certified the affirmative.

"Can you see me at all times when you wish?"

"The raps proclaimed the perpetual clearness of speaker's vision in that respect."

The gentleman seemed relieved, and the spectators stood overwhelmed with wonder.

Taking his hat, the mourner rose, thanked the ladies, and as he stood in the door, quietly remarked:

"I have been very much entertained, as no doubt my mother herself will be, for I left her at home, not half an hour since, having a turkey for dinner!"

MR. MANN:—Please send me another copy of the "Old North State," of to-day, as some one has been kind enough to take mine before I had opened it. Yours, &c.

April 13, '50.

We received the foregoing message last Saturday from one of our regular paying subscribers, and of course complied with his request. We would inform the miserable wretches about town who are in the habit of taking our subscribers paper, or sending to borrow it before they have a chance to read it, that if they will send to the office we will give them one. There is a set of persons in every community that are perfect eye-seers to the Printer, for generally speaking they are men who are able to take a paper, but are too mean and close to pay for one, and who, the very moment the paper is published, are on the look out to get the first glimpse of it. All our subscribers will confer a great favor on us, if they will adopt the course that one of them has, that is, to lend the paper to none of these skin flints. A man that is not able to take a paper, by making known the fact to us, shall be supplied with ours cheerfully; but ye mean things that call yourselves men, and read other people's papers, and make us lose subscribers by it, quit your mean practice, and act as you should,—take a paper and pay for it.—O. N. State.

CALIFORNIA GOLD.

The Philadelphia American having obtained the facts from an officer of the mint, publishes the following statement of the amounts of California gold that have been received, to April 15th:

Total receipts at the Philadelphia Mint up to March 31, 1850	\$9,796,321
Receipts from the 1st to 5th of April	78,000
Receipts by the steamer Cherokee, Empire City, &c., bringing the San Francisco shipments of March 1st, 1850	1,400,000
Total receipts at the Branch Mint at New Orleans, up to February 28, 1850	1,604,131
Estimated receipts from March 1st to April 15, 1850.	550,000
Add, in private hands,	200,000
Grand total	\$13,625,452

The Mint at Philadelphia is about to receive alterations and additions, which when completed, will enable it to coin, when worked to its full capacity, at least \$3,500,000 per month, or forty-two million per annum. The difficulty, we fancy, will be in finding a supply of the precious metal, great and steady as is the influx of California gold.

From the National Intelligencer.

POLICE.

We understand that the following letter was yesterday communicated to the United States Attorney for this District:

C. STREET, April 18, 1850.

To PHILIP R. FENDALL, Esq.

United States District Attorney:

Sir: A pistol was drawn upon me yesterday in the Senate Chamber, and, although the Senate has taken notice of that act, and commenced a proceeding upon it, yet this proceeding is no bar to a court of justice, and, besides, the power of the Senate is limited. I think it proper subject for a court of justice, and wish it to be brought before the Criminal Court of this District for the examination and decision which the laws would give it. I enclose a National Intelligencer of this morning, an official report of the Senate proceedings, and have marked the passage to which I invite attention. I do not send the paper as evidence, but as a guide to the inquiries of the Grand Jury, and leave to add that I will be ready to appear before that body, if required, and perhaps give the names of some persons as witnesses.

Respectfully, sir, your obedient servant,
THOMAS H. BENTON.

POLITICS AND NEWS.

From the Richmond Whig. THE FOOT AND BENTON SCENE.

Mrs. Swishelm of Pittsburg, who wields a horse-whip, and a pen with equal dexterity, was an eye-witness of the scene which passed in the Senate. She gives the result of her observations to the New York Tribune, and does not hesitate to denounce Gen. Foote's conduct as cowardly. She says:

"Brute force then has usurped the place of moral courage, and Foote showed this to-day. His conduct was cowardly. I cannot understand how any one could run or retreat as fast as he did, from such an attack; but he is evidently a nervous man, one who would require time for reflection before he could act coolly. He has nothing of the look Northern people would suppose from his character. He is old; his head is almost entirely bald, and he looks of the bully in his face or manners.—He has a restless appearance, with rather a mild expression of countenance, and urbane manners. It is his nervous excitability that gets him into quarrels; and Col. Benton did what was very unworthy of himself and his present position when he meditated any personal chastisement, no matter how provoking the other may have been in his remarks. I do not believe Col. Benton would have struck him if he had stood still and faced him as he came up, whatever his intentions might have been in coming toward him."

According to Foote's own account he retreated before Benton got half way to him—which would argue, that he got scared very soon, or was eager for a fight.

The following is Mrs. Swishelm's account of the scene.

Then Mr. Foote took the floor and soon reached a towering height of gasconading eloquence. He lauded the Southern Address, of which Mr. Benton had spoken as causing needless alarm, and declared it the production of the honorable Senator for whom every good man in the nation was now in mourning. His style of speaking struck me as ludicrously grandiloquent, and rather sarcastic in its personal references to Mr. Benton; but this gentleman did not appear at all disturbed. I looked at him, and could see no indication of excitement. Suddenly Mr. Foote paused in his flight of eloquence and came down to his naturally calm tone, which is really very pleasant. He was evidently preparing for some grand demonstration. He turned and with a wave of the hand and inclination of the head to or toward Col. Benton, gave evidence that he had some personal remarks to make, but declared he was determined to be governed by strict parliamentary rules. I glanced to Col. Benton. He looked calm, then back to the speaker, who in an ironical manner, was pronouncing the words "the oldest Senator on this floor," this was alluding to Mr. Benton, and as he commenced the next sentence, he started, running up the narrow aisle toward the President's desk, and looking back over his shoulder as he got a pistol out of his pocket. He gained the opening around the President's desk before there was any general movement among the Senators, and there he stood, or tried to cock his pistol, pointing the muzzle toward the ground. He appeared to have some trouble in drawing the lock, but I think he got it set. Glancing back, I saw Col. Benton in the passage that runs around under the gallery and behind the seats. He was near Mr. Foote's seat, but not inside the bar of the House. Mr. Foote's seat is on the outside of the circle and next to the balustrade that divides the bar from the passage, running round and close to one of the little doors, the first from the main entrance to the President's right hand. Col. Benton is similarly situated but further round to the same side.

Some gentleman in the passage thought Mr. Benton was leaving the Chamber in anger; but Lieut. Gov. Dickinson of your State says he knew from the manner in which he thrust his chair back, that he intended to attack Mr. Foote; but he did not get in through the door near his seat; and was not within two or three steps of it when Mr. Foote reached the open space in front of the Chair. Some gentleman took him back to his own place, and Mr. Foote was calling upon them to let him come on, and he was prepared. Some one caught his arm and Mr. Dickinson took the weapon from him. He appeared perfectly cool and took the precaution to keep the muzzle downward while he took it from Foote's grasp. Just here all was confusion, the President's hammer going but scarcely heard; the men in the gallery were swearing, the members on the floor rushing up and calling all manner of order and disorder. Mr. Foote was taken back to his seat, and Col. Benton now appeared to have learned that his antagonist was armed, and soon became the cynosure of all eyes. He appeared fairly insane with rage—was trying to get off his coat, and thundering, "Let me go!" to those who were holding him—"He has a pistol, has he? Let him fire! let me go! stand off!" And close at my side some men had burst into the Reporter's gallery. "Foote's a coward—a d—d coward." "Take care what you say, Sir!" "D—d if I can't hit a coward—he runs and draws a pistol!" Benton was roaring and struggling below; the men likely to precipitate themselves over the Ladies' gallery above, the sound of glass breaking mingled with the other sounds, and hurly-burly, what a mess! I thought Benton's clothes would have all been torn to ribbons. As many as could get hold of him clutched him tightly, while some moved desks and chairs to give room.

Mr. Foote made no effort to reach him, and began to protest the reason why he drew a pistol.—Benton had been roaring, "I am not armed; and throwing back his coat, to show that he was not, was because, he thought, "the gentlemen" had one. "I am not armed—I never carry arms! Let me go to the assassin! Let me go!" It was too romantic, in the very midst of the scene, to see Dickinson stand up as cool as a cucumber, after he had locked up the pistol, and call loud enough to be heard above all, for "the business before the Senate."

COINCIDENCE.

The following remarkable fact is mentioned by a writer in the National Intelligencer, after stating that Hon. J. Q. Adams died in the National Capitol:

"The fact is worthy of note that the building in which Mr. Calhoun died was built for the use of the Congress of the United States and was used as the Capitol during the rebuilding of that edifice, after the destruction by the British troops; and therefore, the walls in which he drew his last breath have often echoed to his voice, as poured forth in the defence of his principles, in that rapid torrent of eloquence and logical reasoning, which, though it might fail to convince, never failed to electrify his hearers."

MR. CALHOUN REMAINS.

The remains of the illustrious Senator passed Goldsboro' on Wednesday the 24th ult. The following from the Telegraph of the 25th shows the respect paid the illustrious dead at that place:—"The remains of the Hon. JOHN C. CALHOUN, accompanied by several members of his family, the Committee of the Senate, and the Committee of South Carolina and of Virginia, arrived here at 10 minutes past 8 this (Wednesday) morning.—Many of our citizens assembled to pay the last compliments. The flag of the United States shrouded in crape, was raised half mast, and minute guns fired during the time the cortege remained. For many years, our citizens have assembled twice in each year, to witness the passage of Mr. CALHOUN, too and from the seat of Government. To grasp that warm hand always extended in kindness and friendship. To gaze on that brilliant eye, which ever spoke eloquently the kind and patriotic feelings of his heart.

To-day we assembled to pay our last respects, and weep over his body.

While we mourn a loss the world cannot fill, we have comfort and consolation to see his remains brought amongst us by such distinguished men as are following him to his grave. Each and all of them have their names inscribed high on the front of the Temple of Fame—entitled thereto by their eminent services on the Bench, in the Senate, and in the Field. In our hearts we add an additional and higher praise, and inscribe after each name: HE WAS THE FRIEND AND SELECTED MOCHNER OF JOHN C. CALHOUN.

FUGITIVE SLAVE FROM WESTERN VIRGINIA.

The Parkersburg Gazette of the 6th inst., mentions the escape into Ohio of seven slaves—four belonging to Col. Turner Bowler and three to Thomas Tavenner, Esq. Both these gentlemen live upon the little Kanawha, and their slaves escaped by a skill down that stream to its mouth, thence crossing to Ohio. Arrived in Ohio, they became bewildered, and knew not what course to take. On Tuesday, a friend of the owners learned that the negroes were at Point Harmer, not far from opposite his residence. He repaired to that place, and met a number of the runaways, three of whom without hesitation, consented to return to their master. The others would have done so, but the by-standers interfered by advice and threats to prevent their return, and a few wards supplied them with a vehicle to carry them to the interior, where they were beyond the reach of rescue. One of the fugitives, a woman, had stolen fifty dollars from her master, which will probably go into the pockets of her new friends. The Gazette gives the names of the persons in Ohio most active in the theft, all of whom are said to be men of fair standing in their community, and adds: "This is one of the worst features in the case. If respectable individuals will so far lose sight of their obligations under the constitution, what may we not expect from the illiterate and disreputable? One of the citizens of Point Harmer, we learn, was rudely assaulted and mal-treated, because suspected of a design to assist the owners in recovering their property. And, to vent their spleen at not effecting the escape of all the slaves, warrants are out for the apprehension of one of our citizens and one of their own, who were instrumental in the recapture.

"If this state of things continues to exist, it must be evident to every observer, that peace will not long dwell upon our borders. Property in slaves and the right to recapture those that abscond, are points guaranteed to the citizens of Virginia by the national constitution. Now, if the people of Ohio, are unable or unwilling to comply with the terms of a compact voluntarily entered into by their fathers or themselves let them confess their inability or indispotion—let them withdraw from alliance whose conditions they fail to observe—let them renounce the constitution whose behests they have so often set at naught. Let them come out openly and above-board, denounce the fundamental laws of the land and not profess an observance of that sacred instrument in one breath, only to counsel its nullification in another. On this point, there is no difference of opinion in the South: our slave property must be allowed the protection guaranteed to it by the constitution, or the union is at an end. It is useless to say that the remedy will not apply to the disease: men will bear from an enemy what they will not tolerate from those who wear the semblance of friends."

Mr. Clay, within the last week, has grown younger, by at least ten years. He walks erect—his gait has become elastic—a plastic, perpetual smile is on his countenance, and he is the great admired of all admirers. He has lived to see a second improved edition of himself. There he stands with every senator's eyes fixed upon his venerable form, recalling to our minds the lines of the immortal bard—

"If it be ought in the general good,
Let honor in one eye, and death 't the other,
And I will look on both indifferently."

Yes, it is in such times as these that men rise above circumstances—that true greatness shoots above the ordinary creature's of habit and prejudice. When the future historian shall begin to sketch the character of Clay, how the material will crowd upon him!—how his task will grow under his hands!—and how gladly he will, at last, record the eternal verdict: this was truly a great American!—Wash. Corres. Philad. Ledger.

IMPUDENCE. The Union undertakes to arraign General Taylor for his letter to the "Clay Festival." Could impudence go further? Of all the slanders of Mr. Clay, the Editor of the Union in past times has been the most unscrupulous.—And yet this same in the grass ventures to rebuke the President for what he regards a law of complicity towards the great abolitionist of the West. The Union would like very well just now to get up a quarrel between General Taylor and Mr. Clay, and its wish is as transparent as if it was open in all the light of the noon-day sun.—N. Y. Express.

LIFE'S COMPROMISE.

Under this head, the New York Merchant's Day Book has the following:

"We know not when we have been more struck than with the incidental yet aphoristic remark of Henry Clay, a few days ago in the United States Senate, in reply to some one who had been noisily and ignorantly declaiming against compromise.—'Life itself, said the sage, 'is but a compromise between life and death; the struggle going on almost through the whole period, until at last the destroyer is successful.'"

"What a text! what a sermon! The experience and wisdom and knowledge and judgment of the most brilliant life of the century summed up in a few words, and deliberately uttered in defence of the great principle upon which society, the world and the universe is held together. Commencing with the most insignificant want of the meanest and obscurest animal, that compromises with existence for a few grains of mouldy corn and a warm furrow underground, to the myriads of solar system that in the immensity of space wheel far motionously around their centers, kept in their places by the eternal compromise between centrifugal and centripetal attraction, all is compromise—not-ling on earth nor in the firmament is ultra. Mortal worms crawling like ants in and out the foot-prints of Time, have alone invented and dared to speak that word."

WHIG MEETING.

From the Wilmington Chronicle.
WHIG MEETING IN BRUNSWICK.

A large number of the Whigs of Brunswick, comprising gentlemen from all portions of the County, assembled at the Court house in Smithville, on the 15th April, 1850, for the purpose of appointing delegates to the State Convention, and taking steps to bring out a Whig candidate to represent Brunswick, at the next General Assembly.

On motion, Dr. Frederick J. Hill was called to the Chair, and Wm. H. Allen appointed Sec'y.

On taking the Chair, Dr. Hill delivered a short address explanatory of the objects of the meeting, and in commendation of the conservative principles of the Whig party.

On motion of S. Langdon, the following persons were appointed, by the Chair, a Committee to draft resolutions for the action of the meeting, viz: S. Langdon, James E. Metts, Moses Hewett, Joseph W. Gauss, P. C. Millikin, Daniel L. Russell, and James R. Grist.

The Committee then retired, and during their absence, George Davis, Esq., of New Hanover, being called upon to address the meeting, responded in a brief but eloquent and patriotic speech. At the conclusion of Mr. Davis' speech, the Committee, thro' their Chairman, reported the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted, viz:

Resolved, That we concur in the propriety of the Convention proposed to be held in the city of Raleigh on the 10th day of June next, for the purpose of nominating a candidate to be voted for by the Whigs of the State for Governor at the next election.

Resolved, That the Chairman of this meeting appoint twenty delegates to represent the County of Brunswick, in said Convention, with power to appoint substitutes.

Resolved, That the administration of our Government, by our worthy and patriotic Executive Charles Manly, meets our unqualified approval.

Resolved, That the highest expectations of the great conservative Whig party have been realized by the course pursued by General Zachary Taylor since his elevation to the Presidency—that called to a new sphere of action, he has shown himself alike illustrious in the Cabinet and in the field—and we congratulate the Country that at this period of agitation and excitement we have a Chief Magistrate on whose firmness, prudence, and patriotism we may confidently rely.

Resolved, That we recommend to the citizens of the County to send five delegates from each precinct to a Convention, to be held at the house of Thos. C. McKenith, on the second Saturday in May next, for the purpose of nominating a Whig candidate to represent this County at the next Session of the General Assembly of the State of North Carolina.

Under the second resolution the Chairman appointed the following delegates to the State Convention viz: James R. Grist, James E. Pritchett, Dr. S. B. Everitt, Dr. J. H. Hill, Sam'l Langdon, Dr. Frank J. R. Chadwick, E. Bozeman, A. Ross, Geo. Hooper, Lemuel Barnhill, Dan'l Y. Shine, Dan'l L. Russell, G. Henry, H. H. Waters, Jas. E. Metts, H. W. Burgwin, David D. Allen, Thos. G. Sellers, Col. Wm. R. Hall, Joseph Green.

On motion of S. Langdon, the name of the Chairman was added to the list of delegates.

On motion of Dr. J. H. Hill, the thanks of the meeting were tendered to Mr. Davis, for his able and eloquent address.

And on motion of the same gentleman, it was Ordered, that copies of the proceedings of this meeting signed by the Chairman and Secretary, be forwarded to the Editors of the Chronicle and Commercial, and that they be respectfully requested to publish the same in their respective papers.

There being no further business, the meeting adjourned.

FREDK J. HILL, Chairman
WM. H. ALLEN, Secretary.

THE DAUGHTERS OF HAW, they say, smoke both opium and tobacco, but the beautiful Chinese Bells, at Barnum's Chinese Museum, induce, we are confident, in no such practices. The reason is she is a Chinese lady, one of the "upper ten" of that vast and curious empire. She is engaged to be wedded to a Chinese high in official position, and is only here on a brief visit. As even a voyage to China would not enable us "outsiders" to catch a glimpse of a lady of such character and standing, we may imagine what a treat it is to see Miss Pwan-Yekko, as young as lively, as a flower, at a momentary leisure.—N. Y. Express.

THE SONNIE'S SECRET FOUND OUT BY A LADY.

The following is an extract from an address, delivered on the occasion of a banner presentation by an unmarried lady, to a Division of the Sons of Temperance, in Georgia:

"As a lady, I might perhaps complain, that, by your organization, you exclude us from the secrets of your Order. You group yourselves together—you talk—you plan—you act. No listening ear of woman is here to catch the words which fall from your lips—no prying eye to mark your deeds. All is secret—as you think: But in spite of you, the secret will get out, and you ladies know it.

"You talk and plan—but we see the young man who, just now, by his devotion to his cup, was wrecking all of good for time, and all of hope for eternity, mingling in your association, safe from ruin which betided him. The gray-headed father looks upon his son they saved and a smile, radiant with the light of joy, plays brightly on the old man's countenance.

"We see the husband, who stood trembling upon the verge of a volcano—another step or two, and the fearful plume had been taken—retreating from his perilous position, and seeking safety in the association of your Order; and then the wife, whose aching heart has long endured in silence the insanity of its grief, stands up with the mountain pressure gone, and links her affection to her adored husband. These are your deeds. You dry up the tears of grief, you hush the sigh of the broken hearted, you stop the progress in his career—you give light for darkness, hope for despair, and roll upon the bosom of society a stream which has healing in the water. This is your secret."

A SETTER.

A raw boy coming into a printing office to learn the business, the foreman asked the question:

"Have you ever set any?" meaning type of course.

"Set? reckon I kin; haven't I set all our old lines? and didn't every one of 'em hatch out every egg put under 'em, except old speckle that went off and left her nest—concern her old picture?"

"You'll do," said the foreman, "I don't want you to set lines, but to set at the stand."

"Wax, that's wax; you want me to set at the stand, like them set of feller pickin' up them little jiggawags, do you? Wax, here goes."

A western editor requests those of his subscribers, who owe him for more than six years' subscription, to send him a lock of their hair, so that he will know they are living.

A gentleman residing near Scottsville, Alabama, intending to leave the United States, recently proposed to his slaves (several in number) to see them free, when they, with one exception, all once declined the proposition.—Farmville Rep.

ROMANCE AND REALITY.—The Trenton Gazette has received a letter from a printer in Honolulu, who went to California in Col. Stevenson's regiment, in which he remained till the war was over, then took to publishing the Californian, abandoned that business, sailed for China, was wrecked at Honolulu, was taken for favor by a chief, married his daughter, and is now one of the first citizens of the village. He is perfectly contented with his situation, and is thinking of agitating the project of the annexation of his Hawaiian Majesty's dominions to the United States."

THE WOMEN OF FRANCE. Those in the middle classes carry on the greater part of the business; the energy and talent of the country seem to be concentrated in them. They tend the stores, keep the books, pay and receive the money, and take upon themselves often the complete charge of a large establishment. In many households the husband seems to be a mere appendage to the wife, a kind of convenient and necessary evil.

LATEST FROM PERNAMBUCO.—By the arrival at this port yesterday, of the Franklin, Capt. Cook, we have dates from Pernambuco to the 8th ult.—The trouble which had lasted so long in the interior has nearly subsided. The fever, also had almost passed away, especially among the shipping.

The market was well supplied with flour, and other American produce, and prices ruled lower. Sugars were more abundant, and at prices within the limits of purchasers.—Philadelphia American.

"Bob where is the state of matrimony?"
"It is one of the United States. It is bounded by hugging and kissing on one side, and cradles and babies on the other. Its chief products population, brometicks, and staying out of night. It was discovered by Adam and Eve, while trying to find a northwest passage out of Paradise. The climate is rather sultry till you pass the tropics of house keeping, when equally weather commensally sets in with sufficient power to keep all kinds as cool as cucumbers. For the principal roads leading to the interesting state, consult the first pair of blue eyes you run aginst."

LITERARY DARING.—In a life of Martin Luther, by M. Audin, an elegant French writer, the following opinion of dancing is quoted from the Reformer.

"Is dancing sinful?" his disciple asked him. He replied, "Was not dancing allowed to the Jews? I am not able to say; but my feeling is certain, people dance now-a-days. Dancing is a necessity of our state, like dress with women, and dinner and supper. And, indeed, I do not see how dancing can be prohibited. If peo, is commonly sin, it is not the fault of the dance, which does not offend against faith or morality. Dance, then, my children."

There is a factory in Cincinnati which takes eggs in one door—the process of making, storing, drying, finishing, and putting up commences—and keeps, neatly finished, part out of a door opposite. It is a speedy and constant process, and very ingenious. The work of making those eggs is all done by machinery.